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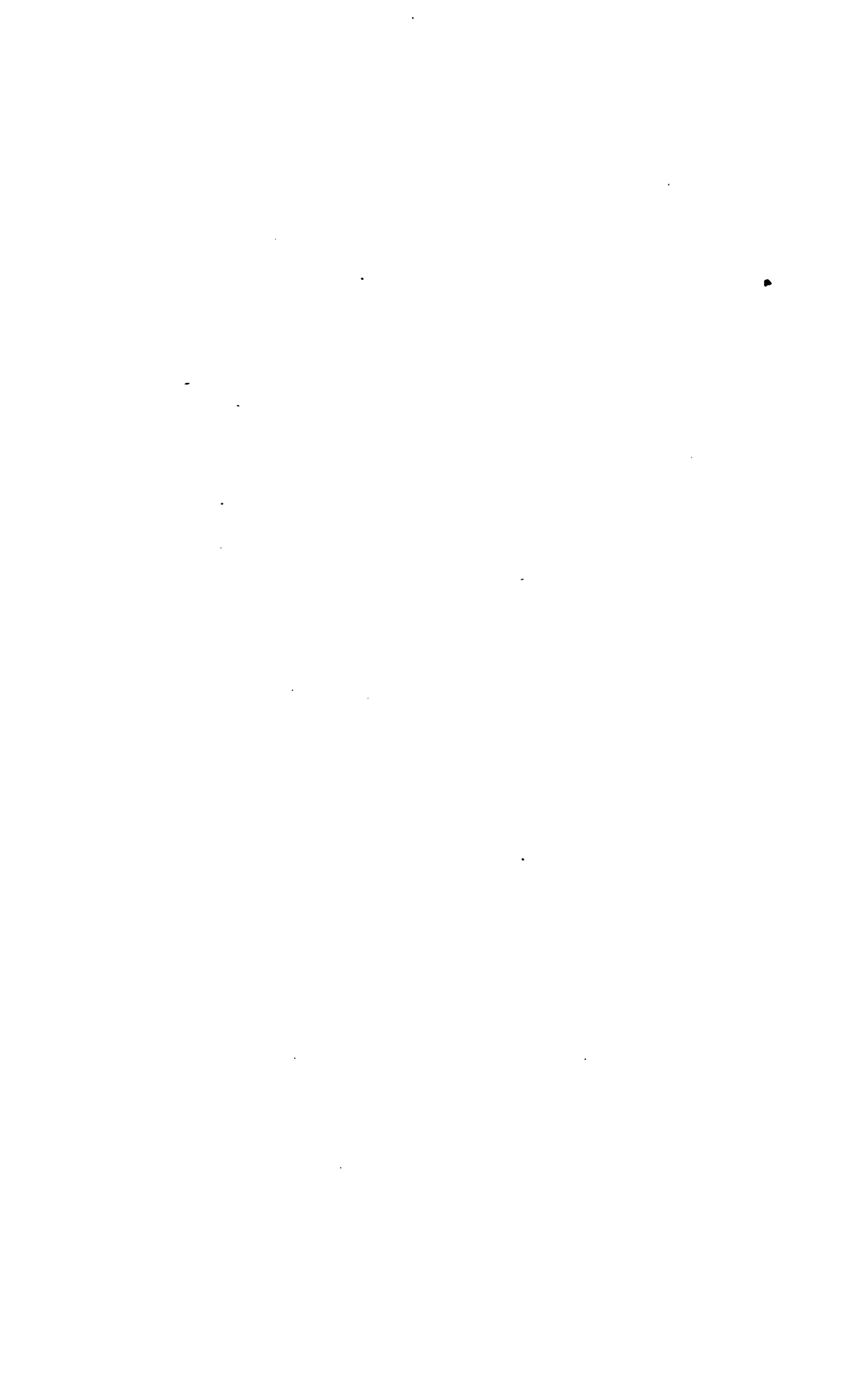












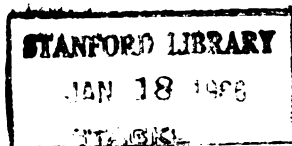








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doubtless to impart a richness to the appearance, if it did not add much to the flavour. For this dish the charge is two sous: after which it is usual to have some very doubtful beef, with a few more vegetables, the charge being four sous; and then, indeed, if money is plentiful, you may indulge in a glass of wine, or some dried fruit, cooked or not, according to taste, for two sous more. It is worth remarking that all the wine and spirituous liquors are very cheap in Paris; the chief drink of the poorer classes is water to both breakfast and dinner, some few mixing with it a little wine. The dinner consists of nearly the same, with little variety, unless you choose roast meat instead of boiled. At both meals it is customary to eat a large quantity of bread.

The Parisian workmen take much more pride in their appearance than the English. It has been the subject of notice with many that few untidy or ragged persons are to be met with in the streets; and I observed that most of my fellow-workmen kept a working suit at the factory, which they changed night and morning.

I soon became accustomed to manners and habits which had been at first rather strange to me. I found my master very kind and affable with all his work-people, treating them more as his equals than his dependents; and I think in return he enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who had the happiness to serve under him. The whole of the people in his establishment seemed to live on the best of terms with each other, and all were kind and obliging to me. The laughter of light hearts, and the merry song, sounded loud and often through the factory.

The first few weeks passed pleasantly enough. Monsieur and Madame Vachette did all that lay in their power to render my situation at their home comfortable; and from the kindness of Madame Vachette, who had once been a teacher of the English language, I soon made considerable progress in my French studies. My evenings were chiefly spent in company with my friend George, at the lodgings of his brother, who always received me with the greatest of hospitality—sometimes, I was even fearful, with more than their limited means justified. The frost at this time was very intense, the Seine being in some places completely blocked up with ice. Towards the middle of February the weather became mild and genial. Trade, which had received some check from the frost, began to revive. I found full employment for both time and money, as it was necessary that part of my wages should go towards the support of my little ones at home.

It was about this time that I first heard of the proposed banquet, the forbidding of which ultimately cost Louis Philippe his throne, and led to much bloodshed and disorder. On the ever-memorable morning of Tuesday the 22d of February, I was proceeding as usual to my employment, when on reaching the Boulevards, I found groups of workmen and others reading the official proclamation prohibiting the meeting. The crowds seemed very much excited, and gave vent to their feelings in loud and angry exclamations. At the guard-house, instead of the one solitary sentinel, the whole front was occupied by the military, all armed and ready to act at a moment's warning. On reaching my place of work, I found those who had arrived before me clustered in groups, discussing the probable events of the day.

Nothing of any note attracted my attention during the morning, beyond vague and contradictory reports of conflicts between the troops and the people. At eleven, I went as usual to breakfast, when I was somewhat startled by observing a large tumultuous assemblage enter Rue St Martin from the Boulevards. The foremost, who was an *ouvrier en blouse*, bore a piece of red cloth on a staff, as a substitute for the terrible *drapeau rouge*, and for the first time I heard the French *vive—Vive la Réforme!* The progress of this mob, although unmarked by any species of wanton outrage that I could observe, spread consternation and alarm through all the neighbourhood. I was somewhat amused

by observing a perfumer who lived nearly opposite removing, with all possible despatch, the royal arms from the front of his shop.

On returning to my work, I found the shop closed, and all the workpeople departed, as now indeed were all the shops in the street. On reaching the Boulevards, I found everywhere immense assemblages of people, and great excitement. The shops were closed the whole length of the Boulevards, from the Porte St Martin to the Madeleine, and thousands of heads protruded from the windows, all very evidently expecting a something to confirm or ease their apprehension. I proceeded down Rue Royal to the Place de Concorde. Here I found a strong military force of horse and foot. I next visited the Rue St Honoré. Here things wore a more serious aspect. Some omnibuses and cabriolets had been overturned in several places, the stones had been removed, and an attempt made to form a barricade.

A troop of dragoons were employed to keep the mob from assembling together. They used the flat of their swords, with no very great delicacy of touch, on all who chose to disobey their commands. Much ill-feeling here exhibited itself between the soldiery and the people. The noise of drums now struck my ear: it was the *rappel* beating for the Garde Nationale, strongly guarded both in front and rear. A number of young men and boys followed, singing the 'Marseillaise' and 'Mourir pour la Patrie.' Finding the angry feeling far from subsiding, I deemed it most prudent to return homewards; so made the best of my way to the Battignolles.

The next morning I found but few shops open. The guardhouses along the line of the Boulevards, and especially by Portes St Martin and St Denis, were occupied by strong detachments of troops. On reaching my workshop, I found but few of the hands assembled for work. The shop, however, was opened, and I began my daily occupation. It was between nine and ten in the morning that my attention was attracted by a strange hubbub and confusion in the courtyard, immediately under my window. Several persons rushed in from the street, evidently in a state of great terror and alarm. The porter of the house immediately closed the outer gates of the courtyard. Doors were opened and slammed with great violence; the sound of many footsteps hurrying to and fro, the quick shutting of windows, and the hum and confusion of many voices, produced a strange din.

Presently a young girl, who was usually occupied in the front shop, entered my room, and with hurried accents begged that I would assist in shutting up the shop, as most of the men were absent. On descending into the street for that purpose, I found the people running in all directions, pursued by a troop of mounted municipal guards, who laid about them with their swords without mercy. I had scarcely closed the last shutter when the municipals reached the spot opposite our shop, and I was glad to make a hasty retreat. When the shop was secure, I went to work again, the noise still increasing: drums beating, men shouting, women screaming, with crashing of timber, and breaking of glass. But presently I heard the sharp crack of carbines, with louder cries and screams, mingled with yells of defiance and savage imprecations. Gradually the noise became fainter, and soon all was pretty quiet.

Finding all my fellow-workmen were gone, I was reluctant to continue alone; and my curiosity being somewhat excited by the occurrences of the morning, I struck work, and descended into the street, which I found now completely deserted, except by the military; strong detachments of which held it at both ends. They allowed me to pass through them into Rue Royal, where I found the mob had constructed a barricade, which the soldiers were now busily employed in destroying. A vast crowd occupied this street, and all the streets adjoining. Many of them were armed with such weapons as most readily came to hand—as thick bludgeons, pitchforks, hatchets, and sledge-hammers.









of straw, and one carrying a large copper vessel filled with oil. At once the dreadful truth flashed across my mind: those human fiends intended to burn the wretched soldiers with their guardhouse. To aid this human sacrifice, the royal carriages were dragged out, and one after the other fired, until at last seventeen gilded carriages stood burning in the square, with an insufferable stench, in one costly conflagration.

The noise of the firing, which had for two hours continued without intermission, now became fainter. I passed over the barricade, and was horror-struck on perceiving the flames rushing from every window of the Château d'Eau, and mounting high above the roof. A few scared and desperate wretches rushed out on the terrace shrieking, and were shot one by one as they appeared; the rest remained inside, and were all burned to death. Of the whole troop, as I afterwards learned, not one escaped.

Heart-sick at this frightful butchery, I made my way over dead and wounded, burning fragments of carriages, and blackened stinking heaps of half-burned straw, through a short street that led to the Place Carrouzel, in which stands the Château of the Tuileries.

The chief portion of the combatants who had been engaged in the destruction of the Palais Royal and the Château d'Eau had again formed into column. Here I naturally expected a repetition of the scene I had just quitted. I threw myself into their ranks. I now had a musket and bayonet, besides a naked sword thrust through my belt, which I had found by the side of an officer of the Garde Municipale, in the Place du Palais Royal. A ferocious-looking ruffian was mounted on a dragoon's horse, which he fastened to one of the royal carriages, and drew it blazing, body and wheels, in front of our column.

Onwards we marched; still no sign of resistance. With drums beating in front, we passed through the triumphal arch that ornamented the chief entrance of the Tuileries. There was still some firing going on, but nothing to wince at. Onward we still marched, crossing the courtyard in front of the château, and entering by the principal gate.

Here was a scene which, though difficult to describe, will never be obliterated from my memory. It was a most splendid palace, glittering in crimson and gold; beautiful mirrors and paintings adorned the walls, and magnificent chandeliers hung from the richly-sculptured and gilded roofs. Marble statues and busts of celebrated generals stood in one magnificent saloon. Rich crimson hangings, fringed deeply with gold, were festooned from the lofty windows, which reached from the roof to the floor, opening to a magnificent terrace overlooking the garden. I ran from room to room, admiring all that in the lapse of centuries art could produce or unbounded wealth purchase.

I found myself at one time in the royal chapel, as yet uninvaded by the lawless rabble that were quickly spreading themselves all over the château. A feeling of reverential awe came over me as I walked up towards the high altar, where stood a large crucifix, seemingly of solid gold. Large wax candles, in massive candlesticks, stood by the altar. This scene of religious solitude contrasted strangely with the work of death and destruction I had so recently quitted, and the noise and turmoil resounding through the building.

After leaving the chapel, I hurried through many splendid saloons and spacious halls, until I entered the throne room. Here the work of destruction had commenced. The throne was torn from under its canopy, and borne away in frantic triumph by the mob. I tore a piece of the gold lace from the gorgeous crimson hanging, to preserve as a memento of the struggle.

And then began the plunder. Beautiful gilt panels were dashed in; desks, boxes, and bureaux were broken open, and their contents scattered over the floor; and soon the palace was one scene of rapine and destruction. Myself and a few others got into what I took to be the housekeeper's room. A fire was still burning on the

hearth, a white cloth spread on the table, and every preparation for the morning repast. I took a loaf as my share of the eatables, for which a fellow offered me a bottle of brandy. I divided the loaf with him, and drank rather too freely of the brandy. Stimulated by the drink, I began to plunder with the rest, filling and emptying my pockets a dozen times, as I found things of more value.

Among other things, I found a large packet of various commissions, ready signed and sealed with the royal arms. How many months, and perhaps even years, had some waited for those very commissions which I now tossed into the courtyard as useless lumber! Hanging in a wardrobe I found a large and handsome cloak, and as I had no pocket in which to place my ill-gotten treasure, I enveloped myself in its capacious folds, and sitting down on a sofa covered with rich crimson velvet, with my gun on my arm, and my sword by my side, quite enjoyed the fine prospect of the garden below.

Remembering that in 1830 the Tuileries were retaken by the troops, I thought it most prudent to decamp while I yet possessed the liberty. Descending the grand staircase for that purpose, I came opposite a large mirror, and never shall I forget my own disgusting appearance—my face flushed with excitement and drink, begrimed with dirt and smoke, and my lips black with powder, while my eyes looked wild, bloodshot, and unearthly.

On leaving the Tuileries, I was suddenly seized from behind, and a man in a stentorian voice demanded where I had procured my cloak. Having no wish to dispute the possession, I unfastened the chain, and threw it at his feet, and then mingling with the mob, made my exit.

On revisiting the Palais Royal, I found the work of destruction still going on. Three large fires blazed in the courtyard, consuming silk and velvet hangings, gilded sofas, couches, arm-chairs, and massive pictures. Hundreds now staggered about in every stage of intoxication, while a plentiful supply to continue their Bacchanalian revels was momentarily obtained from the cellars. Passing through the court of the Palais Royal, I saw a large arcade, usually filled by the fashionable and gay, now converted into an hospital. Two long lines of those very beds that I had seen thrown out of the windows now supported the wounded, whose moans and cries sounded mournfully in the ear. Not knowing how the fight had gone on in other parts of Paris, I thought it prudent to part with my gun before passing through the Barrier Clichy; but hiding my sword under my blouse, I reached home in safety.

[The remainder of this paper next week.]

#### MRS JAMESON'S LEGENDARY ART.

THE present age is accused, not without reason, of being too utilitarian. The people generally, it is alleged, have been intellectually sharpened and instructed in materialities, while but little attention has been paid to the imaginative feelings: existence has been robbed of its poetry. Efforts, however, we are glad to say, are now making to redeem the passing generation from reproaches of this nature. Matters of taste and refined art are now more attended to than they were a dozen years since; and in nothing is this more visible than the improved style of church architecture and decoration. The day is clearly gone when purity of religion was supposed to be uncongenial with any building better than a barn; painted windows are no longer heretical; and the gospel, it is now believed, can be preached with equal zeal and effect from a decently-draped pulpit as from the top of a tub.

In all this, and much more, we see the reaction which is the natural consequence of carrying out extreme views adverse to those imaginative feelings that may be de-



merchants passing by carried away the latter, and the lion, after searching for him in vain, returned to the monastery with drooping head, as one ashamed. St Jerome, believing that he had devoured his companion, commanded that the daily task of the ass should be laid upon the lion, and that the fagots should be bound on his back; to which he magnanimously submitted, until the ass was recovered; which was in this wise: One day the lion, having finished his task, ran hither and thither, still seeking his companion; and he saw a caravan of merchants approaching, and a string of camels, which, according to the Arabian custom, were led by an ass; and when the lion recognised his friend, he drove the camels into the convent, and so terrified the merchants, that they confessed the theft, and received pardon from St Jerome.

The stories of patron saints overcoming huge serpents and fiery dragons are all myths, founded on the discovery of saurian remains of a large size. The skeleton of a marvellously large reptile is found somewhere, and forthwith an imaginary hero called St George is mounted on a charger, and kills the terrible creature with his spear. We are, however, half sorry for having to unveil these popular myths; and recommending Mrs Jameson's fascinating book to the perusal, and not too prosaic judgment of our readers, we conclude with a very pretty myth, founded on the reputed bodily strength of St Christopher:—

'Christopher was of the land of Canaan, and the name by which he was there known was Offero. He was a man of colossal stature, and of a terrible aspect, and being proud of his vast bulk and strength, he was resolved that he would serve no other than the greatest and the most powerful monarch that existed. So he travelled far and wide to seek this greatest of kings; and at length he came to the court of a certain monarch who was said to exceed in power and riches all the kings of the earth, and he offered to serve him. And the king, seeing his great height and strength—for surely, since the giant of Gath, there had been none like to him—entertained him with joy.

'Now it happened one day, as Christopher stood by the king in his court, there came a minstrel who sung before the king, and in his story there was frequent mention of the devil, and every time the king heard the name of the Evil Spirit he crossed himself. Christopher inquired the reason of this gesture, but the king did not answer. Then said Christopher, "If thou tellest me not, I leave thee!" So the king told him. "I make that sign to preserve me from the power of Satan, for I fear lest he overcome me and slay me." Then said Christopher, "If thou fearest Satan, then thou art not the most powerful prince in the world: thou hast deceived me. I will go seek this Satan, and him will I serve; for he is mightier than thou art." So he departed, and he travelled far and wide; and as he crossed a desert plain, he beheld a great crowd of armed men, and at their head marched a terrible and frightful being, with the air of a conqueror; and he stopped Christopher on his path, saying, "Man, where goest thou?" And Christopher answered, "I go to seek Satan, because he is the greatest prince in the world, and him would I serve." Then the other replied, "I am he: seek no farther." Then Christopher bowed down before him, and entered his service; and they travelled on together.

'Now when they had journeyed a long long way, they came to a place where four roads met, and there was a cross by the wayside. When the Evil One saw the cross, he was seized with fear, and trembled violently; and he turned back, and made a great circuit to avoid it. When Christopher saw this he was astonished, and inquired, "Why hast thou done so?"—and the devil answered not. Then said Christopher, "If thou tellest me not, I leave thee." So, being thus constrained, the fiend replied, "Upon that cross died Jesus Christ; and when I behold it, I must tremble and fly, for I fear him." Then Christopher was more and more astonished; and he said, "How, then! this Jesus,

whom thou fearest, must be more potent than thou art! I will go seek him, and him will I serve!" So he left the devil, and travelled far and wide, seeking Christ; and having sought him for many days, he came to the cell of a holy hermit, and desired of him that he would show him Christ. Then the hermit began to instruct him diligently, and said, "This king whom thou seekest is indeed the Great King of heaven and earth; but if thou wouldst serve Him, He will impose many and hard duties on thee. Thou must fast often." And Christopher said, "I will not fast; for surely if I were to fast, my strength would leave me." "And thou must pray!" added the hermit. Said Christopher, "I know nothing of prayers, and I will not be bound to such a service." Then said the hermit, "Knowest thou a certain river, stony, and wide, and deep, and often swelled by the rains, and wherein many people perish who attempt to pass over?" And he answered, "I know it." Then said the hermit, "Since thou wilt neither fast nor pray, go to that river, and use thy strength to aid and to save those who struggle with the stream, and those who are about to perish. It may be that this good work shall prove acceptable to Jesus Christ, whom thou desirest to serve, and that he may manifest himself to thee!" To which Christopher replied joyfully, "This I can do. It is a service that pleaseth me well!" So he went, as the hermit had directed, and he dwelt by the side of the river; and having rooted up a palm-tree from the forest—so strong he was and tall—he used it for a staff to support and guide his steps, and he aided those who were about to sink, and the weak he carried on his shoulders across the stream; and by day and by night he was always ready for his task, and failed not, and was never wearied of helping those who needed help. So the thing that he did pleased our Lord, who looked down upon him out of heaven, and said within himself, "Behold this strong man, who knoweth not yet the way to worship me, yet hath found the way to serve me!"

'Now when Christopher had spent many days in this toil, it came to pass one night, as he rested himself in a hut he had built of boughs, he heard a voice which called to him from the shore: it was the plaintive voice of a child, and it seemed to say, "Christopher, come forth and carry me over!" And he rose forthwith and looked out, but saw nothing; then he lay down again; but the voice called to him in the same words a second and a third time; and the third time he sought round about with a lantern; and at length he beheld a little child sitting on the bank, who besought him, saying, "Christopher, carry me over this night." And Christopher lifted the child on his strong shoulders, and took his staff and entered the stream. And the waters rose higher and higher, and the waves roared, and the winds blew; and the infant on his shoulders became heavier, and still heavier, till it seemed to him that he must sink under the excessive weight, and he began to fear; but nevertheless taking courage, and staying his tottering steps with his palm staff, he at length reached the opposite bank; and when he had laid the child down, safely and gently, he looked upon him with astonishment, and he said, "Who art thou, child, that hath placed me in such extreme peril? Had I carried the whole world on my shoulders, the burden had not been heavier!" And the child replied, "Wonder not, Christopher, for thou hast not only borne the world, but Him who made the world, upon thy shoulders. Me wouldst thou serve in this thy work of charity; and behold I have accepted thy service; and in testimony that I have accepted thy service and thee, plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall put forth leaves and fruit." Christopher did so, and the dry staff flourished as a palm-tree in the season, and was covered with clusters of dates; but the miraculous child had vanished. Then Christopher fell on his face, and confessed and worshipped Christ.

In virtue of his services on the above occasion, Offero, the bearer, added the prefix Christ to his name,









and they are said to have preserved and transmitted in this manner most of the old and popular romances of Europe.

The progress of the press, comparatively slow as it has been in Italy, has long since superseded this profession, as it is probable the advance of the school-master will that of the letter-writer, which is still a tolerably remunerative business in the southern division of the continent. About the middle of the last century it had attained its zenith in Paris, and many of the chief practitioners kept regular offices, with numerous clerks, appointed, according to their abilities, for the different orders of epistles, the composition of which they were expected to manage as well as the penmanship. Thus one was in the application line, which province included all letters of inquiry addressed to public offices, and those of people in search of situations. Next came the friendly division: it comprehended all correspondence with relatives or mere acquaintances. But the principal and most laborious was the love department, which required a double supply of hands. A facility in the imitation of different handwritings was an acknowledged recommendation to this employment, and its confidential secrecy was respected even by the police of the period.

It is worthy of remark that the professed letter-writer never appeared among the trades of England, in those very times of education so graphically described by a popular poetaster—

**'When not a man in twenty score  
Knew how to make his mark.'**

The nearest approach to it was the occupation of a small number then called clerks, but generally poor unbeneficed clergymen, or ill-provided students, residing in large towns, who were employed to write news-letters, or summaries of the current intelligence, to the more curious of the nobility when abroad or in the country: their vocation flourished chiefly in the Elizabethan age, at the close of which it began to wane before that great adjunct of modern life—the newspaper; but some remains of it are observable in the time of the Protectorate, and it does not seem to have been totally extinct at the Revolution.

There are still older and equally superannuated trades that figure in the records of what may be called England's rustic times. One of them (and a contrast it is to the last-mentioned) was that of a pewterer. The manufacture of pewter-ware appears to have been almost peculiar to England, and was esteemed an affair of national pride and profit about the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the guild of pewterers was incorporated in the city of London, and a law, dictated by the narrow policy of the age, prohibited under severe penalties any who understood the art and mystery of pewter-making from going beyond the four seas of Britain, or taking the son of an alien as an apprentice, on any pretext whatever. It is strange to look on the old disused plates and flags which may yet be seen in some out-of-the-way farm-house—the only remnants of once bright and ample rows—and think on how many subjects public opinion has changed, as well as on pewter, since parliament passed that statute.

A trade in many respects contemporary with the pewterers, was that known as a woman's tailor ; for singular as it may sound, the dressmakers of our female ancestors belonged entirely to the rougher sex. Whether this arrangement originated in the fashions of former times, which prescribed the same substantial materials for the external garments of both lord and lady, dividing their rich velvets, heavy silks, and fine broadcloths equally between them, with comparatively small difference of form ; or whether it was owing to a practical paradox in their social economy, similar to that which occupies tall fellows with gauze and gumflowers in our modern shops—is now too distant for our discovery ; but the profession continued to stitch and prosper till the beginning of Charles I.'s reign, when his queen, Henrietta

Marie, introduced at once that article of dress called the mantua, and its feminine fabricator, as a French improvement, to the ladies of her court; on which account the term mantuamaker was applied to needlewomen in general, almost to our own times. Shakspeare, in one of his dramas, introduces a disciple of the art referred to, in terms which indicate how low a place the kirtle-making man held in popular respect.

A branch of female industry which rose with his decline, has long since merged in the complicated duties of the laundress; but in the latter days of Elizabeth few professions in England were more remunerative than that of a starcher. Stiffness was then the order of dress; and a divine of the period complains that the court starchers were more esteemed and better paid than the court chaplains. How far that preposterous preference may have weighed with the pulpit, it is not for us to decide; but sundry sermons were preached against starch: yet in the reign of Charles II. it appears that the apprentice fees required by a professor of the art were £1.10 for boiling, and £5 for putting on—a smart sum, as money was then estimated.

An observant statist has remarked that the only trade which has become extinct in Scotland for many centuries, is that of the professional beggar or blue-gown, a humble but significant feature of his times. One of the most primitive and longest-perpetuated trades is that of the gem-seeker of Bohemia, the rocks of that mountainous and yet wild country being known to contain a great variety of stones valued by the jeweller. The opal, jasper, and amethyst, are found imbedded in their crevices; and in the search for these the gem-seeker spends his days. He goes into the wilds a solitary man, like the chamois-hunter of the Alps; but carrying, in lieu of his rifle and ammunition, a chisel, a hammer, and a small wooden mallet stuck in his belt, from which hangs a pouch to contain the gems. He is generally of the peasant class, and not particularly regular in his habits, a too frequent accompaniment of uncertain earnings, which those of the gem-seeker must be; but as a class, their patience and skill in tracing out the objects of their search are said to be almost incredible; and there are current a thousand tales of fortunate men who bought lands and built castles with the proceeds of a single day's discovery. However, these stories generally date from distant times.

Popular superstition or credulity has given ground for several singular and sometimes profitable trades; such as the rain-makers of Africa, the serpent-charmers of India, and the fortune-tellers, dream-readers, and finders of stolen goods, so trusted in Europe's darker days, and still known through some lowly representatives in its backward corners. It is, however, consolatory to think that so few really useful trades have been lost or superseded in the course of ages, compared with the many avenues of exertion opened by an increased demand for the conveniences and refinements of life. Strange it is, too, in spite of the familiarity consequent on everyday recurrence, to reflect how many of the employments of mankind are full of risk and danger: the diver, the miner, and the fireman, have dreadful trades, as well as the 'one that gathers sapphire.' They are indeed, to quote from a German philosopher, 'ennobled by utility;' and as the butcher remarked of his own ungentle craft, 'somebody must do it.' Doubtless the reconciling power of habit may be largely reckoned on; and in this portion of the curiosities of trade, an honest Savoyard's experience, though belonging to the last century, seems to deserve a place for its singularity. He had been obliged to leave his native valleys in search of work, and could find none but that of making wooden shoes for the French peasants among whom he settled; in process of time the sabots such as the Savoyard made went out of fashion, and then he betook himself to the sweeping of chimneys. Some years after a mine was opened in the district, and the Savoyard became a collier, but still



As far as I could judge, we passed about a mile beyond the 28th parallel.

We shall now, by way of a change, introduce the reader to the Stony Desert. 'On travelling over the plain, we found it undulating, with shining hollows, in which it was evident water sometimes collects. The stones, with which the ground was so thickly covered as to exclude vegetation, were of different lengths, from one inch to six. They had been rounded by attrition, were coated with oxide of iron, and evenly distributed. In going over this dreary waste, the horses left no track, and that of the cart was only visible here and there. From the spot on which we stopped no object of any kind broke the line of the horizon: we were as lonely as a ship at sea, and as a navigator seeking for land, only that we had the disadvantage of an unsteady compass, without any fixed point on which to steer. The fragments covering this singular feature were all of the same kind of rock, indurated or compact quartz, and appeared to me to have had originally the form of parallelograms, resembling both in their size and shape the shivered fragments lying at the base of the northern ranges, to which I have already had occasion to call attention.'

Another extraordinary feature followed—the Earthy Desert; 'resembling in appearance a boundless piece of ploughed land, on which floods had settled and subsided. The earth seemed to have once been mud, and then dried. Over this field of earth we continued to advance almost all day, without knowing whether we were getting still farther into it or working our way out. About an hour before sunset, this point was settled beyond doubt by the sudden appearance of some hills over the line of the horizon, raised above their true position by refraction.' These hills, however, soon disappeared; and when reached the next day, they proved to be merely lofty ridges of sand. 'It is a remarkable fact that here, on the northern side of the desert, and after an open interval of more than fifty miles, the same sand ridges should occur, running in parallel lines at the same angle as before, into the very heart of the interior, as if they absolutely were never to terminate. Here, on both sides of us, to the eastward and to the westward, they followed each other like the waves of the sea in endless succession, suddenly terminating, as I have already observed, on the vast plain into which they ran. What, I will ask, was I to conclude from these facts?—that the winds had formed these remarkable accumulations of sand, as straight as an arrow lying on the ground, without a break in them for more than ninety miles at a stretch, and which we had already followed up for hundreds of miles—that is to say, across six degrees of latitude? No; winds may indeed have assisted in shaping their outlines, but I cannot think that these constituted the originating cause of their formation. They exhibit a regularity that water alone could have given; and to water, I believe, they plainly owe their first existence. It struck me then, and calmer reflection confirms the impression, that the whole of the low interior I had traversed was formerly a sea-bed, since raised from its submarine position by natural though hidden causes; that when this process of elevation so changed the state of things as to make a continuous continent of that which had been an archipelago of islands, a current would have passed across the central parts of it, the direction of which must have been parallel to the sandy ridges, and consequently from east to west, or nearly so—that also being the present dip of the interior, as I shall elsewhere prove. I further think that the line of the Stony Desert being the lowest part of the interior, the current must there have swept along it with greater force, and have either made the breach in the sandy ridges now occupied by it, or have prevented their formation at the time when, under more favourable circumstances, they were thrown up on either side of it.'

During some portions of the journey the heat was terrific. 'Under its effects every screw in our boxes

had been drawn, and the horn handles of our instruments, as well as our combs, were split into fine laminae. The lead dropped out of our pencils; our signal rockets were entirely spoiled; our hair, as well as the wool on the sheep, ceased to grow; and our nails had become as brittle as glass. The flour lost more than 8 per cent. of its original weight, and the other provisions in a still greater proportion.' One day the wanderers of the desert saw a number of small black specks in the upper air, which increased every moment in size, till presently they found themselves surrounded by hundreds of the common kite, stooping down to within a few feet of them, and then turning away after a steady gaze. The birds had doubtless wondered in their turn what the small black specks were that moved, as if at random, upon the bosom of the desert, and had come down merely to satisfy their curiosity. They had, however, a formidable aspect; and as some of them, on approaching close, threw themselves back, as if to avoid contact, and opened their beak and spread out their talons, the travellers could not help fearing the result of a combat with so numerous a body if the visit should really prove to be hostile.

On another day their attention was attracted by a black and solitary object on a little rising ground in front of their camp. The dogs flew towards it, and were seen worrying some creature, notwithstanding a brave resistance. This was a human being, a native of the desert, half-dead with hunger and thirst. 'Whence this solitary stranger could have come from we could not divine. No other natives approached to look after him, nor did he show anxiety for any absent companion. His composure and apparent self-possession were very remarkable, for he neither exhibited astonishment nor curiosity at the novelties by which he was surrounded. His whole demeanour was that of a calm and courageous man, who, finding himself placed in unusual jeopardy, had determined not to be betrayed into the slightest display of fear or timidity.'

Generally speaking, the natives they met in the more remote regions took to flight on being observed, and exhibited in other respects the greatest awe of the Europeans. Sometimes, however, they were of a very different character, as may be seen in the following interesting family group. 'Their families generally were on the opposite side of the river, but one man had his *lubra* and two children on our side of it. My attention was drawn to him from his perseverance in cutting a bark canoe, at which he laboured for more than an hour without success. Mr Browne walked with me to the tree at which he was working, and I found that his only tool was a stone tomahawk, and that with such an implement he would hardly finish his work before dark. I therefore sent for an iron tomahawk, which I gave to him, and with which he soon had the bark cut and detached. He then prepared it for launching by puddling up its ends, and putting it into the water; placed his *lubra* and an infant child in it, and giving her a rude spear as a paddle, pushed her away from the bank. She was immediately followed by a little urchin, who was sitting on the bank, the canoe being too fragile to receive him. But he evidently doubted his ability to gain the opposite bank of the river; and it was most interesting to mark the anxiety of both parents as the little fellow struck across the foaming current. The mother kept close beside him in the canoe, and the father stood on the bank encouraging his little son. At length they all landed in safety, when the native came to return the tomahawk, which he understood to have been only lent to him. However, I was too much pleased with the scene I had witnessed to deprive him of it; nor did I ever see a man more delighted than he was when he found that the tomahawk, the value and superiority of which he had so lately proved, was indeed his own. He thanked me for it; he eyed it with infinite satisfaction; and then turning round, plunged into the stream and joined his family on the opposite bank.' Sometimes the native



galvanic communication is effected by an intervening rod, having screws attached to it for the convenience of manipulating. Into the cell containing the copper, water and crystals of sulphate of copper are put; and into the zinc cell, water and pulverised sal-ammoniac. To prepare the plate for the deposition, the parts not required to be coated with the metallic film must be protected from the action of the fluid; and this is done by covering them with sealing-wax dissolved in spirits of wine. The galvanic action goes on, gradually depositing on the exposed parts of the plate a film of copper; and when this is of sufficient thickness, the plate is withdrawn, and the film removed. But the fac-simile, although correct, is in relief, and to be of use, a copy in intaglio must be produced; and this is at once obtained by submitting the relief to the same process as the original plate, of which the new deposition of copper is an exact fac-simile. Mr Smee, however, has made public a very beautiful and still more striking process for obtaining copper-plate engravings without the use of an engraved copy at all. He proposed to draw the required design on a smooth copper-plate, with a pigment or varnish insoluble in water, and then to expose the plate to the galvanic action; when, the film of copper being deposited on all the parts not varnished, a copy in intaglio would be produced. Casts of seals, medals, &c. can be obtained in copper by this method. To prepare the articles for deposition, the mode of rubbing or covering their external surfaces with black-lead, discovered by Mr Murray, must be adopted; for the copper having what may be called an affinity for the black-lead, easily deposits itself on any surface covered with it. Articles so prepared can be copied in great numbers at a small expense.

For obtaining duplicates for printing from wood-engravings, the electrotype is employed. The engraving, after being black-leaded, is bound round the edges with a strip of tinfoil, and suspended, and kept perpendicularly in the fluid. Copies of plaster casts are easily taken, as also of wax models, by means of the same process. But perhaps the most beautiful exemplification of the process is seen in the ease by which natural organised substances are covered with a thin film of copper. The leaf or branch to be operated upon is covered, by means of a soft brush, with the black-lead, and suspended in the fluid. Butterflies and moths are also easily covered; shrub-flowers are extremely beautiful, with thin delicate fibres fully and clearly developed on their metallic covering. Mr Smee thus writes of them:—'The beauty of electro-coppered leaves, branches, and similar objects, is surprising. I have a case of these specimens placed on a black ground, which no one would take to be productions of art. In the same room with them are a couple of these cases in which Ward has taught us to grow in this smoky metropolis some of the most interesting botanical specimens. In these cases are contained varieties of fairy-formed *adiantums*, verdant *lycopodiums*, brilliant *orchideæ*, rigid *cacti*, and other plants, all growing in their natural luxuriance. The electro-coppered leaves, however, are beautiful when placed by the side of the productions of this miniature paradise; and when I state that the numerous hairs covering the leaves of a *melostoma*, and even the delicate hairs of the *salvia*, are all perfectly covered, the botanist must at once admit that these specimens have rather the minuteness of nature than the imperfections of art.' In plating articles with the precious metals, the weight of metal deposited is found by weighing the article previous to insertion in the liquid, and again after receiving the deposition, when the difference is the weight of metal. For silver, the article is suspended in a solution of the cyanide of potassium and silver; and for gold, the cyanide of potassium and gold. The articles now plated with silver are very numerous—forks, spoons, salvers, &c. The solution of silver is kept charged with sheets of pure silver suspended in the vessels; from which the metal is dissolved as fast as it is deposited, leaving finally a lace-like piece of silver of extremely delicate and beautiful fibres. In coating articles of value with a film of gold the same process is gone through, but of course on a much smaller scale. The solution is supplied with the precious metal by placing a small strip of pure gold round the vessel. Small articles, such as watch-chains, buttons, &c. that can be suspended on a wire, are inserted in the solution, and gilt in a remarkably short space of time. A writer in the 'Penny Magazine' states that he saw 'ten gross of coat buttons strung upon a wire, and all perfectly gilt, by an immersion of less than one minute.' Having now glanced at the methods of plating the external

surfaces of articles with gold and silver, we will briefly explain what we may term the chief triumph of the art—the production of solid articles in the precious metals.

We will suppose a vase to be required in gold: a delicate wax model, containing all the figures in relief to be on the surface, is first prepared; from this wax model a leaden mould is produced, and from this a brass model or pattern is cast; on which the engraver finishes the designed parts more fully, and from this finished pattern a mould in an elastic substance is obtained, composed in some instances of glue. This, by its elasticity, allows the mould to be separated easily from the parts of the pattern which are undercut; and it is used to provide a model in wax, suet, and phosphorus, on which a film of copper is laid by the galvanic agency. The wax forming originally a foundation for the copper, is again used as a foundation for the more precious metal. It is melted from the inside of the copper deposit, and the copper shell left has in its interior an exact fac-simile of the original design. The copper mould is next introduced to the solution of cyanide of potassium and gold, the exterior being protected by the resisting medium. The gold is gradually deposited equally over the raised and depressed portions of the mould; and the process is allowed to go on till sufficient thickness is obtained, when the whole is withdrawn, and the outside film of copper melted off by the action of an acid, leaving a solid and pure vase of gold. The gold and silver, whether of solid or superficial deposit, after coming from the solution, have a dull dead appearance; and to obviate this, the articles undergo the operation of burnishing. To prove that in solid deposit the particles are as closely united as if they had passed through the melting-pot, they give a clear sonorous ring when struck on an anvil with a hammer.

## SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHEN'ER I feel this rare excess of health  
Thrill suddenly throughout my frame, as now,  
Forgetting hoary hair and furrowed brow,  
I turn a braggart of my fancied wealth  
Of stalwart strength and life. I seek the glow  
Of sunshine, singing; gather (not by stealth,  
But with an honest boldness) fruits that grow  
Out of my reach at other times; and offer  
The sweets I taste to others—letting go  
Sickness and its entailments from my mind;  
And, like the miser near his rifled coffer,  
Unconscious that it holds no more his self,  
I glory in delusion—till I find  
Some old-recurring pang recall me to myself!

## NEWSPAPERS.

I am sure that every person will be willing, as I am, to acknowledge, in the most ample terms, the information, the instruction, and amusement derived from the public press.—*Lord Lyndhurst*. The newspaper is the chronicle of civilisation, the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come and drink; it is the newspaper which gives to liberty practical life, its perpetual vigilance, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper is a daily and sleepless watchman, that reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of your country, and its interests at home and abroad. The newspaper informs legislation of the public opinion, and it informs people of the acts of legislation; thus keeping up that constant sympathy, that good understanding between people and legislators, which conduces to the maintenance of order, and prevents the stern necessity for revolution.—*Sir E. L. Bulwer*.

## INCORRECTNESS OF CONVERSATIONAL LANGUAGE.

The influence which common parlance exerts on the acquisition of correct notions on scientific subjects has often an unfortunate tendency. Thus, when we say in dull weather, 'The day is heavy'—'The air is thick and heavy,' it is not generally supposed that the air is really *lighter* than on a fine day; but the fall of the barometer indicates that this is the fact.—*Isaiah Deek*.

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strange to think of them as specimens of a nation who, while allowed to have tolerably clear heads, are yet set down as generally distinguished by frigid hearts!

The two rebellions in behalf of the exiled House of Stuart will of course appear as notable illustrations of this national torpor of feeling. In 1745, the Scotch Jacobites came out in thousands to the open field, braving for their principles loss of life and possessions; while the English Jacobites, equally engaged, remain quietly at home, and read of Prince Charlie's progress in the newspapers. Even of the Welsh, hotheaded as they are reputed to be, not a man draws his sword. It is pleasant for a Scotchman to think of eighty of his 'cautious' countrymen getting themselves hanged at Carlisle, Preston, and Kennington Common, for daring to rank themselves up against King George and his army; many of them declaring, too, with their last breath, that, if it were to do over again, they would do it. The affair of 1745 was almost the only occurrence for a century after the accession of the House of Hanover that forcibly attracted the attention of the English to Scotland; and strange to say, it presents this so-called cautious people in an attitude purely romantic, audacious, and unwise.

After ages of war and civil broils, the Scotch be-thought themselves, at the close of the seventeenth century, of applying their energies to commerce. The first ventures of so cautious a people one would have expected to be on an exceedingly moderate scale in proportion to their resources. All the circumstances ought to have been marked by prudence and forethought. What was the actual fact?—a plan of extraordinary boldness, for an entrepôt at Darien, involving a capital of four hundred thousand pounds, being about half of the whole circulating medium in the country. The total destruction of their expeditions, and the perdition of their money, bear strong witness indeed to the national attribute! About that time, who was the Scotsman most conspicuous in England?—was he a paragon of caution? It was William Paterson, who projected the Bank of England—one of the most adventurous beings perhaps that ever breathed. Twenty years later, France was thrown into an extraordinary ferment by a new bank, on which came to be engrafted a scheme for colonising Louisiana. The projector was a foreigner, a daring schemer in monetary matters. So successfully did he impart his enthusiasm to others, that people of all ranks flocked to convert their actual capital into his paper. A stranger entering the Rue Quinquempoix at that crisis would have found a hunchback making a good livelihood by letting out his back as an extempore desk on which the transfers of an imaginary stock were negotiated. If introduced at court, he would have found the son of the projector admitted to the circle of noble youths who were privileged to join in the dances of the young king. Strange to say, the man who produced the universal madness in Paris, to be followed by an equally universal ruin, was a member of that nation so celebrated for its cautious calculations: it was John Law, a native of Edinburgh. Banking, it will be said, has been conducted cautiously and successfully in Scotland. Not so fast. The success of Scotch banking arose in reality from a feature of incaution, a large issue of notes. But for the smallness of the country, allowing each man to know something of another's affairs, and the general probity of the men engaged in banking, an issue of notes so much beyond the means of their ready and immediate withdrawal would have been attended by the greatest danger. It has, in fact, been an adventurous system all along, one in which credit has been stretched to an extent which we rarely see exemplified in larger countries. Nor has it been uniformly successful. There are a few counties in Scotland, the proprietary of which has been perhaps as much changed in consequence of misadventures in banking, as Fermanagh was by the Cromwellian settlement. The extreme case was that of Douglas, Heron, and Company's bank, established in 1769, ruined in 1772. They

issued notes like a snow-drift, and gave large quantities of them out to individuals to be put into circulation in different parts of the country, and accounted for at certain periods. These notes used to come back for payment at the central office, before their various circulators had accounted for them. Anybody with a coat on his back and a little brass on his forehead could get a bill discounted with Douglas, Heron, and Company. It is told that there was a back-going farmer about the Pentland Hills, who, having exhausted all his friends and neighbours, and being reduced to desperation, was told that money was to be got almost without ceremony at a house in the Canongate. He came with a bill for £50, accepted by one of his ploughmen, and had the money in his hand as quickly as if it had been only change for a guinea. He packed it slowly up in his pocket, strode to the door, and there turning coolly about, said pretty audibly, 'Faith, billies, this canna gang on lang!' The damage to the shareholders, who were of all classes, was dreadful. Sir Walter Scott speaks with a bitter grudge of the loss incurred by his father through Douglas, Heron, and Company's bank; yet we observe the old gentleman stands in the list for only £500 of stock. Mr Islay Campbell, the most successful advocate of his time, told a friend that it would have been better for him never to have made one penny by his profession, than to have made a venture in that bank. Some men paid quotas of loss every now and then during the greater part of their lives; and, as we are assured only a very few years have elapsed since the books were finally wound up, it is not improbable that in some instances the sufferings from Douglas, Heron, and Company's bank extended through three generations.

Any one living in Scotland at the present day, and looking round him with the eye of a man of the world, would be at no loss, we believe, to discover such examples of things done under false calculations, or no calculations at all, as would leave him a good deal at a loss to account for the character which the people have acquired on the score of caution. He would not see what are called 'fast men' in great numbers; but of heedless speculators and half-crazy projectors he would find no lack. However strange it may sound in an English ear, there are plenty of rash and thoughtless people in Scotland. We really must claim to have our fair proportion of folly as well as our neighbours. Only inquire into family histories: where is there one without its wayward member, who is continually coming back upon them ruined and undone, to be once more set up in the world, or once more and finally shipped off for the colonies? Ask in the share-market—look into the Gazette—inspect the shipping list at Glasgow. Hopes you will everywhere find as risks as fears. On all sides ruin bears its part beside success. One does not hear much now-a-days of such a spirit among religious people as that which fills the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth century with wonders. Yet only in 1843, about a third part of the established clergy of Scotland abandoned their livings on a point of conscience. Other people, ourselves amongst the number, are at a loss to understand their reasons: opposite partisans try to extenuate the matter in various ways. In plain truth, whatever might be the merits of the prompting cause, it was an astonishing example of self-sacrifice, one which any people might be proud to have in their history, and which, we venture to say, the whole nation will yet be proud to see there. We strongly recommend the particulars to the consideration of those who regard the Scotch as wholly made up of cold and selfish calculation.

We might go on to ask if the most eminent Scotsmen of past times have been noted for caution. Was Bruce a cautious man when he exposed himself to the attack of Sir Henry Bohun at Bannockburn? Was John Knox a cautious man?—he of whom Morton said, as he saw him laid in the grave, 'There lies one who never feared the face of man!' Was Mon-



the whole blame on the Communists, who, by their constant *émeutes*, had ruined the trade of Paris. It ended by M. Vachette commanding James to leave the room, which he did, never again to cross the threshold. I was much grieved, on account of the two sisters, that politics should thus part friends, and different opinions engender such bitter feelings.

As summer approached, the weather became delightful. I had heard and read of sunny France. Her poets had apostrophised her bright blue skies, and sung in raptures of her corn-fields and vineyards: I found the picture not overdrawn. The sky was bright and beautifully clear for many weeks together. From the absence of smoke, there was a particular freshness in the air, by which the intense heat of the sun was much relieved. The Boulevards now swarmed with people, especially on Sundays, which here is a kind of fête-day, instead of being set apart for religious observance. Jugglers, tumblers, and showmen lined the path; bands of music sounded in the air; while all kinds of vehicles crowded along the road. In the evening, the cafés were filled with company, thousands being seated outside in the cool of the evening, enjoying the soothing fragrance of the cigar and sipping their coffee, and the ladies their sugared water. The Boulevards outside of Paris were, if possible, more gay. From the numerous cafés, ball-rooms, and summer-gardens, the sound of song and revelry met the ear, instead of the more decent tolling of the Sabbath-bell.

On the 15th of May Paris was again thrown into a state of ferment by the attack of the Communists on the National Assembly. Some of my shopmates I knew to be adherents of Barbès, Blanqui, and the other Communists; and I noticed their absence on this particular morning. The drum beat the *rappel*, and again shops were shut, and the streets filled with military. I hastened down to the hall of the National Assembly, the front of which was guarded by a troop of dragoons, while immense numbers of the Garde Nationale were hastening down the quais.

I was standing nearly opposite the Chambers when Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin left the Assembly on horseback. A thousand voices cried, 'Vive Lamartine!' and a few, 'Vive Ledru-Rollin!' Many pressed forward to shake the former by the hand. I, wishing to have that honour, pressed forward with the rest, and grasping his hand a little too tightly I fear, cried at the top of my voice, 'Vive Lamartine!' I felt as if it was something to have shaken hands with the then greatest man in all France.

The fête of Concord followed quickly afterwards: it was a most splendid affair, but failed to produce the contentment which was expected of it. As for myself, I had no great reason to complain: my work still increased, and I fondly hoped that I might be allowed to remain many years in the land of my adoption; my master was kind and indulgent, using me more as an equal than was in partnership with him than as a workman employed by him; my shopmates were courteous and obliging; the climate I felt to be delightful; all public places were free; and the manners of the people such as made me blush for the ignorance and rudeness of my own.

My prospects in business being so cheering, I resolved to purchase a little home, and send for my family. I immediately began to put this resolution into effect, and, living frugally and working hard for the next five or six weeks, purchased at every opportunity such articles of household furniture as I judged would be most serviceable. Amongst these were a bed mattress and bedstead, a rather stylish chest of drawers with a marble top, a table, some chairs, and a looking-glass. The articles, as I bought them, were placed in a room which I had taken in the Rue Faubourg St Martin. It was with some degree of pride and satisfaction that I looked round my little apartment, longing for the time when I should behold my wife and children once more comfortably settled beside me. I had meanwhile written to

my wife, directing her to sell to the best advantage our household goods at home, and likewise a small business which had formed the chief support of my family. It was with great reluctance that I informed Monsieur and Madame Vachette of my intention to leave them, as they had treated me with uniform kindness, and I knew my money, trifling as it was, was now an object with them.

Upon further consideration, seeing the difficulties my wife would have to encounter on her journey with four young children, I thought it would be better for me to ask a week's holiday, and fetch them from England myself. A week previous to my intended departure, which I had fixed for Sunday the 25th of June, as it was the last Sunday I should spend in the Battignolles, I went, in company with my landlord and his wife, to Versailles, M. Vachette having an uncle residing there. On the previous night he had brought home his new uniform, and now for the first time put it on. He had, in common with most Frenchmen, a smart military air, and, with the help of some padding, made really a handsome figure. So to Versailles we went, and spent the day most comfortably, all little imagining how the next Sunday would pass.

I had noticed every evening, on leaving my work, bands of idle fellows loitering about the Portes St Martin and St Denis. These mobs the military were called out several times to disperse; and it was no unusual thing to find both horse and foot at the Porte St Martin as I was returning from work.

On the evening of Friday the 23d, as I was preparing to leave work, I was alarmed by the noise of a sharp firing in the street. I quickly dressed, and ran out. All was confusion and alarm. Rebellion again had reared its hydra head, and the fair city of Paris was about to become an immense slaughter-house. A barricade had been formed at the Porte St Martin, before which several of the Garde Nationale had already fallen.

As I had no wish this time to take any share in the movement, I avoided the Boulevard by taking by-streets, until I reached the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. The *rappel* was now beating in every quarter, and the Garde Nationale mustering in great numbers. Armed men passed me every moment; but of which party it was impossible to judge, as thousands of the Garde Nationale were without uniforms. I rushed across the Boulevard, and then up Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin to Rue Clichy. I passed through the barrier of that name, and reached my lodgings in Rue de l'Ecluse in safety. I had not been at home many minutes, when M. Vachette, who worked in the Rue St Honoré, entered. The *rappel* now sounded loudly in the Battignolles. I helped my landlord to equip, belted on his sword and cartridge-box, and handed him his gun from the corner in which it was usually kept. He shook me by the hand, kissed his wife, and then departed.

I endeavoured to calm the agitation of Madame Vachette, by assuring her that it was nothing but an ordinary *émeute*, of which several had lately taken place. So, wishing madame good-night, I took my lamp, and retired to my chamber.

At daybreak I was awoke by something jarring my window, which, from the heat of the weather, I had left unfastened. Suddenly it shook again, and the boom of cannon struck my ear. I sprang from my bed, and threw back my window. The first streaks of day had just begun to crimson the eastern sky. A sharp, quick knocking at my door, and the voice of my landlady calling me, drew me from the window. I threw on some articles of clothing, and admitted her. With pale and quivering lips she besought me to make some inquiries as to the cause of the firing. I promised her I would, and went out with that intention.

On ascending the hill of Montmartre, which stands at the distance of a short walk from the Battignolles, and commands a fine view of Paris, I saw the white smoke of the combat already curling above the houses. The discharges of artillery became every moment more fre-



I now thought it would be well to see how matters stood with myself. I passed those places where the fighting had been thickest. Everywhere the traces of the fearful conflict were visible. On the Quai aux Fleurs, a large clothing establishment, where, a few days previous, I had purchased a pair of trousers, was now riddled with cannon balls. I crossed Pont Notre Dame to the Rue St Martin. Our establishment was closed, the masters mounting guard somewhere, and no one to give me any information.

Passing through Porte St Martin to the Faubourg, I found the traces of the struggle still more evident. Barricades half-destroyed continually impeded the progress of the passengers. On reaching the house where I had placed my goods, I found it turned into a temporary guardhouse, and it was occupied by a party of the Garde Mobile. I inquired for the *concierge*. He had disappeared. I asked permission to visit my apartment. The man on guard shrugged up his shoulders, and said I might please myself about that. I thanked him, and mounted the stairs; when, oh my poor *ménage*, what a wreck! My bed and mattress had disappeared, doubtless for the service of the wounded: my drawers—doubtless the marble top had broken the head of some luckless wight in the street below. The last of my bedstead was burning on the hearth, cooking the mess for the soldiery. I returned to the Battignolles very low-spirited indeed, and there found a note from my employer, recommending me to remain some time in England until better days should permit me to return to Paris, as he thought London for the present presented a better chance of success. So I prepared to depart from this city of mourning and desolation. Previous to my departure I again visited Madame Barges, in company with her sister. The meeting of the two was very affecting. Both were alike bereaved; for my fears were too well-founded: James had been taken with the insurgents, and now awaited a court-martial in the dungeon of the Tuileries. The rest is told in a few words. On my return to England, I found that my wife, acting on my instructions, had broken up our little home, and parted with her business. So I found myself in no enviable situation. But my case is not an isolated one of the misery brought by civil war.

W. E.

## SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

MONTAIGNE—RATICH.\*

EDUCATION, according to the idea of it which prevailed during the period from the revival of letters to the sixteenth century, was confined to a repetition of the words and theories of the ancient authors and philosophers. The object was only to know what they said, not what was right. The efforts of Erasmus, of Melancthon, and, above all, of Luther, and the influence of the greater diffusion of knowledge, introduced a more extensive course of instruction; and the new school boasted that they taught realities instead of the pedantic verbalism of the old. And yet the difference was not so great as was imagined. History and science were taught, not for themselves, but with a view to the elucidation of the classics, and they were taught on the old principle of authority instead of experiment. Astronomy was learned without observation of the stars; anatomy without dissection; botany without botanising; everything was taught from books, implicit faith being still given to the theories of Aristotle, Pliny, and Galen; and nature herself, when she was investigated, was so, not in order to correct the authorities, but only in order to come round again to, and explain the infallible books. This was *verbal realism*—the teaching of things not by the understanding, but the memory. It was when education had reached this stage of development that the system of Bacon, producing realism in philosophy,

produced realists in education also. The great principle of this school was, to teach things instead of words; and their method, to teach through the understanding instead of the memory. Accordingly, the general characteristics of the new system, as displayed at its birth, may be stated as follows:—They asserted the necessity of teaching the arts and sciences, history and modern languages—in short, knowledge in general, as well as the classics, and maintained the practicability of teaching both simultaneously. With regard to their method of teaching, they attacked the universal domination of the Latin language, and took the mother-tongue as the foundation of all education; their special objection was to the 'memory-cramming' of the old system, which, said they, is dead and useless, since the pupils are made to learn by heart much which they cannot understand, and yet that which is understood can alone be impressed on the memory.

Before passing to those individuals whose systems were the direct offspring of the Baconian philosophy, it is necessary to advert to a man who, living contemporaneously with Bacon, certainly was not in anyway indebted to him for his opinions, and yet whose views bear the strongest analogy to those subsequently developed by the systematic realists, under the influence of the inductive philosophy. This man was Montaigne. His remarks, from the very circumstance, perhaps, that he had no practical experience of teaching, are as acute as they are original; whilst in his writings may be found the germ of much which was broached long afterwards as newly discovered, by authors who were not candid enough to own their obligations to the Gascon philosopher. As a whole, Montaigne's idea of education was thoroughly realist; not that his works contain any digested system. None of the works of this vivacious author can be called systematic, except in their egotism. The man himself is the centre on which all his reflections turn, and he scatters his opinions abroad, crude and unconnected, as they occurred to himself. This being the case, we shall not attempt to reduce Montaigne's observations to any system, but content ourselves with quoting such portions of his writings as may best illustrate his views.

'The end of study,' he observes, 'is to become wiser and better, and the object of the tutor should be to make his pupil a man of abilities rather than a mere scholar.' Proceeding on this principle, he inveighs against the pedantic learning then in vogue. 'We take pains only to stuff the memory, and leave the understanding and the conscience unfurnished. We can exclaim, says Cicero, these were the morals of Plato; these the very words of Aristotle; but what do we say ourselves that is our own? Compare in the man truly educated one of those college Latinists, who has thrown away fifteen or sixteen years in only learning to speak. We are subjected four or five years to learn the meaning of words, and to tack them together into clauses; as many more to distribute one copious discourse into four or five parts; and the remaining five years at least to learn succinctly to mix and interweave them after a subtle manner.' And he goes on, as an illustration, to relate a story of his meeting two scholars, one of whom being asked, with regard to his companion, what gentleman that might be, replied, 'He is not a gentleman; he is a grammarian, and I am a logician.' 'Now, we who, on the contrary, do not aim to form a grammarian or a logician, but a gentleman, leave them to mispend their time: our business lies another way; for let our pupil be well furnished with things, words will flow but too fast; he will drag them after him if they are not ready to follow.' For the word gentleman, here substitute man, and the object of education, according to the realists, is described almost in their own words. In the same spirit Montaigne maintains that education ought to be the teaching to think for ourselves, rather than to repeat the thoughts of others. 'The tutor should at the very first, according to the capacity of his pupil, begin to put it to the test, by

\* An article presenting the opinions of three earlier educationists appeared in No. 206.









a particularly high passion, now showed himself on the scene, uttering terrible threats of legal proceedings against the house for the loss he had sustained.

Harvey was stupefied and indignant, yet he could hardly help smiling at the pother. 'What,' said he, 'have I to do with all this? I have paid for everything; I am surely entitled to go away if I like. Remember, that if I lose my passage to Boston, you shall answer for it.'

'I very much regret detaining you, sir,' replied the keeper of the hotel; 'but you hear there has been a robbery committed within the last few minutes, and as it will be proper to search every one in the house, surely you, who are on the point of departure, will have no objections to be searched first, and then be at liberty to go?'

There was something so perfectly reasonable in all this, that Harvey stepped into an adjoining parlour, and threw open his trunk for inspection, never doubting that his innocence would be immediately manifest.

The waiter, whose mean rapacity had been the cause of the detention, acted as examiner. He pulled one article after another out of the trunk, and at length—horror of horrors!—held up the missing watch with a look of triumph and scorn!

'Who put that there?' cried Harvey in an agony of mind which can be better imagined than described. 'Who has done me this grievous wrong? I know nothing as to how the watch came into my trunk.'

No one answered this appeal. All present stood for a moment in gloomy silence.

'Sir,' said the landlord to Harvey on recovering from his surprise, 'I am sorry for you. For the sake of a miserable trifle, you have brought ruin and disgrace on yourself. This is a matter which concerns the honour of my house, and cannot stop here. However much it is against my feelings, you must go before a magistrate.'

'By all means,' added No. 17, with the importance of an injured man. 'A pretty thing that one's watch is not safe in a house like this!'

'John, send Boots for a constable,' said the landlord.

Harvey sat with his head leaning on his hand. A deadly cold perspiration trickled down his brow. His heart swelled and beat as if it would burst. What should he do? His whole prospects were in an instant blighted. 'Oh God! do not desert a frail and unhappy being: give me strength to face this new and terrible misfortune,' was a prayer he internally uttered. A little revived, he started to his feet, and addressing himself to the landlord, he said, 'Take me to a magistrate instantly, and let us have this diabolical plot unravelled. I court inquiry into my character and conduct.'

'It is no use saying any more about it,' answered the landlord; 'here is Boots with a constable, and let us all go away together to the nearest magistrate. Boots, carry that trunk. John and Sally, you can follow us.'

And so the party, trunk and all, under the constable as conductor, adjourned to the house of a magistrate in an adjacent street. There the matter seemed so clear a case of felony—robbery in a dwelling-house—that Harvey, all protestations to the contrary, was fully committed for trial at the ensuing March assizes, then but a few days distant.

At the period at which these incidents occurred, I was a young man going on my first circuits. I had not as yet been honoured with perhaps more than three or four briefs, and these only in cases so slightly productive of fees, that I was compelled to study economy in my excursions. Instead of taking up my residence at an inn when visiting —, a considerable seaport, where the court held its sittings, I dwelt in lodgings kept by a widow lady, where, at a small expense, I could enjoy perfect quietness, free from interruption.

On the evening after my arrival on the March cir-

cuit of the year 17—, I was sitting in my lodgings perusing a new work on criminal jurisprudence, when the landlady, after tapping at the door, entered my room.

'I am sorry to trouble you, sir,' said she; 'but a lady has called to see you about a very distressing law case—very distressing indeed, and a very strange case it is too. Only, if you could be so good as see her?'

'Who is she?'

'All I know about it is this: she is a Mrs Harvey. She and her husband and children were to sail yesterday for Boston. All were on board except the husband; and he, on leaving the large hotel over the way, was taken up for a robbery. Word was in the evening sent by the prisoner to his wife to come on shore with all her children and the luggage; and so she came back in the pilot boat, and was in such a state of distress, that my brother, who is on the preventive service, and saw her land, took pity on her, and had her and her children and things taken to a lodging on the quay. As my brother knows that we have a London lawyer staying here, he has advised the poor woman to come and consult you about the case.'

'Well, I'll see what can be done. Please desire the lady to step in.'

A lady was shortly shown in. She had been pretty, and was so still, but anxiety was pictured in her pale countenance. Her dress was plain, but not inelegant; and altogether she had a neat and engaging appearance.

'Be so good as sit down,' said I, bowing; 'and tell me all you would like to say.'

The poor woman burst into tears; but afterwards recovering herself, she told me pretty nearly the whole of her history and that of her husband.

Lawyers have occasion to see so much duplicity, that I did not all at once give assent to the idea of Harvey being innocent of the crime of which he stood charged.

'There is something perfectly inexplicable in the case,' I observed, 'and it would require sifting. Your husband, I hope, has always borne a good character?'

'Perfectly so. He was no doubt unfortunate in business; but he got his certificate on the first examination; and there are many who would testify to his uprightness.' And here again my client broke into tears, as if overwhelmed with her recollections and prospects.

'I think I recollect Mr Harvey's shop,' said I soothingly. 'It seemed a very respectable concern; and we must see what can be done. Keep up your spirits; the only fear I have arises from the fact of Judge A—being on the bench. He is usually considered severe, and if exculpatory evidence fail, your husband may run the risk of being—transported.' A word of more terrific import, with which I was about to conclude, stuck unuttered in my throat. 'Have you employed an attorney?' I added.

'No; I have done nothing as yet, but apply to you, to beg of you to be my husband's counsel.'

'Well, that must be looked to. I shall speak to a local agent, to prepare and work out the case; and we shall all do our utmost to get an acquittal. To-morrow I will call on your husband in prison.'

Many thanks were offered by the unfortunate lady, and she withdrew.

I am not going to inflict on the reader a detailed account of this remarkable trial, which turned, as barristers would say, on a beautiful point of circumstantial evidence. Along with the attorney, a sharp enough person in his way, I examined various parties at the hotel, and made myself acquainted with the nature of the premises. The more we investigated, however, the more dark and mysterious—always supposing Harvey's innocence—did the whole case appear. There was not one redeeming trait in the affair, except Harvey's previous good character; and good character, by the law of England, goes for nothing in opposition to facts



soul revolts! Great is the crime of those imbecile jurors and that false and hard-hearted judge, who thus, by an irreversible decree, consign a fellow-mortal to a death of violence and disgrace. Oh God, help me—help me to sustain that bitter, bitter hour! And then the poor man would throw himself on his bed and weep.

But the parting with his wife and children. What pen can describe that terrible interview! They knelt in prayer, their wo-begone countenances suffused in tears, and with hands clasped convulsively together. The scene was too harrowing and sacred for the eye of a stranger. I rushed from the cell, and buried myself in my lodgings, whence I did not remove till all was over. Next day James Harvey, a victim of circumstantial evidence, and of a barbarous criminal code, perished on the scaffold.

Three weeks afterwards, the court arrived at a populous city in the west of England. It had in the interval visited another assize town, and there Judge A—had left three for execution. At the trials of these men, however, I had not attended. So shocked had been my feelings with the mournful event which had taken place at —, that I had gone into Wales for the sake of change of scene. After roaming about for a fortnight amidst the wild solitudes of Caernarvonshire, I took the stage for the city which I knew the court was to visit, and arrived on the day previous to the opening of the assizes.

'Well, are we to have a heavy calendar?' I inquired next morning of a brother barrister on entering the court.

'Rather light for a March assize,' replied the impatient counsel as he bustled onward. 'There's Cartwright's case—highway robbery—in which I am for the prosecution. He'll swing for it, and perhaps four or five others.'

'A good hanging judge is A—,' said the undersheriff, who at this moment joined us, rubbing his hands, as if pleased with the prospect of a few executions. 'No chance of the prophecy yonder coming to pass I suppose?'

'Not in the least,' replied the bustling counsel. 'He never looked better. His illness has gone completely off. And this day's work will brighten him up.'

Cartwright's trial came on. I had never seen the man before, and was not aware that this was the same person whom Harvey had incidentally told me he had discharged for theft; the truth being, that till the last moment of his existence, that unfortunate man had not known how much he had been a sacrifice to this wretch's malice.

The crime of which the villain now stood accused was that of robbing a farmer of the paltry sum of eight shillings, in the neighbourhood of Ilfracombe. He pleaded not guilty, but put in no defence. A verdict was recorded against him, and in due form A— sentenced him to be hanged. An expression of fiendish malignancy gleamed over the haggard features of the felon as he asked leave to address a few words to the court. It was granted. Leaning forward, and raising his heavy scowling eyes to the judge, he thus began:—'There is something on my mind, my lord—a dreadful crime—which, as I am to die for the eight shillings I took from the farmer, I may as well confess. You may remember Harvey, my lord, whom you hanged the other day at —?'

'What of him, fellow?' replied the judge, his features suddenly flushing crimson.

'Why, my lord, only this—that he was as innocent of the crime for which you hanged him as the child yet unborn! I did the deed! I put the watch in his trunk!' And to the unutterable horror of the entire court, he related the whole particulars of the transaction, the origin of his grudge against Harvey, and his delight on bringing him to the gallows.

'Inhuman, execrable villain!' gasped the judge in extreme excitement.

'Cleverly done, though! Was it not, my lord?' rejoined the ruffian with bitter irony. 'The evidence, you know, was irrefragable; the crime as clear as the sun at noonday; and if, in such plain cases, the just and necessary law was not enforced, society would be dissolved, and there would be no security for property! These were your words, I think. How on that occasion I admired your lordship's judgment and eloquence! Society would be dissolved if an innocent man were not hanged! Ha!—ha!—ha! Capital!—capital!' shouted the ferocious felon with demoniac glee, as he marked the effect of his words on the countenance of the judge.

'Remove the prisoner!' cried the sheriff. An officer was about to do so; but the judge motioned him to desist. His lordship's features worked convulsively. He seemed striving to speak, but the words would not come.

'I suppose, my lord,' continued Cartwright in low and hissing tones, as the shadow of unutterable despair grew and settled on his face—'I suppose you know that his wife destroyed herself. The coroner's jury said she had fallen accidentally into the water. I know better. She drowned herself under the agonies of a broken heart! I saw her corpse, with the dead baby in its arms; and then I felt, knew, that I was lost! Lost, doomed to everlasting perdition! But, my lord—and here the wretch broke into a howl wild and terrific—'we shall go down together—down to where your deserts are known. A—h—h! that pinches you, does it? Hound of a judge! legal murderer! coward! I spurn and spit upon thee!' The rest of the appalling objur-gation was inarticulate, as the monster, foaming and sputtering, was dragged by an officer from the dock.

Judge A— had fallen forwards on his face, fainting and speechless with the violence of his emotions. The black cap had dropped from his brow. His hands were stretched out across the bench, and various members of the bar rushed to his assistance. The court broke up in frightful commotion.

Two days afterwards the county paper had the following announcement:—

'Died at the Royal Hotel, —, on the 27th instant, Judge A—, from an access of fever supervening upon a disorder from which he had imperfectly recovered.'

The prophecy was fulfilled!

## AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.

AMONG the contributions to natural science which tend to enlarge its boundaries and increase its utility, Mr Gould's 'Birds of Australia' must long hold a prominent place. This valuable work, which for several years has made its appearance in quarterly parts, is now complete; and to the lover of natural history, few pleasures can be greater than turning over its leaves, where, with few exceptions, are represented, of the natural size, and in all their gorgeous colours, the feathered inhabitants of our Australian dominions. These interesting countries, already remarkable for phenomena the very opposite of our European experiences—rivers, for example, which do not discharge themselves into the sea, and quadrupeds with a bill—are not less noteworthy as regards the birds which inhabit their boundless plains and tangled forests.

Mr Gould in his descriptions omits no opportunity of recommending the naturalisation in this country of such birds as are likely to survive the change of climate; and among the resources open to wealth, we think this of adding to the stock of living things which may please the eye or charm the ear not the least. The *Gymnorhina tibicen*, or piping crow-shrike, is instanced as one that may be easily domesticated and removed. With its blue bill, bright eye, and white and black markings, it would be an interesting acquisition. 'To describe the notes of this bird,' says Mr Gould, 'is beyond the power of my pen; and it is a source of regret to myself that my readers cannot, as I have done, listen to them in their



enough, the spotted-sided finch, *Amadina Lathamii*, chooses the rough sticks forming its base as a site for its own habitation. Mr Gould took one of these nests with eggs while the eagle was sitting only a few inches above.

The districts frequented by particular birds are sometimes as clearly definable as the boundaries of a country. In Australia, the fairy martin appears never to be found within twenty miles of the coast. This favourite little bird generally selects steep river banks as a secure place for its domicile. The nest is in the shape of a bottle gourd, nine or ten inches long; sometimes thirty or forty are built in a cluster, with the necks projecting from the bank, either horizontally or downwards. Seven or eight birds work together at a nest; one remains inside, to receive and deposit the clay brought by the others. The rock-warbler, *Origma rubricata*, appears to be of analogous habits to the bird just mentioned. It is said never to visit forests, or to alight on trees, and mostly frequents rocky clefts, gullies, and dark caverns by the water-side. The nest is of an oblong globular bottle shape, fabricated of moss and similar materials, and is suspended by its long neck to the roof of the cavern, or to overhanging pieces of rock. A lateral opening is left for an entrance near the bottom; but hitherto nothing has been ascertained with respect to the mode of suspension. Another swallow, *Dicaeum*, forms its nest, purse-like in shape, of cotton extracted from the seed-vessels of plants, and suspends it on the branches of a tall tree. The white-rumped wood-swallow takes possession of old nests abandoned by other birds, and reduces them to a proper size for itself, at the same time rendering them snugly warm by a soft thick lining. The white-shafted fantail builds a nest resembling in shape a long-stemmed footless wine-glass. In constructing this nest, the base of the cup and lower extremity of the stem are made to embrace two slender twigs of a bush, which hold it in a vertical position. One of them thus attached may be seen at the British Museum. This is an instance of care in fabrication, the more remarkable when contrasted with the want of care among other birds. The nest of the black-throated grebe, for example, is nothing more than a floating mass of weeds heaped together in a rounded form in a pond, with the top just level with the surface of the water. The pheasant cuckoo presents a singular appearance while sitting with its head and tail projecting from openings opposite each other in its dome-shaped nest, apparently left for the purpose, and probably to enable the bird to keep watch while reposing. The grass-loving sphenevacus, which attaches its nest to a few reeds about two feet above the surface of the water in which they grow, lines the structure with feathers, but places two of the largest so as to form a sort of canopy, and protect the interior from wet. The spotted pardalote (diamond-bird of the colonists) builds in a situation altogether different from all others of the genus: instead of trees or bushes, it takes to the ground, and selecting a bank, bores a hole, sloping upwards for several feet, and excavates a chamber at the inner end, in which its round nest is beautifully built of soft bark, leaving a small opening for an entrance. The outer extremity of the hole is so artfully concealed, that long watching is required in order to be able to detect it. 'How so neat a structure,' writes Mr Gould, 'as is the nest of the spotted pardalote, should be constructed at the end of a hole where no light can possibly enter, is beyond our comprehension, and is one of those wonderful results of instinct so often presented to our notice in the history of the animal creation, without our being in anyway able to account for them.'

In this portion of our glance over the birds of Australia, we find ample cause for admiration and further research. Mr Gould's book will furnish as much recreation to the occasional reader as information to the scientific inquirer. Although he was indebted for specimens to explorers who have penetrated the interior, by far the greater part is due to his own personal investigations in that interesting country.

In respect of the economy of the Australian birds, there are many circumstances equally worthy of atten-

tion. The *Maurus cyanus*, or blue wren, undergoes a singular transformation: in winter the plumage of both male and female is of a reddish brown; the birds are then tame and familiar, and wander about near the houses in country neighbourhoods, in little groups of six or eight. 'As spring advances, they separate into pairs, the male undergoing a total transformation not only in the colour, but also in the texture of its plumage; indeed a more astonishing change can scarcely be imagined, its plain and unassuming garb being thrown off for a few months, and another assumed, which for resplendent beauty is hardly surpassed by any of the feathered race, certainly by none but the humming-birds and cotingas of America. Nor is the change confined to the plumage alone, but extends also to its habits; in fact its whole character and nature appear to have received a new impulse; the little creature now displaying great vivacity, proudly showing off its gorgeous attire to the utmost advantage, and pouring out its animated song unceasingly, until the female has completed her task of incubation, and the craving appetites of its newly-hatched young call forth a new feeling, and give its energies a new direction.' The colours of this beautiful livery, which is put on in March, and left off in August, are a most brilliant blue on a velvety black, tipped with a few pencillings of white. Some of the birds are so curiously marked, as to have received names from the settlers expressive of the peculiarity. The *Enystomus Australis* is called the dollar-bird, from a round white spot seen in each of its wings while flying. A black mark, resembling a V, in the extended wing of the *Elanus scriptus*, has produced for it the appellation of Letter-winged Kite: when both wings are spread, the appearance is that of a W.

The name of emu wren is given to the *Stipiturus malachurus* from its loose, lightly-formed, spreading tail of six feathers, an appendage which the bird has the power of bending forwards until it lies horizontally on its back. The whole tribe of wrens is described as of marvellous capabilities for escaping from danger by a mode which is not hopping, flying, or running, but a combination of all three. The textile wren, however, is the most extraordinary—'Indeed its mode of progression on the ground is such as no description can convey an accurate conception of, and must be seen to be understood. I cannot compare it,' says Mr Gould, 'with anything, unless perhaps with the motion of an India-rubber ball when thrown forcibly along the ground. While stealing from bush to bush with this rapid movement, it presents an exceedingly droll appearance.' The diving petrel, a bird that frequents the coasts, presents another instance of rapidity of movement. Its powers of flight are weaker than those of others of the same species, but this is compensated for by swiftness. It does not fly in steady progression, but with a short quick flutter, so near the surface of the sea, that it prefers to dash through the waves rather than rise over them. Such is its celerity, as to have given rise to the belief that it flies even while under the water. In striking contrast to these agile birds is the tawny-shouldered podargus, which sits in pairs all day on a branch, wrapped in a lethargic sleep. So profound is the repose, or such the unwillingness of the bird to move, that one has been shot off the branch without disturbing the other.

The varieties of honey-eaters are among the most interesting of Australian birds; in habits and appearance they are peculiarly pleasing. The wattled honey-eater, *Anthochaera inauris*, is decorated with a splendid golden drop hanging from each ear. The eucalypti, a species of tree abundant in Australia, are the favourite resort of these birds; their flowers are said to be renewed 'with every rising sun throughout the year.' A wise provision of nature is apparent in the tongue of most of the honey-eaters: the tip of that useful member is finished as a brush, which enables them readily to extract the juices from the calices of flowers. Some of these birds become exceedingly fat in winter, and are then sold in the markets at Hobart Town in enormous quantities. Others



of work of every kind that a small addition to the expertness makes a large addition to the remuneration, and that the higher the grade, the more marked is this difference. This arises from the numbers gradually decreasing the further they have outstripped their brethren in excellence. At the point of skill which only three or four men have reached out of so many hundreds, there will be little competition, and high pay: when there are services which only one man can do, he can name his own price. Moreover, the general labour market in its widest sense, including efforts both of mind and body, is affected by various accidents of education, training, and position, which bring to some occupations a scale of remuneration much higher than the members of others can hope by any energy to obtain. Thus it does not follow that the scale of income corresponds with the hardness of the work; but we may take it as a general rule, that high pay is not given without some service being done for it; and that the man who can, by courageous energy in setting his mind, or his hands aided by his mind, to do some useful act requiring skill, will reap a reward for his service.

In fact the great dragon to be conquered by the strugglers through this world is indolence. It is because he has yielded to it, that yonder gray-headed gentleman is a clerk in a government office, at a hundred and fifty pounds a year, instead of making a fortune like his schoolfellow the engineer. He found the employment set before him—nothing to do but to copy pages or add up columns; no exertion of thought, no risks of failure, but a secured income—and he yielded to the temptation. In his case little harm is done: he has food and clothing, and is content. But go several steps farther down. A still easier operation than writing and casting accounts has tempted eight hundred thousand men to follow a trade which less than half the number would have supplied; and no legislation or parliamentary inquiry, no private benevolence, no relief committee, no poor-law, can obviate the devastating result. . . . Nor is the small remuneration the only evil of the humblest and most overstocked occupations. Their followers are the most acutely sensitive to oscillations in the money and labour market, and ever the most liable to be deprived of their little bit of bread. Let us just cast a thought over the manner in which the industrious, careful, and energetic members of society occupy themselves when hard times come. Some of them retrench their expenditure; they must of course have still as much as will in some way support their families, or they could not do so. Others increase their exertions. 'It is but mounting a thousand additional stairs,' said Dr Arbuthnot, when his savings were swept away by the South-Sea scheme. Here and there, active-minded people are excited to new enterprises and conquests over difficulties; they lay open new fields of exertion, or work old ones with renewed energy. The additional services so called out are marvellous, and the beneficent effect of the whole operation is, that by these exertions trade revives, and prosperity is restored. It is a mistake to suppose that these pressures and oscillations arise from too much industry.

There may be too much production relatively—too many railways, too much corn, too many gingham and satin slippers; but if every person is working where his services are required, there cannot be too much industry; and it is the tendency of the exertions made by active men in times of trial, to find out the quarters in which their labours are most useful, and thus restore the equilibrium of the market. A man can seldom turn from a losing to a gaining occupation without doing a benefit, instead of an injury, to the community.

But what can that poor creature do who has been accustomed only to give his time, and some rotatory bodily motion, when the service so produced has ceased to be worth the morsel it used to bring him? He cannot reduce his expenditure and live. He cannot increase his exertions, for they are measured by time, not work, and the whole is already taken. He is nearest the edge, and when the blast comes across the great platform of industry, he is blown over the side into the slough of mendicancy, whence he rises no more.—*From an excellent series of letters in the Daily News, June 1848.* [A principle of very great consequence to the humbler classes is here developed. It is not alone necessary to be at labour for many hours; that may be such a labour as not to deserve good remuneration. It is not all-sufficient that a small trader sticks for the whole day to his shop, for it may be a shop not required in the place, or conducted on too small a scale to be profitable.

Ingenuity, skill, judgment to make a good choice of a calling, and to improve circumstances, are also requisite. A man should see that his work is really useful, and that his shop is not superfluous.]

## SWEET LAVENDER.

Lavender is the emblem of 'distant music' in the language of flowers.

'Tis the sound of distant music, and it comes from o'er the hills,  
Sweeping upon the breezy air by fields and summer rills;  
Up, up the valley—homesteads fair and sheltering nooks are passed;  
'Oh, Lavender—sweet Lavender!' is clearly heard at last.

And forth also comes, the cottage girl, with basket on her arm,  
Singing loud that summer word, whose name breathes many a charm:

'Twelve bunches for a single groat,' she adds with plaintive cry:  
'Oh, Lavender—sweet Lavender!'—these treasures who will buy?

The village girls will seek the sweets—the faint perfume they prize;  
By hoarded treasures, tokens dear, the annual gift-flower lies;  
And mourners seek its pensive hue—it suits well with the dead—  
To strew above that breathless form, now alumbering on the bed.

Oh bear it to the lone churchyard, and find a nameless mound—  
There, drooping mourner, cast these sweets upon the grassy ground;  
And as the sound steals on the breeze, across the quiet vale,  
That well-known music soothes thy heart, attuned to sorrow's tale.

Perfume the air above the dead, the faithful, happy dead!  
Comfort and hope, sweet lavender, with healing influence shed;  
This angel-music floateth past—on seraph's wings 'tis borne—  
The mourner's heart can hear it off, though tempest-swayed and torn.

C. A. M. W.

## HURRY AND HASTE.

'Never do anything in a hurry,' is the advice given to attorneys and solicitors by Mr Warren. 'No one in a hurry can possibly have his wits about him; and remember, that in the law there is ever an opponent watching to find you off your guard. You may occasionally be in haste, but you need never be in a hurry; take care—resolve—never to be so. Remember always that others' interests are occupying your attention, and suffer by your inadvertence—by that negligence which generally occasions hurry. A man of first-rate business talents—one who always looks so calm and tranquil, that it makes one's self feel cool on a hot summer's day to look at him—once told me that he had never been in a hurry but once, and that was for an entire fortnight, at the commencement of his career. It nearly killed him: he spoiled everything he touched; he was always breathless, and harassed, and miserable; but it did him good for life: he resolved never again to be in a hurry—and never was, no, not once, that he could remember, during twenty-five years' practice! Observe, I speak of being hurried and flustered—not of being in haste, for that is often inevitable; but then is always seen the superiority and inferiority of different men. You may indeed almost define hurry as the condition to which an inferior man is reduced by haste. I one day observed, in a committee of the House of Commons, sitting on a railway bill, the chief secretary of the company, during several hours, while great interests were in jeopardy, preserve a truly admirable coolness, tranquillity, and temper, conferring on him immense advantages. His suggestions to counsel were masterly, and exquisitely well-timed; and by the close of the day he had triumphed. "How is it that one never sees you in a hurry?" said I, as we were pacing the long corridor, on our way from the committee-room. "Because it's so expensive," he replied with a significant smile. I shall never forget that observation, and don't you."—*Warren on Attorneys and Solicitors.*

## DUTIES AND EVENTS.

Duties are ours: events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of the miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this consideration only can he securely lay down his head and close his eyes.—*Cecil.*

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Lifting his eyelids, and rolling the ball of the eye on one side in a most extraordinary manner, he stooped, inserted these coins inside the lid on the eyes, and closed the lid on them. His hands were then bound behind him, and raising himself slowly, he actually lifted the huge mass by the eyelids from the ground to the level of his waist. How long he would have continued to hold it I cannot tell, for the ladies present were so shocked at the really terrible exhibition, that they insisted on his being commanded to let it go. He was rewarded by a gift of ten rupees. We afterwards inquired if this power or art were common amongst the gipsy tribes, and were told it was not: being rather rare, and highly esteemed by them, the performer always expected an extra present from the spectators. Our Parsee servant added, that the practice entailed early blindness on its possessor.

A man then seated himself before us, and ordered one of his companions to 'light the fire,' a command which was immediately obeyed; the fireplace being actually the speaker's head, on which they placed a piece of something that looked like black mud, and on it kindled a blaze of some height. The fire-king, as he called himself, then opened his mouth, and received a lump of fire into it, from which he puffed volumes of smoke both from his mouth and nostrils; and certainly no one could look more like the 'Zatanai' he personated than he did, for his eyes were large, and glittering black and white, his features deformed, and his skin swarthy. Then followed the equally common snake-charmers, with their huge basket of civilised reptiles. It is perhaps less curious to see these creatures move to the monotonous music which is supposed to influence them, than to examine at leisure, and with impunity, their different appearances; from the frightful cobra de capello, to the deadly cobra manilla, the bite of which I once narrowly escaped by the presence of mind of a young child, who, without speaking, pulled me back at the moment my foot was descending on the step where it lay. This snake exhibition is common all over India, as well as that which followed it—the juggler and his golden balls. Some of the gipsy women then advanced to display their skill; but they were anything but interesting 'magnas.' For the most part they were old, and very ugly, and their chief cleverness appeared to consist in making a fountain of their nose, from which they showered in a continuous stream the water they drew into their mouth from a small tube.

Swordsmen followed, and really displayed the most wonderful skill with their weapons. When their fencing was concluded, they made a huge pile of their swords, the points being upwards, and leaped over it with great agility and boldness. The entertainment concluded by several men breaking cocoa-nuts with their heads—a feat which they achieved by throwing the huge fruit high into the air, and catching it on their skulls, which were certainly of the thickest, as, though they sounded fearfully, they did not appear hurt by a blow which separated the shell of the cocoa-nut. By the time they had finished their employment of nut-cracking, the sun had nearly set, and the burra sahib, after gracious commendations, and a very liberal bucksheesh, dismissed her Majesty's gipsy lieges, though they assured us they had many excellent tricks still in store. We were, however, weary, and believed the actors must be so too; therefore further proffers were declined, to their great surprise, as we were told; for the native princes or chiefs can never have enough of similar exhibitions, and tax the poor creatures' powers almost beyond endurance when they are thus brought before them. The exhibition had greatly amused us, both from the skill of the people and the picturesque effect of their wild appearance and costume. Their own apparent faith in the incantations they muttered, and the real credence bestowed on their powers by the native spectators, gave a reality to the scene which no English jugglery can ever possess. The sword exercise and cocoa-nut breaking were accompanied by shrill,

animated, and exciting cries. Of their skill in palmistry we were unable to judge, as we did not understand their language; but we were told that their prophetic gifts are very similar to those of the European brethren.

About three or four days afterwards, as we were returning from a drive, we met the whole tribe on their march back to the mountains. The road was narrow, and they were therefore obliged to move to one side, passing in a long-continued and most picturesque file, beneath the sweet mimosa-trees that bordered the way. One might almost have fancied himself living in the age of the Patriarchs, and witnessing the journeyings of a people, as he gazed on them. The strong men came first, each armed with a tall staff; then the women, bearing their infants on their hips, or leading the young children by the hand; old crones and 'ancient men' followed, with such cattle as they possessed, and bundles, containing, as we supposed, their property. They all salaamed us with kindly smiles as they glided by; and we watched them with considerable interest for some time, the great plain they traversed permitting us to see them till they were lost in the dim though brief twilight. We never saw the gipsies of the Deccan more; but we have often thought and talked of them, and regretted that the energies they displayed, and the toil by which they must have brought many of their performances to perfection, had not been more worthily employed and better directed. They follow strictly the wise injunction, 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might;' though unhappily their hand, through ignorance, finds little to do that is useful or becoming rational beings; and they are thus far examples to those who, living in the light of civilisation, never exert the capabilities, whether mental or physical, which their Creator has bestowed. Many a sluggard of our enlightened Europe might thus derive a useful lesson from the wild gipsies of Hindoostan.

#### A SECOND GLANCE AT MR MACAULAY'S HISTORY.

MR MACAULAY'S book must undoubtedly be what is called 'the book of the season.' It comes at an opportune time; in the midst of the revolutions of so many despotic governments, telling the tale of the sober and bloodless revolution which we passed through a hundred and sixty years ago—made sober and bloodless because we had never, like the continental nations, allowed our early popular institutions to be torn from us, and therefore had always something of a time-honoured character round which to rally. The whole story of James II.'s reign reads like a drama or a romance. It is a fair struggle between two principles, with victory or death for the issue. On one side a monarch, naturally weak, and not very good-hearted, driven by bigotry into tyrannical courses, with only the frail support of a few profligate statesmen, and a sentiment of loyalty which, though tinged with superstition, was insufficient to sustain men under extreme practical sufferings and dangers; on the other, 'a noble and puissant nation rousing herself, like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks,' to throw off a yoke whose whole merits were of an abstract kind, but which, in such an age, it was almost impiety to challenge. The very struggles of the latter party with their own prejudices are intensely interesting. Mr Macaulay tells the story, we think, somewhat too rhetorically; yet is always animated, picturesque, and entertaining. It will be very curious to find his volumes so universally read as they must be, for it will show how much public attention to a book is affected by peculiarities in writers, by the presumption of their degrees of information, and perhaps also in some measure by currents of taste. We are able to mention, on the best authority, that, upwards of twenty years ago, a history of the English Revolution was published by a



fine gentleman's ornaments—his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly-scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor indeed would he have had far to go, for, in general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice, and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether the "Paradise Lost" ought to have been in rhyme. To another, an anxious poetaster demonstrated that "Venice Preserved" ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen—earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators, and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook, by the fire; in summer, it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy, or of *Rossa's* treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Dr John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses, where dark-eyed money-changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee-houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned over their cups another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.

Everywhere Mr Macaulay takes the freedom to introduce circumstances and associations in a manner new to history. We are told that, on the breaking out of Monmouth's rebellion, a play of Dryden's failed for want of attendance at the theatre. Persons still living have seen the daughter of the servant who waited on the Earl of Faversham when he halted to fight Monmouth at Sedgemoor. Monmouth left a mistress, whom he considered as his wife in the sight of Heaven: her fate is touched on with the skill of the modern literary artist. The unhappy man has perished on Tower Hill, and been laid amongst the dust of many heroic personages in the Tower Chapel. 'Yet a few months, and the quiet village of Toddington in Bedfordshire witnessed a still sadder funeral. Near that village stood an ancient and stately hall, the seat of the Wentworths. The transept of the parish church had long been their burial-place. To that burial-place, in the spring which followed the death of Monmouth, was borne the coffin of the young Baroness Wentworth of Nettlestead. Her family reared a sumptuous mausoleum over her remains: but a less costly memorial of her was long contemplated with far deeper interest. Her name, carved by the hand of him whom she loved too well, was, a few years ago, still discernible on a tree in the adjoining park.' Thus, too, when William lodges for a day at Littlecote

Hall, we are reminded of the mysterious tragedy enacted in it in the time of the Tudors, as narrated in the notes to 'Rokeby.' A historian of the last age, writing about the arrival of the Dutch Guards at Whitehall, and having to mention that they had to meet the English Guards under Lord Craven, would have mentioned Lord Craven and nothing more. Mr Macaulay introduces him thus: 'They were commanded by William, Earl of Craven, an aged man who, more than fifty years before, had been distinguished in war and love, who had led the forlorn-hope at Creutznach with such courage, that he had been patted on the shoulder by the great Gustavus, and who was believed to have won from a thousand rivals the heart of the unfortunate queen of Bohemia. Craven was now in his eightieth year; but time had not tamed his spirit.' Such references throw a flood of fresh interest on a historical narration.

Mr Macaulay says—'The press now often sends forth in a day a greater quantity of discussion and declamation about the condition of the working-man, than was published during the twenty-eight years which elapsed between the Restoration and the Revolution. But it would be a great error to infer, from the increase of complaint, that there has been any increase of misery.' He proceeds to show that the agricultural labourers, who were four-fifths of the working population, had then four shillings a week, without food, in ordinary districts, and from five to six shillings in the more favoured. Wheat was then as dear as now. It was seventy shillings a quarter in 1661, when the justices at Chelmsford fixed the wages of the Essex labourer at six shillings in summer, and seven in winter. 'These facts,' says our author, 'are in perfect accordance with another fact which seems to deserve consideration. It is evident that, in a country where no man can be compelled to become a soldier, the ranks of an army cannot be filled if the government offers much less than the wages of common rustic labour. At present, the pay and beer money of a private in a regiment of the line amount to seven shillings and sevenpence a week. This stipend, coupled with the hope of a pension, does not attract the English youth in sufficient numbers; and it is found necessary to supply the deficiency by enlisting largely from among the poorer population of Munster and Connaught. The pay of the private foot soldier in 1685 was only four shillings and eightpence a week; yet it is certain that the government in that year found no difficulty in obtaining many thousands of English recruits at very short notice. The pay of the private foot soldier in the army of the Commonwealth had been seven shillings a week—that is to say, as much as a corporal received under Charles II.; and seven shillings a week had been found sufficient to fill the ranks with men decidedly superior to the generality of the people. On the whole, therefore, it seems reasonable to conclude that, in the reign of Charles II., the ordinary wages of the peasant did not exceed four shillings a week; but that, in some parts of the kingdom, five shillings, six shillings, and during the summer months, even seven shillings, were paid. At present, a district where a labouring man earns only seven shillings a week is thought to be in a state shocking to humanity. The average is much higher; and in prosperous counties the weekly wages of husbandmen amount to twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen shillings.'

The remuneration of the manufacturing artisan was on no better scale. 'In the year 1680, a member of the House of Commons remarked that the high wages paid in this country made it impossible for our textures to maintain a competition with the produce of the Indian looms. An English mechanic, he said, instead of slaving like a native of Bengal for a piece of copper, exacted a shilling a day. Other evidence is extant, which proves that a shilling a day was the pay to which the English manufacturer then thought himself entitled, but that he was often forced to work for less. The common people of that age were not in the habit of meeting for public discussion, of haranguing, or of petitioning parliament.



less compassion which has in our time extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave, which pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or overworked, and which has repeatedly endeavoured to save the life even of the murderer. It is true that compassion ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects. But the more we study the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merciful age—in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly, and from a sense of duty. Every class, doubtless, has gained largely by this great moral change; but the class which has gained most is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenceless.

These are things worth pondering upon by the working population of our time, and those who call themselves specially their friends. There is a prevailing disposition to attribute all the evils endured by the humbler class of people to political and social evils bearing with undue severity upon them, and peculiar to the present time. When you tell any man that he is subjected to external evils beyond his own control, he is extremely apt to overlook those which it depends on himself to remedy. It is to be feared that the present manner of addressing the working population is mainly of the kind which soothes them with the idea that they are victims who cannot help themselves. The very efforts everywhere making to furnish them with baths, reading-rooms, superior houses, &c. must help to foster this notion. The consequence is, that the working population lose the opportunity of doing any good for themselves. They live for the day, when, by a proper husbanding of their resources, they might take a far higher place, socially and morally, than they do. Such facts as those brought out by Mr Macaulay show at once how much less evil they now suffer, and how much more they might now do for themselves, than at any former period.

We now fairly conclude by jotting off a few pithy expressions of opinion on general subjects, which we find scattered in Mr Macaulay's volumes:—'In every age, the vilest specimens of human nature are to be found among demagogues.' 'The common people are sometimes inconstant, for they are human beings. But that they are inconstant as compared with the educated classes, with aristocracies, or with princes, may be confidently denied. It would be easy to name demagogues whose popularity has remained undiminished, while sovereigns and parliaments have withdrawn their confidence from a long succession of statesmen. When Swift had survived his faculties many years, the Irish populace still continued to light bonfires on his birthday, in commemoration of the services which they fancied that he had rendered to his country when his mind was in full vigour. While seven administrations were raised to power, and hurled from it in consequence of court intrigues, or of changes in the sentiments of the higher classes of society, the profligate Wilkes retained his hold on the affections of a rabble whom he pillaged and ridiculed. Politicians who in 1807 sought to curry favour with George III. by defending Caroline of Brunswick, were not ashamed in 1820 to curry favour with George IV. by persecuting her. But in 1820, as in 1807, the whole body of working men was fanatically devoted to her cause.' 'Representative assemblies, public discussions, and all the other checks by which, in civil affairs, rulers are restrained from abusing power, are out of place in a camp. Machiavel justly imputed many of the disasters of Venice and Florence to the jealousy which led those republics to interfere with every act of their generals. The Dutch practice of sending to an army deputies, without whose consent no great blow could be struck, was almost equally pernicious.

It is undoubtedly by no means certain that a captain, who has been intrusted with dictatorial power in the hour of peril, will quietly surrender that power in the hour of triumph; and this is one of the many considerations which ought to make men hesitate long before they resolve to vindicate public liberty by the sword. But if they determine to try the chance of war, they will, if they are wise, intrust to their chief that plenary authority without which war cannot be well conducted. It is possible that, if they give him that authority, he may turn out a Cromwell or a Napoleon; but it is almost certain that, if they withhold from him that authority, their enterprises will end like the enterprise of Argyle.'

#### NOTES ON FERNS.

HORACE speaks of the fern as growing only to be burnt, and from his age to the present day, men have been but too apt to take the superficial reading of the remark without applying it economically. Few have regarded the fern otherwise than as a beautiful and graceful ornament, or a troublesome and obnoxious weed, according as the romantic or the needful was their guiding principle. It would be well that the latter class should act more upon the letter of the poet, and they would probably find themselves well rewarded, not merely by ridding their fair fields of the intruding root, but also by a considerable quantity of kelp, which will be eagerly sought after by the soapmaker and the glass manufacturer; or they may economically employ the ashes so obtained in their own household, after the manner of the Welsh and others, who, burning the fern when green, make the ashes into balls with a little water; then dry them in the sun, and store them up, to take the place of soap, for which they form no indifferent substitute.

Again, when the occupier of the said fair fields, or it may be of yonder small allotment, newly reclaimed from the mountain or moor, has supplied his thrifty partner with the magic balls, which, like the good fairy in the old tale, are 'to cleanse all they touch,' he may advantageously employ his former enemy (for so a plant which in rich soils will extend its roots to a depth of six to eight feet may be considered) as an excellent manure. Let him cut it when green, and suffer it to rot, when he will soon discover its merits as an enricher of the soil. It yields nearly twice the quantity of salts contained in almost any other vegetable, and for this reason is particularly applicable to the potato, never failing, if buried beneath their roots, to produce a good crop. The rootstock of all ferns, though bitter, salt, and nauseous, is relished by pigs, and if boiled in their mash, or even in water, becomes an excellent food for them. As that of the bracken (*Pteris aquilina*) frequently mats together, and covers acres of unreclaimed ground, it may do great service, in this way. Newman also mentions, on the authority of Mr Lees, that in the forest of Dean, the young shoots of this plant are cut before the fronds are unrolled, and boiled as a mash for pigs. This food will keep for a considerable time after it has been boiled, and it comes into use at a season when the cottager has some difficulty in supplying his pig from the garden. The roots of *Pteris aquilina* and common wall-fern, if boiled like carrots, are sweet and wholesome; so, says Gunner, are the young spring-shoots of the latter, if boiled and eaten like asparagus. An excellent farina may be procured from fern roots, which not only forms an article of food to the natives of Kamtchatka, but is also mixed in the bread of our more civilised neighbours in Normandy; whilst the Siberians use it in their beer, mixing one-third of the rootstock of *Aspidium filix mas* with two-thirds of malt. Ferns also form in Norway an article of fodder for cattle, sheep, and goats. Being cut green, and dried in the open air, and, when required, steeped in warm water, the animals eat it readily, and in some instances fatten on it, though



when called upon to mingle in the crowded city; let him exhibit it somewhat more openly when amongst his own friends, family, and dependants; and our authority's word for it, the cure is completed.

#### EDUCATION OF THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

PARENTS possessed of tolerable means seldom neglect to send their children to school. They are often heard to say of their young people, 'Whatever advantage money can purchase for them in the way of education, we are willing to give them.' Having expended the money ungrudgingly, they are often surprised that their children do not turn out very well. The fact is, they expect too much from liberality in school fees—they are too apt to feel their consciences relieved as to their duty to the young by mere considerations of the cost in money. However well it may suit a busy father to depute the nurture of his children, and use his own time in money-making or in needful recreation, it is very certain that the children will be imperfectly educated if they have not been reared carefully and rationally in the domestic circle, and cost their parents, or some persons standing in the light of parents, a great deal of trouble over and above all that is purchasable from the schoolmaster.

The education of the domestic circle is moral education. The fresh human beings continually coming into the world might be regarded as a colony of savages coming in amongst a civilised people, and requiring to be adjusted to the tone of the society of which they are henceforth to form a part. Their impulses are in full activity: the provocations to the working of these impulses lie full before them. The business is to train the impulses to submit to those checks and those modified or regulated movements which society pronounces to be desirable. It will not be by reading of texts, or hearing of precepts and maxims, that this will be done. It only can be done by training to habits—a duty requiring much time, great patience, and no small skill and judgment.

It is, then, an onerous duty, and yet its weight may be much lessened if a good method be adopted, and adopted sufficiently early. Something can be done with a child from a very early period of existence. For instance, if he cries, we may avoid a great evil if we abstain from administering dainties for the purpose of soothing him; or, on the other hand, from using him harshly by way of punishment. The crying of a child on account of any little accident or disappointment is less an evil to him than an annoyance to us: we probably attach too much consequence to the idea of keeping children *quiet*, as if quietness were in him a virtue. If, however, it appear really desirable to stop the crying of an infant, the best way is to produce a diversion in his mind. Create some novelty about or before him, and if it be sufficient to give a new turn to his feelings, he will become what is called 'good' immediately. This is a cheap way of effecting the object, and it can be attended by no imaginable bad consequences. It must be remarked, however, that we—that is, grown-up people—are ourselves the causes of much avoidable squalling among the young. A child is looking at something, or is enjoying himself in some little sport with a companion: from fondness, or some other cause, we snatch him up of a sudden in our arms: he cries. Can we wonder? Should any of us like to be whipped up from a dinner-table in the midst of our soup, or from a concert-room when Jenny Lind is enchanting all ears? Undoubtedly it is injustice to a child to treat him thus,

not to speak of the worse injustice of punishing him in such circumstances for crying. He is entitled to have his will consulted before we snatch him away merely for our own amusement. Should it be necessary to interfere with his amusements, or to put a stop to them, use diversion and kind words by way of softening matters, and we shall probably have nothing to complain of.

Our ancestors were severe with children. There used to be some terrible maxims about maintaining awe, and breaking or bending the will. Corporal correction was abundantly resorted to. The direct result of the system of terror was to produce habits of falsehood and barbarism; for there is no child who will not tell a lie if afraid of punishment on letting out the truth, and the beating he gets only serves as an example of violence for his own conduct towards brothers, sisters, and companions. Kindness is now the rule in fashion—upon the whole an improvement. An excess in this direction would, however, be as fatal as one of an opposite kind. It is not so much kindness that is required, as simple civility and justice. Treat children with courtesy, and as rational beings, and they will generally be found sufficiently docile. We hear obedience trumpeted as a first requisite; but the question is, how is a right kind of obedience to be obtained? Our opinion is, that the fewer commands we address to children the better. Ask them politely. It is difficult for any one, even a child, to refuse what is so asked. If they do, they lie so plainly in error, that little can be needed beyond a calm expression of opinion on the subject. They will be less likely to refuse a second time. This is very different from a command palpably disobeyed, in which case there must either be punishment to the child or a defeat to the parent. The imperative plan does not seem to work well. It leads to a constant contention between the parties—the child to escape duties which he has no pleasure in obeying, the parent to enforce an authority which is deficient in moral basis. The opposite method admits of the child having some satisfaction in complying. It trains him to free agency, and thus prepares him better for the world. It is a great mistake to try to suppress or wholly overrule the will of a child. The will is a good thing in him as in you. Try to take it along with you, and to direct it to good purposes, and you will find that you are accomplishing a great purpose in education. On the other hand, a constant appeal to the affections, as a means of obtaining compliance, would obviously be an error. If treated justly, and not unkindly, a child cannot avoid loving its parents. Trust to this love operating of itself in persuading to a compliance with all reasonable requests and an obedience to all reasonable rules.

Even tolerably amiable children, when placed together, will be found to have frequent little quarrels, the consequence of disrespectful words, or, perhaps, interferences with each other's property. Some are much more liable both to give and take offence than others. Nothing is more troublesome to a parent; for it is scarcely possible entirely to ascertain the merits of any case. The liability to such collisions will at least be diminished if the parents never fail to observe towards each other, and towards their servants and children, the rules of good-breeding; and if they, moreover, take every opportunity of inculcating the beautiful and happy results of domestic peace. These means, however, will be in vain if children are allowed too much time to spend in idleness. If entirely occupied, in whatever way—with lessons, with work, with amusement, or with reading or drawing—they will be very little liable to fall into discord. It should, accordingly, be regarded as one of the first duties of those having a charge of young people to keep them incessantly engaged in something which may interest their faculties.

As soon as their understanding fits them for such intercommunion, children should be made the companions, friends, and confidants of their parents. The old





pulled out my purse, to be ready to pay my reckoning as I went out. I had no more silver, and while hunting in a handful of gold for a half-sovereign to change, the little window of the room darkened, and I looked up: the Highlander stood outside, with his nose literally flattened against the glass, and his eyes fastened upon the treasure with a wolf-like glare that made me start. His expression, naturally wild and fierce, was at this moment tinged with an exulting joy, throwing an illumination, like that of a torch, over the whole face. A foreboding of evil crossed my mind; but instead of attending to it, I rose up like a man in a dream, and went out mechanically. I paid my reckoning, and took my way to the hills. Here the narrator paused, and looked towards the darkening shore, as if tracing in imagination some route full of pain and peril.

'Come,' said I at length, 'proceed: I should not wonder if we hear a little more, before all is done, of your bare-legged vagabond!'

'Hurry me not,' replied my friend solemnly: 'it must come as it will, or not at all. As you proceed in this direction from the Clyde, the country is much confused with hills, woods, and masses of rock; but it is not till you arrive at the glen through which the mountain tributary rushes that waters my brother's property, that you observe the grander features of the picture. In the meantime, in following the wild road I had often traversed when a boy, I was struck with the *shrunk* character of the objects. Those hills appeared to me to be small, and those woods mere shrubberies, on which my imagination had hitherto dwelt as so many mountains and forests, and a strong feeling of disappointment began to gather upon my mind, when my thoughts were led suddenly into a new channel. On reaching the summit of an eminence lofty enough to afford a more extensive view than the huddled nature of the scenery usually permitted, I saw a plaided figure disappearing behind an angle of a rock in the distance. I saw this object only for an instant, but I could not be mistaken: it was the Highlander. I even thought he turned his head over his shoulder, as if to watch whether I was following; but in this I may have been mistaken. Now I am not more deficient in animal courage than another; but I had gold in my pocket, and papers of still more value, and although armed, like him, with a serviceable staff, I was conscious that I had been for many years out of training, and should be as easily plucked as a pigeon by that Gaelic vulture. In short, without a second thought, I forsook the beaten road, and trusting to my recollection of the face of the country, made for my destination by a circuitous route.

'It was now late in the afternoon, and if I would reach my brother's house before the departure of daylight, it was necessary to step out. I did so to some purpose; but after more than an hour's hard walking, I began to have some doubt as to the landmarks, and lost considerable time in ascending a hill to obtain a general view of the district. I found that my detour had been greater than I contemplated; but still I was right in the main, and I clearly saw a gap in the mountains beyond, in which was the resting-place I sought. But the strong lights on the higher ground, contrasted by the deep shadows below, made me begin to calculate time and distance in some anxiety; and when at length I descended to the level of the route I had chosen, it was not without uneasiness I found that daylight had entirely deserted the lower regions of the earth. Had this change come on gradually, I should perhaps have felt it little; but one moment to have the ruddy beams of the still visible sun in my eyes, and the next to be plunged in permanent and still deepening gloom, was, in circumstances like mine, a little trying to the nerves: but at that moment I saw on the summit of a hill before me, just touched, and no more, by the level rays of the west, a human figure. This would, in any case, have been a picturesque and striking object, bathed as it was in a mellow light, which appeared to sever it from the dark rounded mass on which it stood; but the out-

line of the plaid and bonnet invested it at the moment with a character of the preternatural; and as I stood gazing with distended eyes, I fancied that the Highlander was penetrating, with the glance of a bird of prey, the gloom in which I stood. But this absurd notion lasted not longer than a minute.'

'I use the freedom of saying,' said I, taking advantage of a catching of the breath which interrupted the narration—'I use the freedom of saying that it gives me much pleasure to hear it! I am tired of that thievish cateran, and I would we had you at the death-grips without more ado.'

'I was tired likewise,' continued my companion, 'and with more cause than you. Whether he had actually seen me I could not tell; but this I know, that when threading soon after a belt of fir, I saw him waiting for me at the opening as distinctly as I now see you. On this occasion I did not shun him. My pride was touched, and my temper chafed; and grasping my staff by the middle, I advanced to try the fate of battle, if it was that he wanted. When I reached the edge of the belt, the plaided figure was gone. It had flitted to a distance of twice the space I had traversed, and was just disappearing behind a mountain rock.'

'But either owing to the familiarity of the appearance, or to the presence of danger of another kind, I soon ceased to think much of the Highlander. I was now entering upon the wild and romantic portions of the landscape; and those features, the contemplation of which in the daytime would have filled me with a poetical enjoyment, had now much more of the terrible than sufficed for the composition of the sublime. I could already hear, borne on the wailing night-wind, the roar of the mountain river, and was entering the savage valley, or rather glen on a larger scale, through which it wanders, now sweeping in a full deep stream, and now tumbling in headlong rapids. The ford I sought, as nearly as I could judge, was at least two miles distant; and between was a country not very easy of travel even in the daylight, and at this uncertain hour, full of danger for the unaccustomed wayfarer. Lamenting the folly which had exposed me to such perils, for the sake of escaping the perhaps imaginary one of a conflict with the Highland robber, I pushed cautiously on, now glaring at some indefinite shadow in my path, which might be the opening of an abyss, and now starting as the roar of waters broke upon my ear, coming up, as it were, from a chasm at my feet. Have you ever traversed a wild uneven country when the twilight was fading into night?'

'Yes,' said I, 'and one not very far from yours—within the huge shadow of Ben Lomond.'

'Then I need not describe the bewilderment of mind under which a man labours, the shock with which he strikes against a stone, while supposing that he is stepping down a declivity, and the headlong descent into which he plunges, while raising his foot to climb. In my case the uncertainty was all the more perplexing, from the knowledge I had that I was in the near neighbourhood of precipices, diving sheer down several hundred feet to the bed of the river. It now became darker and darker; the gusty wind came more wailingly over the heath; and although the harvest moon had long risen, the glare she gave at long intervals through the densely-packed clouds only served to prophesy the danger it did not reveal.'

'And the Highland thief? Where was he by this time?'

'I cannot tell. Sometimes I thought I saw his figure sketched upon the dull sky behind; and sometimes I heard—perhaps only in imagination—his footsteps close by my side. My thoughts, however, were now concentrated upon a much more imminent peril; for the night came down upon my path in thick darkness, and at length the moon ceased to emerge from the rack that hurried across the sky; but when the stratum of cloud was less dense than usual, merely signified her whereabouts by a faint spectral gleam, that wrapped the



suffered so much to avoid. But he supported me to the ford; and then catching me up in his arms, as I drew back, afraid of my feebleness, bore me across the torrent, striding from stone to stone with a firmness and rapidity of step that were altogether marvellous.'

'And so ended the convoy of Donald Macdonald?'

'Not quite. Although a tender welcome, a good supper, and a cosy bed restored me to my usual vigour, that was not the last night I stuck to these awful stones "like a wul-cat." To this day, when my health is out of order, or my mind darkened with the shadows of the world, the midnight rock, the plaided Gael, and the spectre faces of the past, return upon my dreams—and perhaps I do not feel myself to be the worse man for having endured the horrors of the Highland Convoy.'

L. R.

### SIR JOHN BARROW.

THE life of Sir John Barrow, who has recently died full of years and of honours, presents a remarkable instance of the success which almost invariably attends untiring industry and perseverance of purpose. His was not that headlong enthusiasm which pursues with ardour some unattainable object, while it turns away with disgust from the homely duties and circumstances of life. The most marked features of his character were 'an inherent and inveterate hatred of idleness,' and a promptitude in seizing every opportunity of instruction, whereby he was enabled in early life to acquire a large stock of practical information, all of which proved serviceable to him during the more eventful period of his later years. He was born in June 1764, in a small cottage in the obscure village of Dragleybeck, near Ulverstone, North Lancashire; but perhaps his early life may be best described in his own words, as quoted from a very interesting autobiographical memoir which appeared only a year or two ago. He writes:—'I was the only child of Roger and Mary Barrow. The small cottage which gave me birth had been in my mother's family nearly two hundred years, and had descended to her aunt, who lived in it to the age of eighty; and in it my mother died at the advanced age of ninety. To the cottage were attached three or four small fields, sufficient for the keep of as many cows, which supplied our family with milk and butter, besides reserving a portion of land for a crop of oats. There was also a paddock behind the cottage, appropriated to the cultivation of potatoes, peas, beans, and other culinary vegetables, which, with the grain, fell to the labour of my father, who, with several brothers, the sons of an extensive farmer, was brought up to that business in the neighbourhood of the lakes. At the bottom of the paddock runs the beck or brook, a clear stream, that gives the name to the village, and abounds with trout. Contiguous to the cottage was also a small flower garden, which in due time fell to my share—that is, while yet a young boy, I had full charge of keeping up a supply of the ordinary flowers of the season. I did more: I planted a number of trees of different kinds, which grew well, but long after I left home many of them were destroyed. One of them, however, it appears, has survived, and must now be from seventy to seventy-five years old; and the mention of it kindles in my bosom a spark of gratitude, which an imputation of vanity even will not allow me to suppress.'

The only scholastic education Barrow ever received was at the Ulverstone Town Bank Grammar-school; at first under the tuition of an old man named Hodgson, who was very ignorant, but kind to his pupils. One day, being pleased with Barrow's proficiency, he brought him into his wife's shop (for she was a sort of stationer), and spreading on the counter a great number of books for young people, desired him to choose any one he pleased as a present. 'I pitched,' writes Sir John, 'upon a small history of the Bible with woodcuts, which so pleased the old man, that he foretold to my parents that I should prove a treasure to them. Trifling as

this was, it produced its effect, and has on many occasions recurred to my memory.'

When Barrow was about eight years old, the Town Bank School passed under the care of an excellent classical scholar, the Rev. William Tyson Walker, curate of the parish church; and he enjoyed this gentleman's instructions until he was thirteen, at which time he had advanced to the head of his class, having read Livy, Horace, Virgil, Homer, &c. He also acquired some knowledge of mathematics from a perambulating teacher who used to pay an annual visit to Ulverstone, and gave lessons in an apartment adjoining the school.

About this time one or two circumstances occurred, which, trivial as they may appear, exercised a considerable influence on the future events of his life. Just as he was about to leave school, a gentleman who had the care of Colonel Braddyll's estates in Yorkshire called on the master of Town Bank to know if he could recommend two of the youths best informed in arithmetic and geometrical calculations to assist him in taking an accurate survey of the colonel's extensive estate of Co-nished Priory, near Ulverstone. He immediately named Zaccheus Walker, his nephew, and young Barrow. They gladly agreed to the proposed arrangement; but neither of them feeling qualified to go alone, they consented on the understanding that all should be done under the direction of Mr Cottam, the agent to Colonel Braddyll.

'We remained,' writes Barrow, 'at the Priory about two months, in which time we completed the survey, to the satisfaction, as I afterwards learned, of Colonel Braddyll, and I may add, for my own part, to my incalculable benefit, derived from witnessing the practised methods of conducting a survey of the various descriptions of surface—for it contained all—level, hilly, woodland, and water; and it was not the less useful to me, from the practical knowledge acquired of the theodolite and of the several mathematical instruments in the possession of Mr Cottam. In fact, during our sojourn at the Priory, I so far availed myself of the several applications of these instruments, that, on arriving in London some years afterwards, I published a small treatise to explain the practical use of a case of mathematical instruments, being my first introduction to the press, for which I obtained twenty pounds, and was not a little delighted to send my first fruits to my mother.'

'Another circumstance occurred on leaving school, apparently of little importance, to which, notwithstanding, I must to a certain extent trace back my future fortunate progress in life, as will hereafter be shown. Five or six of the upper boys agreed to subscribe for the purpose of purchasing a celestial globe, and also a map of the heavens, which were lodged in the mathematical apartment of Town Bank School, to be made use of jointly or separately, as should be decided on. Our cottage at Dragleybeck was distant a mile or more, yet such was my eagerness of acquiring a practical knowledge of the globe and map, that I never omitted a starlight night without attending to the favourite pursuit of determining certain constellations and their principal stars, for one, two, or three hours, according as they continued above the horizon. It was a pleasure then, and a profit thereafter.'

About this time Barrow got acquainted with the son of a neighbouring farmer, an intelligent youth, who, having been severely wounded while serving in the navy, had returned home with the desire of studying for orders; and Barrow gladly assisted in 'brushing up his mathematics, and still more his classics,' while the midshipman as readily initiated him in the mysteries of navigation, a sort of knowledge which he thought might prove useful in case of his betaking himself to a seafaring life.

In this manner were Barrow's leisure hours passed during a year he spent at home: he also amused himself with scientific experiments; and having fallen in with an account of Benjamin Franklin's electrical kite, he prepared a string, steeped in salt water, with a glass



and mother having, for more than twenty years, never missed the two Sunday services; but my father read to her the morning lessons and the evening service regularly every Sunday. The loss of sight never interfered with my mother's usual cheerfulness, and the young ladies of Ulverstone were her constant and agreeable visitors.'

Barrow had just completed his twenty-eighth year when he sailed in Lord Macartney's suite on the 26th September 1792. Our space will not admit of any extracts from the journal he kept during his voyage to China, and visits to Chusan, Peking, and Canton. We may, however, be allowed to quote one passage which bears upon the earlier part of his history. Among the costly presents sent by George III. to the emperor of China, were several valuable mathematical and scientific instruments, which, on the arrival of the embassy in Peking, were delivered to the care of Barrow, in order that they should be fitted up in the great hall of audience, in the palace of Yuen-min-Yuen, for the emperor's inspection. This charge he felt to be a serious one, when he found himself surrounded by the members of the tribunal of mathematics, and other learned personages, all asking him questions concerning astronomy, mathematics, &c. 'How often,' he exclaims, 'when among these people, did I think of my poor old friend Gibson, and how much I was indebted to him!'

After an absence of two years from England, Barrow landed at Spithead in the ambassador's suite, on the 6th September 1794. Sir George Staunton's house was now his home, where, besides the instruction bestowed on Mr Staunton, he was busily employed in compiling and arranging the materials for Sir George's official account of the embassy to China. He, however, obtained a few weeks' leave of absence, to run down to Ulverstone to see his parents, whom he found quite well, and 'delighted at his safe return.' There he found himself looked upon as a curiosity; for at that time it was by no means so ordinary a matter to traverse the globe, as it is in the present day; and a man who had visited Peking, and seen the emperor of China, was regarded as a wonder.

On his return to London, Barrow resumed his usual course of life; and among his other engagements was that of accompanying Mr Staunton three days in the week to Kew Gardens, where they used to botanise with Alton's 'Ilortus Kuvensis' in their hands, which, in Barrow's future travels in South Africa, was of the greatest service to him, Kew being in possession of specimens of a large portion of the Flora of the Cape of Good Hope.

Towards the close of 1796, the Cape of Good Hope having fallen into our hands, its government was committed to Lord Macartney, who immediately appointed Barrow as his private secretary—a nomination equally honourable and agreeable to him; and on the 4th of May 1797 he landed in Cape Town in health and high spirits. Here a new sphere of duty awaited him, which he filled with the same energy and diligence which had marked his course throughout life. Owing to the refractory state of the Boers in the colony, Lord Macartney, on his first arrival, found himself encompassed with difficulties, which were increased by an utter ignorance of the geography of the country. He intrusted Barrow with a mission to the Boers at Graaff Reynet, which was exploratory as well as conciliatory in its object. Having fulfilled this mission most satisfactorily, he subsequently volunteered his services in other expeditions, with the view of becoming acquainted with the people, as well as with the productions of the country, and of ascertaining the geographical positions and boundaries of the various settlements, which at that time were most imperfectly known. 'Thus,' as he briefly expresses it, 'between the 1st of July 1796 and the 18th January 1797, I had traversed every part of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and visited the several countries of the Caffres, the Hottentots, and the Boesjesmen; performing a journey exceeding three thou-

sand miles on horseback, very rarely in a covered wagon, and full one-half of the distance as a pedestrian. During the whole time (with the exception of a few nights passed at the Drosdy-house of Graaff Reynet) I never slept under a roof, but always in a wagon, and in the cot that I brought with me in the good ship "Trusty" from England.'

His services on these occasions were duly appreciated by Lord Macartney, who, in the following year, appointed him to the situation of auditor-general of public accounts, civil and military, with a salary of £1000; and Barrow was so overwhelmed with surprise and gratitude at this unexpected good fortune, that it literally took away his speech for a moment, so that he could only bow in silence to his kind benefactor. Soon afterwards, the narrative of his African travels was published in England, under the direction of his unfailing friend Sir George Staunton, who obtained for the work a sum of £900. But this growing prosperity was damped by the loss of his venerable father, and the subsequent death of Sir George Staunton, who had deservedly won his most grateful and affectionate attachment.

He now resolved to 'sit down quietly to audit with diligence and regularity the public accounts, which was an important part of his duty; to marry a wife; and that being accomplished, to look out for a small comfortable house near the town, and to become a country gentleman in South Africa.' 'Accordingly,' he continues, 'at Stellenbosch, in August 1799, I was united in marriage to Miss Anna Maria Trüter, the only daughter of Peter John Trüter, Esq., member of the Court of Justice, a lady whose acquaintance I had made the first week of our arrival at the Cape. In the early part of 1800 I purchased a house, with a paddock, garden, and vineyard attached, named the Liesbeck Cottage, from the river of that name, which flowed past the foot of the grounds. My house looked on the west side of the Table Mountain, which sloped down almost to the gate, and presented a picturesque mass of varied rock and native plants, among which the erica and protea were conspicuous; and of the latter the argentea, or silver-tree, prevailed. My family consisted of myself, my wife and child, an old nurse, and four other servants. My stud was limited to two stout carriage-horses for drawing a curricule, and two saddle-horses. I had an Indian groom and a helper.'

At this pleasant home Mr Barrow passed about two years, in the diligent fulfilment of his official duties, as well as in attendance on other matters connected with the improvement of the colony; but in 1802, the Cape of Good Hope being, in compliance with the provisions of the treaty of Amiens, surrendered to the Batavian republic, Mr Barrow prepared to return to his native land, accompanied by his wife and child.

His services at the Cape had been fully appreciated by Lord Macartney and General Dundas, through whose influence he was, shortly after his arrival in England, presented to Mr Pitt and Lord Melville, who, on their accession to power in 1804, gave him the appointment of second secretary to the Admiralty. On the occasion of his first official visit to Lord Melville, he writes thus:—'In taking leave, with expressions of gratitude for his lordship's kindness—"By the way," he said, laughing, "I hope you are not a Scotchman?" "No, my lord; I am only a Borderer—I am North Lancashire." He then said, "Mr Pitt and myself, but chiefly the latter, have been so much taunted for giving away all the good things to Scotchmen, that I am very glad on the present occasion to have selected an Englishman!"'

Mr Barrow was still in the prime of life when he found himself placed in an honourable and useful position, where (with the interval of a few months) he served his country diligently during forty years—a most eventful period of our national history; and he says in his memoirs, with a certain degree of modest self-gratulation, that having served during that period under twelve or thirteen several naval administrations, he had









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love. He described her modesty, her candour, and her affection for him, till Valerie herself was charmed, especially with the letters which he bade her read, that she might see the heart and soul of his Ambroisine; adding that their personal interviews, however delightful, were hardly as yet as satisfactory, since a profound sensibility kept the girl almost silent in his presence.

That was a moment of mutual outpouring: Auguste admired the poet, and Valerie promised to befriend his Ambroisine. While the brother and sister thus freely discussed their own affairs, they were equally puzzled over those of another. Who had given Justin that billet at the theatre!—and what did it contain? The boy had evidently a secret of his own; they had heard of him being seen in the suburbs of the town at extraordinary hours; few of his evenings were passed at home, though the worthy Cordelier occasionally lamented that he was too much attached to his father's house. Auguste and Valerie were above prying; their younger brother was half a stranger to them; but they felt themselves called upon to watch over his youth for the honour of the family.

Doubtless it was for similar reasons that other eyes soon began to take cognisance of their proceedings. As the poet's partiality for Valerie grew more expressive, and Auguste's visits to the hairdresser's more frequent, suspicions crept into the mind of M. de Theminey, and the Faquettes put on the looks of ill-used people. The old gentleman of course set himself to observe, and discoveries more true than pleasing rewarded his vigilance; piece by piece the whole story came out, and the consequence was, an explosion of wrath never before heard in the quiet house of the Themineys.

About this period Versailles found a new subject of conversation, in a woman who had lately taken up her abode in one of those suburban cottages remaining since the place was a village with straggling hamlets round it in the wide plain. She was known as Madame Le Sage, and her ostensible profession was that of a letter-writer; a vocation still very common in France, but then particularly rare in the hands of women. Madame Le Sage was, however, esteemed the mistress of her art, and with the fame of her epistolary accomplishments were bound up matters far more attractive to public curiosity. Her letters were said to be lucky; some insisted that none of them ever missed their object, and instances were whispered about of families of the first distinction who employed her pen under that impression. Madame Le Sage, besides, could afford information on futurity. The faith in fortune-telling was a characteristic of that otherwise doubting age; it prevailed among the best-educated ranks, and sceptical philosophers were not free from it. The ordinary practice was forbidden by the French laws; but madame's mode consisted in a kind of lottery, in which the parties drew for themselves; and marvellous tales were soon afloat regarding the truth of her revelations.

There were personal wonders too; the lady came last from Paris, but nobody knew anything of her previous history. She had the face of a Jewess, with a dark complexion, and almost dwarfish stature: though apparently not older than thirty, her hair was perfectly white, and she wore it combed down straight to her waist, but secured by a thin silver band across the forehead; she was deficient in a hand, and some said in a foot also, for she walked with a silver-headed cane, and wore a very long brown dress, with loose hanging sleeves, in the Oriental fashion; rarely leaving the solitary cottage where she lived with her only attendant, an elderly woman, large and gaunt in person, and blunt to a degree of surliness in her manner. The pair soon furnished half the gossip of the place. Their cottage was visited by persons of all ranks. It was whispered that Madame Maintenon had gone there to ask about the king's death, and the dauphiness to inquire after madame's dismissal; but more than two were never admitted together on any pretext; and such was the effect produced by the elder dame who acted as portress, that the most unruly of the young nobility did not dare infringe the order. Scandal never emanated from that quarter; but a total change of conduct was

remarked in many of the visitors; and those who went with the most careless curiosity, were ever after apt to look grave when the subject was mentioned.

It was the season of the Carnival, and that festival was in those days celebrated in Versailles with almost Italian extravagance. By way of instalment for the strict Lent which followed, merriment and masquerading were the order of the day; and the evening concluded with a public masqued ball at the palace, and an entertainment given by either master or servants at every second house in the city; but M. de Theminey's stood quiet and dark. He had given his servants leave to spend the evening with their friends, and gone with his whole family to partake of the festivities at the palace. Some two hours had passed, and those who saw the old dervise (Theminey always thought that character convenient) spying among the satin-clothed shepherdesses and bowing satyrs who thronged the splendid saloons, knew as little as himself that the son and daughter of whom he was in search had taken the opportunity to put in execution a design agreed on that very morning, and were then, with the addition of masks and black dominoes, on their way to Madame Le Sage.

The cottage stood alone in an old vineyard—now within the liberties of the town—and at the end of a lane inhabited by Jews and pawnbrokers. It was low, but strongly built of black oak timber, and it had stood since the wars of the League. The hearts of the brother and sister were almost as audible as their knock. They did not absolutely believe in madame's lottery, but they were about to inquire for themselves; and even an imaginary glance at the future has something of fearful interest. The massive door was noiselessly opened, just sufficient to show the grim portress with a lamp in her hand. Auguste presented the well-known fee, and whispered that they wished to see madame. The dame admitted them without a word, locked the door, pocketed the key, and made them a sign to follow her through a narrow passage, which seemed to run the whole length of the cottage, as there was a window still open at the farther end, and three fast shut doors on each side. At the middle one on the right their conductress paused, and opening it with another key from her evidently well-furnished pocket, she growled—'There is madame in her office.'

It was a small room paved with coloured tiles in old rustic fashion; the furniture was simple; and in the centre, nearly under a brass lamp which hung from the ceiling, sat that wondrous woman, exactly as they had heard her described, with the brown dress, long white hair, and dark Oriental face; her one arm, covered by a sleeve far beyond where the fingers should have been, rested on her lap, and the other hand on a plain writing-table before her, containing the only professional apparatus to be seen, except a huge old-fashioned cabinet of walnut wood close by, on which an illuminated manuscript lay open over two projecting drawers. One of these was distinguished by some inscription on a brass label; and the other was ornamented with a brazen hand in the act of writing.

'Your business?' said the lady, looking up carelessly as they entered. Auguste again deposited the fees, and intimated that they had come to consult the lottery.

'Hand me down that volume then,' said she, pointing to the manuscript. Auguste did so: it was large, and the characters, though Roman, seemed old and quaint.

'Which will draw first?' inquired madame as she turned over the leaves.

'I,' said Valerie, whose courage was now up.

'There are three questions,' continued madame in the same grave and business-like tone; 'and I may as well observe, that the truth of your drawing depends on that of your answers. What are the day and year of your birth? To what rank do you belong? And what is your religion?'

Valerie replied; and madame wrote her answers slowly on a small slip of paper: then handing her another, she said, 'Write here what you wish to inquire at the cards, and remember you can ask but three questions at once.'

With as firm fingers as she could command, Valerie



They found it open and deserted: the furniture, including that huge cabinet, was still there; but the lamp, the brasses of the mysterious drawers, the cards, and every scrap of written paper were gone.

Auguste examined the cabinet curiously. The interior was like a small closet, with a few drawers at the top strangely supplied with slits and sliding divisions; and in the first he opened lay Valerie's locket. That cabinet eventually passed into the hands of the prefect of police, who soon after became remarkably inquisitive regarding the whereabouts of Madame Le Sage and her portress; but neither ever appeared within his jurisdiction.

Among the many explanations of the wonder-working lottery offered on the occasion, it was conjectured that Madame Le Sage had been in the habit of keeping a person concealed in the cabinet for the purpose of arranging the cards according to her directions, which she gave in a mutually-known language while pretending to read from the manuscript. Certain it was that her extended business as a letter-writer must have made madame acquainted with family and individual secrets, which she seemed to have taken an unaccountable pleasure in revealing by means of her cards to the parties from whom they were most anxiously kept, and to that circumstance alone much of her power was owing.

After her departure, the poet was never seen in Versailles; his admirers said he had retired from society in disgust; but a well-known scholar subsequently recognised 'Semiramis' in an antiquated Italian tragedy. The utmost efforts of the police, and the inquiries of the many interested, failed to throw any light on the past history of the trio whom public rumour gradually connected, except that three persons answering to their description had formerly resided at Avignon, in the house of an old Jewish rabbi some years deceased, and supposed to have come originally from Rome. The same party was afterwards traced through many of the great towns of Europe in a variety of nondescript professions, to which, however, fortune-telling in some shape was always united.

The most extraordinary part of the affair as regarded the Themineys was Justin's connection with it. How the solitary and neglected boy had made such an acquaintance as Madame Le Sage, or what part he took in her affairs, was never exactly ascertained by either Auguste or Valerie. Justin could not be found for weeks and months from that eventful night: the search and inquiries of his family were equally fruitless, till at length one day his Cordelier instructor made a private communication to M. de Theminey, the reported substance of which was that the boy had joined their order in a Breton monastery; and monsieur observed, when speaking of the subject, that his son had always a religious tendency. The old gentleman was still better pleased when, as time wore away, bearing with it the reports and impressions of those events, his son and daughter rapidly renewed acquaintance with their wealthy cousins; and a few days before the following Carnival, the double wedding was celebrated with great splendour, to the delight of all parties. The duties of his profession were fulfilled on that occasion with more than ordinary elegance by Ambroisine's father, who remarked that his poor girl was also about to be married to the man of her choice, and his own apprentice.

#### REMAINS OF NINEVEH.\*

It seems to be the privilege of our age, not merely to produce the most extraordinary amount of interesting history itself, but to effect the recovery of some of the most remarkable, though heretofore lost, passages of ancient history. We have already seen the early events of some of the great extinct monarchies of the East read off from monuments and inscriptions, and one or two

thousand years thus added to the entire history of mankind. Now another, and perhaps the greatest of these primitive states is, as it were, raised from the grave, and made to tell its own story. The vale of the Tigris, one of the most fertile spots of the earth, is, as is well known, now occupied only by a scattered Arabian population under the Turkish government. Travellers have made known to us the existence of great mounds in several places—the supposed ruins of the ancient Assyrian cities and palaces; but this was mere conjecture. Not a single building existed which could be referred to the ancient empire. The very site of Nineveh, which Jonah saw a city of three days' journey in circuit, was uncertain. So early as the days of Xenophon, desolation and barbarism had resumed their reign over this once magnificent country. At the same time, scarcely any authentic memorials had come down to us of Assyrian history: we knew little but that there had once been a great empire in this valley; that it had personages called Ninus, Semiramis, and Belus connected with it, and had sunk under the Persian empire, while kings were still reigning over the infant city of Rome. It was reserved for British enterprise, within the last four years, to turn the darkness which had settled on this subject into something like light.

The present work gives an account of the arduous task which Mr Layard was induced to undertake in 1845, of exploring the great mounds under which the ruins of Assyria were supposed to be buried. He at first acted on his own responsibility; but when some success had been attained, the countenance and assistance of the government were extended to him. Still, at all times he had to contend with great difficulties, the chief of which lay in the barbarism of the native government and its subjects, one-half of whom are the plunderers of the rest. His first work was the trenching of the great mound called Nimroud, situated on the tongue of land formed by the junction of the Zab with the Tigris. To his great delight he found the walls of a series of palaces, containing huge idols, sculptures in bas-relief and paintings, and many minor objects, helping to throw a light upon the history as well as manners of the Assyrians. It was an astounding resurrection, bringing things before the gaze of mankind which had been covered over and thrown into utter oblivion before the days of Alexander. Afterwards Mr Layard effected similar excavations at Kalah Sherghat, a place farther down the river, and on the west bank; likewise at Kouyunjik, near Mosul. Meanwhile similar works had been proceeding, but on a less happy method, at Khorsabad, under the care of a French consul. Mr Layard at length determined that the ancient Nineveh had stood on the left or east bank of the Tigris, one side of it bordering on the river between Kouyunjik and Nimroud, while the other lay between Khorsabad and Karamles, a sort of lozenge-formed square of about sixty miles in entire circuit. The ruins at these places were but the remains of the principal public buildings; the rest of the city had left no memorial above the general level of the soil. Ultimately, Mr Layard succeeded in shipping off some of the principal remains to England, for the British Museum; and it has since been the employment of his leisure to compose a narrative of the whole proceedings, as well as a view of ancient Assyria, as now revealed to us by the result of his labours. Of the book we must pronounce that it is as creditable to his taste and intelligence, as the excavations were to his courage and diplomatic skill. It is amply illustrated with drawings and plans.

The most striking objects exhumed by Mr Layard were colossal figures of bulls, with wings and human heads, or else lions similarly furnished, which stood beside the portals of the palaces; realisations, no doubt, of some of the leading religious or moral ideas of the Assyrians. Some of these have been sent home. Slabs, with bas-reliefs and inscriptions in cuneiform letters, rank next in importance. They present kings in battle, or returning from it; sieges and captures of cities; horse-

\* Nineveh and its Remains, with an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis or Devil Worshipers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq. D. C. L. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1849.







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injured, that it is difficult to distinguish the figures upon it. A copper ornament resembling a modern seal, two bracelets of silver, and a pin for the hair, were also discovered. I carefully collected and preserved these interesting remains, which seemed to prove that the body had been that of a female.

'On digging beyond this tomb, I found a second, similarly constructed, and of the same size. In it were two vases of highly-glazed green pottery, elegant in shape, and in perfect preservation. Near them was a copper mirror and a copper lustral spoon, all Egyptian in form.

'Many other tombs were opened, containing vases, plates, mirrors, spoons, beads, and ornaments. Some of them were built of baked bricks, carefully joined, but without mortar; others were formed by large earthen sarcophagi, covered with an entire alabaster slab, similar to those discovered in the south-east corner of the mound, and already described.

'Having carefully collected and packed the contents of the tombs, I removed them, and dug deeper into the mound. I was surprised to find, about *five feet beneath them*, the remains of a building. Walls of unbaked bricks could still be traced; but the slabs with which they had been cased were no longer in their places, being scattered about without order, and lying mostly with their faces on the flooring of baked bricks. Upon them were both sculptures and inscriptions. Slab succeeded to slab; and when I had removed nearly twenty tombs, and cleared away the earth from a space about fifty feet square, the ruins which had been thus uncovered presented a very singular appearance. Above one hundred slabs were exposed to view, packed in rows, one against the other, as slabs in a stone-cutter's yard, or as the leaves of a gigantic book. Every slab was sculptured; and as they were placed in a regular series, according to the subjects upon them, it was evident that they had been moved, in the order in which they stood, from their original positions against the walls of sun-dried brick, and had been left as found preparatory to their removal elsewhere. That they were not thus arranged before being used in the building for which they had been originally sculptured, was evident from the fact, proved beyond a doubt by repeated observation, that the Assyrians carved their slabs after, and not before, they were placed. Subjects were continued on adjoining slabs, figures and chariots being divided in the centre. There were places for the iron brackets, or dove-tails. They had evidently been once filled, for I could still trace marks and stains left by the metal. To the south of the centre bulls were two gigantic figures, similar to those discovered to the north.

'These sculptures resembled in many respects some of the bas-reliefs found in the south-west palace, in which the sculptured face of the slab was turned, it will be remembered, towards the walls of unbaked bricks. It appeared, therefore, that the centre building had been destroyed to supply materials for the construction of this edifice. But here were tombs *over* the ruins. The edifice had perished; and in the earth and rubbish accumulating above its remains, a people, whose funeral vases and ornaments were identical in form and material with those found in the catacombs of Egypt, had buried their dead. What race, then, occupied the country after the destruction of the Assyrian palaces? At what period were these tombs made? What antiquity did their presence assign to the buildings beneath them? These are questions which I am yet unable to answer, and which must be left undecided until the origin and age of the contents of the tombs can be satisfactorily determined.'

It can little surprise us, after such revelations, made, as it were, out of the dust of the desert, that an Arab sheikh one day addressed Mr Layard as follows:—'Wonderful! wonderful! There is surely no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. In the name of the Most High, tell me, oh Bey, what you are going to do with those stones? So many thousands of purses spent

upon such things! Can it be, as you say, that your people learn wisdom from them; or is it, as his reverence the *cadi* declares, that they are to go to the palace of your queen, who, with the rest of the unbelievers, worships these idols? As for wisdom, these figures will not teach you to make any better knives, or scissors, or chintzes; and it is in the making of those things that the English show their wisdom. But God is great! God is great! Here are stones which have been buried ever since the time of the holy Noah—peace be with him! Perhaps they were under ground before the deluge. I have lived on these lands for years. My father, and the father of my father, pitched their tents here before me; but they never heard of these figures. For twelve hundred years have the true believers (and, praise be to God! all true wisdom is with them alone) been settled in this country, and none of them ever heard of a palace under ground. Neither did they who went before them. But lo! here comes a Frank from many days' journey off, and he walks up to the very place, and he takes a stick (illustrating the description at the same time with the point of his spear), and makes a line here, and makes a line there. Here, says he, is the palace; there, says he, is the gate; and he shows us what has been all our lives beneath our feet, without our having known anything about it. Wonderful! wonderful! Is it by books, is it by magic, is it by your prophets, that you have learnt these things? Speak, oh Bey: tell me the secret of wisdom.'

Mr Layard has some interesting remarks on the state of imitative art among the ancient Assyrians. 'It is impossible,' he says, 'to examine the monuments of Assyria without being convinced that the people who raised them had acquired a skill in sculpture and painting, and a knowledge of design, and even composition, indicating an advanced state of civilisation. It is very remarkable that the most ancient ruins show this knowledge in the greatest perfection attained by the Assyrians. The bas-relief representing the lion-hunt, now in the British Museum, is a good illustration of the earliest school of Assyrian art yet known. It far exceeds the sculptures of Khorsabad, Kouyunjik, or the later palaces of Nimroud, in the vigour of the treatment, the elegance of the forms, and in what the French aptly term "*mouvement*." At the same time it is eminently distinguished from them by the evident attempt at composition—by the artistical arrangement of the groups. The sculptors who worked at Khorsabad and Kouyunjik had perhaps acquired more skill in handling their tools. Their work is frequently superior to that of the earlier artist in delicacy of execution—in the details of the features, for instance—and in the boldness of the relief; but the slightest acquaintance with Assyrian monuments will show that they were greatly inferior to their ancestors in the higher branches of art—in the treatment of a subject, and in beauty and variety of form. This decline of art, after suddenly attaining its greatest perfection in its earliest stage, is a fact presented by almost every people, ancient and modern, with which we are acquainted. In Egypt, the most ancient monuments display the purest forms and the most elegant decorations. A rapid retrogression, after a certain period, is most apparent, and serves to indicate approximately the epoch of most of her remains. In the history of Greek and Roman art, this sudden rise and rapid fall are equally apparent. Even changes in royal dynasties have had an influence upon art, as a glance at monuments of that part of the East of which we are specially treating will show. Thus the sculpture of Persia, as that of Assyria, was in its best state at the time of the earliest monarchs, and gradually declined until the fall of the empire. . . . This decline in art may be accounted for by supposing that, in the infancy of a people, or after the occurrence of any great event, having a very decided influence upon their manners, their religion, or their political state, nature was the chief, if not the only object of study. When a certain proficiency had been attained, and no violent changes



mouldings. The beams, as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, or even plated, with gold and silver; and the rarest woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the woodwork. Square openings in the ceilings of the chambers admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured walls, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal forms which guarded the entrances. Through these apertures was seen the bright blue of an Eastern sky, enclosed in a frame on which were painted, in vivid colours, the winged circle, in the midst of elegant ornaments, and the graceful forms of ideal animals.

These edifices, as it has been shown, were great national monuments, upon the walls of which were represented in sculpture, or inscribed in alphabetic characters, the chronicles of the empire. He who entered them might thus read the history, and learn the glory and triumphs of the nation. They served at the same time to bring continually to the remembrance of those who assembled within them on festive occasions, or for the celebration of religious ceremonies, the deeds of their ancestors, and the power and majesty of their gods.

It must be matter of regret that Mr Layard was cut short in his discoveries by the exhaustion of the limited funds placed at his disposal by the government; and that he was compelled not only to leave much unexplored, but to cover up again with earth many monuments which he had not the means of transporting to England. We take it upon us to say that, eager as many in our country are for a reduction of the public expenditure, few would grudge the few thousands required for such a purpose as this. We would hope that Mr Layard, whose whole proceedings are so creditable to him, and who, by his work, has already established a claim to the gratitude of all the intelligent part of the community, will ere long be encouraged to return to his labours, with a view to his giving us yet a further insight into the most ancient of Asiatic monarchies.

#### RICHARD HOODLESS, THE HORSE-SWIMMER.

We supposed we had heard of all sorts of heroes, but find ourselves to have been mistaken. A hero in humble life has been made known to us of quite a new order. This brave man, by name Richard Hoodless, following the occupation of a farmer near Granthorpe on the coast of Lincolnshire, has for many years devoted himself to the saving of mariners from drowning, and this without any of the usual apparatus for succouring ships in distress. Unaided by such appliances, and unaccompanied by any living creature but his horse, Hoodless has been the means of saving many unfortunate sailors from perishing amidst the waves.

Cultivating a small piece of ground, which is, as it were, rescued from the sea, and almost cut off from the adjacent country by the badness of the roads, this remarkable man may be said to devote himself to the noble duty of saving human life. On the approach of stormy weather, he mounts to an opening in the top of his dwelling, and there, pointing his telescope to the tumultuous ocean, watches the approach of vessels towards the low and dangerous shores. By night or by day he is equally ready to perform his self-imposed duty. A ship is struggling amidst the terrible convulsion of waters; no human aid seems to be at hand; all on board give themselves up for lost, when something is at length seen to leave the shore, and to be making an effort to reach the vessel. Can it be possible?—a man on horseback! Yes, it is Richard Hoodless, coming to the rescue, seated on his old nag, an animal accustomed to these salt-water excursions! Onward the faithful horse swims and plunges, only turning for an instant

when a wave threatens to engulf him in its bosom. There is something grand in the struggle of both horse and man—the spirit of unselfishness eagerly trying to do its work. Success usually crowns the exertions of the horse and his rider. The ship is reached; Hoodless mounts two or three mariners *en croupe*, and taking them to dry land, returns for another instalment.

That a horse could be trained to these unpleasant and hazardous enterprises may seem somewhat surprising. But it appears that in reality no training is necessary: all depends on the skill and firmness of the rider. Hoodless declares he could manage the most unruly horse in the water; for that, as soon as the animal finds that he has lost his footing, and is obliged to swim, he becomes as obedient to the bridle as a boat is to its helm. The same thing is observed in this sagacious animal when being hoisted to the deck of a ship. He struggles vehemently at first against his impending fate; but the moment his feet fairly leave the pier, he is calm and motionless, as if knowing that resistance would compromise his safety in the aerial passage. The only plan which our hero adopts is, when meeting a particularly angry surf or swell, to turn his horse's head, bend forward, and allow the wave to roll over them. Were the horse to face the larger billows, and attempt to pierce them, the water would enter his nostrils, and render him breathless, by which he would be soon exhausted.

In the year 1833, Hoodless signalled himself by swimming his horse through a stormy sea to the wreck of the *Hermione*, and saving her crew, for which gallant service he afterwards received a testimonial from the Royal Humane Society. The words of the resolution passed by the society on this occasion may be transcribed, for they narrate a circumstance worthy of being widely known. 'It was resolved unanimously, that the noble courage and humanity displayed by Richard Hoodless for the preservation of the crew of the "*Hermione*" from drowning, when that vessel was wrecked near Donna Nook, on the coast of Lincolnshire, on the 31st of August 1833, and the praiseworthy manner in which he risked his life on that occasion, by swimming his horse through a heavy sea to the wreck, when it was found impossible to launch the life-boat, has called forth the lively admiration of the special general court, and justly entitles him to the honorary medallion of the institution, which is hereby unanimously adjudged to be presented to him at the ensuing anniversary festival.'

As it may not be generally understood that a horse can be made to perform the office of a life-boat, when vessels of that kind could not with safety be launched, the fact of Hoodless performing so many feats in the manner described cannot be too widely disseminated. On some occasions, we are informed, he swims by himself to the wreck; but more usually he goes on horseback, and is seldom unsuccessful in his efforts. About two years ago he saved the captain of a vessel and his wife, and ten scamen—some on the back of the horse, and others hanging on by the stirrups. Should a vessel be lying on her beam-ends, Hoodless requires to exercise great caution in making his approach, in consequence of the ropes and rigging concealed in the water. On one occasion he experienced much inconvenience on this account: he had secured two scamen, and was attempting to leave the vessel for the shore, but the horse could not move from the spot. After various ineffectual plunges, Hoodless discovered that the animal was entangled in a rope under water. What was to be done? The sea was in a tumult, and to dismount was scarcely possible. Fortunately, he at length picked up the rope with his foot, then instantly pulled a knife from his pocket, leaned forward into the water, cut the rope—no easy task in a stormy sea—and so got off with safety!

All honour to Farmer Richard Hoodless, who still in





the end of one week's work they paid off their party, and had left 10,000 dollars' worth of this gold. Another small ravine was shown me, from which had been taken upwards of 15,000 dollars' worth of gold. Hundreds of similar ravines, to all appearance, are as yet untouched. I could not have credited these reports had I not seen, in the abundance of the precious metal, evidence of their truth. Mr Neligh, an agent of Commodore Stockton, had been at work about three weeks in the neighbourhood, and showed me, in bags and bottles, over 2000 dollars' worth of gold; and Mr Lyman, a gentleman of education, and worthy of every credit, said he had been engaged, with four others, with a machine on the American Fork, just below Sutter's Mill; that they worked eight days; and that his share was at the rate of fifty dollars a day; but hearing that others were doing better at Weber's place, they had removed there, and were on the point of resuming operations. I might tell of hundreds of similar instances. But to illustrate how plentiful the gold was in the pockets of common labourers, I will mention a simple occurrence which took place in my presence when I was at Weber's store. This store was nothing but an arbour of bushes, under which he had exposed for sale goods and groceries suited to his customers. A man came in, picked up a box of Seidlitz powders, and asked its price. Captain Weber told him it was not for sale. The man offered an ounce of gold, but Captain Weber told him it only cost fifty cents, and he did not wish to sell it. The man then offered an ounce and a-half, when Captain Weber *had* to take it. The prices of all things are high, and yet Indians, who before hardly knew what a breechcloth was, can now afford to buy the most gaudy dress.

Colonel Mason describes the mode of washing out the gold where machines are used:—The cradle, as it is called, 'is on rockers, six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and at its head it has a coarse grate or sieve; the bottom is rounded, with small cleets nailed across. Four men are required to work this machine: one digs the ground in the bank close by the stream; another carries it to the cradle and empties it on the grate; a third gives a violent rocking motion to the machine; whilst a fourth dashes on water from the stream itself. The sieve keeps the coarse stones from entering the cradle, the current of water washes off the earthy matter, and the gravel is gradually carried out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold mixed with a heavy fine black sand above the first cleets. The sand and gold mixed together are then drawn off through auger holes into a pan below, are dried in the sun, and afterwards separated by blowing off the sand. A party of four men thus employed at the lower mines averaged one hundred dollars a day.' A simple plan followed by individuals is noticed by Mr Larkin:—'A person without a machine, after digging on one or two feet of the upper ground, near the water (in some cases they take the top earth), throws into a tin pan or wooden bowl a shovel full of loose dirt and stones; then placing the basin an inch under the water, continued to stir up the dirt with his hand in such a manner, that the running water will carry off the light earth, occasionally with his hand throwing out the stones: after an operation of this kind for twenty or thirty minutes, a spoonful of small black sand remains; this is on a handkerchief or cloth dried in the sun, the emerge is blown off, leaving the pure gold. I have the pleasure of enclosing a paper of this sand and gold, which I, from a bucket of dirt and stones, in half an hour standing at the edge of the water, washed out myself. The value of it may be two or three dollars.'

'The size of the gold,' he continues, 'depends in some measure upon the river from which it is taken; the banks of one river having larger grains of gold than another. I presume more than one-half of the gold put into pans or machines is washed out and goes down the stream; this is of no consequence to the washers, who care only for the present time. Some have formed com-

panies of four or five men, and have a rough-made machine put together in a day, which worked to much advantage; yet many prefer to work alone, with a wooden bowl or tin pan, worth fifteen or twenty cents in the States, but eight to sixteen dollars at the gold region. As the workmen continue, and materials can be obtained, improvements will take place in the mode of obtaining gold. At present it is obtained by standing in the water, and with much severe labour, or such as is called here severe labour.'

The latest report on the subject is from the Rev. Walter Colton, alcade of Monterey, dated 29th August. Our newspaper authority informs us that Mr Colton speaks to the same purpose as Colonel Mason, but refers more particularly to the abundance of gold in the hills, where it is found in rough jagged pieces, of a quarter or half an ounce in weight, and sometimes three ounces. New discoveries are daily extending the gold region. Mr Colton says that people are running about the country picking up gold out of the earth, just as hogs in a forest would root up ground nuts. They vary from one ounce to ten ounces a day: an ounce is worth from 16 to 18 dollars. One man is mentioned, whose profits from sixty Indians, employed in hunting gold, are at the rate of one dollar a minute. 'I know,' says Mr Colton, 'seven men who worked seven weeks and two days, Sundays excepted, on Feather River. They employed on an average fifty Indians, and got out in these seven weeks and two days 275 pounds of pure gold. I know the men, and have seen the gold, and know what they state to be a fact. I know ten other men who worked ten days in company, employed no Indians, and averaged in these ten days fifteen hundred dollars each. I know another man who got out of a basin in a rock, not larger than a wash-bowl, two pounds and a-half of gold in fifteen minutes. Not one of these statements would I believe, did I not know the men personally, and know them to be plain matter-of-fact men—men who open a vein of gold just as coolly as you would a potato hill.' Mr Colton estimates the amount extracted at a million of dollars a month. It appears that, meanwhile, from the cessation of regular industry, all articles of necessity are raised to extravagant prices, so that the government officers find it impossible to live on their pay.

As might be expected, the news has excited great sensation in New York and other parts of the Union. Three steamers and seven ships and bargues had already, by the beginning of December, sailed for California, sailors readily consenting to go at a dollar a month, in their eagerness to get to the ground. About a dozen more vessels were expected soon to sail. It is, however, a long voyage, or rather double voyage—first 2500 miles sailing to the river Chagres, in the Isthmus of Panama; then a twenty-mile journey on mules; and after this a second voyage of 3500 miles to San Francisco. On the latter line steamers are to be placed.

It will remain to be seen whether this extraordinary windfall prove of any serious permanent benefit to America or any of her citizens. History shows that gold-finding has never yet been a permanently advantageous pursuit, and that there is nothing to be thoroughly depended upon for the benefit of men and nations, but hard work applied in an economical manner to the production of articles required for use. If America thrives by picking up the precious metal in the wilds of California, she will be an exception from a pretty well-established rule.

#### INDIAN BHANG.

No one who has lived in India, and is acquainted with Asiatic manners and customs, can fail to be struck, when he reads Stephen, Barrow, and such modern writers, by the great similarity which exists between the Egyptian and the Hindoo. The hieroglyphics depicted in the tableaux of ancient lore—the pictures of implements of husbandry, household furniture, manner of irrigating the land, carrying water—all tell the same







viduals of other species. We hear much of the difficulty of procuring a subsistence in this world, of over-population, and of the sad outlet from these evils through disease and mortality. Most undoubtedly there is not certain meat for every new human mouth: be it from what cause it may, be it wholly remediable or not, such is the fact. But is this true of the human species only? Alas! no. With no other species is there certain food for every particular mouth. With every one of them, the expansion of their numbers must be submissive to the accident of the amount of provision. All are liable to occasional short commons, and multitudes are continually dying off to allow room for the remainder. In some of the obscurer walks of creation, it is only vouchsafed to certain species—as, for example, the parasites on corn—to live now and then, as occasion may arise in the course of certain physical contingencies. Let the weather improve to human sensation, and whole genera will perish at once, remanded to the dormancy of the ovum for years to come. Even species so high as birds are sometimes all but extirpated by the severity of seasons. All this time the enormous abundance of human population is allowed to remain, with only a few occasional croppings of the weaker members. Our deviceful genius and foresight, and the control we are enabled to exercise over our inclinations, enable us to get over the synopses of visitations of Providence with comparatively little suffering. And yet so it is that we are the discontented animal.

We have still another contrast to draw between man and the inferior creatures. Of these no single specimen has it in its power to extort from nature one-thousandth part of the enjoyment which man may realise by his labour and ingenuity. It is true that their wants are narrow, and when these are satisfied, as in fair circumstances they usually are, there is no occasion for complaint. Man, on the other hand, has an infinitely greater number of needs, and the disappointment he suffers when these are not gratified is very poignant. He is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward. But it could be easy to show that it is better to have many desires, even at the hazard of these being somewhat starved, than to have few or none, with no such danger. Man clothes himself, houses himself, exalts the palatableness of everything he eats by cooking, bewitches himself with fine music and exquisite works of art, indulges in gorgeous dreams, obtainable through the medium of history and elegant literature, and in fancy may escape from any sordid character or situation into one purely heroic and dignified; none of which privileges belong to the lower animals. By industry he may surround himself with numberless blessings, and under favour of social laws, he may store these up to any amount for future use, or for the use of his posterity. No such advantages are in the power of the unhouseled denizens of the common and covert. On them every need falls with its own direct and immediate force; and if it cannot be satisfied at the moment, there is no remedy. Yet, again, with all these immense boons conferred upon him by the Almighty, man is the only discontented animal!

It thus appears as if our discontent were a very unreasonable thing, and that the humbler animals excel us in this respect. But can such a doctrine be received? Assuredly not. Among all the eccentricities of philosophy, no one could be found to maintain that the unrepining submission of these animals to the routine of their lot, and to every contingency of external nature, is to be more admired than the restless solicitude of man to remedy all passing evils, and improve his situation upon the earth. Seeing the connection between the easy contentment of the lower animals and a humble grade of intellect, and between human discontent and comparatively high intellect, we cannot avoid the conviction that discontent is a thing relative to a superior mental development. The alternative, then, to be chosen in the dilemma with which we set out, is, that there is a respectability in discontent as concerns our

general character. We have it as a privilege, as part of the outshining glory of human nature, not to be too easily pleased or satisfied. Observe, it is only so as concerns our general character, and, it may be added, our general status on the earth. A grumbling, unsatisfiable temper remains in the individual as ugly a feature as ever; and to every one in his own particular walk and immediate circumstances, a contented and resigned spirit must be great gain. Thus it is that every disposition in human nature has its good and its bad aspect; or it may be more expressively said, there is a virtue and a vice in everything.

#### FROM THE GREY TO THE WHITE.

FIFTY years ago, could we have followed a piece of cotton cloth from the loom, we should have seen it packed in great bales, and shipped off to Holland to be whitened. Could we have watched its further progress, we should have seen it consigned to some Dutch bleacher, and under his hands undergo a process of boiling in potash lees, and of subsequent washing and soaking in buttermilk, and then we might have beheld hundreds of acres of green grass covered with the fabric, forming one immense carpet of calico. After an exposure to the summer sky for months, autumn would see it all gathered up again, repacked, reshipped, and in the hands of the English manufacturer once more. Indeed in many instances we need not have left England to see this primitive method of bleaching, for many a fair English field was likewise turned into a 'bleaching croft.' A period extending over several months was thus necessary to give a snowy lustre to this product of the loom.

Science has now outstripped time and the whitening influence of the solar ray; and by a combination of many, but simple and rapid processes, has wrought out in a day what was formerly the work of many weeks, even when aided by the most favourable atmospheric influences. We propose, by recounting what was brought under our personal observation at one of the great bleach-works of this country, to bring the various interesting steps by which this remarkable process is so swiftly effected under the reader's notice, satisfied that it both deserves and will receive his willing and attentive consideration. The last of the textile processes concerned in the production of calico, power or handloom weaving, leaves the cloth in a condition as to colour and surface wholly unfit for the finer purposes of human life. Technically, the cloth is said to be in the 'grey'; but in reality its hue is that of a pale buff. This is due to the presence of resinous and amylaceous colouring particles in, or united with, the vegetable fibre. As these, in the process of bleaching, are acted upon by chemical reagents, which do not, at least when applied in the same proportionate strength, affect the vegetable fibre, they are partly extracted from the tissue, and partly decomposed. Thus bleaching—so far as principles are concerned—becomes resolved into a very simple process; although, it must be added, certain curious chemistries are concerned in it, the exposition of which is not very easy. The surface also of the cloth is so manifestly rough, downy, and covered with loose fibres, that it is evident it must be submitted to some smoothing procedure before it can possibly be fitted for apparel or for the process of calico-printing. The last of these processes—the 'smoothing'—will be very quickly got over; but the first—the extraction and decomposition of the colouring principles of the calico—will occupy the entire remaining portion of our paper.

A vast chimney, standing in solitary majesty, and blackening the whole sky with the smoke of its pipe, marks out the position of the great bleaching establishment we visited. The peculiar sound of dashing and tumbling waters, with the deep roll of machinery, and with every now and then the escape of a cumulus of steam up into the air from the roof of one portion of the building, assures the visitor he has not mistaken









No answer followed this interrogation: almost immediately the voice became silent. I shuddered: it seemed to me that I heard a suppressed gurgle, followed by the fall of a heavy body. I listened more attentively; the cold breeze alone mingled its sounds with the confused noise of footsteps. At the end of a few moments my horse made a sudden start, as though some fearful object had become visible through the gloom. Desirous of clearing up the terrible suspicions that crossed my mind, I took out my flint and steel, as if to light a cigar, as a solace under the freezing blast. For a moment I fancied myself the sport of a dream: by the light of the sparks I saw a number of men marching pell-mell among the mules and their drivers. Silent phantoms seemed to have risen mysteriously from the darkness to march at our side, some dressed in the red coats of the lancers, the others in the coarse frocks of the subordinates. All at once the tinkle of the leading mule's bell ceased; presently it sounded again in an opposite direction, and similar tones came from the ravines to the left of the route. I had seen enough, perhaps too much: we were beset by treachery. Whom denounce in such a fog, and on such a road? Whom trust in obscurity that confounded friends and enemies? Astonished at the strange discovery, I hesitated: then, at the risk of breaking my neck, I made a dash for the head of the convoy. It was already too late. A cord whizzing through the air fell upon me; my horse started forwards; but instead of being dragged violently from the saddle, and trampled under the horses' feet, as was intended, I felt myself retained by a fearful compression. A running noose, destined for me alone, had inlaced both horse and rider in the same fall. My right arm was held so tightly to my side as to prevent my cutting the cord; I dug the spurs into my horse's flank. The noble animal neighed, and strained his muscular haunches with irresistible vigour: I felt the noose grow tighter and tighter around me, then it relaxed; there was a bursting of girths, followed by an imprecation of rage, and in a moment I was free, before I had been able fully to comprehend the danger that menaced me. A report rang, a ball whizzed past my ears, and at the same instant arose a cry of alarm. Repeated discharges followed, and all became an indescribable confusion. The mules, deceived by the tinkling of the bell, which sounded from the most opposite directions, dispersed and jostled one another in their fright. The light of the musket-flashes showed the red coats of the lancers in disorder, as they fired at hazard into the impenetrable gloom; balls whistled past, and at times the despairing lamentations of the arriero sounded above the din.

My terrified horse had borne me some distance from the scene of combat; at last I forced him to retrace his steps. When I again reached the conducta, the struggle had ceased, the bandits had disappeared. Don Blas, who retained all his coolness, pressed my hand in silence: there was no time for questions. A man with a flaming torch in his hand rushed between us, imploring the captain's aid. By the light, I recognised the unfortunate arriero. Several soldiers, who had dismounted, cut down pine branches for torches, and we then saw a sad spectacle. The leading mule, robbed of its bell, stood surrounded by the others; for although deceived at first by the artifice of the robbers, the animals soon regained their usual instincts. Some were bleeding from large gashes. Two soldiers, also wounded, were endeavouring to stanch their blood with handkerchiefs; and in a hollow lay a poor muleteer writhing in agony. It was he who had recognised Victoriano, and he thus expiated the crime of having seen too much. After further search and counting, we ascertained, to the inexpressible consternation of the arriero, that five of the mules were missing. I suggested to Don Blas the propriety of immediate pursuit: the arriero added his intreaties, and offered half of the booty when recovered. Thus, whether an accomplice or not, the captain could not refuse to act. He fixed himself erect in

his saddle, selected a dozen of the best-mounted soldiers, and ordered them to provide themselves with pine branches, and follow him on the track of the robbers. It was one of those expeditions which eminently display American sagacity, and I persisted in accompanying the detachment.

The enterprise was perilous. As a measure of precaution, our torches were extinguished, and we turned off to the left, up the hard rocky steep. From time to time one of the men dismounted, and laid his ear to the ground; nothing, however, was heard but the rush of the wind. The stony soil, carefully examined by the light of a cigar, showed no traces of footsteps; and yet, by an inexplicable instinct, the soldiers felt assured that this was the path taken by the plunderers. By and by the clatter of hoofs abated: we were riding on softer ground, and soon distinct traces of two mules were discovered. All doubt as to the direction was now at an end; the soldiers, stimulated by the prospect of a rich prize, pushed forward with renewed spirit, though in strict silence. It would be tedious to relate all the incidents of this night. Sometimes all traces of the trail were lost; and at last we lit fires in a glade of the wood, and bivouacked till the morning. Just before daybreak a stray mule was met with, but completely divested of its valuable burden. Up to this moment Don Blas had manifested but little inclination for the pursuit: now the sight of the animal appeared to excite all his ardour, and he vented loud imprecations against the authors of the mischief, threatening to shoot the first that should appear. Our party broke up into twos and threes, to extend the search. The captain and I were riding together, when he picked up a fragment of one of the money-chests. He then begged of me to remain where I was, and not follow him, and quickly disappeared round a turn in the path. Shortly afterwards I heard a distant shot, followed by a feeble cry of distress. I fired both my pistols, and presently saw some of our soldiers approaching. A few words sufficed to explain matters: we galloped off in the direction of the report, and my fears were soon changed to certainty. The captain lay stretched on the grass, wounded by a ball in the breast. Broken chests and ripped-up bags were scattered about, but no enemy was visible. A glass of brandy, poured down Don Blas's throat, enabled him to speak. He told us that he had seen no one, but that he well knew who had fired the shot. An examination of the locality led to nothing that could clear up the mystery. We lifted the captain into his saddle, with a man mounted behind to support him, and set out to rejoin the conducta at La Hoya.

It was mid-day when we arrived; and here a new incident awaited us. Don Blas had scarcely been laid on the bed hastily constructed for him in one of the hovels of the village, when another party of soldiers came in with a prisoner bound. His dark features were half hidden by a handkerchief; yet I recognised a brigand with whom I had on a painful occasion been brought into contact in the interior of the country. The captain's pale cheeks became of a livid hue as soon as the captive was brought into his presence. Evidently they were not strangers. A recriminating parley took place, which ended by Don Blas declaring that the prisoner should be shot without further process.

'Shoot me!' said the other; 'surely you jest. I am not so deficient of protectors as you may think; and if it comes to that, I shall speak, senior captain—I shall tell!'

It was then Don Blas's turn to tremble: he ordered the apartment to be cleared, and remained alone with the culprit: after an hour, the latter reappeared in the custody of the lieutenant Juanito. We stayed two weary days at La Hoya; on the third, the captain, for whom a litter had been constructed, determined on proceeding to Jalapa. The prisoner, closely bound, was mounted behind Juanito, and after riding a couple of leagues, I observed that the horse on which they rode, wearied perhaps by the double weight, loitered in the



a deep and holy love for external nature—a love which, in a poet, can hardly be said to have *degenerated* into superstition, although he actually believed in the reality of the forms with which popular faith has invested her attributes. To his ear the forest wind, and the murmur of the river, were laden with the voices of spirits, and it was not the mere ghosts of memory that rose upon the darkness of the night. Conjoined, however, with these wild imaginations, there were the home-thoughts, the heart-yearnings, the social, friendly, family sympathies, which serve as a balance for the extravagances of fancy, and chain the dreamer to his true place upon the earth. Although involved for so many years in the strife of faction, and waging on his part a bitter and desperate party war, William Motherwell, we are told, when he was called from the world, left behind him not one personal enemy.

It may readily be supposed that the fancy which made itself a home in the supernatural world, turned away from the refinements and the philosophy of contemporary writers, to dwell with the singers of the Valhalla and the old balladists of his country. These he has not imitated in style and manner—he has identified his spirit with theirs; and no other modern writer we recollect has been so happy in that *directness* of effort, characteristic of the olden time, which unlocks by a single touch the fountain of sympathy. This is alluded to in an elegant criticism by Professor Wilson which appeared in 1833:—“All his perceptions are clear, for all his senses are sound; he has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful intellect. He has been led by the natural bent of his genius to the old haunts of inspiration—the woods and glens of his native country—and his ears delight to drink the music of her old songs. Many a beautiful ballad has blended its pensive and plaintive pathos with his day-dreams, and while reading some of his happiest effusions, we feel

“The ancient spirit is not dead—  
Old times, we say, are breathing there.”

‘His style is simple, but in its tenderest movements, masculine: he strikes a few bold knocks at the door of the heart, which is instantly opened by the master or mistress of the house, or by son or daughter, and the welcome visitor at once becomes one of the family.’

In 1832 appeared the first edition in this country of Motherwell's poems, and fourteen years later the second, with many additional pieces; but in the interval two editions were published in America, where the poet, like Shelley and Keats, appears to enjoy a still higher reputation than at home. At length a third English edition has appeared, enriched with many additions from the author's manuscripts, selected by the taste of William Kennedy, himself a true poet, and a well-written memoir by Mr James McConechy of Glasgow.\* To this narrative we have been indebted for the above particulars of the life of Motherwell; and we shall now draw upon Mr Kennedy for one or two specimens of the new matter in the volume.

The following song strikes us as having much of the raciness as well as tenderness of Burns:—

‘He courted me in parlour, and he courted me in ha’,  
He courted me by Bothwell banks, among the flowers sae sma’,  
He courted me w’ pearls, w’ ribbons, and w’ rings,  
He courted me w’ laces, and w’ mony mair braw things;  
But oh he courted best o’ a’ w’ his black blithsome ee,  
Whilk w’ a gleam o’ witcherie oust glaumour over me.

We hid thegither to the fair, I rade ahint my joe,  
I fand his heart leap up and down, while mine beat faint and low;  
He turned his rosy cheek about, and then, ere I could trow,  
The widdifur’ o’ wickedness took aries o’ my mou!  
Syne, when I feigned to be sair fleyed, sae pawkly as he  
Bann’d the auld mare for misling fit, and throwin’ him aje.

And aye he waled the loanings lang, till we drew near the town,  
When I could hear the kimmers say—“There rides a comelie  
loun!”

\* The Poetical Works of William Motherwell; with memoir. By James McConechy, Esq. 3d edition: Greatly enlarged. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1849.

I turned w’ pride, and keeked at him, but no as to be seen,  
And thought how dowie I wad feel gin he made love to Jean!  
But soon the manly chiel, aff-hand, thus frankly said to me,  
“Meg, either tak me to yoursel, or set me fairly free!”

To Glasgow Green I linked w’ him, to see the ferries there,  
He birlid his penny w’ the best—what noble could do mair?  
But e’er as fit he’d tak me hame, he cries—“Meg, tell me noo:  
Gin ye will has me, there’s my lufe, I’ll aye be leal an’ true.”  
On sic an honest, loving heart, how could I draw a bar?  
What could I do but tak Rab’s hand for better or for waur?”

As a contrast, we may take the following, affording a fair specimen of the masculine character of his style:—

#### ‘THE KNIGHT’S REQUIEM.

They have waked the knight so meikle of might,  
They have cased his corpse in oak;  
There was not an eye that then was dry,  
There was not a tongue that spoke.  
The stout and the true lay stretched in view,  
Pale and cold as the marble stone;  
And the voice was still that like trumpet shrill  
Had to glory led them on;  
And the deadly hand, whose battle brand  
Mowed down the reeling foe,  
Was laid at rest on the manly breast  
That never more mought glow.

With book, and bell, and waxen light,  
The mass for the dead is sung;  
Through the night in the turret’s height,  
The great church-bells are rung.  
Oh wo!—oh wo!—for those that go  
From light of life away,  
Whose limbs may rest with worms unblest  
In the damp and silent clay!

With a heavy cheer they upraised his bier,  
Naker and drum did roll;  
The trumpets blew a last adieu  
To the good knight’s martial soul.  
With measured tread through the aisle they sped,  
Bearing the dead knight on,  
And before the shrine of St James the divine,  
They covered his corpse with stone:  
’Twas fearful to see the strong agony  
Of men who had seldom wept,  
And to hear the deep groan of each mail-clad one  
As the lid on the coffin swept.

With many a groan, they placed that stone  
O’er the heart of the good and brave,  
And many a look the tall knights took  
Of their brother soldier’s grave.  
Where banners stream and corselets gleam  
In fields besprent with gore,  
That brother’s hand and shearing brand  
In the van should wave no more;  
The clarions call on one and all  
To arm and fight again,  
Would never see, in chivalry,  
Their brother’s mate again!’

For a special purpose we add two stanzas from one of the poems of the older editions:—

#### ‘I AM NOT SAD.

I am not sad, though sadness seem  
At times to cloud my brow;  
I cherished once a foolish dream—  
Thank Heaven ’tis not so now.  
Truth’s sunshine broke,  
And I awoke  
To feel ’twas right to bow  
To fate’s decree, and this my doom—  
The darkness of a nameless tomb.

I grieve not, though a tear may fill  
This glazed and vacant eye;  
Old thoughts will rise, do what we will,  
But soon again they die;  
An idle gush,  
And all is hush,  
The fount is soon run dry;  
And cheerly now I meet my doom—  
The darkness of a nameless tomb.”

In these verses Motherwell foretold what has hitherto been a truth. He was buried in the Necropolis of Glasgow, and the spot is undistinguished even by a headstone bearing his initials! A considerable sum of money was raised by subscription among the friends of the deceased poet; but it was no more than enough to succour those whom Motherwell had been obliged to leave to the charity of his friends. It is high time that the reproach of the nameless tomb were wiped off, and



gives no sign of combustion. You may conceive with what impatience the expected signal is looked for by the crowd who assemble each evening in the Piazza. Thousands of eyes are fixed upon the roof of the palace until the solemn moment of the scrutiny. If a faint column of smoke is then seen to rise, the Romans wish one another a *Felice notte*, and go to bed: they have no pope, and the successful scrutiny is yet to come.

On the first day of the conclave a multitude were assembled to gaze at the fumata; and we saw it at the expected time rise up slowly over the roof of the palace. The next evening there were comparatively but few whom curiosity led to the spot; for 'there would be so many opportunities,' every one said, 'of seeing it again.' Judge, then, of our surprise when the solemn hour arrived without bringing with it a single curl of smoke.

'Surely,' said the lookers-on, 'there must be some unforeseen delay;' and every eye was fixed upon the palace in impatient expectation. Minutes sped on, and were growing into hours; still no fumata. And yet how was it possible to conceive that a pope should be elected in *eight-and-forty hours*? Suddenly are heard loud knocks of a hammer behind the partition which closed in the *loggice* (so is the balcony of the Quirinal called). The partition falls, piece by piece, and the master of the ceremonies appears in the balcony, clad in his state costume, and bearing a cross in his hand. He announces, in a sonorous voice, to the Roman population, who by this time had come thronging into the Piazza, the nomination of the new pope, in these words:—'I bring you joyous tidings: we have for our pope the most eminent and most reverend Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, Archbishop of Imola, who has chosen the venerated name of Pius IX.' Immediately the air was rent with acclamations, and there seemed such unbounded enthusiasm amongst the people, that I began to inquire among my neighbours whether the new pope had any special claim to popularity; and I learned that, about thirty years before, he had been one of the handsomest and most fascinating gentlemen in Italy; that he was on the eve of marriage with a lovely and noble lady, to whom he was tenderly attached, when death suddenly deprived him of his treasure.

Her loss occasioned him such deep sorrow, that he renounced the hopes and pleasures of the world, and became a priest. He had, until then, borne the epaulettes of the Austrian service, and was distinguished among his companions by his proud and gallant bearing. Now his martial ardour was exchanged for a martyr's zeal, and he went as a missionary to preach the Gospel amongst the tribes of South America. In vain did he expose himself to the toils and perils incident to this life of self-devotion; he survived them all; and after an absence of some years, returned to Italy, whither he had been recalled by his superiors. Here his worth and merit soon became known. He was shortly afterwards appointed bishop of Imola, then archbishop, next cardinal, and now, after a single scrutiny, he had been elected pope at the age of fifty-four years!—a circumstance almost unprecedented in the annals of the sacred college.

The popularity of the new pontiff was still more apparent on the day of his coronation. On that morning his name was repeated with the wildest enthusiasm by the vast masses of people who thronged the streets to witness the solemnities of the day. Pius IX., escorted by the conclave in scarlet robes, was borne upon the *gédia* from the Quirinal to St Peter's, and from St Peter's to the Vatican. There he assumed the episcopal habit, the cope, and the silver mitre; and by the sound of the cannons of the castle of St Angelo, in the midst of all the clergy, the army, and the Roman people, he made his solemn entry into the Basilica, hung with rich damask fringed with gold; gave his feet to the cardinals, archpriests, priests, and monks to kiss; crossed the immense nave amid the clang of trumpets, which resounded from the galleries on either side; looked at the thrice-burned tow, which announces to him the vanity of all earthly glory (*sic transit gloria mundi*); and then placing himself once more on the *gédia*, over which was borne the papal canopy, he

went to receive the tiara\* in the grand balcony of St Peter's, in the presence of an innumerable population, which crowded the pavement beneath.

Often as this ceremony has been described, it is perhaps impossible to realise a solemnity which has no parallel on earth. Picture to yourself the moment of the benediction, '*Urbi et Orbe*' (for Rome and for the universe), this living mass of human beings stretching out as far as the eye could reach; these thousands of priests and monks clad in all the rich and varied costumes of the middle ages; this sacred college, and this court, wearing scarlet robes; this mingled pealing of bells and salvos of artillery; and in the midst of all this joy and splendour, the pontiff covered with jewels, his tiara on his head, his sceptre in his hand, standing alone far above the kneeling multitude, and stretching out his arms towards the four cardinal points, blessing the family of Christ in all parts of the world.

The enthusiasm of the Romans did not end with these splendid and solemn ceremonies. All men spoke of Pius IX. as being the dispenser of no empty blessing; but that he came to bear liberty to the nations, redress to the wronged, and consolation to the afflicted. Such, truly, was his ambition; and despite of recent events, we may not say that his desire has been altogether unfulfilled. During the two years and a-half which have elapsed since that gorgeous pageant, how many deeds of goodness and mercy have crowned his daily life! The liberation of the unhappy Jews from their prison-like abode in the Ghetto is in itself a noble monument of his enlightened spirit. During that period, whosoever misery appeared amongst the Romans, there also was Pius IX. to be found, lending his best endeavours to relieve or to allay it.

On one occasion, when a certain district near Rome was deluged by the overflowing of the Tiber, so that the wretched inhabitants were flooded in their dwellings, and they themselves exposed to the complicated miseries of want, and of exposure to the inclemency of the weather, tidings of their misfortune reached the pontiff's ear. Not content with sending some aid to the sufferers, he resolved to inspect their condition himself, and mounting his horse, rode off briskly to the scene of distress, followed by the cardinals, who, accustomed only to lounge luxuriously in their coaches, inwardly cursed the active benevolence of their new pope, which would not suffer him to indulge in lazy benevolence. Pius IX., on his accession to the papal chair, found himself placed in circumstances so intricate and perplexing, that it would have required the highest genius to direct them to a happy issue. By nature benevolent and firm, with a strong sense of justice, possessing an intelligent and cultivated mind, he longed to give freedom to his people, and to ameliorate their condition morally as well as physically. At the same time, his attachment to the church was ardent and sincere; and whilst he was full of indulgence towards his people, he was inflexible in his reform of ecclesiastical abuses, and was the practical opponent of all priestly tyranny. Many anecdotes corroborative of this assertion have been afloat in the world. We will relate but one, which has reached us from an authentic source. A rich Italian noble, desiring in his old age to atone for the sins of his youth, was advised by his confessor to bestow the bulk of his property on the church. He had two nephews, who expected to inherit his fortune, but, swayed by priestly counsel, he assigned to each of them only a small annuity, and made a will, disposing of his vast wealth in favour of the priest who should chance to say the first mass for his soul on the day of his funeral. This will was safely deposited with the proto-notary of the Holy See. The nobleman soon afterwards died, and the proto-notary, on opening his will, immediately communicated its contents to the sovereign pontiff. It was late at night when this news reached him; but the fol-

\* The tiara, or triple crown used on this occasion is that with which Napoleon presented Pius VII. Its foundation is of white velvet: the three crowns are composed of sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. On its summit is one large emerald, surmounted by a cross of diamonds. The value of the tiara is estimated at £18,000.



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time been covered all over with hair. Mr Arnold gives "the relation of a man hanged for theft, who in a little time, while yet he hung upon the gallows, had his body strangely covered over with hairs."

**Jaundice.**—There is a common saying (I will scarcely venture to call it an opinion) that jaundiced people see things yellow.

How common to hear of the jaundiced eye, as another word for prejudice! it being of course implied that the subject sees through a coloured medium. It occasionally does happen that a person having the jaundice sees objects yellow, but this is rather the exception than the rule, and seems to be dependent on some enlarged and tortuous vessel crossing the transparent part of the eye when the vision has been previously impaired by some disease. Dr Watson mentions this subject in his valuable lectures on the Practice of Physic.\* 'You are aware,' says he, 'of the vulgar notion that to a jaundiced eye all things appear yellow. It is an old notion, for we find it expressed by Lucretius—"Lurida præterea sunt quæcunque tuentur arquati." Heberden was disposed to regard this as a mere poetical fiction, but certainly it is sometimes, though very rarely indeed, a fact.' He goes on to say that he has been assured by a medical man of his own acquaintance that objects appeared coloured to him in his own experience of the complaint; also that Dr Mason Good saw things yellow when he was jaundiced. Dr Elliottson also relates one or two cases. In 1826 he had a case in St Thomas's Hospital, where there was a slight opacity of the transparent part of one eye, through which ran two large vessels, and with this eye the patient saw yellow; but with the other eye he saw things of their natural colour. In 1827 he had a patient who saw things yellow with both eyes, but he had inflammation of the eyes. In 1831 he had another case. He further mentions that Dr Pemberton saw this occurrence twice; but sufficient has been said, and the explanation seems to me satisfactory—namely, that in the cases where objects appear yellow, there must exist some inflammation of the cornea, or some opacity with enlarged vessels.

**Of Constitution.**—Fortunately people are in general more disposed to consider their constitutional powers good than otherwise, and this in a degree that would indeed be amusing, if it were not for the gravity of the subject. A patient will say to you, 'Really, doctor, I have never known what it is to have a moment's entire ease these many years: I must have had an excellent constitution originally; and, do you know, it is my firm opinion that I'm sound yet. If I could only get rid of this cough, I should be quite well.' Speeches of this sort are made over and over again by people who have every possible appearance of having the worst constitutions imaginable, and in fact have had every possible evidence themselves of such imperfection of physical power. Some of the most confirmed forms of scrofula show themselves by a succession of slow diseased actions—inflammation of the eyes, enlargements of the glands in the neck, abscesses, diseased hips, and perhaps finally consumption—and these are the people who must have had originally excellent constitutions! The more they have suffered, and do suffer, the more they praise their constitutions; they imagine that the diseases have come, one after the other, like the ghosts in Macbeth—

'Another—and yet a seventh: I'll see no more—and yet the eighth appears.'

It never enters their minds that a poor constitution is the cause of all these visitations, rather than the bulwark against which they are impotently directed.

**Of Consumption.**—That consumption is catching is a popular opinion, which, in this country at least, is not recognised by the profession. I believe such an opinion, however, to be generally entertained in some parts of the

continent, especially in Spain, Portugal, and Italy. They even burn the clothes of those who have died of the disease, to prevent risk of contagion. It is true that a husband and wife will every now and then die consecutively of this complaint; but this is not more than we should have been led to expect *à priori*; for it not unfrequently must happen that consumptive families will intermarry. I think, indeed, the frequency of these cases of apparent contagion is not greater than what might be supposed likely to occur from mere coincidence in a disease which is so widely diffused. It must be admitted, also, that the anxiety and grief experienced by the survivor in case of the first death will do much to hasten the complaint; and thus the appearance of contagion will be heightened by the rapidity of the succession. Further, there is an idea prevalent that a consumption is cured by an asthma: I conceive this to be altogether erroneous. Asthmatic people are no doubt often considered by the public as consumptive, and it then becomes a matter of surprise that these people continue to live year after year. Sometimes these asthmatic people do die in the end consumptive. Supposing, indeed, that a few asthmatic people are found after death to have had tubercles in the lungs, it is scarcely logical to infer that the consumption would have been more rapidly developed if the asthma had not existed. Because those who have asthma in its most marked form do not necessarily become consumptive, is no proof that the asthma prevents consumption. I think the great bulk of consumptive people would be found free from gout; but are we therefore to try to induce gout in order to prevent consumption? My own idea of this opinion about asthma curing consumption, is not only that it is an error, but that it is one calculated to do much mischief. There is also a notion that an ague cures consumption. This is equally ridiculous. There are, in fact, many cases of consumption in the aguish districts. The ague has indeed been often reputed as a curative agent. An attack of the ague may probably have put a stop to some nervous and other complaints. Dr Elliottson states, 'that ague has been thought so capital a thing, that some writers contend it never should be cured; and a proverb once prevailed that

'An ague in spring  
Is fit for a king.'

He mentions that Dr Gregory saw a case of palpitation cured by it, and that Dr Fordyce had known many cases cured by it.\* However, I should myself be very sorry to try it; and I should be very sceptical of its doing real good in any case.

**Proud Flesh.**—Patients will frequently come to us to know if there is any proud flesh in their wounds. The fear of proud flesh is very general, and brings many patients to the doctor whom he would otherwise never see. When a wound is attended with loss of substance, it is gradually filled up by the growth of the surrounding parts—a process which is called granulation, from the grain-like surface it presents. The granulations sometimes rise above the level of the surface; and I suppose the term 'proud flesh' was given to this appearance as a figurative term for a luxuriant or forward growth. There is nothing really bad or malignant, as it is called, in the elevation, but it is rather indicative of a complete and rapid repair. There are, it is true, complaints which are attended with what are named malignant fungous growths; but they are happily very rare, and quite unconnected with the healing of common sores. I shall not dwell, however, upon the latter, as it would carry me on to the description of a disease which is out of my present province, and would only be tedious or unintelligible to unprofessional persons. It is perhaps, after all, almost a pity to disabuse the public mind of the idea of proud flesh; for it is friendly to the doctors, and may tend to induce the people to have their sores better looked after.

\* Watson's Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine, vol. II. p. 522.

\* Elliottson's Lectures on the Practice of Physic, p. 274.



man, followed by five young ones, all armed with forks and rakes, entered the barn. He advanced towards the astonished farmer, and uncovering his white hairs—'I have heard,' said he, 'that you were gathering in your harvest, and seeing this rain come on so heavily, I thought that a dozen more arms might be of service to you, so I am come with my lads.'

'May God bless you, good father!' said the proprietor, offering his hand to the venerable peasant; 'but I did not expect this aid from you. Have you, then, forgotten our lawsuit, and the fine inflicted on you through my means?'

The old man shrugged his shoulders, saying, 'Our Saviour was more outraged than ever I was, and he forgave his murderers. Besides, the quarrels of neighbours should not be allowed to diminish the poor man's bread. He who lets God's wheat be destroyed, cannot be a good Christian. Now we are going to carry home your corn; and when the sun shines out again, your thrashers will make room for us, and we will help them to make up for lost time.'

Without waiting to receive the thanks which were being lavished on him by the farmer, the old man and his sons hastened to join the reapers, with whom they laboured until evening. The next morning they returned to their work; and when the harvest had all been safely gathered in, they withdrew to their home without accepting any reward, and seeming utterly unconscious that they had done aught which deserved the smallest praise or approval.

#### ENEMIES.

Have you enemies? Go straight on, and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything: he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked, that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air: they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded with enemies, used to remark—'They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves.' Let this be your feeling while endeavouring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.—*Alexander's Messenger.*

#### ANECDOTE OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which—owing to some change in wind or weather—had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return-passage through them most hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard; but no! he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance from them. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning: 'Give him the end of a rope,' he said; 'that is what he wants.' The rope was thrown—the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore; where a few minutes afterwards boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their four-footed friend—were placed safe and undamaged. Was there no reasoning here? No acting with a view to an end or for a given motive? Or was it nothing but ordinary instinct?—*Rev. J. C. Atkinson in 'The Zoologist.'*

#### MR BURTON'S WORK ON POLITICAL AND SOCIAL ECONOMY.

DURING the last twelve months a desire has been repeatedly expressed to us for a short popular work treating of the more important questions in political and social economy. These requests were suggested by the convulsed state of Europe. The wildest theories, striking at the root of law, order, and individual rights, were to all appearance about to dissolve society into its rude elements. One of the greatest literary men of the age had found it necessary to write a treatise to prove that 'property is not theft.' While such strange and disorderly sentiments were afloat, it is not surprising that many persons should have desired to see a popular work explanatory of the true and imperishable principles on which society is founded, and by which it carries on its complex operations.

In the hope of meeting this wish, Mr J. H. Burton has, at our request, undertaken a small work, which is now published as part of the series of works now issuing under the title of 'CHAMBERS'S INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING LIBRARY.'

Referring to the manner in which he has treated his subject, the author observes that 'It is a common complaint against political economy, in the form in which it is usually embodied, that though dealing with man, his passions and wants, and with the elements of his happiness and his misery, it is as hard and cold as if it gave expression to the laws of inanimate nature. From every truth in political economy, the acting and thinking man should be able to derive a rule of life, with reference to evils that may be practically avoided, and good that may be rationally anticipated; but he complains that even in matters like surplus population, commercial revulsions, gluts, and panics, and labour and its rewards, in which his temporal prospects, and those of the whole race, are so deeply involved, he finds only cold formulas or abstract laws, derived from what men usually do, not indicating what they might accomplish; and thus he fails to acquire from these abstractions the light and assistance which he seeks, to cheer, encourage, and fortify him in his path through life. It may be mainly attributed to the want of living systems founded on the true principles of political economy, that of late, projects founded on a contradiction of the whole science, and resting on the most dangerous and disorganising fallacies, have been so extensively adopted as to lead to the direst calamities. The false opinions presented themselves in that living, breathing form which the true science would not condescend to adopt; and the multitude, demanding a guide that pointed to practical conduct, instead of merely developing rigid formulas, followed the first that offered itself.'

Avoiding defects of this nature, the author has adapted his doctrines to the popular understanding, and brought them into relation with the ordinary course of events.

With these explanations, we respectfully dedicate 'Political and Social Economy' to the use of all classes of The People.

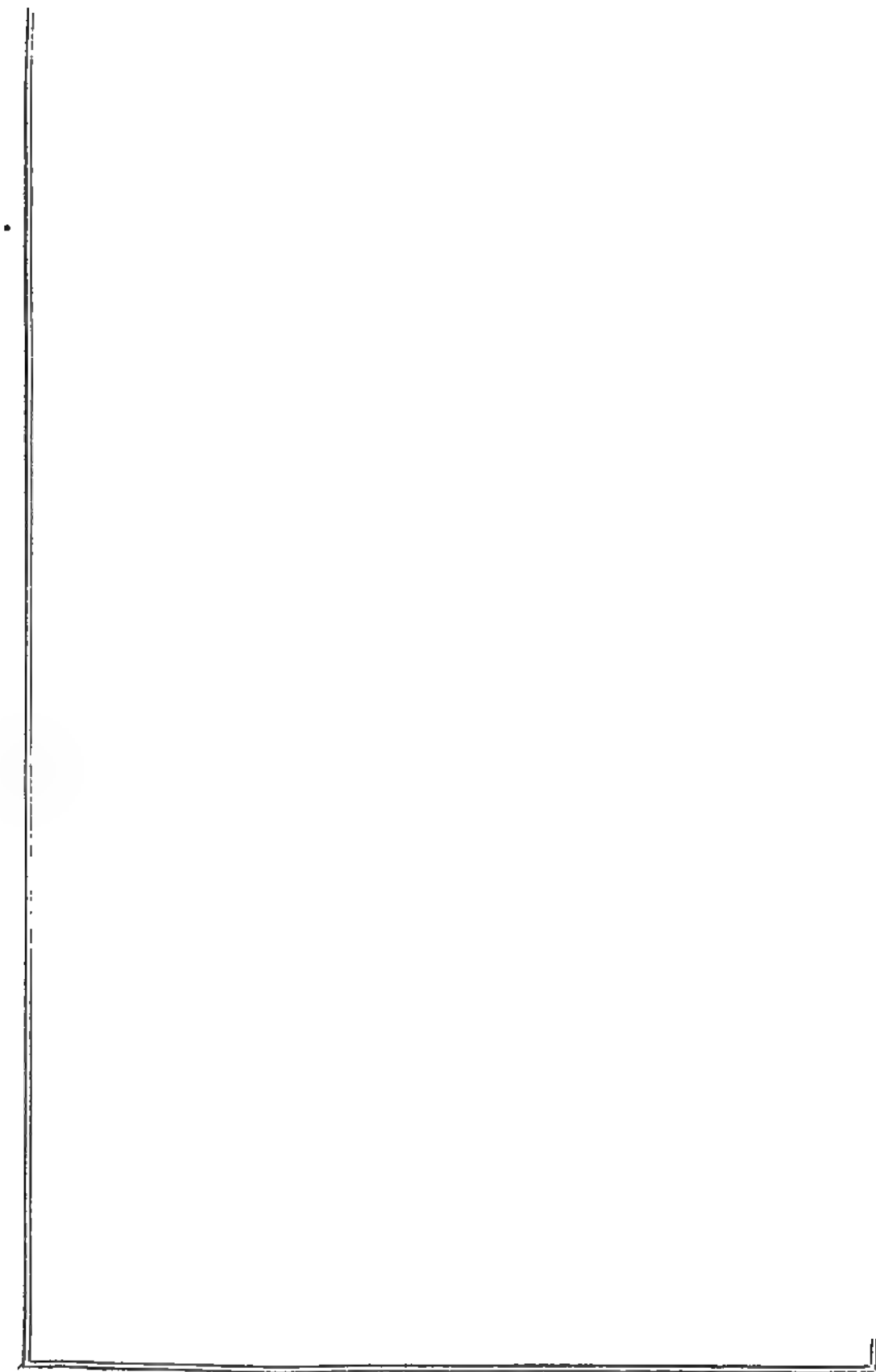
W. AND R. C.

#### LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:—1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an evil report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—*Curus's Life of Simon.*

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as soon as she was sufficiently calm to listen, "go to Ramez and the alcalde, and tell them you will deliver into their hands the famous Afrancesado spy, Henriquez Bajol, on condition of their releasing Pedro. If they consent, denounce me." "You, Henriquez!" said she, staring bewilderedly. "Never you mind," I replied. "A note to General Picton—I'll write it at once—will soon get me out of their clutches, whoever I am." I wrote the note and gave it her. "Now mind, Marietta," said I solemnly, "that Pedro sets off with this note the instant he is liberated. How soon can he reach the general on foot?" "By to-morrow night," she answered. "Very well; and now then about it at once." She was off in a twinkling, and I was at leisure to reflect on what I had done. To tell the truth, I did not, after a few minutes' quiet cogitation, feel excessively comfortable. They would be certain to believe the story; Henriquez being, I was sure, known to none of them personally. I was a precious deal more like a Spaniard than an Englishman; and I spoke the language so well—not altogether grammatically, it is true, but so like a native of the south of Spain—that I felt I should have some difficulty, should occasion require it, to undeceive them. Then they had such a pestilent way of making not only sure but *short* work with whoever they suspected of commerce with the hated French, that it flashed unpleasantly across my mind—the general's help might perchance arrive too late! However, I was in for it; and so, taking another draught of wine, and refilling my pipe—there's great philosophy in a pipe, as we all know—I awaited the result of my charming scheme as calmly as I could.

'It was not long coming. About half an hour after Marietta's departure the door was slammed open, and I found myself sprawling and kicking, or rather sprawling, and trying to kick, for they wouldn't let me, in the arms of five or six ugly rascals, who, showering upon me all the time the vilest abuse, hurried me off to prison. Into it they thrust me like a dog; and there, when I could recover breath and speech, I greeted Pedro, my fellow-prisoner. The alcalde and Ramez had only *promised* to release him, and of course, when the object was gained, refused to abide by the bargain. If I had not been the most consummate ass that ever browsed or brayed, I might have guessed as much. Ramez had now two victims, and that promised a *double* holiday.

'Well, gentlemen, this was, you may suppose, a very unpleasant situation to find myself in; but as, thank Heaven, I was never much troubled with nerves, I did not so much mind it after a bit. Marietta, I was sure, would be off to the general with her best speed when she saw the ugly turn matters were taking; so that if my captors were not in a very patriotic hurry indeed, there was a chance on the cards yet. Pedro obtained some cigars of the jailor, an old acquaintance of his; they were first-rate, and we both became gradually calm and composed. Ah, gentlemen, I have often thought that if the moral observations I addressed that evening to my friend Pedro, upon the duty of respecting national prejudices, particularly with regard to sheltering wounded foreigners, and the shocking folly of making rash engagements with young women, especially after dinner, had been taken down by a short-hand writer, they would have raised me to the next rank after Solomon!

'No doubt of it,' said Tape, looking nervously at the clock: 'but do get on, captain; don't stop, *don't!*'

'I will not, Tape; but don't you hurry me as they did. Well, the next day I was dragged before the alcalde and that rascal Ramez, where, to my very great and most unpleasant surprise, two men, guerilla soldiers, swore that they had frequently seen me in communication with the French outposts, and that they verily believed me to be no other than the infamous Henriquez. Vainly I protested, finding the thing was getting much too serious, that I was an English officer: my assertions were laughed at, and I was reconveyed to my dungeon, after having heard myself sentenced to be shot at the same hour which was to see the last of Pedro. Mr Tape, please to touch the bell. I'll take another cup; for my tongue always feels dry and hot when I come to this part of the story.'

Mr Tape did as he was desired quickly, and bade the waiter who answered the summons 'jump about.' The anxious haberdasher had but just three minutes to spare.

'That, gentlemen,' continued the captain, 'was a very uncomfortable night. I was never, from a child, particularly fond of water-drinking; but I remember crawling off the straw many times during the night, and almost emptying *both* pitchers. At ten o'clock we were to suffer, to be shot to death by half-a-dozen rusty muskets. It was dreadfully aggravating! Day dawned at last; six seven, eight, nine, *ten* o'clock tinkled through the jail; the door opened, and in stalked Ramez and the alcalde, followed by the rusty shooting-party. We were politely informed that 'time' was up, and that we must both come to the scratch at once, as the spectators didn't like to be kept waiting. They then kindly pinioned us, and away we marched. You never perhaps walked in your own funeral procession, Tape, did you?'

'Lord, Captain Smith, how can you ask such a horrid question!'

'Well, if you ever should, you'll remember it, that's all. Seeing King Lear is nothing to it, though that's reckoned pretty deep. On we marched, the priests praying, the bells tolling, and the infernal musket-men eyeing us as if to make up their minds exactly where to have the pleasure of hitting us. One scoundrel with a short, ugly snub of an apology of a nose, meant, I could see, to send his bullet through my Roman. Altogether, it was the most disagreeable walk I ever took in my life. We soon arrived at the place of sacrifice, and were ordered to kneel down. "Pedro," said I, "that jewel of a wife of yours has played us a sweet trick; but perhaps she'll arrive in time, if she comes at all, to return thanks for all the good things we are about to receive; and that's a consolation anyway." I then took another look in the direction in which the expected succour *ought* to appear, when I saw, and tried to rub my eyes with my elbows to make sure I saw, but couldn't, a horsewoman on the summit of the hill: it *was* Marietta! I roared out like a raging bull, and Pedro gave chorus. As soon as Marietta caught sight of what was going on, she curbed her horse sharply back, and beckoned with eager gestures over the hill. A minute afterwards the ridge was crowned by half a regiment of British dragoons. The instant they saw us, they gave one loud cheer, and came on like a whirlwind.

"A narrow escape, Smith!" said the commanding officer. "But come, mount at once. There is a large French force in the neighbourhood, and the general's orders are not to halt an instant." I was delighted to hear it. The less said was, I felt, the soonest mended. If the general, thought I, were informed *why* he had been put to this trouble and risk, our meeting would scarcely be a very amicable one. "Who is this?" said the officer, pointing to Pedro, who, though he had hallooed lustily, was by no means yet out of the wood. "One of ours," I boldly replied. "Then mount, my good fellow, at once," replied he, motioning to one of the led horses. Pedro understood the gesture, though he didn't the language; and giving Marietta, who had unpinioned him, one hug, was in the saddle in a jiffy. "Out of the way," cried the commanding officer to the alcalde, who, instigated by Ramez, was approaching to claim Pedro at least as lawful prize. "Out of the way, fellow!" and he struck him sharply with the flat of his sword. The frightened functionary tumbled out of our path; the bugle sounded, and we were off, safe, sound, and merry.

'Bravo!—Hurra!—Hurra!' resounded in irregular chorus through the room. Tape was off like a shot: the unfortunate man was full seven minutes behind his time.

'Gentlemen,' said Captain Smith, after the applause had subsided, 'do not, if you please, forget the moral of my story. Everything, the chaplain used to say, has a useful moral—even short rations—though I never could agree with him to that extent. The moral of this adventure I take to be this—*Never, under any circumstances,*



—sometimes L.8 or L.9; and when, as often occurs, the insurance has been effected in three or four clubs, the total to be received may amount to more than L.20. Before this temptation the instinctive feeling, love of offsprings, disappears; and without any attempts that may be set down as positive ill-treatment, the child dies. The process brings out no bruises or broken limbs: systematic neglect, and the administering of opiates, the use of which is so flagrant in the manufacturing districts, to say nothing of hiring nurses, soon complete the business. The demoralising effects of such a state of things are too obvious to need further insisting on.

Have we not here an intimation that the 'march of mind' has been overstated? The writer of this article has lately had an opportunity of revisiting some of the northern manufacturing towns with which he was familiar twenty years ago. At that time his views and feelings were identical with those of the toiling, but unreflecting multitude—their wild theories were received as true principles of action. So little change has taken place in this interval of nearly a quarter of a century, that it might almost be thought they are the same people, forgotten by Time in his flight. There is the same improvidence—the same eagerness to swallow crude doctrines—the same readiness to believe that ameliorations must commence from without, and not from within; in short, a condition of mind and character utterly incompatible with the idea of real progress. It is not denied that many appliances which mitigate hardship, and enlighten and enliven domestic life, are more within command than formerly; but from the grand desiderata, the perception of right and wrong—the proper sense of what is due to others—the desire to aid the common cause by self-sacrifice or exertion—from these we appear to be as far as ever.

To this slow awakening, this tardy assimilation of sound views and principles, we may attribute that state of things which produces lamentable offences against every social and moral law. And before any favourable change can take place in these underlying masses, it is pretty clear that there must be a notable development of the moral faculty, accompanied by a teachableness of disposition, without which all extraneous efforts will be nugatory. The prime evil is indifference, or, in other words, intense apathy, in whatever relates to spiritual culture. Marvellous, that while men and women will toil day after day at the factory, workshops, loom, or needle, with praiseworthy assiduity, they are at the same time so prone to shirk those endeavours on which, more than anything else, their wellbeing depends. Mere neglect is not the worst of it; for the habit of neglect tends to a degradation which has no sense of its depravity, and in which whole communities will be content to 'get along.'

The cry for legislative action is very often raised by those most indisposed to individual exertion. Authoritative interference in the details of private as well as public life would speedily reduce society to one dreary uniform level, of which a specimen may be found in certain French theoretical works. We can hardly be wise, just, or virtuous by proxy; a people cannot be improved by shifts and expedients, but by promoting among them habits of forethought and self-reliance: these are the best guarantee for domestic as well as patriotic virtues. The disposition to consider that collective good can result without individual regeneration, would be simply absurd, were it not fraught with mischief. The truth of this proposition will scarcely be denied by those who have watched the course of events during the past few months. Wherever a speaker has come forward to inculcate the doctrine of self-help, how has he been received?—with derision. It disturbs one's self-esteem to be told that reform must come from within, and noisy clamour rises to a premium. Governments, it is true, may be responsible for a misdirection of the national energies, but this in no degree diminishes individual responsibility.

It is sad to think that even the press has in some instances fomented the social mischief. There appear to be certain writers who systematically inculcate the doctrine that all who possess anything are little better than robbers, and that all who have nothing are oppressed. According to their theories, every man with a decent coat on his back is necessarily a tyrant, and every poor man a suffering saint. In no respect do these writers inculcate the principle which lies at the foundation of man's destiny, that every one of us must in some shape toil for our daily bread. The necessity of self-reliance is never heard from them. Their notion is, that everybody should have something done for him, as if the mass were not under any obligation to think, but were born into the world to be nursed, coddled, and flattered by the few.

The temper of the times has rather aided than opposed these wild theories. From a period of severe, and almost savage penal infliction, along with a general disregard of suffering in almost any form, the world has latterly gone to an opposite extreme, and in a spirit of beneficence, unregulated by a prudent consideration of circumstances, has presented innumerable temptations to discard self-respect and self-reliance. There can be no doubt that the well-meant efforts of the benevolent have in various instances been actually demoralising. Our prisons, with their elegant repose and comfort, are unquestionably creating criminals; our Night Asylums are creating universal vagrancy; our Schools of Industry, we fear, are encouraging juvenile street mendicancy. To whichever side we turn, we find all sorts of means for assuaging, as is believed, crime and misery. These things, we are told, are necessary, and we are not disposed to debate the point; on the contrary, we would go every length in the way of kindness and humanity. But if necessary, they must be proper; and how does it come that what is necessary and proper is productive of evil? The reason simply is, that we depend upon them alone as remedies, whereas they must be accompanied by something more, or else remain worse than nugatory. The evil lies deeper than any point they of themselves can reach, even if their administration were wise and prudent, instead of being quite the reverse. The lower departments of society are, as we have said, not in a right condition morally; and till we can get that remedied, things cannot be expected to mend. Were we to give them all the wealth and power in England, and yet leave their mental operations what they are, it would be doing no good. What, then, is to be done? This is not easy to say; but one thing is pretty obvious, that without a universal system of instruction, all else is vain. Education, however, cannot be made altogether compulsory, though a different feeling is beginning to prevail; and we are inclined to believe that, without something more than solicitation, there will be no substantial advance. Having in view the great good accomplished by personal visitations—those of Mrs Fry and Sarah Martin may be instanced as the most memorable of late years—it becomes a question whether a system of house-to-house visitation, in such town districts as most require it, could not be made a most powerful branch of educational tactics. There are thousands who cannot read, and thousands who will not read, who are yet willing to listen to reading or conversation. The instructors should be zealous and patient, and the instructions should embrace the details of family training and domestic economy, and whatever incidents of life admit of regulation. Let it not be considered as interfering with the business of the missionary, but only as supplementing it, or preparing the way for it. For a large class of females of the middle and upper circles we can imagine no more fitting employment. The scheme might be tested in one town or parish: if successful, the wider application of it might readily be made to extend to counties, and so on to the whole kingdom. The duties which it would involve are not of the showy kind, not such as come before the world with a flourish







in the dark, and perhaps gets to a tree, where he finds refuge in a crack in the bark. Here by and by he spins his cocoon, becomes a chrysalis, goes to sleep for the winter, and in the following June launches into the air, and begins a new round of existence in the character of a winged, painted, and glittering moth.

The mission of the little ermine-moth is to strip the hedges of their leaves, and mat together the twigs into a web—an offence commonly, and somewhat vaguely, charged upon the 'east wind blight.' The caterpillars of this creature, as soon as they are hatched, feed on the pulpy part of the leaves, but in a few days spin themselves a house, enclosing some leaves, on which they feed at leisure. When these are finished, they extend their dwelling so as to enclose others; and so on till, in fine, the whole hedge is stripped. When the fulness of time is come, they suspend themselves to their web with the head downwards, and turn into chrysalises, and then in the month of June into moths.

The turnip-fly is 'a little, glossy, tiny, skipping, hopping, merry-Andrew kind of a beetle,' but a most abandoned thief, who starves the sheep and cattle, and impoverishes their owners. They begin their attack upon the turnip as soon as it is up, and think nothing of leaving the field in a few days 'as brown as when it was sowed.' The turnip-weevil, the turnip-moth, and the turnip-aphis, are likewise bitter enemies of this useful eculent; but the Nigger is so remarkable a blight, that we cannot trust entirely to our own humble pen for his portrait.

'This year' (1835), says the Godalming naturalist, 'all our turnips are infested with these niggers. They are the caterpillars of a fly that ought really to be called the turnip-fly, a name which we have seen is universally given to the turnip-beetle. About the middle of July these real turnip-flies were showered down on us as it were from the clouds; they fell thicker than rain-drops, and hovered about the turnips in such myriads, that whole fields were coloured with a rainbowy tinge when the hot sun shone on their filmy wings. I will give an entomological description of one of these flies: the head and antennæ are coal-black; the thorax is yellow before and on the top, but coal-black on the sides and behind; the body is yellow; the wings are clear, and very shining, and tinged with yellow, and the upper ones have a dash of coal-black along the upper margin, which reaches three-quarters of the way from the thorax to the tip of the wing; the legs are yellow, spotted with black.' These flies deposit their eggs on the under side of the leaf, and when the grubs are hatched, they begin their work. Our author visited a field on a Saturday. 'On Monday I was again in the field at Old Pond, and the turnips were not. Since my last visit, they had been swept from the face of the earth. The land was everywhere as bare as on the day it had been sowed: there was no speck of green for the eye to rest on. It was a wild and universal desolation; and the black, crawling vermin that had caused the ruin were clustered in bunches on the ground, or lingering about the skeletons of the turnip leaves. No plague of Egypt could have been more effective: the mischief was complete. Some fields received the blast a few days later than others, but all had it: not one escaped, unless the crop were Swedes, and it is remarkable that these were untouched. . . . Directly the young nigger is let out of the egg-shell, he begins eating away in right earnest. The first onslaught is generally made as near as possible to the spot where he was born, but after a day or two the edges of the leaf seem to be most favoured by his attentions; and here the whole family may be seen working with a will, their heads at the work of demolition, and their tails cocked up in the air. In an incredibly short space of time the green of the leaf is gone, and nothing is visible but the naked skeletons of veins, which the niggers do not choose to consume. The colour of the grub is a dull lead colour, with a rather rough or wrinkly skin, but without hairs; and down each side, from stem to stern, is a paler line:

its length, when full grown, is between half and three-quarters of an inch; it has no less than twenty legs, six of which are placed in three pairs, very near the head. These six are long, hard, horny, and sharp-pointed, and with them the grub holds fast the edge of the leaf while he goes on devouring it; the other fourteen legs are arranged in seven pairs along the body, and are soft and fleshy, without any horny substance, and quite without sharp points. These legs are used when the grub is crawling; but while he is eating, and the tail—indeed the greater part of the body is, as I have already said—cocked up in the air, they are quite unemployed. Sometimes, and especially when offended or in danger, the nigger grub coils himself up in a ring, holding the leaf very slightly by the first pair of legs, that pair next the head, and when touched in this state, falls directly to the ground, and there lies as though dead; indeed, if not in a ring before, he almost always rolls himself into one when touched. When the nigger has reached his full size, a period depending on the temperature of the weather and the supply of food, but averaging at twenty days, he burrows in the earth, and there makes a little oval house, just big enough for his body, which has all at once become shorter and thicker; he then plasters the walls of this place with a sort of sticky varnish or glue, which he discharges at this time only. He keeps on discharging and spreading this glue till he is quite surrounded with a strong, tough, and hard cocoon, the particles of earth being mixed with the glue, and the whole forming an admirable and perfect defence against wet or the attacks of insects. The period of his stay in this cocoon varies according to circumstances; if the weather is hot, it sometimes happens that the grub becomes a mummy-like chrysalis in ten days, and a perfect fly, and again on the wing, in five more; but the greater part of the brood remain unchanged all through the autumn, winter, and spring. I have turned up the cocoons, and found the grub little altered even in May. Soon after this, the change to a chrysalis must take place; and the change to a fly occurs, in average seasons, about the middle of July. When this is accomplished, it moistens one end of its cocoon, so as to make it easy to come out, and then it climbs up through the earth and takes wing.'

Such are the principal 'blights,' and such the wonderful scene of production, destruction, and reproduction, which is constantly going on before our eyes. We do not pretend to fathom the purposes of the Creator; we only know that myriads of beings are produced which are intended for the food of other beings; and in order to save our crops from the ravages of those animals which are appointed by nature to destroy them, it would seem to be our wisest plan to give as much effect as may be in our power to this universal law. Instead of grudging the small birds a little food, our gardeners should cheerfully concede it to them, as allies in our task of destroying those creatures, which do more mischief in a day than the others in a season. In order to destroy the last-mentioned grubs, our naturalist says we have only to turn a flock of ducks into the field, which 'will devour the niggers by millions, and in a few days become as fat as butter.' Frogs and toads, if permitted, will gorge upon them till they can hardly move; and the maggot of a parasite fly, which lays its egg in the creature's back, descends with it into the earth, and after allowing the nigger to make its cocoon, eats up its entrails, and emerges in due time a fly. The tiger-moth caterpillar is produced in Great Britain in sufficient numbers to devour every green blade in the land, and thus deprive us at once of vegetable and animal food. But this caterpillar has so many insect enemies, that not one egg out of 50,000 produces a moth! This is sufficient of itself to show the plan of Omnipotence; although the purpose is beyond our limited comprehension.

We conclude by recommending the 'Letters of Rusticus' as forming a very amusing and instructive volume; in which Mr Newman figures as an interest-









the bottom of which, 1022 feet below the surface of the earth, and 62 feet above the sea-level, a considerable stream of running water was found. This lowest opening is still in the bituminous limestone of the karst, but contains, on a stair-like elevation, a considerable deposit of sand, produced by the destruction of the sandstone and slate, over which the river has run in its course above ground. The water enters the grotto through a low vault; and flowing among the numerous large blocks which have fallen from the roof, expands into a long narrow lake, on which a small raft was formed to explore its further course, and is at length lost under a vault, which, descending below the surface of the water, put a stop to the investigation. During heavy rain, the water has been already seen to rise 240 feet; but to judge from an old float of a mill-wheel found in a higher part of the hole, it must sometimes attain a height of 300 feet above its usual level.

#### THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath is God's special present to the working-man, and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation-pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity and vigour, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings' bank. The frugal man who puts aside a pound to-day, and another pound next month, and who in a quiet way is always putting past his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in length of days and a hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings' bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—*North British Review.*

#### RULES FOR THOSE WHO HAVE A WATCH.

*Firstly*, Wind your watch as nearly as possible at the same time every day. *Secondly*, Be careful that your key is in good condition, as there is much danger of injuring the machine when the key is worn or cracked; there are more mainsprings and chains broken through a jerk in winding than from any other cause, which injury will, sooner or later, be the result if the key is in bad order. *Thirdly*, As all metals contract by cold, and expand by heat, it must be manifest that to keep the watch as nearly as possible at one temperature is a necessary piece of attention. *Fourthly*, Keep the watch as constantly as possible in one position—that is, if it hangs by day, let it hang by night against something that is soft. *Fifthly*, The hands of a pocket chronometer or duplex watch should never be set backwards; in other watches this is a matter of no consequence. *Sixthly*, The glass should never be opened in watches that set and regulate at the back. One or two directions more it is of vital importance that you bear in mind. On regulating a watch, should it be going fast, move the regulator a trifle towards the slow, and if going slow, do the reverse; you cannot move the regulator too slightly or gently at a time, and the only inconvenience that can arise is, that you may have to perform the duty more than once. On the contrary, if you move the regulator too much at a time, you will be as far, if not farther than ever, from attaining your object; so that you may repeat the movements until quite tired and deeply disappointed, stoutly blaming both watch and watchmaker, while the fault is entirely your own. Again, you cannot be too careful in respect of the nature and condition of your watch-pocket; see that it be made of some material that is soft and pliant, such as wash-leather, which is the best, and also that there be no flue or nap that may be torn off when taking the watch out of the pocket. Cleanliness, too, is as needful here as in the case of the key before winding; for if there be dust or dirt in either instance, it will, you may rely upon it, work its way into the watch, as well as wear away the engine-turning of the case.—*Edward Graffon on Horology.*

#### SAVING TO GIVE.

Frugality is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.—*W. Penn.*

#### THE SPIRIT OF PEACE.

Where hath the spirit of peace his home?  
Loves he o'er earth or ocean to roam?

He dwells in the deep sequestered glade,  
Where the lover's step hath a footpath made;  
He lurks in the bowers where birds have sung  
To their fluttering mates when the day was young;  
By the river pool 'neath the waterfall,  
Where the rock-sprung trees have formed a pall,  
Solemn and dark, o'er the depth below,  
As best befits its majestic flow,  
Where hidden wild-flowers scent the air—  
Be sure the spirit of peace is there.

By the summer's sea he loves to dwell,  
And to note its crisped billows swell;  
Or to list the music ocean makes  
When his wave the cavern's echo wakes;  
Or to mark each ship go proudly by,  
Like a sea-king in his panoply;  
Or to reckon the snowy cliffs that swim,  
Like ocean birds far off and dim,  
Where the calm sea blends with the calmer air—  
The spirit of peace be sure is there.

In the Highland vale, where the lake lies low,  
Encircled by hills of lasting snow;  
Where the streams that gladden the valley creep,  
Murmuring through channels dark and deep;  
Where the red deer stares from the forest forth,  
Ere he bounds away to the trackless north;  
Where primeval life with eager gaze  
Looks out on the stranger who treads its ways;  
Where the fond enthusiast loves to roam—  
There, there hath the spirit of peace his home.

In the woods at eve when the birds are still,  
And naught is heard but the tiny rill,  
Which noon and night makes music sweet,  
As it leaps its brother rill to meet;  
Where naught is seen by the straining eye,  
But the trees like spectres standing by—  
I have met with the woodman's lowly cot,  
Where I thought that the home of man was not;  
I have heard his evening praise and prayer,  
And I felt that the spirit of peace was there.

When the country lies in Sabbath rest,  
And the fields are in golden beauty drest;  
When the church-bell's notes o'er the valley come,  
Like the voice of a father inviting home;  
When the aged man is thoughtfully seen,  
Where the graves of his early friends lie green  
Round the village church in many a heap,  
Each with its tenant in slumber deep—  
To that humble church in hope repair,  
And the spirit of peace shall meet you there.

#### EAST OF LONDON JEWS.

We are informed that the account of the 'East of London Jews,' in No. 227 of this Journal, is much exaggerated. Our Hebrew correspondent (who now authenticates his communication) may be assured that the error on the part of our contributor was unintentional. As for ourselves, we hardly require to say that we are wholly devoid of prejudices against Jew or Gentile.

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#### METEOROLOGY,

BEING ONE OF THE TREATISES IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

\*.\* In the preparation of the present treatise, the author has endeavoured rather to embody principles, than to occupy space with details of phenomena; his aim being to render Meteorology a subject of scientific study, not a mere record of unexplained facts and elaborate observations.

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and ending at 80, shows the maximum to be between 35 and 40. For females, the curve terminates ten years earlier, and reaches its highest point in the years from 25 to 30. The distinction between the apparent and real is essential; for although we are able to establish a law for the mass, we can prove nothing beforehand of the individual.

The same real and apparent tendency or inclination exists also with regard to crime, and nearly all other moral actions; for it is clear that a person may have a great inclination for crime without once committing it; another may abhor crime, and yet become culpable. 'It is thus possible,' says M. Quetelet, 'to state, from continued observations, the relative degrees of energy which lead men to execute certain facts. Thus, if I see a million men of 25 or 30 years produce twice as many murders as a million of 40 to 45 years of age, I should be disposed to believe that the inclination to murder among the former has twice the energy of what prevails among the latter.... It is important, therefore, to have a number of observations sufficient to eliminate the effects of all the fortuitous causes from which differences may be established between the real and apparent inclination to be determined.... So long as the march of justice and that of repression remain the same, which can scarcely be possible, except in one and the same country, constant relations are established between these three facts:—1st, Crimes committed; 2d, Crimes committed and denounced; 3d, Crimes committed, denounced, and brought before the tribunals.' An investigation of criminal tables has shown 'that the law of development of the tendency to crime is the same for France, Belgium, England, and the grand-duchy of Baden, the only countries whose observations are correctly known. The tendency to crime towards the adult age increases with considerable rapidity; it reaches a maximum, and decreases afterwards until the last limits of life. This law appears to be constant, and undergoes no modification but in the extent and period of the maximum. In France, for crimes in general, the maximum appears about the 24th year; in Belgium, it arrives two years later; in England and the grand-duchy of Baden, on the contrary, it is observed earlier.... Considering the circumstances,' pursues the writer, 'under this point of view, we shall better form an opinion of the high mission of the legislator, who holds to a certain extent the budget of crimes in his hands, and who can diminish or augment their number by measures combined with more or less of prudence.'

With regard to the theoretical mean, M. Quetelet affirms that 'man, in respect to his moral faculties, as with his physical faculties, is subject to greater or lesser deviations from a mean state; and the oscillations which he undergoes around this mean, follow the general law which regulates all the fluctuations that a series of phenomena can experience under the influence of accidental causes.... Free choice, far from opposing any obstacle to the regular production of social phenomena, on the contrary favours them. A people who should be formed only of sages, would annually offer the most constant return of the same facts. This may explain what would at first appear a paradox—namely, that social phenomena, influenced by man's free choice, proceed from year to year with more regularity than phenomena purely influenced by material and fortuitous causes.'

In treating on intellectual qualities, the author observes—'Two things at first are to be distinguished in our intellectual faculties: what we owe to nature, and what we derive from study. These two results are very different; when found united, and carried to a high degree of perfection in the same individual, they produce marvels; when they present themselves isolated, they bring forth nothing but mediocrity. A student of the present day, on leaving school, knows more than Archimedes, but will he make science advance a single step? On the other hand, there exists more than one Archimedes on the surface of the globe,

without a chance of making his genius public, because he lacks the science.' 'If,' we read in another place, 'phrenology should one day realise its promises, we should have the means of directly measuring man's intellectual organisation; we should possess as a consequence the elements by which to solve an extremely complex problem; we should know what each individual owes to nature, and what to science; we should even be able to establish numerically the values of these two portions of his intelligence; but as yet, we are far from perceiving the possibility of such a result.... One of the most curious studies that could be proposed in relation to man concerns the progressive development of his different intellectual qualities: it would be a question to recognise those which first manifest themselves, to verify the period when they attain their maximum of energy, and to appreciate the relative degrees of their development at different epochs of life.'

In the chapters on human societies, M. Quetelet traces cycles of duration for nations as for other departments of nature. Thus the Assyrian Empire lasted 1580 years; the Egyptian, 1663 years; the Jewish nation, 1522 years; Greece, 1410 years; the Roman Empire, 1129 years; giving an average of 1461 years, remarkable as corresponding exactly with the *Sothias* period, or canicular cycle of the Egyptians, with which was comprehended the existence of the phoenix. This result would appear referable to the action of a law, of which, however, too little is known to predicate on events yet to transpire in the future.

The law of accidental causes admits of application to derangements of the mental faculties. 'Moral maladies,' we read, 'are like physical maladies: some of them are contagious, some are epidemic, and others are hereditary. Vice is transmitted in certain families, as scrofula or phthisis. Great part of the crimes which afflict a country originate in certain families, who would require particular surveillance—isolation similar to that imposed on patients supposed to carry about them germs of pestilence.'

The question is examined, Whether the indefinite contraction of the limits between which men can vary is a benefit? 'Absolute equality, if it could be realised, would lead society back to its point of departure, and if it became durable, would plunge it into the most complete atomy: variety and movement would be annihilated; the picturesque would be effaced from the surface of the globe; arts and sciences would cease to be cultivated; that which does most honour to human genius would be abandoned; and as no one would wish to obey another man, great enterprises would become impossible.' To complete the argument, it is shown that the means and the limits vary only in proportion to science.

Besides the points we have noticed, the work under consideration contains many valuable inquiries and suggestions. In the chapter on the intellectual faculties, for example, we find views on literary, artistic, and scientific productions—influence of age upon the development of dramatic talent—excess of labour—on emigration—the influence of the healing art on the social system—demoralisation and pauperism—antagonism of nations; and in the concluding section 'on humanity,' the department of aesthetics presents itself to the discussion: these questions are treated with the author's well-known ability. His work must be taken as a valuable contribution to moral science, to the cause of justice, law, and order. Whatever differences of opinion may be entertained, it is impossible not to be impressed by M. Quetelet's earnestness: he would have nations as wise and trustful as is sometimes the case with individuals. 'The two extreme states,' he observes, 'individuality and humanity, are not the result of human combinations; they are determined by the Supreme Being, who has established laws of dependence between them. Philosophy has busied itself with investigating its nature, and in recognising what each one owes to himself, and the duties which he is bound





constant visitor at the Warren, and evidently delighted in all its antiquated yet novel customs, and Mr Matthew became her constant companion in explorations and shell-gatherings, 'wonders never will cease,' thought I; but when she actually approached the stern Mr Matthew with badinage, and playfully gave herself pretended airs, commanding him *here*, and ordering him *there*, and the white teeth and the sweet smile were visible in consequence, his mother, who had more than once noted these proceedings, was silent from amazement! She taxed him with having 'rubbish' in his museum, and he bore *that* very well, and asked her to help him in rearranging it; she called him a 'dirty old bachelor,' for not suffering the accumulated cobwebs to be cleared away from its walls and ceiling, and mops and brooms were in requisition by his orders next day; she dined at eleven, and drank tea at three; span with Dame Bovell—it was long ere she was clever at the spinning-wheel—and was a perfect pet and darling of the hearty old squire.

But suddenly there was a change in the pleasant aspect of affairs: Mr Matthew became reserved, and absented himself from the Warren when Mrs Estcourt was there; and when obliged to be in her society, his sarcasm and coldness of demeanour towards her more than once brought tears into her beautiful eyes, though no individual but myself witnessed this betrayal of wounded feeling. I made my own secret comments on the circumstance; and when Mrs Estcourt called Mr Matthew 'a bear,' and exclaimed that 'she hated him,' I had strong doubts that she did not adhere to truth; nor did my doubts rest here, for I also opined that the liking between this pair of opposites was mutual. I knew enough of Matthew Bovell's character to be quite sure that Mrs Estcourt's possession of one thousand a year (a fact which he had only latterly been acquainted with) would entirely preclude his approach in the guise of a suitor, even were such a fact as Mr Matthew 'going a-wooing' within the bounds of credibility. 'For,' said I, 'he considers mercenary motives so unworthy and dishonourable, that sooner than lay himself open to the bare suspicion of being actuated by such, he would sacrifice any hopes, however dear to him.'

'Do you *really* think this is the case?' said Mrs Estcourt musingly; 'and do you *really* think he cares for me in the least?'

It is unnecessary to give my answer here, or the conversation which ensued, ending with much laughing on both sides, and a wager between us of six dozen pair of the finest French kid gloves, depending on the solution of an enigma which we read in different ways. A few days after, we separated, Mrs Estcourt being suddenly called away to attend the sick-bed of a dear and aged relative, and I to take up my temporary abode at the Warren, whither I had been kindly invited. Mr Matthew was more taciturn than ever, more energetic in his geological discoveries, and even Dame Bovell's winsome cheery ways failing to bring the much-wished-for smile; the squire lamented the loss of his merry favourite; and I was waiting for what I considered a good opportunity, in order to test the strength of my cause, on which depended the weighty bet of the French gloves. I had been a guest at the Warren for a week, and I had heard from Lucy Estcourt of her relative's death—one who had been entirely dependent on her bounty for support; when, for the first time since my arrival, Mr Matthew took his place by the chimney-corner at his mother's tea-table, behind the comfortable folding-screen. 'I have had a letter from your ally and friend, Mr Matthew,' said I: 'you do not even ask after her.'

'Pray to whom may you allude?' answered he, red-dening a little I thought: '*friends* are not so plentiful in this world that we need forget them.'

'I speak of Mrs Estcourt: she used to be such a favourite of yours; and now you appear to forget her entirely.'

'I am sure, my dear, *none* of us forget her,' broke in the worthy dame; 'for she is the kindest, prettiest,

merriest little soul that ever brought sunshine to the old Warren. I only do hope that no needy adventurer will impose on her goodness, and marry her for the sake of her fortune.'

'That is impossible,' returned I; 'as, in the event of her marrying a second time, she loses the whole of her jointure; and whoever takes her to wife receives a penniless bride.'

Mr Matthew was in the act of carrying a cup of tea to his lips as I distinctly pronounced these words: he gave a start; there was a sudden smash; and Dame Bovell exclaimed, 'Goodness a' mercy on me, Son Mat., what is the matter? It is a blessed thing that we are not in the parlour, or one of the blue and gold would have gone instead of this Wedgewood white and red.'

And as the old lady stooped to gather the fragments with my assistance, 'Son Matthew' darted from the hall, saying in a whisper to me as he passed, 'Do walk in the flower garden presently: I wish to speak a few words to you.'

The squire, who had been toiling through a county paper, spectacles on nose, looked up on hearing the commotion, with a loud 'Whew! It is twenty years ago since I saw Mat. so skittish; and that was when fair Emma Norden jilted him. What is in the wind now?'

But although I might have said that it was a gentle southern breeze, bringing sweet hopes, thoughts, and wishes in its train, I held my peace; for explanation was premature, even had I had any to offer: assurance, and my own private convictions, must be made doubly sure ere I ventured to claim my wager from Lucy Estcourt.

Any one who had seen Mr Matthew and myself sauntering round that quiet garden, until the evening dews began to fall, busily conversing, and deeply engaged with our conversation, might perchance have suspected that I was the courted, and *he* the wooer, despite my green specs and rotund proportions. I could scarce help smiling at seeing the cold sarcastic Mr Matthew transformed into a timid, almost despairing lover; for it is said that timidity ever goes hand in hand with true love.

'How dared he presume to think of her, so beautiful and superior a creature in all respects! What had he to offer in exchange for her priceless hand? He could not even make amends, in a pecuniary point of view, for the fortune she must lose in the event of her marrying again. Besides, *he* was such a stupid, awkward fellow; and yet he loved her—oh! so dearly; and she was so kind and good, did I think he might venture to address her? She could but refuse him.'

Very guardedly I hinted, in answer to these disjointed exclamations, that it was just probable he would *not* be rejected; on hearing which, the sedate Mr Matthew seized my hand, and carried it to his lips, appearing transported to the seventh heaven. That night, ere I retired to rest, I wrote the following billet to my friend:—

'DEAR LUCY—As the Smiths are now in Paris, you had better commission them to bring over the six dozen gloves; as I claim my wager, and prefer genuine articles.—Yours, &c.'

The bridegroom-elect was curious to know what our wager was about; but as I thought the knowledge might render him presumptuous, I declined answering any questions; however, the secret was speedily won from Lucy herself, and was no less than this:—Mrs Estcourt had continued to express her conviction that Mr Matthew 'did not care for her: she was too light and frivolous to please him: he evidently disliked and avoided her.' I, on the contrary, insisted that such was not the case; and pointed out to her that it was only since he had learned how wealthy she was in comparison to him that the change observable had arisen. She then gave me full permission to reveal the truth of her situation, which was only known to her intimate friends, laughingly declaring that she would risk the afore-named



maid on fire one day after she had left her for a few moments. Water was brought and thrown on her, but it only seemed to make the fire rage more and more. Finally, she was burnt to a skeleton in her chair, which, by the by, was only a little scorched. These cases, I think, will suffice; many more might be adduced, but they all seem to be of the same kind. I think it would require very good evidence to make one credit them.

That combustion of the human body can arise spontaneously, as the term implies, does not, I think, find many partisans at the present time; but as in most of the cases recorded there seems reason to believe that the patient was placed in circumstances in which he might catch fire from ordinary causes, the question further arises, Can there be a high combustibility of the body? On this point there is not time to enter fully, as so many subjects have to come before us. I may state, however, that many very respectable authorities admit it as possible that the body may be preternaturally combustible, amongst whom I may mention Dr Alfred Taylor of Guy's Hospital.

*Milk.*—Milk forms a very nutritious and digestible article of food, and on many occasions medical men have to recommend it as the best adapted for the exigencies of the case in point. There is an opinion, however, very common, which I imagine to be in a great measure erroneous, that milk produces phlegm, and is therefore very much to be avoided in all cases of coughs. I will not undertake to say that milk is always proper for invalids; but I must say that I regard this peculiar phlegm-producing quality of milk to be in a great measure a bugbear, which does not deserve a serious consideration. I can conceive it very possible that persons of a plethoric habit, who drink large quantities of malt liquor, may so gorge the lungs with blood, that an increased secretion of mucus (the so-called phlegm) may arise; but I think that such a result is very little likely to have its origin in a milk diet. Still people will affirm that milk does not agree with them, and I would not undertake to say that such is not the case. I only wish to state that the objection which is commonly made to milk in coughs does not seem to me to deserve credit.

*Vaccination.*—It is a common belief that there is a risk of introducing with the vaccine virus the diseases, or even constitutional tendencies, of the infant from whom the virus is taken. On this account mothers are very particular that the matter be got from a good source, and some will even insist upon seeing the child themselves. If it were really the case that the vaccine virus communicated more than the cow-pox, it might be found a valuable means of communicating vigorous constitutional powers to sickly children, and would even be more valuable in this way than in its application as a preventive of small-pox. I cannot, however, for my part imagine that there is any such effect. At the time when the great Jenner was endeavouring to diffuse his views in respect to the vaccine inoculation, many objections were industriously brought forward, and amongst others, it was said that the diseases of the cow would be thus introduced into the human subject. This was a very parallel kind of reasoning.

*Experiments.*—People are very ready to suppose that experiments are tried on them by medical men. I have always assured those who express this fear that they give the profession credit for a deal more ingenuity than is possessed by it. I really do not believe the great bulk of medical men, if pressed on the subject, could offer new suggestions in every case, at least such as they dare try. Think how long active and intelligent men have been cudgelling their brains to find out new remedies; and what is there left for us to do? Then, again, if we abandon the legitimate road, we open ourselves to risks which are more likely to mar than make us. Be assured it is very seldom indeed that medical men make use of untried means on their patients, and that there is very little fear of being made the subject of ingenious philosophical experiments.

*Disgusting Articles in Medicines.*—Many persons, especially amongst the humbler classes, have an idea that articles of a disgusting nature, such as dead men's bones, are used in the composition of medicines. At the present day this is certainly not the case; but it would appear from the older writings that plans of treatment of a very repulsive and disagreeable nature were actually employed. Many of these were happily in the form of outward applications, or used as charms, but have no doubt given origin to the ideas which prevail on this subject. Borlase, in his book of 'Notable Things,' observes that 'a halter wherewith any one has been hanged, if tied about the head, will cure the headache. Moss growing upon a human skull, if dried and powdered, and taken as snuff, is no less efficacious.'\* I think, by the by, we might ask, Is it any more efficacious, for it certainly is not more pleasant? Turner—the Dr Samuel Turner who wrote on diseases of the skin, and who seemed rather fond of strange stories—notices a prevalent charm amongst old women for the shingles: the blood of a black cat, taken from a cat's tail, and smeared on the part affected.† 'The chips of a gallows put round the neck, and worn round the neck, is said to have also cured ague.'‡ Spiders, as may readily be supposed, were in great repute as remedies. Burton, the writer of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' was at first dubious as to the efficacy of the spider as a remedy, though he states that he had seen it used by his mother, 'whom he knew to have excellent skill in chirurgery, sore eyes, and aches; till at length,' says he, 'rambling amongst authors, as I often do, I found this very medicine in Dioscorides, approved by Matthiolus, and repeated by Aldrovandus: I began then to have a better opinion of it.'§ For stopping hemorrhages all sorts of disgusting things were used. That very amusing and valuable writer, John Bell, says 'they tied live toads behind the ears, or under the arm-pits, or to the soles of the feet, or held them in the hand till they grew warm. Some imagined,' he continues, 'that they operated by causing fear and horror, but all believed their effects to be very singular; and Michael Mercatus says that this effect of toads is a truth, which any person willing to take the trouble may satisfy himself of by a very simple experiment; for if you hang the toad round a cock's neck for a day or so, you may then cut off his head, and the neck will not bleed a single drop.'|| These particulars are sufficient to show that the old modes of treatment were not the most pleasant that can be conceived. No similar practices are, however, now employed; and the idea that all kinds of disgusting things enter into the composition of medicines is altogether without foundation. We have only, indeed, to consider how much easier and cheaper it is for those engaged in the practice of medicine to supply themselves with roots and salts than dead men's bones, the blood of black cats, and other horrible conceits.

*Opening the Chest.*—The phrase 'opening the chest' is very common, and exercise is recommended with this view. We have no objection in the world to good exercise, if it be only moderate and regular; but the opening of the chest is fortunately not accomplished by back-boards and dumb-bells. However, the phrase, though vague, is perhaps sufficiently understood, and not particularly coupled with any false practical views. Whilst on this subject, I may be allowed to state that the fashionable gymnastic exercises are, in my opinion, by no means the most desirable kind of exercise. They are mostly calculated to do harm, and are used at a time of life when great mischief may result from them. Of this mischief I cannot particularise in this place, farther than to state that many important surgical diseases arise from undue straining, and continue to affect the whole of after-life.

*Mucous Membranes.*—Whilst on the subject of these

\* Pettigrew on Medical Superstitions, p. 64.

† Pettigrew, op. cit. 79.

‡ Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 245.

§ Bell's Surgery, vol. i. p. 204.

|| Op. cit. 69.







chase, another stranger arrived, and took up his abode in the best apartments of the house. The new-comer, a man of about fifty years of age, and evidently, from his dress and gait, a seafaring person, was as reserved and unsocial as his landlord. His name, or at least that which he chose to be known by, was Wilson. He had one child, a daughter, about thirteen years of age, whom he placed at a boarding-school in the adjacent town. He seldom saw her; the intercourse between the father and daughter being principally carried on through Mary Strugnell, a widow of about thirty years of age, and a native of the place. She was engaged as a servant to Mr Wilson, and seldom left Craig Farm except on Sunday afternoons, when, if the weather was at all favourable, she paid a visit to an aunt living in the town; there saw Miss Wilson; and returned home usually at half-past ten o'clock—later rather than earlier. Armstrong was occasionally absent from his home for several days together, on business, it was rumoured, for Wilson; and on the Sunday in the first week of January 1802, both he and his wife had been away for upwards of a week, and were not yet returned.

About a quarter past ten o'clock on that evening the early-retiring inhabitants of the hamlet were roused from their slumbers by a loud, continuous knocking at the front door of Armstrong's house: louder and louder, more and more vehement and impatient, resounded the blows upon the stillness of the night, till the soundest sleepers were awakened. Windows were hastily thrown open, and presently numerous footsteps approached the scene of growing hubbub. The unwonted noise was caused, it was found, by Farmer Armstrong, who, accompanied by his wife, was thundering vehemently upon the door with a heavy black-thorn stick. Still no answer was obtained. Mrs Strugnell, it was supposed, had not returned from town; but where was Mr Wilson, who was almost always at home both day and night? Presently a lad called out that a white sheet or cloth of some sort was hanging out of one of the back windows. This announcement, confirming the vague apprehensions which had begun to germinate in the wise heads of the villagers, disposed them to adopt a more effectual mode of obtaining admission than knocking seemed likely to prove. Johnson, the constable of the parish, a man of great shrewdness, at once proposed to break in the door. Armstrong, who, as well as his wife, was deadly pale, and trembling violently, either with cold or agitation, hesitatingly consented, and crowbars being speedily procured, an entrance was forced, and in rushed a score of excited men. Armstrong's wife, it was afterwards remembered, caught hold of her husband's arm in a hurried, frightened manner, whispered hastily in his ear, and then both followed into the house.

'Now, farmer,' cried Johnson, as soon as he had procured a light, 'lead the way up stairs.'

Armstrong, who appeared to have somewhat recovered from his panic, darted at once upon the staircase, followed by the whole body of rustics. On reaching the landing-place, he knocked at Mr Wilson's bedroom door. No answer was returned. Armstrong seemed to hesitate, but the constable at once lifted the latch; they entered, and then a melancholy spectacle presented itself.

Wilson, completely dressed, lay extended on the floor a lifeless corpse. He had been stabbed in two places in the breast with some sharp-pointed instrument. Life was quite extinct. The window was open. On farther inspection, several bundles containing many of Wilson's valuables in jewellery and plate, together with clothes, shirts, silk handkerchiefs, were found. The wardrobe and a secretary-bureau had been forced open. The assassins had, it seemed, been disturbed, and had

hurried off by the window without their plunder. A hat was also picked up in the room, a shiny, black hat, much too small for the deceased. The constable snatched it up, and attempted to clap it on Armstrong's head, but it was not nearly large enough. This, together with the bundles, dissipated a suspicion which had been growing in Johnson's mind, and he roughly exclaimed, 'You need not look so scared, farmer; it's not you: that's quite clear.'

To this remark neither Armstrong nor his wife answered a syllable, but continued to gaze at the corpse, the bundles, and the broken locks, in bewildered terror and astonishment. Presently some one asked if anybody had seen Mrs Strugnell?

The question roused Armstrong, and he said, 'She is not come home: her door is locked.'

'How do you know that?' cried the constable, turning sharply round, and looking keenly in his face. 'How do you know that?'

'Because—because,' stammered Armstrong, 'because she always locks it when she goes out.'

'Which is her room?'

'The next to this.'

They hastened out, and found the next door was fast.

'Are you there, Mrs Strugnell?' shouted Johnson.

There was no reply.

'She is never home till half-past ten o'clock on Sunday evenings,' remarked Armstrong in a calmer voice.

'The key is in the lock on the inside,' cried a young man who had been striving to peep through the key-hole.

Armstrong, it was afterwards sworn, started as if he had been shot; and his wife again clutched his arm with the same nervous, frenzied gripe as before.

'Mrs Strugnell, are you there?' once more shouted the constable. He was answered by a low moan. In an instant the frail door was burst in, and Mrs Strugnell was soon pulled out, apparently more dead than alive, from underneath the bedstead, where she, in speechless consternation, lay partially concealed. Placing her in a chair, they soon succeeded—much more easily, indeed, than they anticipated—in restoring her to consciousness. Nervously she glanced round the circle of eager faces that environed her, till her eyes fell upon Armstrong and his wife, when she gave a loud shriek, and muttering, 'They, they are the murderers,' swooned, or appeared to do so, again instantly.

The accused persons, in spite of their frenzied protestations of innocence, were instantly seized and taken off to a place of security; Mrs Strugnell was conveyed to a neighbour's close by; the house was carefully secured; and the agitated and wondering villagers departed to their several homes, but not, I fancy, to sleep any more for that night.

The deposition made by Mrs Strugnell at the inquest on the body was in substance as follows:—

'On the afternoon in question she had, in accordance with her usual custom, proceeded to town. She called on her aunt, took tea with her, and afterwards went to the Independent Chapel. After service, she called to see Miss Wilson, but was informed that, in consequence of a severe cold, the young lady was gone to bed. She then immediately proceeded homewards, and consequently arrived at Craig Farm more than an hour before her usual time. She let herself in with her latch key, and proceeded to her bedroom. There was no light in Mr Wilson's chamber, but she could hear him moving about in it. She was just about to go down stairs, having put away her Sunday bonnet and shawl, when she heard a noise, as of persons entering by the back way, and walking gently across the kitchen floor. Alarmed as to who it could be, Mr and Mrs Armstrong not being expected home for several days, she gently closed her door, and locked it. A few minutes after, she heard stealthy steps ascending the creaking stairs, and presently her door was tried, and a voice in a low hurried whisper said, "Mary, are you there?" She was positive it was Mr Armstrong's voice, but was too





they had no reason to give! The fact was, their conviction of the prisoners' guilt had been very much shaken by the cross-examination of the chief witness for the prosecution, and this recommendation was a compromise which conscience made with doubt. I have known many such instances.

The usual ridiculous formality of asking the wretched convicts what they had to urge why sentence should not be passed upon them was gone through; the judge, with unmoved feelings, put on the fatal cap; and then a new and startling light burst upon the mysterious, bewildering affair.

'Stop, my lord!' exclaimed Armstrong with rough vehemence. 'Hear me speak! I'll tell ye all about it; I will indeed, my lord. Quiet, Martha, I tell ye. It's I, my lord, that's guilty, not the woman. God bless ye, my lord; not the wife! Doant hurt the wife, and I'll tell ye all about it. I alone am guilty; not, the Lord be praised, of murder, but of robbery!'

'John!—John!' sobbed the wife, clinging passionately to her husband, 'let us die together!'

'Quiet, Martha, I tell ye! Yes, my lord, I'll tell ye all about it. I was gone away, wife and I, for more nor a week, to receive money for Mr Wilson, on account of smuggled goods—that money, my lord, as was found in the chest. When we came home on that dreadful Sunday night, my lord, we went in back way; and hearing a noise, I went up stairs, and found poor Wilson stoned-dead on the floor. I were dreadful skaired, and let drop the candle. I called to wife, and told her of it. She screamed out, and amaisht fainted away. And then, my lord, all at once the devil shot it into my head to keep the money I had brought; and knowing as the keys of the desk where the mortgage writing was kept was in the bedroom, I crept back, as that false-hearted woman said, got the keys, and took the deed; and then I persuaded wife, who had been trembling in the kitchen all the while, that we had better go out quiet again, as there was nobody in the house but us: I had tried that woman's door—and we might perhaps be taken for the murderers. And so we did; and that's the downright, honest truth, my lord. I'm rightly served; but God bless you, doant hurt the woman—my wife, my lord, these thirty years. Five-and-twenty years ago come May, which I shall never see, we buried our two children. Had they lived, I might have been a better man; but the place they left empty was soon filled up by love of cursed lucre, and that has brought me here. I deserve it; but oh, mercy, my lord! mercy, good gentlemen!—turning from the stony features of the judge to the jury, as if they could help him—'not for me, but the wife. She be as innocent of this as a new-born babe. It's I! I! scoundrel that I be, that has brought thee, Martha, to this shameful pass!' The rugged man snatched his life-companion to his breast with passionate emotion, and tears of remorse and agony streamed down his rough cheeks.

I was deeply affected, and felt that the man had uttered the whole truth. It was evidently one of those cases in which a person liable to suspicion damages his own cause by resorting to a trick. No doubt, by his act of theft, Armstrong had been driven to an expedient which would not have been adopted by a person perfectly innocent. And thus, from one thing to another, the charge of murder had been fixed upon him and his hapless wife. When his confession had been uttered, I felt a species of self-accusation in having contributed to his destruction, and gladly would I have undone the whole day's proceedings. The judge, on the contrary, was quite undisturbed. Viewing the harangue of Armstrong as a mere tissue of falsehood, he coolly pronounced sentence of death on the prisoners. They were to be hanged on Monday. This was Friday.

'A bad job!' whispered the counsel for the defence as he passed me. 'That witness of yours, the woman Strugnell, is the real culprit.'

I tasted no dinner that day: I was sick at heart; for I felt as if the blood of two fellow-creatures was on my

hands. In the evening I sallied forth to the judge's lodgings. He listened to all I had to say; but was quite imperturbable. The obstinate old man was satisfied that the sentence was as it should be. I returned to my inn in a fever of despair. Without the approval of the judge, I knew that an application to the secretary of state was futile. There was not even time to send to London, unless the judge had granted a respite.

All Saturday and Sunday I was in misery. I denounced capital punishment as a gross iniquity—a national sin and disgrace; my feelings of course being influenced somewhat by a recollection of that unhappy affair of Harvey, noticed in my previous paper. I half resolved to give up the bar, and rather go and sweep the streets for a livelihood, than run the risk of getting poor people hanged who did not deserve it.

On the Monday morning I was pacing up and down my breakfast-room in the next assize town, in a state of great excitement, when a chaise-and-four drove rapidly up to the hotel, and out tumbled Johnson the constable. His tale was soon told. On the previous evening, the landlady of the Black Swan, a road-side public-house about four miles distant from the scene of the murder, reading the name of Pearce in the report of the trial in the Sunday county paper, sent for Johnson to state that that person had on the fatal evening called and left a portmanteau in her charge, promising to call for it in an hour, but had never been there since. On opening the portmanteau, Wilson's watch, chains, and seals, and other property, were discovered in it; and Johnson had, as soon as it was possible, set off in search of me. Instantly, for there was not a moment to spare, I, in company with Armstrong's counsel, sought the judge, and with some difficulty obtained from him a formal order to the sheriff to suspend the execution till further orders. Off I and the constable started, and happily arrived in time to stay the execution, and deprive the already-assembled mob of the brutal exhibition they so anxiously awaited. On inquiring for Mary Strugnell, we found that she had absconded on the evening of the trial. All search for her proved vain.

Five months had passed away; the fate of Armstrong and his wife was still undecided, when a message was brought to my chambers in the Temple from a woman said to be dying in St Bartholomew's Hospital. It was Mary Strugnell; who, when in a state of intoxication, had fallen down in front of a carriage, as she was crossing near Holborn Hill, and had both her legs broken. She was dying miserably, and had sent for me to make a full confession relative to Wilson's murder. Armstrong's account was perfectly correct. The deed was committed by Pearce, and they were packing up their plunder when they were startled by the unexpected return of the Armstrongs. Pearce, snatching up a bundle and a portmanteau, escaped by the window; she had not nerve enough to attempt it, and crawled back to her bedroom, where she, watching the doings of the farmer through the chinks of the partition which separated her room from the passage, concocted the story which convicted the prisoners. Pearce thinking himself pursued, too heavily encumbered for rapid flight, left the portmanteau as described, intending to call for it in the morning, if his fears proved groundless. He, however, had not courage to risk calling again, and made the best of his way to London. He was now in Newgate under sentence of death for a burglary, accompanied by personal violence to the inmates of the dwelling he and his gang had entered and robbed. I took care to have the deposition of the dying wretch put into proper form; and the result was, after a great deal of petitioning and worrying of authorities, a full pardon for both Armstrong and his wife. They sold Craig Farm, and removed to some other part of the country, where, I never troubled myself to inquire. Deeply grateful was I to be able at last to wash my hands of an affair which had cost me so much anxiety and vexation; albeit the lesson it afforded me of not coming hastily to

















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reasoning against such philosophers, and therefore it is better to attack them in print.

*Eyes Washed.*—The same kind of people will tell you they have been present at surgical operations where the eyes have been cut out, a skin removed, and then replaced, as if nothing had happened. It is not always easy for a professional man to know how to answer such people. It would be a bore to both parties to enter into a serious refutation of the subject. I may again state that many of the things which I relate as popular notions may seem too absurd for any degree of credulity; but most of what I have said I have heard repeated more than once, and am firmly convinced that it was believed to be true.

We may be disposed to treat common notions as a parcel of silly stories, not deserving the trouble of a serious consideration; but when we find them in practice continually starting up, we are constrained either to join in them or deny them.

*Gout.*—People say that boils are healthy, or that the gout is healthy; but in these speeches, if they have any meaning at all, there is an elliptical idea. We might say that bleeding was salutary, or rhubarb and magnesia salutary; but then we should presume that there was a state of disease to be corrected. Now, allowing a certain amount of disorder to be actually present, an attack of the gout may be favourable, *not* because it is good in itself, but because, mischief being actually present, the gout is the means of eliminating the *materies morbi*. In this view of the subject, indeed, many of our diseases might be called healthy. However, we frequently find people congratulating themselves on the gout; or a friend will tell you, if you show him a painful boil, 'That you may thank your stars, inasmuch as it is an indication of full health.' In my own view, neither the gout nor the presence of boils is any proof of good health, but rather a proof of the contrary.

The other day I met a gentleman, who showed me a little boy covered with boils. He said 'he was very glad they were come out, and that they were much better out than in.' In the latter observation I perfectly agreed with him, though, for the poor lad's sake, I could wish that he had never been plagued with them.

*Lancing the Gums.*—I do not conceive the operation of lancing the gums in children is serviceable merely in facilitating the passage of the teeth, but in relieving the tension and fulness of the part. Surgeons frequently make incisions in parts which are inflamed, without any other object than that of diminishing undue tension. Sometimes it is necessary, therefore, to lance the gums of children when we do not anticipate the immediate protrusion of the teeth. Mothers, however, who like to reason about these things, will occasionally tell us that 'they are not advocates for the lancing of gums.' They will tell us that the parts become harder afterwards, and thus the passage of the teeth is impeded instead of being advanced. This idea is probably derived from seeing the cicatrices of wounds and burns, which certainly often present very hard ridges; but the analogy does not seem to hold good, for I have never myself felt any similar ridge in the gums of children. Besides, however hard these cicatrices may feel to the touch, they do not seem to be in reality very capable of resisting the process of ulceration, or what is called interstitial absorption. Sir Astley Cooper, in his 'Lectures on Surgery,' makes an interesting allusion to Lord Anson's voyage, which has a bearing on this subject. 'Lord Anson's book,' says he, 'is one of the most valuable works which has appeared on nautical subjects; nor is it without its use as illustrative of a principle in surgery. Lord Anson's expedition to the Pacific Ocean was undertaken with a view of destroying the power of Spain in the New World. As he was obliged to sail sooner than he expected, many of the crew which he took out were invalids, some having cicatrices, and others having previously had fractured bones. In his passage round Cape Horn he encoun-

tered very severe weather: many ships were obliged to return; some were lost; and the crews of those which succeeded in getting at last to the Isle of Juan Fernandez suffered great hardships. In doubling Cape Horn the crew suffered severely from attacks of the scurvy; and it was remarked by the clergyman, who was an observing man, though he knew nothing of our profession, that the men who had ulcers before were invariably attacked with ulceration in the same parts, and that if their bones had been formerly fractured, they became disunited. . . . There cannot,' continues he, 'be a better example than this for the purpose of showing the readiness with which newly-formed parts ulcerate, as compared with the original structures of the body.\*'

## THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A TALE.

THERE was once a little boy, his name was Peter Bates. You will say he could not have been a very happy boy, when you hear that he cared for nobody, and nobody cared for him. This is a thing that very seldom happens, as almost every one in the world has somebody to love; and especially when we are young, and our hearts beat warmly, we feel as if we ought to love everybody we know. But it was not so with Peter: his little heart was chilled, until he hardly could tell whether he had such a thing at all; and at last he never even thought of trying; so the fault lay partly in himself, as well as in others. You will think, perhaps, that Peter had no home, no relations, parent, brother, or sister; and yet it was not so, though the place he did hold in his own family made him seem as if he really were alone in the world; for his father, who was a farmer, had married when he was a young man, had two or three sons and daughters, and then his wife died; so he, thinking he should want more money to support so large a family, soon married another woman for whom he did not much care, but who was said to be very rich. This was Peter's mother; her fortune was all a mistake—she had not any; and when her husband found that out, he cared for her less than ever; and then she grew cross, fought with him, scolded his children, and drove away all comfort from the house, until the day Peter was born, when it so happened that she died, and left nobody crying for her but the poor young babe, who, missing her sadly, never ceased wailing until he was sent out to be nursed, that he might no longer disturb the quiet of the house—quiet that, from its long absence, seemed doubly precious now.

And then, in a little while, Peter's father, grown wiser by experience, married another wife, with a smiling face and pleasant ways; and she and her children in time became great favourites with the elder ones, so that, between both, the unpleasant memory of Peter and his mother seemed entirely to have slipped away. But it is not so easy to get rid of disagreeable things; and one day they were all startled into recollection of the past by the arrival of the nurse with Peter, now grown a stout, rude, ungainly boy, so like his mother, that the moment they looked in his face, all their long-forgotten troubles seemed at once to revive. Little welcome was there for him, and he was quick enough to perceive it; in a short time understanding quite well that he was the one too many. So being somewhat shy and proud, instead of trying to overcome their dislike, and make himself pleasing, he grew moody and silent, and kept himself as much as possible out of the way, so that at last he was nearly as much forgotten as before. No one looked for him as part of the family group; and if by chance he did linger a moment after meals, or draw in his seat by the fire, he was stared at as an intruder, and made to feel that his rough manners and uncouth appearance unfitted him even for the society of his own family. It was a trying position: and yet we can all think of some bright loving child,

\* Astley Cooper's Lectures on Surgery (small edit.), p. 59.





in spite of himself Peter was obliged to look up. He knew what an ugly, wo-begone, forbidding face he must have; but he read no dislike in the compassionate one that was now bent over him; on the contrary, there was something like tears in the sweet blue eyes, as she again said, 'What can be the matter? And where is Snap?'

Poor Peter was quite upset at this question: he could not answer it; and so taking up the trouble that pressed at the moment, he contented himself with muttering, 'I'm so cold!'

'And so you are, poor fellow!' said the little girl kindly. 'But no wonder, when you are sitting here on the frosty side of the hedge. Look how the sun shines over there: come across to the bright side, and you will feel yourself cheered even before you are warmed with its heat.' And whether he would or no, she gently forced him from the chill seat on which he had sunk in the carelessness of grief, and made him settle himself comfortably on the sunny bank at the opposite side of the way.

'And now what is the matter?' she asked for the third time. 'I am sure there was something more than the cold.' And Peter, who had never before confessed a trouble to any one, found himself relating all his griefs to the little stranger whom he had never even seen till the day before. She laughed—she could not help it—at his account of Snap's encounter with the traveller; and the more rueful and serious Peter looked, the more it still made her laugh, until he came to the close of the adventure, and then she looked very grave, and readily allowed that the punishment, and, above all, the hanging, was no laughing matter indeed.

'But, Peter, though you say your father is very stern, still I wonder you did not try to beg off poor Snap; as you were punished yourself, and bore it well, maybe for your sake Snap would be forgiven if you tried. Did you try?'

'No, indeed; it would be of no use: I never asked my father for anything. They say I am a fool!' And poor Peter, in deep consciousness of his degradation, again buried his burning face between his knees.

'A fool!' repeated the little girl, and her blue eyes opened very wide. 'Oh, Peter, you surely are not that? Do not let any one think so. Go to your father, like a sensible boy, and tell him you are sorry for what happened—as you ought to be—and that you will promise for Snap that he shall not get into any more mischief. You know, Peter, you can promise that;' and again the bright eyes laughed gaily, while a dawning smile flitted over Peter's doleful features too. 'And now I can stay no longer, otherwise I shall be late for school; so good-by, Peter: do what I tell you, and be happy to-morrow.' And again the little one tripped away, turning again, and waving her hand until the bushes shut her out. But this time it was 'Good-by, Peter,' instead of 'Good-by, Snap.'

Peter remained lost in a world of wonder and perplexity at the new line of conduct proposed to him. Should he, could he follow it; had he any chance of being listened to? No, it could be of no use—he never could do it. Thus was he deciding, when again the sound of light footsteps made him turn his head, and in a moment the little girl stood breathless by his side, with her hand on her heart, to still its beating, but smiling all the time, as she waited impatiently for words. At last she exclaimed, 'Oh, I ran so fast! Just as I got to the top of the hill, I thought of one thing I wished to say; and I am so late; but I should tell you this: when you go to ask your father, Peter, do not hang your head, and look down as I have seen you do; maybe it is that makes him say you are like a fool; but look up in his face as if you trusted him, and were not afraid of him, or ashamed of what you asked for; and remember to say you are sorry, and promise for the future; and, that's all—remember now.' And before he could answer a word, she was again out of sight.

Her words just turned the scale; Peter manfully went through the ordeal, and succeeded; he even overheard his father say to his wife, as he turned away, 'That boy is not such a fool after all;' and he certainly looked a different being, sitting on the sunny bank with Snap by his side, on the following morning when his little counsellor came up.

And thus passed many a day—a short five minutes—giving food for thought, hope, and dreams for the rest of the twenty-four hours, to one whose mind had seldom strayed beyond the passing moment before: with habitual reserve, he never spoke of this acquaintance to any one: it was a treasure he could not bear to exhibit or share; indeed he had his own mysterious notions about it; and although not versed in fairy lore, he felt always a latent fear that something might break the spell; and when, in compassion to his poor chilled hands, the little girl brought him one day a pair of woollen mittens of her own knitting, and made him put them on, he carefully took them off in the evening when he was returning home, laying them by in a house six inches square, which he had employed himself during the day in building for them, in a hidden spot, with four well-fitting stones, and a flat one for the roof: there he always kept them when not on his hands—the secret was too precious to be carried over the threshold of a home occupied by any one else.

Each day, as spring advanced, the little girl's delight in the wild flowers grew more and more intense; now a garland of hawthorn, now a spray of honeysuckle, now a wreath of wild roses, called forth her admiration.

'Oh, are they not beautiful—beautiful!' she would exclaim.

'But they are so common; they are everywhere,' would be Peter's answer. 'I am always looking at them, yet I never noticed them before.'

'And are there not a thousand common, beautiful things, on every side of us, Peter, if we would only open our eyes. Thinking of them, and enjoying them, we need never feel lonely or gloomy. Do you remember that sorrowful day when you shut yourself up in misery from within and without, and all the sunshines going for nothing within a few steps of you, you had only to come over to the bright side, and all was well? Do you remember that, Peter? Well, there is a little sentence here that always reminds me of that day; see, here it is, "hope is the sunshine of the heart;" and pointing to the line as she found it out in one of her little books, she put it into Peter's hand. In a moment his brow grew scarlet, and he hung down his head; then remembering her advice, he looked up again, and with an effort at manliness, which showed the progress he had made, he ingenuously said, 'It is of no use; I cannot read: I never learned; no one ever taught me.'

Even before he spoke the little one guessed how it was, and she, too, had blushed deeply, painfully. But the sentence was hardly finished, when she hastened to exclaim, 'Oh, is that all; I was afraid it was—couldn't, or wouldn't—you shan't have that story to tell again. See, here is A, here is B; repeat them after me;' and as her musical ear caught the accidental rhyme, she laughed so joyously, echoing it again and again, that even Peter caught the infection, and joining in her mirth, they both laughed the little embarrassment away.

They went on with four or five letters; but then she closed the book, and more seriously said, 'Peter, this will never do; I have no more time; I must not loiter; and you must no longer stay in ignorance; you must ask your father to send you to school.'

It was now Peter's turn to open his eyes in unutterable astonishment; such a presumptuous thought had never once entered his head; he had never made any request of his father but one, and that under the prompting of superior intelligence; and now he could not even hope that he should be listened to again; in fact he even feared to mention such a boon.

But his little companion combated all his objections,







costume, were pouring towards all the eastern gates; some merely as spectators, others to meet their long-expected friends or relatives. Every now and then numbers of men bearing flags, or a band of music energetically playing, would pass, on their way to greet some particular pilgrim; whilst the uninterrupted line of camels, bearing gaudy litters of every description, slowly made its way in an opposite direction. On issuing from the Gate of Victory, I obtained a splendid view over the country. To the left were suburbs and palm-groves, in front was the desert, to the right rose the Red Mountain and the precipitous sides of Mokattam. The procession, with which an immense number of banner-bearers mingled, had divided into three or four columns, each directing itself towards one of the gates; whilst the intermediate spaces, and the slopes of the mounds that rose here and there, were filled up by groups of men and women, many of them evidently on the look-out for some well-known face. It frequently happens that the returning pilgrim neglects to write, and therefore, unless positive information has been received to the contrary, his family always goes out to meet him. Disappointment often awaits it; and every now and then, as I proceeded, I could hear shrill shrieks of sorrow rising in various directions. The women, on receiving intelligence of the death of a relative, return with loud wailings towards the city, tearing their clothes, and exhibiting other signs of grief; in strange contrast with the boisterous merriment, the exuberant delight of others. It is a curious picture of human life, with all its bustle and all its vicissitudes; all its triumphs and all its disappointments, its splendours and its miseries, its joys and its anguish. The drums, and the tambourines, and the pipes, the singing and the shouting, in vain competed with the voice of lamentation, which ever and anon pierced the air, and told how many hearts were ready to break amidst that scene of gaiety and rejoicing!

There was little variety to be observed in the procession. After I had seen forty or fifty camels go by, every one that passed was a counterpart of one that had preceded. The litters, which often hold several people, are in general either square or arched, and supported on two large trunks made fast to the animal's sides. Some few of the wealthier people had *tachterwans* carried by two camels; one in front, the other behind. A great many women were to be observed peeping forth from these litters; which, as I have intimated, are commonly very gaudy, being covered with red, yellow, or blue cloth. Several of the pilgrims rode on asses, which were often stained with *henna*, as were indeed numbers of the camels, in order to show that they had been to Mecca.

I found the emir, or chief of the caravan, encamped at the Haswah, along with the escort of four hundred irregular Arnaout cavalry, sent by the pacha. The tents scattered here and there, the horses picketed close at hand, the long spears, ornamented near the top with great tufts of wool stuck up near them, the savage-looking Arnaouts lolling about, produced altogether a very picturesque effect. The Haswah is a place situated in the desert about a mile and a-half north-east of Cairo. Several fine ruined mausolea dot its surface; and in the distance may be seen, over the undulating ground, the summits of those still splendid buildings called the Tombs of the Caliphs. On a little mound near the emir's tent was the mahmal, some account of which I may as well give at once.

The mahmal is an emblem of sovereign power, a representative of the government of Egypt, which every year, therefore, is supposed to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. Six hundred years ago, Sultan Saleh, surnamed The Light of Faith, married Fatmeh, a beautiful Circassian slave, who, on his death, and that of his son, succeeded in ascending the throne of Egypt, and reigned with great magnificence and glory. In order to add a new prestige to her name, she resolved to perform the pilgrimage to the Holy City, and for this purpose caused a litter of a new form to be constructed. Her journey

was performed in safety, and she returned with a character of sanctity. To commemorate this event, every successive year she sent her empty litter with the caravan. Those who followed her upon the throne imitated her example; and at length the mahmal became a necessary adjunct to the pilgrimage. It is now esteemed quite a sacred object, and those who cannot visit the Kaaba itself are almost compensated by touching the mahmal on its return, and gazing at the representation of the holy place embroidered on its front.

A small company of the pacha's regular infantry were placed as a guard over the litter, which was covered with a rough cloth. It was nearly square, with a pyramidal top; and even when I saw it uncovered the next day, presented a very mean appearance. The frame was of common wood, and inside I saw an old box. With surprising toleration, the soldiers on guard allowed us to approach quite near, and even lifted up the cover that we might see the interior. I asked what the box contained, and received an evasive answer; but it was opened for us to look in. I could distinguish nothing but something like a carpet, possibly a piece of the *kisoah*, or covering of the Kaaba (with which the mahmal is often confounded by travellers), or perhaps the *bur'o*, or veil sent to hang before the door. The latter supposition is founded on a fact mentioned by the most correct writer on Egyptian manners—namely, that the custom of sending the veil originated with the same queen who instituted the ceremony of the mahmal, and that the people call it the veil of Our Lady Fatmeh. I am aware that the same writer states that the litter contains nothing; but when he went to see it, bigotry was very strong, and to look inside was out of the question. A French artist, who went with me, was allowed even to make a sketch of it. This was on the second day, when the outer covering was removed, and immense crowds were gathering round, and working themselves up into a state of religious enthusiasm.

There being nothing more to see, I returned slowly towards the city. On my way I observed a crowd collected round one of the ruined mausolea, and alighting, pushed my way in. I found that an old gentleman had selected with great good taste the splendid dome as a protection for his *hareem*; and the crowd around was composed of his friends and relatives, waiting with music and banners to conduct him in triumph to his home. Luckily the ladies were in the act of mounting their donkeys, and the old gentleman had bestridden his mule, before my presence, so great was the excitement, attracted any attention. I was then good-humouredly informed that I had committed an indiscretion, and requested to withdraw, which I did with divers apologies.

On entering the gate, I found the streets still crowded with spectators and the remnant of the procession. Every shop was shut, and on all possible places women and children were crowded to see the sight. Presently a tremendous din of drums and hautboys was heard approaching from behind, and an immense mass of excited Moslems came rushing in various directions; so that I was thrust up into a corner, and very nearly knocked down and trampled under foot. It turned out that a pilgrim of especial sanctity—a great sheik—was making his triumphal entry, surrounded by a huge band of bigots, waving broad red and green banners, shouting, and drumming, and piping. Every one seemed anxious to see this man pass; and the affluence of spectators was so great in the narrow crooked street, that the procession was compelled to stop at every few steps. This was the only occasion on which anything like the intolerance for which Moslems are so famous was exhibited. A single stone was flung at me, and struck me in the side; but several bystanders, who saw what happened, expressed their disapprobation of the action, whilst the followers of the sheik passed by in gloomy silence. I must not forget, however, that a furious little old woman attacked me with her tongue during the whole time the procession was defiling by, calling



and a gate. Over the first rises that magnificent structure the mosque of Sultan Hassan; whilst the second is surrounded by barracks and public stores. The innumerable minarets of the beehive-like city, with here and there a garden, stretched beyond; then came a broad plain of verdure, streaked by the silvery reaches of the Nile; and in the background, from their unbounded basement of desert, rose in calm grandeur, cleaving the placid bosom of the sky, those mystic monuments, those eternal enigmas, 'the star-pointing Pyramids!'

A rush of voices drew my attention to the great square of Rumeileh, into which, from fifty avenues, a countless multitude—a sea of all bright colours—came pouring. Presently the soldiers, the mahmal—the whole procession, closed by the irregular horse, that came galloping after, as if in pursuit, made its appearance. The Rumeileh was soon traversed, and in the Karamaidan the Nizam formed a vast hollow square close at our feet. I now understood that Abbas Pacha, with all the grandes of Cairo, were sitting in a divan below, waiting to receive the mahmal. The spectacle that followed was curious. The people gathered round in vast crowds: the Arnauts performed their evolutions in the vacant spaces, whilst the camel bearing the mahmal was introduced into the hollow square. The band now struck up the Polka! and to this profane tune did the camel, bearing the sacred litter, move seven times round, each time increasing its speed, until it came to a gallop. A tremendous cheer followed; and then the crowd began to disperse. Great numbers of people, however, followed the mahmal to the gate of the citadel, where I went to meet it. Here the covering, which is the sacred part, was taken off, in order to be conveyed to a small mosque, to be kept in safe custody until wanted at certain periods of the year, when it is paraded about at several religious festivals held in various parts of Egypt, and at length cut up and distributed as relics.

During the process of taking it to pieces, the French artist I have before mentioned made another sketch. It seems this was observed; for when the Sheikh-el-Gamel passed us on his way home, the boy that led his camel called out to him, and said, 'This is the dog that was making a picture of the mahmal!' The sheik glanced at us, gave an extra roll of his head, and replied, 'It is no matter, my son; it is no matter.' And so ends my account of the great event—the Return of the Pilgrims from Mecca.

### THE OLD WRITING-MASTER'S HEIRESS.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

'DRAW your hair-strokes lightly, Henri; lean heavily on the down strokes, and round off your capitals bravely. There: very good!' 'Armand, you are not attentive to-day. I can tell you, little boy, your poor mamma, who works so hard to pay for your instruction, cannot afford to have you idling.' 'Now, Jaques, finish your copy, and sign your name with a bold flourish at the end!' So did old Maitre Caillot address his writing class, composed of three ruddy-faced boys, whose coarse habiliments and rough hands showed that they belonged to the lower rank of life. The pupils were seated at a rickety-looking desk, in the scantily-furnished upper room of a house situated in one of the meanest and most obscure suburbs of Paris. The master was a thin man, bent from age, but whose vivid glance and sharp careworn features seemed to tell that the vigour of his mind was unimpaired. While standing behind the boys, and instructing them in the art of penmanship, he would sometimes pause and sigh, and look round at a very young girl who was busy at the earthen stove preparing bread soup for their dinner. She was a fair-haired delicate-looking creature, about fifteen, and small for that age; her little hands were scarcely able to lift the earthen pot, in which she put two thin slices of bread, an onion, a few sweet herbs, a bit of dripping,

some pepper and salt, and then filled it with water. With an effort she placed it over the tiny fire in the stove, and watched and skimmed it as it gradually boiled. She then drew forward a small table, covered it with a coarse clean cloth, and neatly arranged on it two bowls, plates, knives and forks, together with a jug of water, and half a brown loaf. Having finished these arrangements, she took some needlework, and seated herself near the stove. At length the hour of one sounded from a neighbouring church, and the pupils of Maitre Caillot rose from their seats, and with a politeness which children in this country would do well to imitate, bowed respectfully to their teacher, and then to Mademoiselle Louise, before they withdrew. The old man sighed as the last little gray blouse disappeared. 'Three francs a week,' he said, 'are all I can earn by teaching; and yet thou seest, Louise, I take as much pains to improve these little plebeians as when I directed the hand of the king's son.'

M. Caillot's lot had indeed been one of strange vicissitude. The office of writing-master to the royal princes had been for a number of years hereditary in his family. His ancestor had instructed Louis XIV.; and his son, in due course, taught the dauphin; and so on in regular succession, until the disastrous events of the Revolution brought the good Louis XVI. to the scaffold, and consigned his innocent little son to a lingering death. Then M. Caillot lost his office, and very nearly his life. He had saved scarcely anything from the wreck of his possessions, and now lived in great poverty with his granddaughter. She was his only remaining relative, with the exception of an aged female cousin—Madame Thérèse—who lived at the other side of Paris, and whose circumstances were as indigent as his own. Louise was an amiable, affectionate girl; she attended her grandfather, did the household business, and yet found time to earn a few sous by needlework, so as to add to the small pittance which M. Caillot gained by teaching writing to a few of their neighbours' children. He was certainly very poor, and yet there was a circumstance that appeared to Louise very mysterious. Her grandfather, when in a communicative mood, often spoke of a treasure he possessed, and which she should inherit; and on one occasion he showed her a green tin box, carefully locked, which he said contained a precious possession, not available to him, as he could never bring himself to part with it, but which would one day enrich her. This box he always kept cautiously secreted at the head of his bed; and Louise could not help sometimes wondering why grandpapa would not use his treasure, and prevent them suffering so much from poverty; yet fearing to annoy him, she never spoke on the subject, but quietly put her trust in God, humbly hoping that in His good time their circumstances might alter.

A change indeed came, but it was one that filled the tender heart of Louise with sorrow. One day, about six months from the time when our narrative opens, M. Caillot complained of being very ill: a sort of numbness seized his limbs, and he had scarcely strength to reach his bed. Louise immediately warmed water to bathe his feet, and begged the mistress of the house to fetch a doctor. While waiting his arrival, the old man said in a feeble voice, 'Louise.'

'Well, dear grandpapa?'

'Death is approaching, my child. I feel I have not long to live; and but for leaving thee, I should feel quite happy. I leave thee, my child, in the midst of a dangerous world, yet I feel assured the goodness of God will never forsake thee as long as thou continuest to keep His commandments. I have very little to give thee: the sale of the furniture will do little more than pay the rent; and my other possessions, with one exception, are of trifling value. Give me the tin box at the head of the bed.' Louise did so; and the old man put a small key of curious workmanship into her hand. 'Try, Louise,' he said, 'to earn your livelihood by





the disease, she was constantly employed in knitting, and thus gained a scanty subsistence. Yet often in the cold dark days of winter the poor widow would have perished but for the timely assistance of a few charitable neighbours, who, out of their own small supply, used to bring her little presents of soup, bread, and firing. It was now four years since she had seen Louise, her own infirmities, and those of M. Caillot, having prevented their meeting: indeed so secluded was her life, that she did not even know of her cousin's death, and was therefore much surprised both at seeing Louise, and hearing all she had to tell.

Encouraged by the maternal kindness with which she was received, the young girl made a frank confession of her errors, and concluded by saying—'Now, dear madame, if you will allow me to share your room, I will try, with the blessing of God, to be some comfort and assistance to you. I am young and strong; and indeed I will try to work hard.'

'You are welcome, my dear child,' replied Madame Thérèse: 'while God spares me, we will never part; indeed I feel assured that He has sent you to me, and that all our misfortunes, if borne with cheerful resignation, will prove for our real good.'

She then set herself busily to prepare some bread soup, and when it was ready, pressed Louise affectionately to partake of it. Afterwards she made her share her clean hard bed; and the young girl, happy to have found so truly good a friend, alumbered peacefully till morning.

When Louise awoke, she set herself to consider her present situation, and resolved to leave nothing undone that might contribute to her cousin's comfort. Accordingly, having dressed herself, she assisted Madame Thérèse in putting on her clothes, and then arranged the room neatly, while the old lady prepared breakfast.

'How handy and useful you are, my child!'

'Oh, aunt—will you allow me to call you aunt?—I was always accustomed to attend dear grandpapa, and shall be glad to do the same for you.'

Their light meal over, Louise asked her aunt, as she now called her, to lock up in the cupboard her grandfather's manuscripts; for although she could see no intrinsic value in them, yet, as a memento of him, she prized them.

The old lady looked at them. 'I am a poor scholar,' she said; 'but certainly these papers appear to me like a schoolboy's scribbling. I cannot think why my poor cousin called them a treasure. However, for his sake we will put them up carefully, and I certainly feel indebted to them for bringing you to me.'

Madame Thérèse then lent Louise a cloak with which to cover her shabby garments, and directed her to a large haberdasher's shop, where she might succeed in gaining employment.

It was situated in one of the busiest streets of Paris, and a number of gaily-dressed people were purchasing at the counter when Louise entered. Ready-made shirts, blouses, and children's clothes were among the articles sold; and these Louise hoped to be employed in making. She advanced timidly towards the mistress of the establishment, and said, 'If you please, madame, do you require a workwoman?'

'Not at present,' was the reply; and poor Louise was turning away, when the woman added, 'If you can work well, and on low terms, I may find something for you to do. Have you any one to recommend you?'

'Only my cousin with whom I live.'

'Who is she?'

'Her name is Madame Thérèse Caillot. She lives in a room, No. 27, Rue —; but she cannot come out of doors, for she is disabled by rheumatism.'

The shopkeeper laughed. 'A fine recommendation truly! You don't suppose, child, that in this establishment we trust our work to persons who can give no better reference than you offer?'

The tears stood in the young girl's eyes. 'Good-morning, madame,' she said humbly, and left the shop.

She recollected passing another warehouse of less splendid appearance in the next street, and thither she turned her steps. There had been a heavy fall of rain, and the pavement was muddy. As Louise walked slowly on, she struck her foot against something that jingled; she stooped, and took up what looked like a lump of mud, but felt very heavy. Louise wiped it, and then perceived it was a purse. With some difficulty she opened the clasp, and found it contained twenty gold pieces. What a treasure! Her first feeling was joy; her second, 'This money is not mine; I must seek for the owner, and return it.' She then resolved to take it to Madame Thérèse, and be guided by her advice as to the best means of restoring it. Securing it carefully in the folds of her dress, she entered the second shop, and applied for work. She met with a similar refusal; and with a heavy heart was quitting the shop, when a few words spoken at the counter arrested her attention. An elderly gentleman was purchasing some gloves, and when the parcel was handed to him, he said, 'I fear, madame, I must be in your debt for these until to-morrow, for I have just been so careless as to lose my purse.'

'Ah, monsieur, what a pity! As to the gloves, don't mention them I pray; it will do to pay for them at any time. But how did monsieur lose his purse?'

'I can scarcely tell. I remember taking out my pocket-handkerchief in the street next to this, and probably drew my purse out with it; but I cannot be certain. It was rather a serious loss—twenty Napoleons.'

Louise advanced eagerly—'Monsieur,' she said, 'I believe I have found your purse,' and she handed him the one she had found.

'You are a very honest little girl,' said he; 'this is indeed my purse, which I never expected to see again. And now what shall I give you for finding it?'

'Thank you, monsieur; I do not expect anything.'

'That's no reason why you should not be rewarded. You look poor: tell me where you live?'

Louise replied that she lived with her cousin, an old woman, and was now seeking for work to support them both.

'Madame,' said the gentleman, turning to the mistress of the shop, 'will you, on my recommendation, supply this girl with work. I heard you refuse her just now, as you said she could give you no reference. I think we may both be assured of her honest principles.'

'Certainly, monsieur, I shall have much pleasure in trying her; and if she works well, I shall be able to supply her with pretty constant employment.'

'Now,' said the gentleman, turning to Louise, 'here are four Napoleons for you; they are only the just reward of your honesty. I leave Paris to-morrow with my family, and shall probably be absent for some months, otherwise I would ask my wife to call at your lodging; but on our return, I hope she will be able to see you. Here is a card with my name and address.'

Louise gratefully thanked the kind gentleman, who hastened from the shop; and she then took the materials for a shirt, promising to bring it back finished the next day. What joyful news she had on her return for Madame Thérèse, and how cheerfully did they partake together of their evening meal, to which a salad and a bit of cheese were added, to make a little feast!

Louise continued to work hard and steadily. Winter set in this year with unusual severity, and poor Madame Thérèse became quite disabled. Rheumatism attacked her hands as well as her feet, and rendered her quite unable to work. She suffered dreadful pain at night, which Louise sought tenderly to relieve by rubbing and chafing her limbs. The four Napoleons were gradually expended in providing medicines and nourishing food for the invalid. Taught by adversity, Louise learnt to forget herself, and was never more happy than when ministering to the wants of her aunt. Before the end of February, their money was all spent, and the earnings of Louise, always small, were farther



name, to accept. I have lodged the sum (about L.2000) to your credit in the bank. It will produce you a yearly income of about three thousand francs, and you have now only to consider how to spend it to the best advantage.'

The first impulse of Louise was to kneel down and humbly thank God for his great goodness. She then affectionately embraced her aunt, and turning to Dr Leverrier, 'Oh, sir, how can I thank you!' It was all she could say.

The doctor sat with them for some time, and when Louise became calm, proceeded to discuss her future plans. She was ready to be guided implicitly by him; and his advice was, that she and her aunt should immediately remove to some neat, quiet lodging in the outskirts of Paris, and when settled there, that Louise should apply herself to the cultivation of her mind, in order to become fitted for the new rank in which she was to move.

This judicious counsel was followed, and through the kind offices of the doctor and his lady, Louise and her aunt were speedily established in a nice lodging in the suburbs. The young girl's first care was to provide Madame Thérèse with everything necessary to her comfort; her second, to engage teachers and purchase books for herself. Her efforts at self-improvement were crowned with success. Being now exempt from bodily toil, her health became robust, and she acquired insensibly both polish of manner and refinement of appearance. No one who saw the neatly-dressed venerable old lady walking out, leaning on the arm of an elegant-looking girl, could have recognised Madame Thérèse and Louise as they appeared formerly. Dr Leverrier and his family continued to take the kindest interest in their welfare. He frequently invited them to his house, feeling sure that Louise was a safe and profitable companion for his daughters.

It happened one day that Louise and her aunt were taking an airing with Madame Leverrier. They stopped at a shop to make some purchases, and as they were coming out, an old woman accosted them, begging for alms. She was clothed in rags, and looked miserably poor. Madame Leverrier put a trifle in her hand, and was passing on, when she was surprised to see Louise stop and look eagerly at the beggar woman.

'Can it be!' said the young girl. 'Are you Madame Duval?'

'Yes,' replied she, 'that is my name; but, mademoiselle, how do you know me?'

'I knew you well at one time: have you forgotten Louise Caillot?'

The unhappy woman hid her face with her hands, and said, 'Have pity on me—I am justly punished!'

Louise hastily explained to her friends who it was; and Madame Leverrier having requested the shop-keeper to allow them the use of his parlour for a short time, they caused Madame Duval to come in and explain how she came to be so sadly reduced.

With many expressions of shame and humiliation, the unfortunate woman told them that, by a course of extravagance and idleness, she had gradually become poorer and poorer; until at length everything she possessed was seized for debt, and she was compelled to wander about begging. 'Then,' she said, 'when I found myself a homeless outcast, without a friend, I recollected my cruelty towards you, mademoiselle; and I felt that the just vengeance of God was pursuing me for my sin against an orphan. I thought of all you must have suffered, and I longed to know what had become of you. I am a miserable creature both in mind and body: can you forgive me?'

Louise burst into tears. 'Most freely I forgive you, madame,' she said, 'and will gladly do what I can to assist you.'

She then gave her some money, and having inquired where she lived, promised to send her further assistance. The poor woman seemed ready to embrace her feet with thankfulness, but Louise and her friends hastened away, overcome with various emotions. Louise and her aunt spent that evening at the house of their friends; and when Dr Leverrier came in, his wife told him their morning's adventure. He listened to it with much interest, and asked Louise what she wished to have done for her ancient enemy.

'I should like, sir,' she replied, 'to relieve her wants, and afford her the means of support.'

'Then you have no feeling of enmity towards her? Recollect how badly she treated you.'

The young girl's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him almost reproachfully. It was sufficient answer.

'You are right, my dear child,' said the doctor; 'I spoke only to try you. True greatness of spirit is shown in forgiving an injury, not in returning it; and after all, though she meant it not for good, Madame Duval has been the means of rendering you a real service; for the hard season of adversity you have passed through has been the blessed means of subduing what was evil in your heart, and conferring on you "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."'

### MACKAY'S 'WESTERN WORLD.'

Two books of travels in the United States have just come under our notice—one in three volumes by Mr Alexander Mackay,\* the other a pocket volume by Mr Archibald Prentice. These works differ not less in external aspect than in the manner in which they are written. That of Mr Mackay consists chiefly of a series of disquisitions on social and political topics, united by a thread of personal narrative; while the small volume of Mr Prentice is a lively description of a tour, and scarcely aspires to be instructive. In the meanwhile, laying the last-mentioned book aside, we propose to confine our attention to Mr Mackay's 'Western World,' which, though tedious in many parts, is far from being without interest. The writer tells us in his preface that, from a residence of some time in the country, he has possessed better opportunities of drawing sound conclusions than travellers of an ordinary class; and as far as we can judge, his views are warranted by the actual and prospective state of society. He would, however, be a very dull person who could travel through the United States without having his sentiments roused on divers matters of social concern, or who would not be impressed with the national greatness that awaits our American brethren.

Mr Mackay begins his observations at Boston, and thence proceeds southwards; each place he visits being a peg whereon to hang a string of observations. New York suggests a disquisition on the commercial policy of the States. At present, a contest rages between the manufacturing and agricultural interests, in reference to free trade; but conversely to that which prevails in Britain. The American agriculturists and cotton growers desire freedom of import and export: the manufacturers alone desire protection; they fear the spindles and looms of Lancashire. What a pity to find such men as Mr Webster and Mr Clay advocating restrictions on trade! In spite of all odds, the free-traders are in the ascendant: the tariff bill of 1846 decided that custom-house duties should be taken only on a revenue basis. Yet that in effect tends to preserve monopoly, and a great modification of duties is contended for. While on this subject, our author refers to the vast injury which America could inflict on England. One is startled by a mere announcement of the fact. The internal peace and prosperity of Great Britain depend on the regular action of the cotton trade. Throw Lancashire and Lanarkshire idle, by stopping the supplies of cotton, and who will say what would be the consequences? For these supplies we are dependent on America. 'This is a dependence,' observes Mr Mackay, 'which

\* The Western World, or Travels in the United States in 1846-7. By Alex. Mackay, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. London: Bentley. 3 vols. 1849.



wealth and productiveness of some localities, it is a present curse to the land, fraught with a terrible prospective judgment, when we consider the hopelessness of its peaceful removal, and the awful catastrophes to which it will inevitably lead. Where activity and progress are the rule, all that is not advancing assumes the melancholy aspect of retrogression. North Carolina is virtually retrograding. Since 1830, her population has increased but at a very trifling ratio, which is partly to be accounted for by the numbers who annually emigrate from her, as from Virginia and other sea-board states, to the Far West. Her foreign trade, which was never very large, has also of late years been rapidly on the decline, and there is now but little prospect of its ever reviving. She still holds some rank in point of wealth and political importance in the confederation; but every year is detracting from it, and throwing her more and more into the background. She has not only lagged behind most of the original States amongst whom she figured, but has permitted many of the younger members of the Union greatly to outstrip her. Were Virginia freed from slavery, it would become one of the most favourable fields of settlement for emigrants of a wealthy class. As it is, it is, like other slaveholding States, shunned by men of capital and enterprise.

Railways have been already constructed in the United States to the extent of 5700 miles, and 4000 miles are in course of construction. This far exceeds the aggregate length of railways in Great Britain; but the two systems can scarcely be compared. Our lines are generally double; constructed with great care; and are decorated with splendid station-houses and termini: great sums have also been paid for land; and the parliamentary expenses have been enormous. In America the cost of land has been comparatively trifling; the rails are usually of timber, shod with thin slips of iron; the station-houses are wooden booths; and the bridges are also of wood, on an inexpensive scale. By this studying of economy, the railway system has been pushed to great lengths in the States, vastly to the benefit of the more remote regions. When the country is more densely peopled, the lines will of course be improved. At present, although the rate of transit is only from 15 to 20 miles an hour, they answer the purpose of travellers, and make a return of from 5 to 8 per cent. to the shareholders. Much as we admire the elegance and even grandeur of some of our railway termini and other works, we wish, all circumstances considered, that plainer models had been adopted.

On the subject of the Mississippi valley and its productive powers we have some useful particulars. This valley, which is interlaced with 15,000 miles of navigable rivers, and will in time contain a population of a hundred and fifty millions, is capable of furnishing food for the whole of Europe. The soil is generally so fertile and easily cultivated, that a farmer is well remunerated if he gets sixpence a bushel for his wheat. Ten shillings may be assumed as the cost of producing a quarter of wheat in most portions of the prairie land of the valley; and if 20s. be added for cost of transit to England, grain of a fair description at 30s. a quarter may be looked for. At present, from the want of capital, and also from the demand on the spot by a new and growing population, large shipments of wheat cannot be made to Great Britain; but every year the capacity for export will increase, and we have no doubt that ultimately there will be an abundant influx of American wheat at the price stated. From the wheat-growing States on the Atlantic, grain will be exported at a considerable lower rate. Of course facts of this kind will be kept in remembrance by British farmers in renewing their engagements for land.

From Canada, wheat may be transported to Quebec or to New York at about equal rates, the cheaper line of transit, all things considered, being to Quebec. But there the preference ceases. The freight from New York to Liverpool is cheaper than from Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool. So great is the disparity, says

Mr Mackay, that he has known 7s. 6d. sterling asked at Montreal for every barrel of flour to be conveyed to Liverpool, whilst forty cents, or about 1s. 8d., was the ruling freight at New York. Curiously enough, this great difference, which is so injurious to the colonists, arises from nothing else than a wish on the part of Great Britain to benefit the colonies. According to the navigation laws, no vessel but one of British or colonial build can bring goods from a British colony to England; the object of the law being to keep our own trade to ourselves. On this account foreign vessels taking goods to Canada cannot reload with cargoes for England. If the shippers of Montreal had as much wheat on hand for England as would fill ten vessels, and ten empty American ships were lying at the quay, they could not employ them. They would require to wait until British-built vessels came in and were prepared to take the wheat on board; consequently these British-built vessels having a monopoly, would charge a comparatively high price for their services. Such is one of the effects of what are called 'the navigation laws,' for the abolition of which an effort is now about to be made in parliament. 'It frequently happens,' says Mr Mackay, 'that the quays both of Montreal and Quebec are overlaid with produce waiting for exportation, but which remains for weeks on the open wharfs for want of sufficient tonnage to carry it to Europe. . . . It is of this monopoly, and its ruinous consequences, that the Canadian so loudly and so bitterly complains. Such, indeed, is sometimes the want of tonnage in the Canadian seaports, that produce forwarded to tide-water, with a view of being conveyed to Liverpool that season, is not unfrequently detained until the opening of navigation in the following year. The inconvenience of this is great, especially as wheat and flour are perishable commodities, and the exporter loses all the advantages which the English market may in the meantime have offered him. The remedy for this evil is obviously to throw the navigation of the St Lawrence open to the shipping of the world.' What a howl will this proposition raise among the shipowners of Glasgow and Liverpool!

The rapid transmission of news among us has been rather conspicuous since the electric telegraph was put in requisition; but in this department of affairs we are still outdone by our American brethren. 'For some time after the breaking out of the Mexican war, the anxiety to obtain news from the south was intense. There was then no electric telegraph south of Washington, the news had therefore to come to that city from New Orleans through the ordinary mail channels. The strife was between several Baltimore papers for the first use of the telegraph between Washington and Baltimore. The telegraph office was close to the post-office, both being more than a mile from the wharf, at which the mail steamer, after having ascended the Potomac from the Aquia Creek, stopped, and from which the mail bags had to be carried in a wagon to the post-office. The plan adopted by the papers to anticipate each other was this:—Each had an agent on board the steamer, whose duty it was, as she was ascending the river, to obtain all the information that was new, and put it in a succinct form for transmission by telegraph the moment it reached Washington. Having done so, he tied the manuscript to a short heavy stick, which he threw ashore as the boat was making the wharf. On shore each paper had two other agents, one a boy mounted on horseback, and the other a man on foot, ready to catch the stick to which the manuscript was attached the moment it reached the ground. As soon as he got hold of it, he handed it to the boy on horseback, who immediately set off with it at full gallop for the telegraph office. There were frequently five or six thus scrambling for precedence, and as they sometimes all got a good start, the race was a very exciting one. Crowds gathered every evening around the post-office and telegraph office, both to learn the news, and witness the result of the race. The first in secured the telegraph, and in a quarter of an hour afterwards the news









loudly at a concert, who suddenly became silent, and was found staring with his mouth wide open. At first people thought he was mad, but at length it was discovered that his jaw was dislocated.

**Red Flannel.**—The very name red flannel brings to me a thousand recollections of old women with mountains of bandages round their heads, or of swelled knees and joints carefully swathed like Egyptian mummies. It is really surprising to see the number of rolls which surround the heads of some of the aged and invalid poor. I have frequently endeavoured to effect their removal or diminution, but I always found I was touching on a sore point; and though I succeeded in some cases, I could evidently see there would be a struggle to return to the old red flannel as soon as my attendance was discontinued.

But the red flannel is not used merely for warmth: it is looked upon as a sort of remedy in itself. In the same way as you would apply a blister, or an ointment, or lotion, so you use the red flannel. But though the red flannel is so generally confided in by the poor, in this, as in many other instances, I have in vain sought from any of its supporters to obtain any precise idea of its *modus operandi*. The efficacy of red flannel must then be conceded, I suppose, as an ultimate fact, which must be granted, and not reasoned upon.

It would be altogether profane to ask whether the virtue depends on the coarseness of its texture, or upon its colour, or some properties imagined to reside in the dye. People do not say, shall I use coarse flannel? or shall I keep the part well wrapped up in many folds of flannel? but shall I use red flannel?

**Mussels.**—Mussels, it is well known, sometimes produce nettle-rash, and other unpleasant symptoms; so that it is common to say people are *musselled*. We often hear it stated that this depends upon a certain part of the mussel, and that when this part is taken out, there is no fear of bad effects arising. I cannot for my own part speak on this point, but I will simply quote what Dr Paris states. 'The mussel,' says he, 'is a species of bivalve, which is more solid, and equally as indigestible, as any animal of the same tribe. The common people consider them as poisonous, and in eating them, take out a part in which they suppose the poison principally to reside. This is a dark part, which is the heart, and is quite innocuous: the fact, however, is sufficient to prove that this species of bivalve has been known to kill, but not more frequently perhaps than any other indigestible substance.'

**Galvanic Rings.**—A little while back it was very much the custom to wear what were called galvanic rings for the relief of rheumatic and other pains. Even granting that these rings have a galvanic action, I do not myself see how they are to cure such complaints. Perhaps they are intended to act like charms. Formerly, rings were very much used to charm away diseases. Pettigrew tells us that Paracelsus had a ring made of a variety of metallic substances, which he called *electrum*. 'These rings were to remove cramp, palsy, apoplexy, epilepsy, or any pain. If put on during an epileptic fit, the complaint would be immediately cured.' Sometimes rings were formed from the hinges of a coffin. 'Andrew Boorde,' he continues, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII., says, 'the kynges of Englands doth halowe every yere crampe rynges, which rynges worn on one's finger doth help them which hath the crampe.'

'In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1794, we are told that a silver ring, which is made of five sixpences, collected from five different bachelors, to be conveyed by the hand of a bachelor to a smith that is a bachelor, will cure fits. None of the persons who gave the sixpences are to know for what purpose, or to whom they gave them.'† Bachelors were not, however, the only contributors of these charms.

'The London Medical and Physical Journal for 1815 notices a charm successfully employed in the cure of epilepsy, after the failure of various medical means. It consisted in a silver ring, contributed by twelve young women, and was constantly worn on one of the patient's fingers.\* It seems, then, that the practice of curing diseases by metallic rings is by no means new. A short time ago I attended a gentleman for a rheumatic complaint, who all the time wore one of these galvanic rings. I do not know whether he attributed his recovery to the ring or his medicine, or whether he divided the credit.

**Heart.**—There are some errors which are of an anatomical nature. There is a common misunderstanding as to the position of the heart, though it is common enough to talk of the heart being in the right place. People say the heart is on the left side; but in reality it inclines only a little to the left, being almost immediately behind the breast-bone or *sternum*, and is situated higher than I think is generally conceived by non-professional people. The breast-bone is the bone with which the ribs are articulated at the front of the chest, and immediately behind the breast-bone lies the heart, surrounded of course by its proper coverings. I have known people imagine the stomach to be immediately at the termination of the windpipe, because the feelings of indigestion are often referred to this point. In respect to the heart, the term ossification, applied to disease of the heart, is generally but imperfectly understood. There are people who think the heart is literally and completely changed into bone. A person would, however, die long before such a change could be brought about. There are, however, some very extraordinary cases related by Corvisart, Burns, Haller, and others, in which large portions of the heart were replaced by ossific deposits. In general, however, when ossification of the heart is spoken of, it is merely meant that the valves of the heart are impeded in their action by ossific deposits, and instead of falling in a manner to close the orifices over which they are situated, remain to a certain extent patulous.

Amongst this class of anatomical errors is that which we sometimes find people run into, of supposing that they have what they call a *narrow swallow*. Such people cannot take pills. The same people will swallow much larger bodies with ease. I have several times been called to children who have swallowed marbles and other large bodies, whilst the mothers have asserted that their throats were too narrow to admit the passage of pills. In these cases there seems a want of consent in the muscles of deglutition with those of the mouth and palate, and this must proceed from a mental feeling, sometimes difficult to overcome.

**Inward Fits.**—Nurses often speak of *inward fits*. When I first heard the phrase I was somewhat puzzled with it. There is something terrible in fits, but still more terrible in supposing that they are going on in the interior without any external manifestation. The truth is, these inward fits (*quasi fights*) are no more inward than any other fits, and scarcely to be dignified by the term fits. I conceive that the expression is applied to those little nervous twitchings which we occasionally see during sleep. An infant will have its mouth drawn up into a sort of smile, and the eyelids will be scarcely properly closed.† The nurses will shake their head, and tell the anxious parent that it is suffering from inward fits. I do not like the term, for I think it is calculated to produce a sort of alarm which is not always justified by the case.

**Means of Preventing Contagion.**—I think it is often supposed that medical men are in the habit of carrying about them some drug which has a protective influence against the operation of contagion. If this were the case, it would be very proper that it should be made generally known. I remember, when I was very young,

\* Paris on Diet, p. 163. 1836.

† Op. Cit. p. 87.

† Op. Cit. p. 62.

\* Pettigrew, p. 62.

† Burns's Practice of Midwifery, p. 786. 1838.







extent bought by actual money or by prospects of advancement. The chances on both sides are much alike in these respects. Purchased partisanship was a feature of grosser ages, but scarcely of ours. People are now more liable to be gained or lost through their self-love and love of approbation. A man thinks he is of some value: if courted to the extent of his sense of this value, he will perhaps give his support; if neglected, he will be apt, out of pique, to go to the other side. A very small matter in the way of courtesy will often not merely obtain a vote, but determine a career of some importance to the public. It is not that there is a want of conscientiousness in such minds. They are merely irresolute in the midst of contending arguments, and liable to be taken to that side which shall place them on the most agreeable footing with themselves. Once let any petty circumstance decide the way which they are to take, and the personal feeling, 'This is *my* side,' will keep them as upon a line of rails through life, or till something equally petty shall occur to disgust them with their party.

All of these causes may be said to be alike natural, though all cannot be considered as alike respectable. Where one's line of politics is determined by innate tendencies of the mind, apart from all selfish considerations, the whole range of action which results, as far as bounded by rules of honour, is entitled to public respect. It is all that we have of the nature of a Divine voice speaking in the breasts of men. Therefore, no matter how inconvenient the dictates of this voice may appear, no matter to what consequences it may threaten to lead, it must be respectfully listened to and intreated. To call the ultra-loyal by any such appellation as *Malignants*, or the ultra-liberal by such a term as *Destructives*, is not to be approved of by those who are out of the heat of the strife. Let there be as much activity of counteraction by argument as possible; seek by all means to establish the supremacy of what you believe to be better doctrines—but spare the fellow-creature who acts under the resistless necessity of his own lights, believing him to be, in intention, as good as yourself.

When we come to consider the secondary or modifying circumstances, we feel of course more at liberty to assign degrees of merit and demerit. The mind which has been affected by educational influence, or yielded to the authority of others, even though these may have been persons generally entitled to reverence, cannot be considered as quite on the same moral platform with one which obeys great primitive impulses inherent in itself. Those who have changed their views with advancing years, alike true to the natural voice at the one time as the other, ought of course to be carefully distinguished from common renegades. The victims of crotchet and of petty feelings of self-love may be pitied, but we can never esteem them. They ought to have reflected on the great interests at stake, and not allowed themselves to be swayed by trivial considerations as to themselves. It is of importance to pass rigid judgment on such persons, because they often have from the rest of their character a high claim to respect. They may have, for instance, great talents. Common thinkers argue that because this is an able man, his word ought to go a great way. It is important to see that, while this would be true of an able man whose mind was clear to form sound conclusions, it is not true of one who has allowed himself to be carried out of his proper track by some romantic whimsey, some disgust at a successful rival, or some pique arising from his finding that his own estimate of himself was not admitted by the party to which he first seemed inclined to attach himself. It is one of the most distressing things in the world of politics to see a man who, from some such frivolous cause, has thrown himself into a false position. His energy and eloquence are hampered at every turn by his own secret convictions. He has to act, with affected cordiality, with those whom in his heart he despises. Should he have given himself to a failing cause, as very often happens, he is doomed to see his best talents

expended in vain, to feel himself growing old without having accomplished anything, while inferior but better-directed men are reaping their due harvest of both profit and honour. These are amongst the moral suicides of the able men of the world. How powerfully do they warn us that we are not to be guided in any of the greater affairs of life by the selfhood, but by its opposite—a generous view of what is good for all!

It is difficult, or rather impossible, for some natures to maintain coolness in times of violent political excitement; but to many it may not be altogether useless to remind them that the most earnestly-cherished dogmas are liable to be followed by great disappointment. The French revolutionist sees his high aspirations for a rule by and for the people lead resistlessly to a despotism. The panic-struck conservative sees nothing follow from the changes which he vainly resisted, but a ridiculous falsification of his fears. If men would reflect how often the result has been different from that contemplated on either side, there would be on the one hand a soberer hope and a less intolerant feeling towards all thwarting influences, on the other a more cheerful trust in the course of Providence, even under what appear the most trying crises. Few politicians of any shade seem sufficiently aware of the character of that great central mass which has been already described as non-political. There, in reality, resides that which defeats alike the hopes of democratic and the fears of oligarchical parties. It is a mass which refuses to be democratised. It minds its own affairs, content with whatever rule may be over it, unless it be one which makes itself painfully felt indeed. Go beyond the capacity of change inherent in this mass, and you must come back again to where you were. Give it true cause of discontent, and it becomes an element of great danger, though one which cannot long remain in such an attitude. The great secret of successful rule is never to offend irremediably this true *squadron volante* of parties, never to resist it beyond a certain point, and never to lose faith in it as a mass which can only be temporarily thrown out of its proper condition, as that which gives at once momentum and stability to the entire machine.

## THE CORNER HOUSE.

### A SUBURBAN SKETCH.

BURNHAM TERRACE has always enjoyed a reputation for gentility. It consists of ten houses, each let for the respectable sum of a hundred a year; and its lady inhabitants, of whom I am one, rather take a pride in seeing that everything is kept in high order about the place. No encouragement, for example, is given to peripatetic vendors who bawl out the names of their articles; the slip of enclosed ground in front common to all the dwellers, is as neat as a hired gardener can make it; and the door-steps are hearthstoned freshly every morning. All things have gone right with Burnham Terrace except No. 10, the house at the northern corner. That corner house was for years an annoyance and a mystery.

No. 10 was the property of a lady called Miss Delany, and so was No. 8 and No. 9—a large mass of building worth three hundred a year; and at least as regards my house, No. 8, and that of Mrs Smith, No. 9, well-paid money. What kind of person the proprietrix was we had no means of forming a correct judgment. We never saw her, though we heard that she lived in some obscure out-of-the-way place in a most penurious, and, for a woman with three hundred a year, a very eccentric way. Her strange method of living was considered the less proper, on account of her having a brother a judge. The only shade of excuse ever offered for Miss Delany was, that No. 10 had on several occasions stood for a short time empty. It had so frequently changed inhabitants, that there seemed to be something unlucky about it; and yet it was as good a house as any in the row. This changeableness was not liked by the residents in the row generally. People take a



make it out: living in an empty house to save a few shillings a week for a lodging!

'A few shillings must be a great object to her,' answered I, 'when she has so little, and that little so uncertain: we must try all we can and be kind to her, poor thing!' But proffered civilities and attentions on the part of her neighbours were gratefully but decidedly declined by Miss Delany for herself. There was a large family of children in No. 7, and they had made acquaintance somehow with Lily, according to the freemasonry inherent in the young among themselves; and at the merry Christmas tide, so beseeching were their intreaties that she might be permitted to join their circle, it was not in human nature to refuse, much less in Miss Delany's. Then on Twelfth Night, all the little people assembled at my house, and I pleaded successfully for my favourite Lily, and she came too. Delicacy prevented my questioning the artless girl relative to her aunt, their mode of life, or any other information I might gain. But Mrs Smith's curiosity overcame such feelings, and she examined my pretty guest in a manner I quite disapproved of, though without elucidating aught that tended to throw light on the matter. Lily said that she had resided with Aunt Marjory for four years; in the same lodging for half that period at the Potter's cottage; and elsewhere in a secluded farmhouse. She had many brothers and sisters 'far far away,' she admitted, with tears standing in her large blue eyes—a father and mother too. She had never seen Uncle Delany, but she knew him by name very well; and she was—'Oh! so happy, and loved dear Aunt Marjory, oh! so much!'

Now all this amounted to 'nothing,' said the vexed questioner; 'And it does not tell us *what* Miss Delany does with her money. Are your papa and mamma rich, my dear?' said the persevering lady to Lily.

'Rich, ma'am; what is being rich?' simply demanded the little girl in reply.

'Why, keeping a carriage, and servants, and living in a large house to be sure, you stupid little soul!' exclaimed Mrs Smith laughing.

'Then, ma'am,' said Lily, 'father and mother are not rich, for they live in a small thatched cottage; but there are beautiful roses and eglantine round the old porch, and they only keep a wheelbarrow, and are their own servants.'

'O—h!' exclaimed Mrs Smith. This was a complete sedative; and presently she whispered to me that Miss Delany's relatives were low people, notwithstanding she had a judge for her brother.

The first days of spring came, and still was the ticket to be seen at the corner house, and the friends of the Burnham Terrace ladies, it seemed, were difficult to please. I ventured occasionally to look in, for the ostensible purpose of leaving flowers and fruit, the products of my garden, for little Lillian; and Miss Delany seemed pleased and grateful, yet cold and distant in her bearing, on any attempts being made at further intimacy.

There were two factions in the row; one for, the other against, Miss Delany: the latter, and, it must be confessed, the largest and most influential, reviled her as a mean creature, or a mad woman. 'She *must* have done something,' said they, 'to disgrace herself, or the judge would not cast her off: it is a shame of her to keep that beautiful girl in the miserable manner she does. No wonder the house will not let; *she alone* is enough to give it a name for ill-luck!'

Miss Delany's friends, and they were few, spoke of her blameless life, resignation, and patience in the midst of privation and poverty; to say nothing of her devotion to the niece, who would reflect credit on any teacher. These friends also threw out hints that although Judge Delany's character and talents in his public capacity were so fully admitted, in private life he was not remarkable for amiability or benevolence.

Such a discussion as this was one evening going forward at a neighbour's house when I was present, when an elderly gentleman of the name of Colville, who had

that evening arrived on a visit to our host, for the *real* purpose of house-hunting on behalf of a son about to marry and 'settle in life,' hearing the name of Delany repeatedly mentioned, asked if we were speaking of Judge Delany; and when an affirmative was given—a slight sketch also being thrown in relative to the occupant of No. 10—Mr Colville became interested in the conversation; and, to our amazement, on a non-admirer speaking disparagingly of the lady, he warmly advocated her cause.

'I happen,' said he, 'to know all about Marjory Delany and her affairs, and I tell you that she reflects credit on her sex.'

'Oh do tell us all about her!' eagerly exclaimed many voices, as a crowd gathered round the stranger. But the pleasant old gentleman smiled, rubbed his shining bald head, and only adding that it was not 'convenient' to say more just then, left us all with curiosity more excited and tantalised than ever. However, he managed to ask me privately every particular I knew concerning Miss Delany; and next day he went alone to No. 10; the ticket was taken down; the house was let to Mr Colville's son.

Miss Delany and Lillian disappeared as quietly and expeditiously as they came; and in due course of time Mr Peter Colville and his bride arrived to take possession. When the young couple settled down into the jog-trot routine of respectable married life, old Mr and Mrs Colville came to visit them for a few weeks; and then were tea-junketings and whist parties every evening at one or other of the neighbours' houses; and to return all this hospitality, young Mr and Mrs Colville gave an entertainment on quite a grand scale. We were collected round the supper-table, pleasant jokes passing, when some one alluded to the corner house, trusting the ill-luck had flown away, and the bride's presence turned the scale in its favour.

'Nay,' broke in old Mr Colville, 'if that were needed, it has been already done—purified—exorcised,' he continued, laughing heartily at his own conceit, 'from all evil influences.'

'How so?' we exclaimed.

'By the presence of Marjory Delany,' said he gravely; 'one for whom I bear a higher respect than for any woman I know; saving and excepting you, my dear,' turning with a kind smile to his comfortable-looking wife, who nodded to him cheerily in return. 'Marjory is about to be your neighbour again,' Mr Colville went on to say, addressing the company generally, 'for she has taken Burnham Beech Cottage!'

'Dear me!' said Mrs Smith, 'how can she manage that on L.100 a year, secure as it is now?'

'She has recovered her property, madam,' answered Mr Colville, 'after ten years' heroic endurance of privation and want. Yes, actual want, for the sake of others too.'

'Oh, do tell us her history, and why the judge disowns her!' cried many voices.

'I am not at liberty to enter into all the details,' said the old gentleman, 'but, for the sake of suffering innocence, thus much I will unfold:—Sixteen years ago, Marjory Delany's only sister, whom she tenderly loved, made an imprudent marriage, against the express advice and wishes of her brother, her natural guardian. The individual she united herself to was in a mercantile house; but within six years after his marriage with Marjory Delany's sister, he forfeited his situation through misconduct; and had it not been for the faithful affectionate sister, the unhappy man's ruin and that of his family would have been complete. She alone came forward to assist these perishing creatures; for Judge Delany not only was implacable towards *them*, but extended the same baneful feelings to *her*, on her refusal to disown the sister so fearfully punished for her imprudence through a husband's misdeeds. Silently she has borne reviling and contumely cast upon her by a harshly-judging world. But let it be a lesson to you all, my friends, for the future, never to prejudge others,





the depths of the sea, exercising not the least influence upon the freedom and rapidity of the conversation. A continued correspondence was then kept up between the steamer and the stations of London, Ashford, and Tunbridge, which was continued with perfect success at intervals for three or four hours, messages of various import being interchanged between the steamer and all those stations. The bells at the electric-telegraph offices at Tunbridge and London Bridge were vehemently rung by the operators on board the steamer; and the various signals and interlocutory manœuvres peculiar to the conversers on these instruments were gone through with as much ease by means of the submarine wire as with the ordinary wires disposed by the rail-side on land. The exact total length of the submerged wire was 3600 yards. Before dark—the experimental trials having been continued a sufficient time to demonstrate the success of the investigation—the submerged wire was wound up, and drawn in again, and was found not to have sustained the least injury, the assembly of scientific gentlemen separating with the conviction that, so far as these experiments went, the practicability of a telegraphic communication between England and France had been completely established.

Bearing in memory that water is a good conductor of electricity, and that consequently the perfect insulation of the telegraphic wires cannot be effected unless by surrounding them with some non-conducting material, it will be readily conceived that here must be the chief difficulty of submarine communication. In conveying the wires of the electric telegraph through tunnels, much practical inconvenience has arisen from the same cause, the damp continually carrying away a portion of the current from the wire into the earth. In addition to this annoyance, the sulphurous acid and steam rising from the locomotives produce a chemical action on the wires, which materially interferes with their usefulness. To meet these objections, various plans have been devised of more or less ingenuity: some have recommended covering the wires with woollen yarn, varnish, &c.; and it has been proposed to convey them in tubes of earthenware, perforated with four or five holes lengthways, according to the number of wires proposed to be employed. Mr Walker, of the railway in question, had the defects in existing wires presented to him constantly in a most disagreeable manner. Despatches from the continent being now almost entirely transmitted by electric telegraph to the morning papers, the messages became next to useless to the editors, unless passed up very quickly, and the wires in the tunnels were only too often in a very refractory condition. He accordingly put himself in communication with the manager of the gutta-percha manufactory at Streatham, and suggested to him the adoption of a metallic wire well coated with this singular substance. In a few days the wire was supplied, and patented; and shortly afterwards was put to a practical test in one of the tunnels with the most complete success. Subsequently it was introduced into the Shakespeare, Abbot's Cliff, and Martello tunnels; and at the present time all despatches to and from the metropolis are made by the instrumentality of this wire.

The defective insulation of the wires, against which this new wire has so successfully provided, has been the only serious practical difficulty in working the electric telegraph. It may be thought, however, that sufficient time has not yet been given to put the capabilities of the improvement to a proper test. Mr Walker says, 'I have had specimens of this wire buried in the earth in a damp place for more than a year. It is sound and good still. Specimens have been immersed in sea-water for three or four months, and are unaffected.' It has been suggested also, that perhaps, in process of time, the continued action of sea-water, with its combinations of the chlorides and iodides, may destroy the powers of this coating of vegetable substance for insulation; but much weight is not to be attached to the conjecture, since gutta-percha has exhibited, in all the investigations to

which it has been submitted, a marked indifference to the operation of the most powerful chemical reagents. Its insulating properties are indeed altogether peculiar, and far surpass those possessed by any other substance with which we are acquainted; and this, together with the facility with which it is manipulated and applied to the wire, renders it in all respects a most valuable application for the purposes of electric intercourse. Professor Faraday has instituted an important series of experiments upon this substance, and these have shown that insulation effected by its means is one of the most perfect known to philosophy.

Mr Walker proposes the following as the plan he would suggest for uniting England with France by the electric cord. Between each port—say Dover and Calais, or Folkestone and Boulogne—he would lay down two or three wires. These wires would be run out in different tracks across the Channel; and by this means, and by not making the communication dependent at either port upon a single wire, the probabilities would be greatly against their being all broken or damaged on the same day. In the event of one of the wires being injured or broken, notice of the accident would be instantly given by the refusal of the wire to act; the spare wires would now come into activity, and little or no delay would take place. Meanwhile one of the South-Eastern Company's steamers would fish up the damaged wire until the seat of the injury was discovered; when its repair would be the work of probably a very little time, and all would go on as before. So confident does Mr Foster, the patentee of the wire, feel as to ultimate success, that he has signified his willingness to provide the gutta-percha necessary for coating a wire of sufficient length to stretch across the Channel, whenever the directors of the railway consent to supply the wire.

It cannot be denied that difficulties of a formidable kind threaten the invention. One is the danger of the fracture of the wire: it may be caught by the fluke of a ship's anchor, as she is endeavouring to ride out a stiff gale, and thus dragged away and broken. Then, again, it is to be remembered that the lower regions of the waters are only unvisited by fish when their depth is far greater than that of the Channel, and these monsters of the deep might happen to take a fancy to the long body of the wire, and by a single effort of their powerful jaws, snap it in twain—perhaps in the very middle of an important official despatch! It may be said, however, that the wire would shortly become so covered with sand as to be secure from these casualties, or from the last; and in portions of its length, undoubtedly, this would be the case. But across the depths and uneven hollows of the bottom, the wire would still lie fully exposed to this danger. The proposed remedy has been already discussed: it being to lay down two or three separate wires, by which means the amount of the risk to the intercommunication is considerably lessened. A serious cause of inconvenience may also be found to arise from accidental injuries to the coating of the wires, which, though slight in themselves, might expose a portion of the metallic surface to the conducting medium around, when the practical working of the wire would be almost as effectually interfered with as if it had been cut across with some sharp instrument. Add to these the suggestion that the gutta-percha may in process of time undergo chemical transformation, and we have probably enumerated the most formidable of the obstacles which the submarine telegraph is likely to meet with. The history of a thousand inventions in modern times presents us with practical difficulties more formidable in their kind and amount than any or all of these, so that a good hope may be cherished that these too will in time give way before the persevering energies of our enlightened age.

It is satisfactory to be able to point to an example of submarine electric intercommunication, which has hitherto answered every reasonable expectation: this is the wire from Gosport to the dockyard. It consists



an extraordinary meeting, and gave expression to their deep regret on account of this distressing occurrence, by which they had been deprived of a much-respected colleague, and the city of an active magistrate. The provost, two of the bailies, the convener of the trades, and seven councillors, were deputed to proceed to Fife, personally to communicate the sad intelligence to the king, who was then at Falkland, his favourite hunting palace.

'After two months' imprisonment, seven of the scholars, who were apprehended along with Sinclair, submitted their case to the Privy-Council. In their memorial, they assert their innocence in the most positive terms; complain of being closely shut up with abandoned characters in a damp prison, at the imminent peril of their lives; that, as most of the petitioners were sons either of barons or landed proprietors, they did not consider themselves amenable to the magistrates of Edinburgh, who, besides, being parties, could not sit as unbiassed judges; and humbly intreated his majesty to name an assize, of whom the majority should be peers of the realm. Their request was complied with. What actually took place at the trial, however, is not now known, as the record of the Justiciary Court of that period is unfortunately lost; but Sinclair and the others were soon liberated.

'Here perhaps we may be pardoned for cursorily noticing a tradition, which bears indeed the marks of probability, that a boy of the name of Campbell, implicated in this barring-out, apprehensive of the result, fled alone to the Isle of Skye, where he settled, and left behind him a generation of Campbells, isolated, as it were, amidst a nation of Macleods. One of these, a great-grandson of the rioter, hospitably received the unfortunate Charles in his wanderings in the year 1746, and was very kind to him. Some other boys, the sons of Highland chieftains, were engaged in the affray, which proves that the Highland proprietors of that period could not have been so illiterate as it is generally supposed they were.'

We have heard that poor Macmoran's skull was long after dug up in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, and recognised by the small hole through which the fatal bullet had entered. His house still exists in the Lawnmarket, a stately mansion, saying not a little for the affluence and comfort of the first class of merchants in Edinburgh in the reign of King James VI.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the remunerations of the masters appear to have been on a moderate scale. The head master, Hercules Rollock, a man of distinguished learning, and famous for his many compositions in Latin poetry, is found complaining of the insufficiency of his salary of L.50 Scots (being L.4, 3s. 4d. sterling), in as far as the fees were ill-paid by the boys; wherefore the magistrates agreed to his stipend being doubled. In 1598, these gentlemen fixed a scale of fees and salaries for all the masters, which will be understood by the modern reader, if he divides by twelve for sterling money: 'George Hastie, the first regent, was to have quarterly from each scholar 13s. 4d.; Patrick Peacock, the second regent, was to have the same sum; John Balfour, the third regent, had 15s.; and Alexander Hume, the fourth or principal, 20s. Besides this, the Principal was to be acknowledged by every boy at the school, "of one quarterlie dewtie of xld." The teachers received salaries from the town: the first and second regents had twenty pounds, the third had forty marks, and the head master had two hundred marks yearly.'

There was, however, an irregular source of income, which has continued to be a feature of Scottish schools almost down to the present day. 'On the 20th of January 1660, the Town-Council appointed "intimation to be made to the doctors of the Grammar-School that the casualty called the *bleis silver* be delayed till the first day of March next." This was a gratuity presented to teachers by their scholars at Candlemas, when the pupil that gave most was pronounced *king*. The de-

signation appears to have originated from the Scottish word *bleis*, signifying anything that makes a *blaze*; it being conjectured, with great probability, that the money was "first contributed for this purpose at *Candlemas*, a season when fires and lights were anciently kindled."

[To make good this conjecture, we recollect that at our first school, in a primitive part of the country, the boys always employed a part of the holiday in making what they called a *Candlemas bleeze*, generally setting on fire some field of dry gorse or *whins* in the neighbourhood of the town.] 'In addition to the customary quarterly fees, the masters deemed themselves entitled to a gift in the beginning of February, and this was named a "Candlemas offering." The practice existed in most of the public schools till a comparatively recent period. Candlemas was a holiday; but the children, in their best attire, and usually accompanied by their parents, repaired to the school, and after a short while was spent in the delivery of appropriate orations, the proper business of the forenoon commenced. The roll of the school was solemnly called over, and each boy, as his name was announced, went forward and presented an offering, first to the rector, and next to his own master. When the gratuity was less than the usual quarterly fee no notice was taken of it, but when it amounted to that sum, the rector exclaimed, *Vivat*; to twice the ordinary fee, *Floreat bis*; for a higher sum, *Floreat ter*; for a guinea and upwards, *Gloria!* Each announcement was the precursor of an amount of cheering commensurate with the value of the "offering." When the business was over, the rector rose, and in an audible voice declared the *victor*, by mentioning the name of the highest donor. This, it must be confessed, was a very disingenuous practice, for the most meritorious scholars might be the least able so to distinguish themselves. There was usually an eager competition for the honour of *king*. It has been averred in regard to a provincial school, on an occasion similar to that to which reference has been made, that a boy put down a guinea to insure the enviable distinction of being *king* for the day, when the father of a rival scholar gave his son a guinea to add to the first "offering;" whereupon an alternate advance of a guinea each took place, till one had actually laid down twenty-four, and the other twenty-five guineas! Again and again did the Town-Council of Edinburgh issue injunctions to the teachers, to prevent "all craving and re-saving of any *bleis sylver* or *bent sylver* of their bairnis and scholars, exceptand four pennes at ane tyme allanerlie." In days of old, when many of our houses boasted no better floors than the bare earth, it was customary to lay down rushes or bent to keep the feet warm and dry, as well as to give a more comfortable appearance. At the close of the sixteenth century and commencement of the seventeenth, during the summer season the pupils had leave to go and cut bent for the school. As in these excursions the young bent collectors "oftentimes fell a-wrestling with hooks in their hands, and sometimes wronged themselves, other times their neighbours," it was resolved that the boys should have their accustomed "liberty" or holiday, and likewise that every scholar should present the customary gratuity to the master on the first Monday of May, and on the "first Mondays of June and July, which is commonly called the bent-silver play, with which money the master is to buy bent, or other things needful for the school." Happily all such exactions are now unknown; and at four regular periods in the course of each session the teachers receive from their pupils a fixed fee, which is regarded as a fair remuneration for their professional labour.'

Early in the last century, a person of considerable literary celebrity became connected with the High School of Edinburgh in a humble capacity. 'David Malloch, who about this time filled the situation of janitor in this seminary, distinguished himself in after-life. Dr Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," says that Malloch or Mallet, from the penury of his parents, was



to decide us to brave the heat where we were. However, we would not venture on this again, for the temperature was really more than sufficient to undo all the good the previous winter had effected. Northern constitutions are certainly not the better for four months' frying, with a shake of mosquitoes, and an extra hiss now and then, occasioned by the sirocco bellows. Now, however, that the physical inconvenience is over, memory spreads before my delighted eye nothing to mar the fairest possible picture of an Italian summer in all its indolent luxury. The fire-flies dancing through the nights of June, the shining lizards, and the mosquitoes themselves, seemed to be the only living things unresigned to spend their time in the 'dolce far niente,' the delights of which state are so totally unappreciable by those who have never felt warmer summers than our own. There was a novelty in our first southern summer which was not without its charms, in spite of the drawbacks. Rising at four or five, bathing in the transparent water, if the sun was not already too hot, taking a short walk in shady green lanes, eating fresh cherries as we went along (and peculiarly sweet they seemed at that early hour), coming home before six to an early breakfast, then dreaming through the day, dining chiefly on fruit, passing an hour or two in a siesta, breathing a little more freely as the evening drew on, reviving sufficiently to dress and go out about nine o'clock, strolling on the sea-shore, dreaming again while gazing at the calm, silvery moon riding peacefully in that summer sky, and nevertheless flinging down a shower of almost golden light into the rippling waves beneath; then home again, and, looking out of the open window, feeling more awake than we had done since the morning—for the sea-breeze was now cool (almost sharp sometimes)—and the moon and its showers of light in the water more beautiful than ever. This, continued day after day, may seem a monotonous routine; but it is not so; and I defy the veriest desipser of day-dreaming to pass a summer in Italy and escape the infection of the climate.

But we are sometimes roused by a storm. Indeed a thunder-storm is by no means unfrequent during the summer months at Nice. In July we had three or four, and one I remember very vividly. It began at eight o'clock one evening, after a day or two of intolerable oppressiveness. We heard the first peal of thunder with delight: it approached nearer and nearer, and the lightning flashed, as it seemed, without a moment's intermission; then the rain began to fall. It first rebounded off the hard-baked ground, which soon, however, yielded, and drank in with eagerness the refreshing shower. It ceased: the thunder roared more savagely, the house shook to its foundations, the lightning filled the room, as, in spite of the jalousies, it came in at the four large windows, and was reflected in the mirrors on the walls. There we sat for hours, some admiring, some terrified, all silent and awe-stricken. The lightning at length ceased to come in ordinary flashes; it appeared at the windows a broad thin sheet of light. The effect was most beautiful, as it illumined every object in the room for a few seconds at a time. Some of our party would not go to bed on account of the iron rods which supported the mosquito curtains; so we all sat up for company's sake. Suddenly we were alarmed by a rushing noise without: it was not the thunder, but was distinctly heard *with* the thunder. We rushed to the windows, threw back the jalousies, and saw the wonderful finale of the storm. Beneath our windows was the dry bed of a torrent, supplied abundantly in winter by the mountain streams, but long dry, and used, on account of its smooth clean stones, as a bleach-green by a number of neighbouring laundresses. Now, however, there rushed along its bed an impetuous river, carrying along with it logs of wood, quantities of hay, straw, charcoal, &c. which it had pillaged as it swept along the cottages of the mountaineers. The lightning was flashing on it the while, now and then seeming to convert it into a river of blood. It was a fearful, yet a grand sight. I

was rivetted to the spot, and did not leave it until at length the storm, which had now lasted five hours, gradually subsided; the clouds rolled away, and the moon, in all her gentle beauty, shone down upon the rushing torrent, and by her peaceful smiles wooed the discordant elements into harmony.

So much for the *physique* of Nice in the summer; but the *morale* is hardly so picturesque. I felt an interest, however, in one of the peasant girls, called Madeleine Bonnet. It is no harm to tell her name; for she could not read, even if she should see it written here. Her father was a working silversmith in Genoa, and when he died, his widow and children removed to Nice, where they had relations. They tried to support themselves by a little farm; but this did not succeed. The boys were too young, and the two girls, who were the eldest of the family, resolved to go into service. Marie, the eldest, soon found a situation in a Nizzard family; but Madeleine was ambitious, and determined to go only into an English ménage. She offered herself to us, and we found her appearance very prepossessing. She wore the becoming costume of the Nice peasantry—the graceful capeline, and the black velvet ribbon round her glossy dark-brown hair. Her complexion was the clear olive of Italy, and her eyes had the lustre of that passionate climate, but beautified in their expression by the long black lashes, which hung over them with a mournful air I cannot describe. As she was well recommended by the hotel-keeper, we resolved to try her. She did not profess much knowledge; but her great willingness to learn soon made her a favourite, even with the cross old cook, and with our own English servants. This peaceful state of things in the kitchen did not last long, however. The old cook soon brought grievous charges against Madeleine, who, she said, stole the charcoal, and ought to be dismissed instantly. We could not readily acquiesce in this; especially as we found, on farther inquiry, that on no other head but that of charcoal was her honesty impeached. We could have imagined a girl of eighteen being tempted by cakes, or articles of dress; but what could she do with charcoal? It seemed nonsense. However, week after week the cook persisted in her allegations, and the matter must be investigated. Madeleine was called, and the charges made. She blushed scarlet, and did not attempt to deny its truth. 'It is a pity, Madeleine,' I said, 'that you have acted so, for we must lose confidence in you henceforth.'

This seemed to give her courage, and she answered, 'Ah, signorina, you think I would steal anything now! You are mistaken: I would rather starve than steal for myself; but, signorina, I have a mother, and she is very poor, and my little brothers are too young to work for her. She finds that she can make a very good trade by selling roasted chestnuts in the street; but it requires a great deal of charcoal to roast them all day long, and she grudged to buy it when she wanted food for the children, and I have sometimes given her a little.'

Though I felt that the poor girl's temptation had been strong, I thought it right to say, 'Yet, Madeleine, ~~it~~ was stealing when you gave away what was not yours to give.'

Her eyes flashed indignantly: her ideas of morality were evidently different: her heart swelled, and with tears she answered me—'Ah, signorina, you who have a mother whom you dearly love, to speak so to me! You are rich, and I am very poor; but if you and your mother were as poor as I and mine, you would help her in any way you could, especially if you had plenty to eat, as I have with you: and if you knew that she had a scanty meal at home, you would, signorina'—she added with energy, seeing me about to reply—'you would have done what I did.' She paused, and begged pardon for her vehemence, but not for the theft, which it was clear gave her conscience no uncomfortable qualms. I never felt more puzzled for a reply. I wished to show Madeleine that she had acted wrong;



her unwilling appearance at the late Middlesex Sessions? Ann was accused of having turned the penny as a street beggar on every available occasion these fourteen years back. Not much good was said of Ann. Her accusers describe her as 'one of the most incorrigible begging vagrants who had ever been heard of.' For years she had led a begging, drunken, and vagabond life; and the court would be astonished to hear that, at the instance of the Mendicity Society alone, she had been committed for various terms of imprisonment as many as forty-nine times! A kind-hearted magistrate, thinking to get her to abandon begging, had supplied her with money to set up a fruit-stall; but the whole of that money she had spent on drink. Whenever let loose from prison, she began begging in the old way; and with the first money she procured, she got regularly drunk in the nearest public-house. When last taken up, she kicked and knocked about terribly, and could not be brought to the station-house till she was tied on a stretcher. It was of no use doing anything for this woman, your worship. When good people got her a comfortable situation, she stole out of the house to beg; her favourite place of resort being the Park. And then she soon got herself into trouble. Since 1834, she had spent, put it all together, five years in prison.' In vindication of her rights, Ann said, 'It was a very hard case that the police would not leave her alone—it was enough to kill her.' Verdict of the court, 'six months.' Will the honourable bench of magistrates kindly explain what is to be the use of this fresh incarceration, beyond giving Ann a keener relish for begging and dram-drinking?

Much about the same time, up is brought to the police-office, Guildhall, 'a well-known impostor, Michael Leary,' charged with being a confirmed beggar, who carried on business by simulating a most dreadful pain in his back. Michael, it was alleged, lived on that back of his. 'The prisoner,' so sayeth the reporter, 'who was allowed to be in the anteroom, instead of being locked up in the cells, continued groaning all the time, declaring that he was dying from rheumatic pains; and when helped into the court, he redoubled his cries, "Oh my back, my back!" and clung to the railings of the dock, in which position he continued moaning at times, and to all appearance suffering great pain, while the evidence was taken down.' No. 267 of the city police gives evidence—'That about eight o'clock the previous evening he was on duty in Holborn, when he observed the prisoner walk from house to house begging, always appearing to complain of his back; after which he went into several public-houses, and obtained a quartern of gin, which he drank, and at last became rather intoxicated. Next he went into a coffee-shop, but did not get anything; and on his coming out, he took him into custody.' Michael denies being drunk, pleads ill health, and only begs because he cannot work. The magistrate tells him that wont do: 'You are too well known to make me believe you were ill at all; and it's all sham now.' 'Hope you will send me to the hospital, sir, where I may get some relief to my aching back.' 'I shall send you somewhere else before you go there, and that is to prison for fourteen days, on bread and water.' The prisoner, unpitied, was then carried out by No. 267; loudly protesting, however, that he was suffering severely from rheumatism, and that he should certainly die under that terrible pain in his back!

Some people will laugh at this, and tell you that Michael Leary was doubtless an impostor, all his protestations about his back notwithstanding. But who demoralised Michael? That is the question. Wasn't it good folks who believed all the rigmorole story of the back, and gave him halfpence out of pure soul-struck compassion? To be sure it was; and it is these good folks, with their credulity and their charity, that make beggars abound. Take another example. The other day, 'Thomas Henchcliffe, a thick-set, powerful young fellow, was placed at the bar of the Worship Street police-office, charged with being a begging im-

postor. A constable of the A division said he was on duty that morning in the City Road, when he saw the prisoner knock at a great number of doors in succession, and clamorously solicit charity, upon the ground of his being in great distress, and that he had sustained some very serious injury in his arm, which was suspended in a sling, and appeared to be crippled. Witness was dressed in plain clothes, for the more ready detection of offenders; and the prisoner, after leaving the last door he had applied at, at once made up to him, and in a canting whine commenced a harrowing detail of his real or assumed misfortunes, which would have no doubt been successful in the extraction of money from any casual passenger, but which instantly stopped upon the witness seizing him by the collar, and, pointing out his mistake, telling him he should take him to the station. He then asked him what he had been doing at the houses he had knocked at? and the prisoner, without the slightest prevarication, answered, "Begging." "And what is the matter with your arm?" said the witness. "Oh, nothing at all!" said the prisoner. "Then what do you put it into a sling for?" "Why, you see," said he, "when I went about with my arm not suspended and wrapped up in this way, I found that I could get nothing out of anybody, as the people I asked for assistance immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, you are a strong young man, and ought to get a living by work;' and then went off without dropping a penny; so I put my arm into a sling as it is now, because I found that those who did so got more money!" —Sentence, a month's imprisonment, with hard labour in the House of Correction.

But the professed beggar resorts to many other shams besides malingering. He is a shipwrecked mariner, a workman out of work, a burned-out tradesman, an unfortunate actor on his way home to his friends, a distressed foreigner, and, generally speaking, he has a wife and family. In London, there appear to be places where beggars can be accommodated with 'properties' of all sorts, dying infants included. 'At a recent meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Rev. Mr Branch said that a short time since he visited a room in Westminster where he saw a woman with a dying child in her arms. Commiserating the wretched creature's condition, he inquired into her history, and her means of livelihood, and in answer to his questions, she replied, "Oh, sir, my sufferings are great, and so are those of my child; but when my child is gone, I know not what to do." "But," observed Mr Branch, "it will be a happy release for you and your child, as you can make no exertions while you are burthened with her." "Oh, dear sir," ejaculated the mother, "when she is gone, I'll have to pay 9d. a day for another child, while she costs me nothing. Unless I do so, I'll earn nothing by begging, for it is the children that excite compassion!" In another room in the house Mr Branch found forty beggars, vagabonds and rogues, male and female, young, old, lame, and blind, gathered round a fire, all relating their exploits, and planning for their next attacks upon the public. In a regular wareroom in Westminster he saw exhibited for hire and sale every variety of dresses, including widows' weeds and tattered rags, shabby-genteel costumes, clerical suits, &c. adapted to the different plans of mendicant operations pursued by the several parties who patronised this extraordinary bazaar, and who made begging a profession.'

Going about with certificates of character is a very effective method of operating on the compassionate. On a former occasion we referred to a case related to us by a party concerned, and it will still bear a few more particulars. Some five or six years ago, a man who carried on a small trade as a tinsmith in a country town in England, was one night burnt out of house and home. A great misfortune for the poor man! Not at all. It was the best thing he ever experienced that burning. He became a fit object for the philanthropists; and all very proper, if they had acted with considerate caution. In his destitution,













on the sinuosities and hollows, or cloughs, as they are called, which thus respond to the draught of air like enormous organ-pipes, and become for the time wind-instruments on a gigantic scale.

We take leave to borrow another beautifully-related observation from this writer:—'In the autumn of 1828,' says he, 'when on a tour through Les Hautes Pyrénées, I formed one of a party, quitting Bagneres de Luchon at midnight, with an intention of reaching the heights of the Porte de Venasque, one of the wildest and most romantic boundaries between the French and Spanish frontier, from the summit of which the spectator looks at once upon the inaccessible ridges of the Maladetta, the most lofty point of the Pyrenean range. After winding our way through the deep woods and ravines, constantly ascending above the valley of Luchon, we gained the Hospice about two in the morning; and after remaining there a short time, proceeded with the first blush of dawn to encounter the very steep gorge terminating in the pass itself, a narrow vertical fissure through a massive wall of perpendicular rock. It is not my intention to detail the features of the magnificent scene which burst upon our view as we emerged from this splendid portal, and stood upon Spanish ground—neither to describe the feelings of awe which rivetted us to the spot, as we gazed, in speechless admiration, on the lone, desolate, and (if the term may be applied to a mountain) the ghastly form of the appropriately-named *Maladetta*. I allude to it solely for the purpose of observing that we were most forcibly struck with a dull, low, moaning, Æolian sound, which alone broke upon the deathly silence, evidently proceeding from the body of this mighty mass, though we in vain attempted to connect it with any particular spot, or assign an adequate cause for these solemn strains. The air was perfectly calm. The sky was cloudless, and the atmosphere clear to that extraordinary degree conceivable only by those who are familiar with the elevated regions of southern climates. So clear and pure, indeed, that at noon a bright star which had attracted our notice throughout the gray of the morning still remained visible in the zenith. By the naked eye, therefore, and still more with the assistance of a telescope, any waterfalls of sufficient magnitude would have been distinguishable on a front base, and exposed before us; but not a stream was to be detected, and the bed of what gave evident tokens of being occasionally a strong torrent, intersecting the valley at its foot, was then nearly dry. I will not presume to assert that the sun's rays, though at the moment impinging in all their glory on every point and peak of the snowy heights, had any share in vibrating these mountain chords; but on a subsequent visit, a few days afterwards, when I went alone to explore this wild scenery, and at the same hour stood on the same spot, I listened in vain for the moaning sounds: the air was equally calm; but the sun was hidden by clouds, and a cap of dense mist hung over the greater portion of the mountain.'

There is no small difficulty in accounting for such sounds. They may be connected with changes of temperature; but how? Sometimes they may be produced at a great distance, but rendered audible by a form of the ground favourable for the collection of the rays of sound, so to speak. The wind is doubtless the instrument in many instances. Earthquakes, as we have seen, are another source of uncommon sounds, though how these should be produced in such circumstances we cannot say. Amidst this difficulty, it is satisfactory to refer to one class of such sounds for which an explanation has been attained.

On the east coast of the Bay of Suez, about three hours from Tor in Sinai, there is a sandstone ridge, at one part of which, where it is about 150 feet high, there is a steep acclivity named Nakuh, having much loose sand laid against it, the produce of the upper part of the hill. When the traveller ascends this sandy cliff, his ears are saluted with a sound which at first resembles the tone of an Æolian harp, then that of a hum-

ming-top, and finally becomes so loud, that the earth seems to shake. After many speculations about the cause of this phenomenon, the matter was set at rest by the distinguished naturalist Ehrenberg. 'He ascended from the base of the hill, over its cover of sand, to the summit, where he observed the sand continually renewed by the weathering of the rock; and convinced himself that the motion of the sand was the cause of the sound. Every step he and his companion took caused a partial sound, occasioned by the sand thus set in motion, and differing only in continuance and intensity from that heard afterwards, when the continued ascent had set loose a greater quantity of sand. Beginning with a soft rustling, it passed gradually into a murmuring, then into a humming noise, and at length into a threatening of such violence, that it could only be compared with a distant cannonade, had it been more continued and uniform. As the sand gradually settled again, the noise also gradually ceased.' Mr James Prinsep, who also inquired into these sounds, states that the effect is produced by 'a reduplication of impulse, setting air in vibration in a focus of echo.' It is, in short, a phenomenon in acoustics.

There is a similar marvel at Reg-Ruwan, about forty miles north of Cabool, towards Hindoo Koosh, and near the base of the mountains. To quote the description of Sir Alexander Burnes:—'Two ridges of hills, detached from the rest, run in and meet each other. At the point of junction, and where the slope of the hills is at an angle of about 45 degrees, and the height nearly 400 feet, a sheet of sand, as pure as that on the seashore, is spread from the top to the bottom, to a breadth of about 100 yards. When this sand is set in motion by a body of people sliding down it, a sound is emitted. On the first trial we distinctly heard two loud hollow sounds, such as would be produced by a large drum. On two subsequent trials we heard nothing, so that perhaps the sand requires to be settled and at rest for some space of time before the effect can be produced. The inhabitants have a belief that the sounds are only heard on Friday; nor then, unless by the special permission of the saint of Reg-Ruwan, who is interred close to the spot. The locality of the sand is remarkable, as there is no other in the neighbourhood. Reg-Ruwan faces the south, but the wind of Purwan (bâd i Purwan), which blows strongly from the north for the greater part of the year, probably deposits it by an eddy. Near the strip of sand there is a strong echo; and the same conformation of surface which occasions this is doubtless connected with the sound of the moving sand.'

An explanation being supplied in this case, we may hope to see all mysteries of the same kind in time cleared up.

#### FROM THE PIECE TO THE PATTERN.

PASSING through a couple of green gates at the bottom of a narrow street in the outskirts of Manchester, and very near the terminus of the North-Western Railway, we are at Hoyle's printworks in Mayfield, which is equivalent to saying that we have entered upon a scene displaying some of the finest and most scientific processes connected with the preparation of cotton for human apparel. 'Hoyle's prints' has become a household name, known alike to the wearer of the most exquisite and delicate of patterns, and to her who, whether for a tidy apron, or for a work-a-day dress, or for a Sunday gown, can pick out the genuine 'Hoyle's' out of a dozen imitations, with unerring accuracy. Although that forms by no means the sole description of article produced by this immense firm, yet the name is generally associated with the idea of some homely, useful, and cheerful lilac-patterned dress. The peculiar excellency of the establishment is its



rollers being tightly screwed together, exercise great compression upon the cloth as it passes between them, and force it to take up every vestige of colour from the depressions in the surface of the cylinder. Appearing in the front, it is now found to have taken an accurate impression of the design on the copper, and its further stages of progress will come presently under our notice. At the side of the room are a number of vices, at which the machine attendants will be frequently seen at work, smoothing and straightening a long steel blade, like—if we may venture to draw the comparison—what ladies call, we believe, a 'busk'; a kind of iron substitute for the whalebone in stays. Reader, without that simple blade, all this costly mechanism would be utterly valueless, at least for printing purposes: that is the doctor. If the copper cylinder were allowed to dip into the colour, and then to be pressed against the tissue, the result would be, that a homogeneous broad band of the colour would remain on the fabric. What is wanted is, to remove all the colour from the surface of the engraved metal, yet to leave all the engraved portions charged with colour. Manifestly no ordinary wiper would or could effect this end. The smooth sharp edge of the doctor does it completely. The blade receives an alternate lateral motion by a crank; and resting, as it does, at a certain angle upon the surface of the cylinder, it smoothly scrapes away every particle of surface-colour in the most admirable manner. It is said to have received its odd name from the expression of surprise of a workman, who, seeing the inventor, after many trials of other methods of getting rid of surface-colour, take up a long-bladed knife, and, to his astonishment, finding it answer the purpose excellently, ejaculated, 'You have doctored it now, sir!' Each machine has two of these ferreous medical attendants: one—the one in question—is called the 'colour-doctor'; the other, which is placed in front of the cylinder, and is intended to free it from any cotton filaments which may have got upon it during the passage of the fabric over it, has the more congenial appellation of the 'lint-doctor.'

Having, as we trust, made the construction of the single-colour cylinder-printing machine sufficiently clear, we shall now be able to comprehend, without difficulty, that yet more remarkable, and, at first sight, highly-complicated machine, which prints five, or even six colours, at the same time! If the reader can imagine that, instead of passing over one cylinder, the cloth passes in succession over one, two, three, or more, each dipping in troughs containing different colours, and each furnished of course with the doctor, he will have all the essentials before him of the compound machine. As may well be imagined, the paramount difficulty here is so to engrave the different patterns on each cylinder as that each spot of colour shall drop into its right place; and no ordinary exercise of ingenuity and patience is called for in the adjustment of the machine in the first instance. It is a beautiful spectacle when seen at work. You behold the smooth band of cloth enter in snowy purity, you watch it swiftly passing in a zig-zag direction over a number of cylinders, each charged with different colours, and each kept clean by its busy 'doctors,' until at length it comes out covered with a pretty pattern, in which five or six colours glitter with most attractive brilliancy. The metamorphosis is as rapid as it is complete, from the unsullied piece of calico to the almost perfected pattern dress.

Stepping across to the opposite side of the room, we see, as we have said, the printed cloth come streaming down at a great rate; and, curious to say, it is laid in regular folds by machinery! It passes between a pair of wooden rollers placed at the end of a long swinging frame of iron; and this frame being made to swing to and fro by a crank, it directs the cloth passing between the rollers into similar folds, thus disposing what would otherwise be inevitably a confused heap of calico, requiring the constant supervision of one man to prevent its getting all over the floor, into smooth and even folds, in which form it lies, without irregularity, and can be easily removed by an attendant when the whole piece is printed. There are, it is true, minor ingenuities, but we delight to

mark them as indicative of the pervasion of a system of refined mechanism even to the most trifling particulars. We have thus seen, as far as this room is concerned, the beginning and the end of the piece. Ascending up stairs, we shall be able to see the intermediate process of 'drying.' A few yards, and we are in a tropical climate! A blast of hot, suffocative air strikes the face, fills the clothes, and makes the skin tingle all over, and a few minutes must elapse before the impulse to plunge back again into the comparatively cold air of the room below can be fairly mastered. Then the heat ceases to be unpleasant—at least it was so with us. The evolution of this heat is due to the immense range of steam apparatus which fills the room from one end to the other. It consists of tall upright frames of cast-iron, to which are attached a number of flat iron cylinders filled with steam. The printed cloth, rising through the floor, is made to lie flat on a series of these hot chests, over which it is drawn; until, descending again on the other side, it is found to be quite hot and dry, and passes once more through the floor to the folding apparatus.

A very singular and interesting machine calls us to stop before finally quitting the printing-room. The men call it the 'gas-blue machine.' As we had the privilege of witnessing the erection and first working of one of these ingenious machines, we shall briefly describe it. Up to the point where the cloth enters the machine, its arrangements are precisely those of the ordinary cylinder-print engines. Just, however, above the colour-doctor, a horizontal pipe, perforated with many holes, lies close to the revolving cylinder; this pipe is in connection with a gas-supply pipe, and by its means gas is blown on to the cylinder charged with colour just before the latter comes in contact with the cloth. In front of the machine is a flat box, glazed like a picture frame: immediately that the cloth leaves the copper cylinder, it enters between two tight lips of caoutchouc into this box, and may be seen through the glass moving upwards into a chest above, where it is rolled up—not passing into the drying-room, as in other cases. By ample pipes connected with a gas-meter, this flat box and the larger trunk are kept filled with an atmosphere of gas—the ordinary carburetted hydrogen of the streets—which, escaping in small quantities, renders its presence very perceptible to the senses of the bystander. At the top of the larger chest is an escape-valve, by which the gas is allowed at intervals to flow into the external air, to give place for a fresh quantity. This machine, which has been patented by Mr Woodcroft, is intended to produce a most beautiful and indelible blue colour on the print. The paste is of a peculiar kind, undergoing a certain decomposition when brought into contact with coal gas, and the result being the production of a very fine and lasting blue. The exact chemical processes which are concerned in this singular machine are not permitted to be divulged. It is very singular to see it at work, and to behold through the pane of glass the cloth, erst so fair and pale, deepening into a rich blue as it passes slowly upwards through the gaseous atmosphere, with the appearance at the same time of some pretty simple pattern on it. We believe that this invention, which is quite recent, has already proved a most valuable aid to the resources of the calico printer.

The rate at which the cylinder-printing machines execute their task is surprising when looked at in the aggregate. Some machines will actually print a mile of calico in an hour! or, to make it more intelligible to some of our fairer readers, each machine will print *three cotton dresses* in a minute! Supposing that fifteen of the machines in this room were to work uninterruptedly for only ten hours each day, and for six days in the week, they would be able to print cotton dresses in one such week for one hundred and sixty-two thousand ladies! How many, then, in a year! We believe the actual number of miles of calico printed by this eminent firm alone in a single year exceeds ten thousand, more than sufficient to measure the diameter of our planet with! The whole of the machines in this large apartment require the undivided energies of a couple of the most beautiful steam-engines





important of which is the extensive and beautifully-fitted-up chemical laboratory, where various experiments are conducted by a scientific chemist, and where all the dyes are prepared. This place contains a number of admirable machines for grinding, evaporating, mixing colours, &c. which it would be vain to attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, that it is the very heart of the whole manufacture, and upon the skill practically manifested here depends the entire success of the vast establishment. To give the reader a concluding idea as to the immensity of these works, it may be stated that they produce in a single year cotton dresses for a million and a-half of human beings!

#### AN INCIDENT IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

ONE evening at our club we had the satisfaction of hearing Captain Marmaduke Smith relate an adventure in which he had been concerned in Spain, and which I shall try to give as nearly as possible in the language of the narrator. The reader is aware, for he has already made the captain's acquaintance, that he was somewhat of an oddity, and his story on this occasion was suggested by a hot discussion among us on the subject of patriotism.

'Don't tell me of patriotism,' said the captain: 'I have seen such queer exhibitions of the article in my day, that I am pretty well tired of hearing anything more about it. I could give you a story of Spanish patriotism that would astonish you; however, it's no use talking of the affair.'

'The story—let us have the captain's story by all means,' replied several voices. 'Come, captain, begin.'

'Well, well, if I must, I must, though I would rather have the matter forgotten. You of course all know that I am not exactly an Englishman?'

'Indeed! We always thought'—

'Never mind; I shall explain. My father was a Scotsman, my mother was an Irishwoman, and I was born in Gibraltar; so that you see I am an Anglo-Scoto-Irish Spaniard—a nondescript animal—though I hope not the worse subject of her Majesty, God bless her! By my father, who was a mariner at Gibraltar, I was sent to England for my education; and in consequence of my great merit—ahem!—a commission was easily got for me in the army. Well, that is a good while ago now. I served in the Peninsula, and was promoted—mark you, *not* by brevet. The Peninsula, you will observe, was a sort of native country to me—I spoke Spanish as fast as English. During one of the lulls in the campaign of 1811 I got leave of absence in order to visit Gibraltar. My father and only parent was lying dangerously ill, and requested my presence. Before I got to Gibraltar, he had died, leaving me his sole heir, which was a great consolation. When I came to look into his property, I found that it included a handsome schooner, the "Blue-Eyed Maid," which lay in the harbour, loaded with a capital cargo of printed cotton goods. The craft was waiting for a skipper, and none could be had. An idea struck me—"Why not turn skipper myself for the occasion?" The voyage was designed to be only as far as Bilbao—a regular smuggling transaction. I need hardly tell you, for all the world knows it, that Gibraltar is useful to us chiefly as a smuggling depot. The Spaniards want our goods; their government will not let them buy them in a regular way; and we, kind creatures, let them have them without giving any trouble to the customhouse. Now, here was a fine opportunity for me distinguishing myself as a contrabandista. My leave of absence having yet some time to run, I determined on taking the command myself; for although I had every proper confidence in Bill Jenkins the mate, yet knowing the weakness of human nature, and especially of smuggling human nature in such cases, I judged it might be as well to be my own cashier. On Christmas eve everything was ready for a start; the anchor was

atrip, and a fresh breeze was blowing from the south-west, which promised, if it did but last, a swift and pleasant run. I had just reached the bottom of the flight of rock steps leading to the signal station, where I had been to take a last look at the weather, when I was accosted by an old, odd, withered-looking gentleman—his hair and beard white as snow, and dressed in an old-fashioned grandee suit of velvet, with a short cloak over his shoulders, and a Spanish cocked-hat and feather on his head. He had a letter from a well-known merchant of Gibraltar, recommending him as a safe, trustworthy gentleman. His object, he explained, was to procure a passage in the "Blue-Eyed Maid" to Bilbao, then in the occupation of the French. As our rendezvous was a little to the south of the mouth of the Ebro, I had no difficulty in acceding, for a "consideration," to his request. An hour afterwards, we were on board, and I had an opportunity of more closely observing our new companion. He seemed a stunted, dried-up specimen of grandee pedigree and arrogance. He could not be less, judging from his palsied limbs, tremulous shrill voice, and shrunken features, than eighty years of age. His eyes, too, were filmy and dull, except when anything occurred to rouse him—an allusion to the French especially—and then a fire would glare out of the old decaying sockets—whether of heaven or the other place this story will best tell—enough to scorch one. He looked at such times for all the world like an Egyptian mummy animated by a fiend from the bottomless pit.

'We were soon under weigh, and cracking along at a spanking rate. The old Don kept very quiet, giving little or no trouble, except that some one or other of us was continually tumbling over him; for the restless creature would totter about the deck all day and nearly all night, muttering to himself, and every now and then irreverently flapping down on his knees. This conduct at last greatly scandalised Bill Jenkins, who argued that a man who threw out such an enormous number of that sort of signals must have an uncommon queer cargo to run; and Bill darkly hinted that if extra bad weather should come on, or any out-of-the-way mishap occur, he should know who to thank for it. Nothing, however, happened contrariwise till we were within a hundred miles of our destination, when, just as day broke, the look-out hand reported a strange sail on the weather-beam. All eyes and the only glass on board were immediately turned in the direction of the stranger, who finally proved to be a French war corvette. Bill Jenkins glanced at me, and then at the Spaniard, as much as to say, I told you what would come of having that precious rascal on board; and then made preparations to hoist every stitch of canvas the schooner could carry. But spite of all our exertions, the corvette gained rapidly upon us, and the prospect of a French prison became momentarily more and more distinct, and apparently inevitable. Our grandees seemed struck with utter madness: he stormed, raved, gesticulated, and execrated the advancing ship with a fury scarcely human! As something more to the purpose, we were preparing, with sorrowful hearts, to throw over the best and heaviest of the cargo, in order to lighten the schooner, when Jenkins, who had gone up with the glass to the foretop, sung out—"Avast heaving there; here comes a customer for the Frenchman—hurra!" We all ran to the side, and gazed to where Bill's arm pointed; and there, sure enough, about four miles a-head—the wind was right on our beam—was a British ship of war, just rounding a headland, and coming on like a race-horse. Up went our ensign—we had hitherto modestly concealed it—in a brace of shakes; we crowded out three lusty cheers, and fired our two little brass popguns, as valiant as turkey-cocks, at the corvette. As soon as the Frenchman perceived his new friend, he luffed up into the wind, and seemed for a few minutes doubtful whether to show fight or a clean pair of heels. The British vessel was the "Scorpion" sloop



we had about us, we were placed in the centre of the party, and marched off at a brisk pace. After about three hours' smart walking, we arrived at the headquarters of the guerilla party into whose hands we had fallen. It was a wild-looking spot, encircled on all sides by bare and rugged hills. The night was cold, dark, and stormy, and the only objects we could discern were several stacks of piled muskets, baggage and horse-furniture scattered here and there, and a rude portable table, near which was placed a number of equally rude camp-stools. Not a word was spoken; and the only sounds we heard for a space, I should think, of more than twenty minutes, were what I took to be signal whistles replied to at greater and lesser distances. At the end of that time men wrapped in cloaks stalked, silently as shadows, into the space in front of us, and seated themselves in grim silence near the table or trestled boards. I counted fifteen of them, when a whistle louder and shriller than any that had preceded it announced the arrival of the chief of the pleasant party. He took his seat in the centre of them. Pine torches were then lighted, at which the grim gentlemen kindled their cigars, and business commenced in very dangerous earnest.

"Who and what are you?" said the chief, addressing me in a voice as rough as a nutmeg-grater. I informed him. The explanation was satisfactory, for he immediately said, "You are free." I started with joyful surprise, and was just about to claim restitution of my stolen property, when I was silenced by a peremptory, "Who is your companion?" This was a poser; but as I had anticipated some inquiry of the sort, I answered pretty readily that he was a gentleman living in Bilbao, with whom I had some pecuniary transactions; and that we were proceeding to a neighbouring farmhouse to settle matters when we were arrested. For the truth of which statement, I added, one Senor Cortina, who was still no doubt waiting there for us, would readily vouch.

A meaning smile, as I uttered the senor's name, gleamed over the rugged features of the chief, and was reflected on the countenances of his companions. Puzzled and alarmed, I stopped abruptly, and held my peace.

"Is this fellow's story true?" said the president of the court, addressing the colonel.

"The colonel was silent for a few seconds, and then said, 'Yes; I am a peaceable and loyal inhabitant of Bilbao.'"

"Does any one know him?" said the chief, looking around inquiringly. "We must have no mistake in this business." There was a long and anxious pause; but no one answered.

"I am sorry for it," muttered the president, as if speaking to himself; "but it must be done." He then whispered one of his companions, who instantly rose, and quickly disappeared in the surrounding gloom.

A painful silence ensued. The colonel's countenance was dark and troubled, and I am pretty sure he partly guessed what was coming. At last two figures approached the circle. They were the guerilla officer returning to his seat, accompanied by Senor Cortina! I could scarcely believe my eyes, and trembled in every joint of my body. The old man looked harder, colder, stonier than ever; but as his eye fell upon his son, the same fierce gleam I had before so frequently noticed flashed from his eyes, and his features worked with convulsive passion. The fit lasted but a moment, and he was calm again. The chief had risen at his approach, and his manner, as he invited the senor to be seated, indicated both respect and compassion. The old man declined the proffered seat, and remained erect, motionless, and rigid.

"Is the prisoner the man whom we seek?" asked the president in a nervous, agitated whisper.

"Yes," replied Senor Cortina, in a distinct, but somewhat hurried voice and manner, like a man repeating a lesson he has long conned over, and is anxious to be

done with. "He is Colonel Delisle, as he calls himself, in the usurper's service. His real name is Cortina: he is my son, and a Spaniard by blood and birth. He is one of the most active foes of his suffering countrymen. I was on my way to England with my daughter, who, you may have heard"—The old man paused, and again the expression of insane hate and fury flitted across his features. Recovering himself, he proceeded, but more hurriedly even than before, "She died at Gibraltar, and I returned here with that worthy man (pointing to me), in order to atone by this sacrifice for the crime of having given birth to a traitor."

A deathlike silence followed. The stern countenances of the members of this rude court of military justice, as seen by the fitful glare of the torches, assumed a gloomier and more savagely-sinister aspect as the old man spoke; but not a word or gesture of comment followed. Senor Cortina, upon a gesture from the president, was led away.

"You hear, Colonel Delisle?" said the chief, as soon as he supposed the father was out of hearing.

"I do," replied the victim, mastering, as well as he could, the frightful emotion which the old man's denunciation had excited. "I do, and perceive that I am hopelessly entrapped into the power of remorseless ruffians by that mistaken, much-to-be-pitied old man, whom may God forgive, as I do! I ask not for mercy from such as you; indeed I know it would be bootless to do so; but I tell you to your teeth that my love and devotion to Spain are as strong and pure as yours can be. I sought to liberate her—with foreign help, 'tis true, for how else could it be done?—from the vilest tyranny that ever debased and ruined a gallant nation; you fight to restore her, also by foreign aid, to thralldom of both soul and body. You are impatient: well, then, your sentence—and be brief!"

"It was soon passed—death without delay.

"Do you wish for a priest?" said the chief.

"An impatient gesture of refusal was the only answer.

Half-a-dozen musketeers, at a signal from one of the officers, stepped forth from the ranks behind us: the colonel drew himself fiercely up, and looked them sternly and steadily in the face: the chief waved me away: the words, "Make ready, present, fire!" were rapidly given: the death-shots rang sharply on the silence of the night; and the colonel fell stone-dead on the greensward. A soldier tapped me lightly on the shoulder, and bade me follow him. I mechanically obeyed, and soon found myself on the high road, where my guide, having first generously restored me three of the many gold pieces I had been robbed of, left me. I was so knocked up, so bewildered by what I had witnessed, that I sought shelter and repose in the first house I came to; and it was not till the fourth day after the colonel's execution that I arrived at my old lodgings. I was there informed that Senor Cortina had returned, bringing with him his son's body, which was interred in a neighbouring burying-ground, and that the old man had since passed most of his time there. I waited several hours for him, as I had not yet touched the reward, which, although I wished to Heaven I had never earned, still, as the mischief was done, I felt a natural desire to receive: but finding he did not arrive, and feeling anxious to be gone, I proceeded to the churchyard in search of him. As I approached, I saw him kneeling, with his back towards me, by the side of a new-made grave, at the head of which was a wooden crucifix. I called to him, at first gently, then louder: receiving no answer, I went up, tapped him on the back, and found that he was dead! The unnatural furor which had preyed on him had at length quenched the last spark of life. He was a victim to his own vengeful passions!"

"What a horrible transaction altogether!" said one or two of the party.

"Yes," said the captain in conclusion, "it was an affair I shall never forget, although I do try to banish it from recollection. It was, however, after all, only one of



The first whom Pinel addressed was the oldest in this scene of misery. He was an English captain; his history was unknown; and he had been confined there for forty years. He was considered the most ferocious of all. His keepers even approached him with caution; for in a fit of violence he had struck one of the servants with his chains, and killed him on the spot. He was more harshly treated than the others, and this severity and complete abandonment only tended still more to exasperate his naturally violent temper.

Pinel entered his cell alone, and addressed him calmly. 'Captain,' said he, 'if I take off your chains, and give you liberty to walk up and down the yard, will you promise me to be reasonable, and to injure no one?'

'I will promise you; but you are making game of me. They are all too much afraid of me, even you yourself.'

'No, indeed, I am not afraid,' replied Pinel; 'for I have six men outside to make you respect me: but believe my word; confide in me, and be docile. I intend to liberate you, if you will put on this linen waistcoat in place of your heavy chains.'

The captain willingly agreed to all they required of him, only shrugging his shoulders, and never uttering a word. In a few minutes his irons were completely loosened, and the doctor and his assistants retired, leaving the door of his cell open.

Several times he stood up, but sank down again: he had been in a sitting posture for such a length of time, that he had almost lost the use of his limbs. However, at the end of a quarter of an hour he succeeded in preserving his equilibrium; and from the depth of his dark cell he advanced, tottering towards the door. His first movement was to look up at the heavens, and to cry out in ecstasy, 'How beautiful!' During the whole day he never ceased running up and down the stairs, always exclaiming, 'How beautiful! How delightful!' In the evening he returned of his own accord to his cell, slept tranquilly on a good bed which had been provided for him in the meantime, and during the following two years which he spent at the Bicêtre he never again had a violent fit; he even made himself useful, exercising a certain authority over the other lunatics, governing them after his fashion, and establishing himself as a kind of superintendent.

His neighbour in captivity was not less worthy of pity. He was an old French officer, who had been in chains for the past thirty years, having been afflicted with one of those terrible religious monomanias of which we even now-a-days see such frequent examples. Of weak understanding and lively imagination, he conceived himself destined by God for the *baptism of blood*—that is to say, to kill his fellow-creatures, in order to save them from hell, and to send them straight to heaven, there to enjoy the felicity of the blessed! This horrible idea was the cause of his committing a frightful crime. He commenced his homicidal mission by plunging a dagger into the heart of his own child. He was declared insane, confined for life in the Bicêtre, and had been afflicted for years with this revolting madness. Calmness at length returned, but without reason: he sat on a stone silent and immovable, resembling an emaciated spectre of remorse. His limbs were still loaded with the same irons as when first he was confined, but which he had no longer strength to lift. They were left on him as much from habit as from the remembrance of his crime. His case was hopeless. Dr Pinel had him carried to a bed in the infirmary; his legs, however, were so stiff and contracted, that all attempts to bend them failed. In this state he lived a few months longer, and then died, without being aware of his release.

The third presented a strange contrast. He was a man in the prime of life, with sparkling eyes; his bearing haughty, and gestures dramatic. In his youth he had been a literary character. He was gentle, witty, and had a brilliant imagination. He composed romances, full of love, expressed in impassioned language. He

wrote unceasingly; and in order to devote himself to greater ardour to his favourite compositions, he ended by locking himself up in his room, often passing the day without food, and the night without sleep. To complete all, an unfortunate passion added to his excitement: he fell in love with the daughter of one of his neighbours. She, however, soon grew tired of the poor author, was inconstant to him, and did not even allow him the consolation of a doubt. During a whole year the anguish of the poor dreamer was the more bitter from concealment. At length, one fine day he saw the absurdity of his despair, and passing from one extreme to the other, gave himself up to every kind of excess. His reason fled, and taken to the Bicêtre in a raging fit, he remained confined for twelve years in the dark cell where Pinel found him flinging about his chains with violence. This madman was more turbulent than dangerous, and, incapable of understanding the good intended to him, it was necessary to employ force to loosen his irons. Once he felt himself at liberty, he commenced running round and round the courtyard, until his breath failing, he fell down quite exhausted. This excitement continued for some weeks, but unaccompanied by violence, as formerly. The kindness shown to him by the doctor, and the especial interest he took in this invalid, soon restored him to reason. Unfortunately he was permitted to leave the asylum and return to the world, then in such a state of agitation: he joined the political factions of the day with all the vehemence of his passions, and was beheaded on the 8th Thermidor.

Pinel entered the fourth cell. It was that of Chevéngé, whose liberation was one of the most memorable events of that day.

Chevéngé had been a soldier of the French Guard, and had only one fault—that of drunkenness. But once the wine mounted into his head, he grew quarrelsome, violent, and most dangerous, from his prodigious strength. Frequent excesses caused his dismissal from his corps, and he soon squandered his scanty resources. At length shame and misery plunged him in despair, and his mind became affected. He imagined that he had become a general, and fought all who did not acknowledge his rank. It was at the termination of a mad scene of this kind that he was brought to the Bicêtre in a state of fury. He had been chained for ten years, and with stronger fetters than his companions, for he had often succeeded in breaking his chains by the mere force of his hands. Once, in particular, when by this means he had obtained a few moments of liberty, he defied all the keepers together to force him to return to his cell, and only did so after compelling them to pass under his uplifted leg. This inconceivable act of prowess he performed on the eight men who were trying to master him. From henceforth his strength became a proverb at the Bicêtre. By repeatedly visiting him, Pinel discovered that good dispositions lay hidden beneath violence of character, constantly kept excited by cruel treatment. On one occasion he promised to ameliorate his condition, and this promise alone had greatly tranquillised him. Pinel now ventured to announce to him that he should no longer be forced to wear his chains. 'And to prove that I have confidence in you,' added he, 'and that I consider you to be a man capable of doing good, you shall assist me in releasing those unfortunate individuals who do not possess their reason like you. If you conduct yourself properly, as I have cause to hope you will, I shall then take you into my service, and you shall not leave me.'

Never in the mind of man was there seen so sudden or complete a change: the keepers themselves were forced to respect Chevéngé from his conduct. No sooner was he unchained, than he became docile, attentive, watching every movement of Pinel, so as to execute his orders dexterously and promptly, addressing words of kindness and reason to those lunatics with whom he had been on a level but a few hours previously, but in whose presence he now felt the full dignity of liberty.



is about the same in both; but while Manchester has 114, New York is provided with 215 places of worship; and 'the various sects live in comparative amity one with another.' We wish as much could be said of any large English or Scotch town. The tourists go from New York to Philadelphia, which has 150 churches, also 'a much larger proportion to the population than we have in Manchester.' The churches in America are furnished and decorated with much taste and a great regard to comfort. The pews are usually of the finer polished woods. From Philadelphia they proceed to Baltimore and Washington; then on towards the valley of the Mississippi, by following the course of the Potomac to the Alleghany ridge. The scenery on the Potomac was rich and pleasing: road across the Alleghanies very bad: jolting in the stage dreadful: all pains compensated by the comforts of a magnificent hotel at Pittsburg: views around the town very fine: take steam down the Ohio to Cincinnati. Prentice grows almost poetical in descending the Belle Rivière, as the French truly named it. 'Constantly winding, every quarter of a mile presents a new form of beauty. At one place we have steep hills on each side, clothed with trees growing as if they never could grow old; at another the ends of ridges, with magnificent monarchs of the forest filling the hollows between them; at another the high banks receding half a mile or a mile on each side, presenting a combination of lawns and trees such as might be expected around an English nobleman's seat; at another islands of surpassing beauty; at another vineyards and orchards; and at every opening clearings which indicate the cultivation that is going on behind. I grudged every moment spent at the breakfast, dinner, or tea-table. I spent hours alone at the highest elevation, where the steersman, perched aloft for a good long look-out, steered the long light steamer through its tortuous course; and after the brief twilight, I felt as one might feel after listening a whole day to the grandest and most beautiful strains of music, sorry that it was over, yet fatigued with the very intensity of pleasure enjoyed. The next day was Sunday, and we enjoyed the same succession of splendid pictures; and I thought of the time when, fresh from the Creator's hand, the earth was seen rejoicing in its loveliness. And then the sunset! It was worth while to cross the great Atlantic for that sight alone. We were in a bend of the river, seemingly completely land-locked. When the sun went down behind the western bank, a deep shade was thrown on the trees on that side, while those on the opposite bank were of a brighter and livelier hue; and then the shadow went upwards from the bottom of the deep slope, and upwards, with a distinctly-marked line, till that bank was also in the shade. And then the bright white clouds—as white as snow—began to change to all manner of bright colours, the orange predominating, in a gorgeousness of which the imitative art could convey no idea; and all this splendour was reflected by the little inland lake—not perfectly, for that would have been a repetition, but reflected from a liquid surface slightly in motion, the colour becoming more golden, till there lay before us "a living sheet of molten gold." Early next morning we found the vessel lying in-shore in a fog so dense, that we could not see ten yards on each side—strange contrast to the scene of the preceding night!... The sun soon dispelled the fog, and then the river was before us again in all its glory, widening, and its high banks receding—the white houses, and villages, and small cities increasing in number as we went onwards. In the afternoon of Monday we arrived at Cincinnati.'

From this thriving town the tourists proceed to Louisville, near which is the state prison of Indiana; an establishment worthy of inspection, for it has the merit of being more than self-supporting. 'It contains only 125 prisoners, the whole number of persons under sentence in a population of 800,000! They are set to work in yards and workshops as coopers, joiners, blacksmiths, &c.; and provisions are so cheap, that the sale

of the produce of their labour yields a profit to the State of L.1600 a year, after deducting all the expense of their maintenance, including the salaries of their officers. They are not permitted to converse together while at work, and are locked up in separate cells during the night. Some are working in brick-fields outside the walls, and do not attempt to escape.' To something of this sort our jails must ultimately come: the principle of giving dainty lodgings in palaces is exploded.

The tourists afterwards go by railway up the vale of the Little Miami towards Lake Erie. The country, though very partially reclaimed, was beautiful. In this, the upper part of the state of Ohio, easily to be reached through Canada, there is a favourable field for emigrants with a capital of a few hundred pounds. 'In this beautiful part of the country,' says Mr Prentice, 'I found that land, having the rich alluvial soil all in a state of cultivation, and the woodlands partially cleared, with a good substantial farmhouse, and the necessary farm offices, might be had at from L.7 to L.8 an acre. A well-informed farmer was in the train with us, who said, "If a young man comes on uncleared land, he is completely worn out before he has his work done, and dies when he should be beginning to enjoy himself; but he escapes almost all the hardships if he begins with a good bit of cleared land, and has a horse to go into, and a shed to put his cattle into." I asked him what an English farmer could do who should bring L.1000 into such a country. "Do!" he said: "why, he could buy and stock a farm of a hundred acres of capital land, and live like a gentleman." Land partially cleared can frequently be had very cheap. It may sell for ten or twenty times more than it originally cost the clearing purchaser, and would be much cheaper than the forest land at 5s. an acre. The tendency is still westward. A farmer has four or five sons, and he desires that each should have a farm of his own. He sells his 80 acre lot for a sum which will enable him to purchase 500 acres farther west; and there, with 100 acres for each son, he says, "Now, lads, clear away!" He has been the pioneer into the forest west of the Ohio, and is quite ready to become the pioneer west of the Wabash. His sons will have the same migratory spirit. As their sons grow up, each father will sell his 100 acres, that he may purchase 500 west of the Illinois or the northern branch of the Mississippi. Thus can the English farmers always find small lots, purchasable at a rate cheap in comparison with the cost of clearing land, with a dwelling-house and cattle-sheds all ready; and thus he may avoid the fever and ague, which are almost certain to attack the northern Europeans who venture to break ground in the dank forest or swampy prairie.' Capitalists, he adds, may here lend money on good mortgages at 8 per cent. interest, payable half yearly. 'We have hundreds of tradesmen in our towns who cannot continue in business without the fear of losing all, and who have not accumulated sufficient money to retire upon. A man of such a class in England cannot live upon the interest of L.1000; but here, for L.300 he could purchase and stock a little farm of twenty-five acres, which would enable him to keep a horse and cow, sheep, pigs, and poultry, and supply his family with every article of food, while his L.800 at interest would give him an income of L.64 a year. He could even have his own sugar from his own maple-trees to sweeten his cup and preserve the peaches from his own fruit-trees; and almost all he would need to buy, besides clothes, would be tea, which may be had, of good quality, at from 1s. 9d. to 2s. a pound. Still farther west he could have 10 per cent. interest for his money.'

Sandusky is the point of embarkation on Lake Erie, and the tourists steamed thence to Buffalo. A view of some of the finer parts of Canada leads to the reflection that a settler in that country may be as successful as in the United States, 'as far as individual exertions go; but the man in the States profits not only by his own activity, but by the activity of all around him. His farm is not only improved by his own labour and skill,





literally playing bo-peep when an insect was offered by the kind hand which nursed him. When the wall-shades were lit at night, each containing a tumbler made for the purpose, half-filled with water, and the rest pure oil of the cocoa-nut floating on the top, in which blazed a wick of white cotton, the lizard would leap upon the wall, and the bright round circle of light thrown by the mouth of the shade was its favourite resting-place. Its little prominent jet-black eyes were indeed two sparklers; and wo to the moth or insect which ventured into the magic circle, or came under the fascination of those eyes! The agile lizard immediately became as if transfixed; then, by imperceptibly gradual paces and evolutions of its body, it advanced until the last deadly jump was given, and then its victim was firmly held between two toothless, but never-relaxing little jaws. And so the hunt went on, to Mr K——'s great delight; the game being most abundant on a damp night, when the flying white ants, grasshoppers, and moths swarm, particularly in the sultry weather of August and September.

So months and days flew by, and the rational and irrational friends lived on in undisturbed harmony, until, as Mr K—— was gazing with uplifted eyes on the wall one night, a light-coloured, almost white lizard made its appearance! He having studied only his own pet, knew little of the genus besides, so he could not account for the change his lizard seemed to have undergone; but in a little he was undeceived, for out crept his own pet also, first gazing cautiously, then appearing ruffled, and at last angry at the intruder. They exchanged fierce glances, wagged their tails, and defied each other, till at last the deadly leap was given, with a slight *creek-creek*, and oh, horror! Mr K——'s protégé had his tail bitten off; and he had the agony of seeing it wriggling and trembling in the mouth of its assailant! The brown lizard fell stunned to the ground, and lay almost lifeless at Mr K——'s feet; and his white enemy, having been frightened by the commotion in the room, dropped the little worthless tail, and took himself off, and was never again seen within the limits of the library.

Mr K——'s pet, however, came soon to himself, and kept as usual to his wall, glass, and drawer; and was watched, if possible, with more than the usual interest. In a few days, to Mr K——'s surprise and satisfaction, the mutilated tail was seen to grow: it waxed bigger and bigger daily, and, what was more strange, a little deformed side-tail was seen sprouting at the root of the old stump. Jackey's tale were shown to all Mr K——'s wondering and sympathising visitors, who, like many others, had never troubled their heads about such trifles, until the old khansamah enlightened them anew, by stating 'that Tic-tic-kies were of various shades; that the males, when they intruded upon each other's sporting-ground, or met in their courting season, generally fought and attacked each other; and that in these battles the tail was frequently seized and bitten off, and as frequently grew again, as the claws and feet of spiders and lobsters do; and that he, the khansamah, had now and then, but *not often*, seen a lizard with a double tail.'

I may as well observe, before this is concluded, that the subject of our discussion has a very curiously-made foot, as the impressions which it occasionally leaves on the damp panes of window-glasses show. The foot, with four little toes, has the power of making a vacuum, and has the appearance of a file, or the sucker of the Remora fish; so it is enabled to hold on, even when it walks over a steep wall, polished glass, or with its head downwards, like the flies crawling over the ceiling of a room. The body or feet of a lizard would seem to emit something corrosive or irritating; for when it happens, as is sometimes the case, to run over the face of a person asleep, the skin is found in the morning to be blistered or excoriated. The tail of the lizard has a ring-streaked appearance, and, as has already been related, grows readily when by accident broken off.

Rearing and tending the Tic-tic-kie proved certainly to Mr K—— what searching and looking for the fern blossom would be to a melancholic mind—a *répêché* for the blue devils. It beguiled many sad hours, and cheered a drooping heart.

### EARLY PRINTING IN CHINA.

ACCORDING to a German antiquary, the idea of printing from types was suggested to the mind of Faust by his seeing the footprints of a horse in the soft mud of a road by the side of which he was walking. He went home cogitating on the circumstance, and from that day printing was discovered.

Whatever value may attach to this tradition, much of it would disappear in the fact, that it does not record a first discovery. The East, which has proved to be the birthplace of so many of our arts, also originated printing. Klaproth states, in his 'History of the Mariner's Compass,' that the first use of stereotype, or solid wooden blocks in printing, dates from the tenth century of the present era. 'Under the reign,' he writes, 'of Mingsong, in the second of the years Tch'ang-hing (932), the ministers Fong-tao and Li-yu proposed to the Academy Koue-tseu-kien to review the nine king, or canonical books, and to have them engraved upon blocks of wood, that they might be printed and sold. The emperor adopted the advice; but it was only in the second of the years Kouang-chun (952) that the engraving of the blocks was completed. They were then distributed and circulated in all the cantons of the empire.'

This author further observes that the art thus practised in China might have been known in Europe 150 years prior to its discovery by the Germans, if Europeans had been able to read and translate the Persian historians, as the Chinese method of printing is clearly explained in the Djemma'a-et-tewarikh by Rachid-Eddin, who finished this immense work about the year 1310.

It has, however, been shown, in a communication made to the French Academy, that the art of printing was known to the Chinese at a period still more remote; and had Europeans been at that time in correspondence with the Celestial Empire, we should not now have to deplore the loss of manuscript books by early classic authors; their multiplication by printing would have secured the survival of at least a few. However imperfect the process might have been in its origin (before the 6th century), the master-works of Greek and Roman literature—some of which are now irreparably lost—might have been reproduced at comparatively small cost. That the antiquity rests upon good ground, appears from the 39th volume of the 'Chinese Encyclopædia.' We there read—'The eighth day of the twelfth month of the thirteenth year of the reign of Wen-ti, founder of the Soui dynasty (593), it was ordered by a decree to collect the worn-out drawings and inedited texts, and to engrave them on wood, and publish them. This was,' continues the work quoted, 'the commencement of printing upon wooden blocks.' This fact is confirmed by other Chinese writings; and the art, we are informed, grew much into use under Thang, 618 to 907; made still greater progress during the five lesser dynasties, 907 to 960; and reached its perfection and greatest development in 960-1278. It is considered probable that the art was known even before 593, as the block-printing was then ordered by the emperor; had it been altogether a new invention, something would have been said about its origin and author.

About the year 175 the Chinese began to cut inscriptions on stone, to preserve the purity of certain texts which had been corrupted by the errors of copyists. The six canonical books were inscribed in this way on slabs; the literary scribe wrote the characters in red, which were afterwards cut in by skilful artists. These slabs were placed outside the college gates, so that the learned might compare and correct their manuscript copies of the six books. These tablets were copied and



gratuitously and unsparingly supplied to those who were in need; Mr Cooper being charged with Lord Ashley's princely commands to let the unfortunate want for nothing. Mr Commissioner Wood visited them at Gravesend previous to their departure, and addressed to them an admirable speech, full of kindness and encouragement, assuring them they were proceeding to a land where honesty and industry seldom failed to find their proper reward.

We notice all this for the purpose of mentioning that intelligence has been received in England of the safe arrival of the Harpley with the detachment of emigrants on board. The vessel came to an anchorage at Adelaide on the 30th of August, having occupied the interval from the 12th of May on the voyage. Referring to the arrival of the Harpley, the South Australian 'Register' of September 6 observes:—'The only instance of death among the adults in the course of the voyage was an aged and ailing man (in his sixty-seventh year), who was unwilling to be separated from his family, and to whom the commissioner humanely granted a free passage. He died in traversing the Bay of Biscay; the only instance of mortality besides being a delicate infant of three months old. During the passage the ship only sighted the Cape Verd Islands and St Paul's. The passengers, who were scarcely becalmed on the Line, suffered little from heat in the tropics, and as little from cold in the southern hemisphere, 39½ degrees south being the most southerly latitude the vessel attained. There was no case of serious illness during the greater part of the passage, and 256 souls have arrived in excellent health, in a remarkably clean and well-commanded ship, manned by a fine crew. During the passage Mr Spencer, the surgeon-superintendent, read prayers every Sabbath, when the weather permitted. We have seen in the hands of the refugee emigrants some of the certificates granted by employers and municipal officers in France, and they speak well for the character of the people, who, we hope, will find they have exchanged the inhospitable treatment of the French for a hearty welcome in a British colony. There is an instance calling for especial sympathy and spirited exertion on behalf of the colonists, and we shall much mistake if the newly-arrived do not in their case confirm the assurance, that any honest men and women who venture to South Australia with their offspring will be likely to find the right hand of fellowship extended towards them in a land of plenty.' Other detachments of the Anglo-French laceworkers have, we believe, gone to Port Philip and Sydney.

#### DUBLIN AND KINGSTOWN RAILWAY.

It is a fact worthy of consideration, that the only railway in Ireland which is fully remunerating the proprietors is the line from Dublin to Kingstown, six miles in length, which was made in the midst of ignorance as to the now existing light of railway engineering, and which actually cost over a quarter of a million of money, or at least double the rate per mile for which it could be now completed. And how was this? Simply that this line was an accommodation to the inhabitants of Dublin—first, for pleasure, and ultimately for daily intercourse; and that this accommodation was given at a tolerably moderate rate of charge, and with a wondrous saving of time. We have before us some strange records and statistics concerning this railway. From the first, we find that Mr James Pim and his colleagues were set down as a set of mad, jobbing Quakers, for thinking of such a scheme, and that a certain lord mayor of the city actually protested against the undertaking, on the grounds that her Majesty's loyal subjects would be in danger of losing their lives, or at least their sight, 'from the starting of horses on the Rock Road, and the red-hot dust that would issue from the engine.' And we ourselves knew more than one respectable old gentleman who prided himself to his death on the fact that he never travelled by the 'vile railway.' These are some of our records. From our statistics, we find great facts of the advantages to the public. The houses along the line have actually increased one hundredfold; the number of passengers carried yearly have more than doubled from the commencement; and in 1847 a dividend of 9 per cent. per annum was made at the half-yearly meeting. In order clearly to understand what the increasing traffic on this little line is, we may state that, in 1840, 1,280,761 passengers were carried; in 1847, 2,303,910; showing an increase of 1,023,149.—*The Advocate, an Irish newspaper.*

#### EVENING SOLACE.

[From 'Poems by Currer Bell,' lately published.]

THE human heart has hidden treasures,  
In secret kept, in silence sealed;  
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,  
Whose charms were broken if revealed.  
And days may pass in gay confusion,  
And nights in rosy riot fly,  
While, lost in Fame's or Wealth's illusion,  
The memory of the Past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,  
Such as in evening silence come,  
When, soft as birds their pinions closing,  
The heart's best feelings gather home.  
Then in our souls there seems to languish  
A tender grief that is not wo;  
And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,  
Now cause but some mild tears to flow.

And feelings, once as strong as passions,  
Float softly back—a faded dream;  
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,  
The tale of others' sufferings seem.  
Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding,  
How longs it for the time to be,  
When, through the mist of years receding,  
Its woes but live in reverie!

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,  
On evening shade and loneliness;  
And, while the sky grows dim and dimmer,  
Feel no untold and strange distress—  
Only a deeper impulse given  
By lonely hour and darkened room,  
To solemn thoughts that soar to Heaven,  
Seeking a life and world to come.

#### JOHN HOME, AUTHOR OF 'DOUGLAS,' IN THE '45.

John Home, with many others, took up arms to oppose Prince Charles and his Highlanders. A band of volunteers, consisting of students and others, inhabitants of Edinburgh, was quickly raised, and in this corps he was chosen lieutenant. In that capacity he waited on General Hawley, who commanded the cavalry, requesting permission for the volunteers to march with the king's troops to Falkirk, where the rebel army lay, which the general readily granted. This is mentioned by himself in his 'History of the Rebellion.' But it was not collegians and burghers of Edinburgh city, nor even the king's troops, that were able to stand against the fury of the bold Highlanders. Prince Charles swept everything before him, and at the battle of Falkirk the royalist army, with the volunteers, was completely routed. General Hawley fled from the field, and with his scattered force betook himself to the old palace of Linlithgow, from which, it is said, he was driven in scorn by the spirited matron, the keeper of the palace, who to his face upbraided him with running away. John Home was supposed to have fallen in the battle. He was taken prisoner by the Highlanders, and, along with Barrow and Bartlet, his fellow-collegians, was sent captive to the castle of Doune, in Perthshire, from which they contrived to make their escape in the following manner:—During the night, when the prisoners were not very rigidly watched, they tied their bedclothes together, and by the precarious line thus formed, descended one after another from the window of the prison. Barrow, his favourite companion, was the last to commit himself to the rope, which gave way with him, and he was precipitated to the earth, and very seriously injured. John Home, stout and able, took Barrow on his back, as did each of his companions by turns, until they reached a place of safety.—*New Monthly.*

#### PUNCTUATION.

Cæsar entered on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow, there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare saying nothing, he sat down.

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sion upon her mind. My clever friends were kept in silence the whole evening. At last our visitor departed in the highest spirits, as if she had accomplished some great mission. And so she had. She had succeeded in keeping up a talk for three hours, to her own infinite satisfaction. I only felt how great a drawback it was from her triumph that she had failed entirely to benefit by her accidental rencontre with two or three of the most intelligent and reflecting persons of our age—men with whom she might never meet again. In exchange for this, and for the local information of an interesting kind which was at her command, and which might have been of considerable use to her during the remainder of her stay in our city, she had obtained—what?—only the pleasure of hearing her own tongue rain off insipid chat about nothings and nobodies for three hours together.

'I write this in sober earnest, as an account of facts which fell under my observation. Be it for you to philosophise the subject. I would only add, that this uncontrollable spirit of talk strikes me as one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a human being, seeing that it almost precludes all receipt of instruction. Such a mind may see new things, but it can get none by hearing. One great channel of intelligence is shut up. Such a person, I conceive, might go over the world, and come back nearly as ignorant as at the outset; while a much duller person, who could listen, would return laden with a prodigious stock of information.'

To this we can add an amusing experience of our own, the hero of which is a literary man of some note. We were both at a party in London a few years ago, where General Miller, who had recently returned with many laurels from South America, was the principal lion present. My friend came up against me in the crowded drawing-room.

'Do not stop me,' said he, glaring anxiously around: 'I must see him: I have been promised an introduction, and I feel the interview to be a necessity.'

'Whom do you mean?' we inquired.

'Why, Miller—that prodigious fellow, who can tell a South American bullet by the feel! It is worth a thousand pounds to me to know such a man: don't stop me;' and catching a glimpse of the general talking with our hostess, who had promised to introduce him, he bore gallantly up through the crowd. Being curious to witness the introduction, we followed at his heels. The cabalistic words were pronounced, the bows exchanged, and our friend drew himself up.

'General Miller,' said he, 'I am overjoyed to make your acquaintance. I consider this, in fact, a remarkable moment in my life, and a moment from which henceforward I—hem—shall date my proudest thoughts!'

'Upon my word, sir, you are very'—

'Not at all. That land which was the field of your exploits has haunted me like a passion; and an introduction to one so thoroughly conversant with her arcana, and whose history is so inextricably interwoven with her fate, must unquestionably be a matter of the very highest interest to me. You must often have meditated on the chance which robbed Portugal of the honour of discovering America'—

'Sir, I do not'—

'Frankly, I stand corrected. I was wrong to say "chance;" for it was really the perfidy of John II., as you were about to observe, which drove the Genoese pilot into the arms of Spain. Think of three large crazy boats—for you know they could not be called ships—for such an expedition, and a cost of not more than £4000! Think of the position of the gallant Colon, when his despairing crew broke at length into open mutiny! Well, sir, the fragment of a tree with red berries, floating on that desert ocean, was like the olive branch brought by the dove into the ark; and then came that ever memorable tenth of October'—

'But, sir'—

'Old style—I was going to say old style (thank you)—when the new world was for the first time trod by European foot. Columbus fancied that he was among the Indian isles, and that China and Japan were not far off: hence the name of West Indies still retained by his first discoveries. Amerigo Vespucci came later into the field (with Ojeda's expedition, you know), and gave his *own* name to the entire continent! Think of that! The reason was, that Amerigo was not a mere commander: he was an author—he wrote a book. Eh, general? He! he! he!'

'Sir, I must really'—

'Oh, I was only in jest. It was undoubtedly a usurpation of the right of Columbus. Well, sir, the Portuguese now followed in the track of the Spaniards, and discovered Brazil; then came the abandonment of Columbus by the capricious tyrants whose reign his genius had rendered illustrious: he was carried in chains to Spain, and afterwards permitted, as a favour conferred upon his old age, to endeavour to find a passage to India by the way of America, and, while looking for a strait into the Pacific, to discover an important part of the mainland. Now'—

'But really, sir, all this'—

'Is introductory (thank you)—merely introductory. The colony planted originally by Columbus in Hispaniola made the natives virtually slaves, and then thinned their numbers with fire and sword to such purpose, that in fifteen years the population had decreased from a million to 60,000. This was partly made up, however—for the mines could not be worked for want of labourers—by the importation from the continent of 40,000 new slaves. And now we come to the conquest of New Spain by Cortes, and that of Peru by Pizarro in'—

'Good sir'—

'I know all that. These Mexicans and Peruvians were really civilised nations, whereas the other Americans were in a state of innocent savagism. Cortes, notwithstanding, marched his handful of Spaniards to the capital of a vast and populous country, took possession of the person of the Emperor Montezuma, loaded him with chains, and burned his son and the chief officers of his army alive. His atrocities at length roused the indignation sufficiently to overpower the cowardice of the natives; and surrounding his little force, they compelled him, with much slaughter, to retreat. On obtaining reinforcements, however, he returned, captured the city of Mexico, and with it subdued the liberties of the entire country. The success of Pizarro at Caxamalca was equally wonderful. He got hold of the Inca; held him to ransom for a roomful of gold, and this being duly paid, put him to death, and rendered all Peru a Spanish province. When this was done'—

'Once for all, sir, I beg you to excuse me!'

'And with good cause. The modern history of South America is your own, and it would come more gracefully from your lips. But it now waxes late, and I must be satisfied for the present with this delightful and profitable conversation. Believe me, I shall not readily forget so rich a treat, so valuable an intercommunion!' Our friend bowed respectfully; and General Miller, shaking him by the hand with great alacrity, dived in an instant to the farther end of the room.

'Well,' said we, 'how do you like him?'

'He is a prodigious fellow! I would not have missed this for a thousand pounds!' For months after, he expatiated upon the honour and advantage he had enjoyed, and we were told that he proposed to the booksellers a 'Continuation of Robertson's History of America,' on the strength of his intercommunion with the patriot-general.

We remember another interview of a less gratifying nature, in which the interlocutors, who had been especially introduced, were *both* talkers. When this is the case, it is no amicable ride-and-tie affair, but a headlong race, in which the runners grapple as they fly. On the occasion referred to, it was curious to observe how



was struck, and my father fell stabbed by the hand of his friend. At the sight of the blood streaming from the wound, my elder brother inflicted summary vengeance upon the assailant. We gathered round our father, who, in the agony occasioned by his wound, begged vehemently for water. I rushed to the gourd, but, alas! all its contents had been lost by being upset in our quarrel! The night came on, during which our parent's intreaties for water, growing fainter and fainter, were the only sounds that disturbed the awful silence of the desert. We wandered about like madmen, without knowing what to do to comfort him: there was nothing around us but bare sand. At last my father's moanings ceased—he was dead! I wept by his side till the sun rose, when in the sand, reddened by the blood that had flowed from the wound, we saw the glitter of gold. But I need not tell you, senor, that not one of us would touch it. We consulted together: he who could have guided us to the plant was dead, and we were compelled to retrace our steps, after burying the dead body of our father, but leaving the other to bleach upon the sand. That is the reason why I have disliked the trade of gold-seeker ever since.

'And what became of your brothers?' I asked, as Anastasio came to a pause.

'The eldest, like myself, determined not to be a gambusino; but Pedro, the next to me, kept on; I dare say we shall find him at Bacuache.'

After two days of further travel we reached the savage valley in which Bacuache is situated; small parties of men, reckless and brutal in appearance, were washing gold in the beds of the rapid streams that ran down the mountain. To Anastasio's inquiry for his brother, they replied by pointing to a torrent on the opposite side of the valley. We rode to the place indicated, where, on climbing the slope, we found a man up to his waist in the stream, busily engaged in constructing a dam, by piling stones one on the other. It was Pedro. A cordial, and even solemn recognition took place between the brothers, who had not seen each other for some years. Pedro invited us to take up our quarters in his hut, informing us at the same time that we ran considerable risk, as the gambusinos of Nacoma were at open war with those of Bacuache. I alighted, and seated myself on the bank of the torrent, as the gold-seeker still continued to work at the dam, and questioned him as to the cause of his wish to divert the stream.

'Senor,' replied Pedro, 'from the fall that you see up yonder to this place, there is not a pebble or grain of sand in the brook that has not been through my hands: the result is beyond my hopes, and that is why I began the dam, now almost finished.' This answer left me as far as ever from the object of my inquiry; and Pedro continued, at the same time taking a lump of gold about the size of a nut, with the edges sharp and unworn, from a leathern bag concealed beneath his shirt: 'Listen,' he said: 'what would you think of the plant you were searching, if you found such a specimen as this!'

'That the vein was not far off,' I rejoined; 'since there has not been time for the lump to become worn by friction.'

'True,' was the reply; 'and the slope about here is the place where it came from.'

'But are you not afraid of being attacked by those who may envy you your good fortune?'

'I am prepared for it,' answered the gambusino; 'but do not fear it. From my infancy I have been accustomed to the dangers of my profession. I have learned prudence as well as daring, and hid away in safety a considerable part of my booty. In case of misfortune, I shall reveal the hidingplace to my brother Anastasio. Do not think, senor, that it is cupidity that urges me on, in thus risking my life so frequently in our scorching deserts: I only obey an invincible instinct. I am like the torrent destined to carry down and scatter gold in the plains.'

While speaking, the gambusino had kept on working at the dam, and the bed of the stream was now nearly dry. Believing himself near the source of the gold, he

plunged his two hands into the soft soil, and brought up a quantity of clayey gravel, which he washed carefully in a large wooden bowl provided for the purpose. No signs of gold were visible, until, after repeated trials, a few minute grains glistened in the sediment. These the gold-seeker collected, placing them in a small piece of reed, and stopping the ends with wax. He then went twenty paces lower down the stream, where the first handfuls of soil contained several lumps of gold. Here was an indication that the vein lay somewhere between the two places where the earth had been taken up for washing. Sure of the locality, the gambusino seized his pike and drove it vigorously into the bank, where it struck against a rock. After repeated blows, a piece of the hard stone was knocked off, which he examined with a perfectly immovable countenance. At last, placing a finger upon his lip, as though to recommend me to silence, he put on an appearance of disappointment, while depositing the fragment of quartz in one of the pockets of his vest; he then kicked down the stones of which the dam was constructed, the water again leaped along in its original course, and hid all traces of his labours.

With the same disappointed air he then invited me to follow him to his cabin, whither Anastasio had already preceded us. No sooner, however, had we entered and closed the door, than Pedro immediately changed his demeanour, which had been assumed to deceive any lurking spies without, and cried joyfully, as he tossed the piece of stone to his brother, 'You were right, Anastasio; the past has done nothing for me yet, but what ought to be the future of the owner of a vein like that! Still more gold,' he added with enthusiasm, 'which will see the light, and pass from hand to hand.'

After Anastasio had expressed his admiration and astonishment at the beauty of the specimen, delicately lined in every direction with threads of gold, the labours of the eventful day ceased, and we all retired to rest. I had been asleep for some hours, when a sudden glare of light and a confused shouting awoke me. I started up. On the opposite side of the valley a tall pine-tree was wrapped in flames, from the trunk below to the topmost branches. A number of men were running wildly about in the light of the raging fire, shouting, 'Nacoma, Nacoma!' Anastasio and Pedro were already armed, and prepared to join in repelling what was supposed to be an attack of the people from the village on the opposite side of the mountain. My guide took the opportunity to represent to his brother the dangers of the perilous trade he had chosen, and to persuade him to abandon it. But shaking his head, Pedro replied with an emphatic 'Never!' and pointing to a dark corner of the hut, showed me his partner lying wounded on a low bed.

'To abandon him now,' he said, 'would be to kill him. A few days more will decide his fate. I count upon your generosity, senor: you will stay and protect him while we go on the scout. Should I not return, dig up the earth under that bed, and you will find the store of gold which I have collected on this plant. There is enough to give my poor associate Christian burial, and to be of good service to you in addition. It is a secret which I have never intrusted to any human being, but it would be a pity that it should not see the day and circulate.'

The gambusino turned to leave the hut with Anastasio, but checked himself, as he made a remark which revealed more of his singular character. 'In case you fear taking charge of such an inheritance, by reason of the attempts that might be made to deprive you of it, scatter it rather than leave it buried; for once out of the earth, gold is made for man's profit—such is the will of Providence.'

At these words the brothers left the hut with cutlasses in their hands. I sat for some time musing on my strange position, and listening for the sounds of strife, which I doubted not would soon disturb the silence. Pedro and my guide, however, were not long absent. The alarm was a false one. The fire, now scarcely perceptible, had been kindled by a poor maniac, in triumph over the death of two of the gold-seekers, who, he fancied, had waylaid and murdered his only son. At the end of six days I left Bacuache with Anastasio, glad to quit a





rest of the miners, he fired the train, while I remained at a respectful distance. A muffled report followed, and re-echoed in a strange manner along the galleries, while a considerable mass of the mineral was torn up, and more was so loosened as to be removed without excessive toil by the pickaxe. It was easy to trace the extent of the loosened portion by striking it with an iron rod, when it gave forth a hollow sound, the unshaken rock sounding as firm as though it were stone, and being, indeed, almost as hard. Mounting up heaps of broken rock to the roof of the mine, a most curious appearance presented itself. On the dark yellow surface of the rock-salt thus seen in a horizontal section, it was easy to discover a large number of different figures marked out in white. These were quite distinct from the marks of the miners' tools, and a close inspection showed that they were really in-grain markings. The figures formed assume different characters: some approach the circular, others are many-sided, and others form different mathematical figures. It is very difficult to explain the origin of these appearances. They consist of masses of impure rock-salt, surrounded by a narrow boundary line of the purest white salt. Occasionally the cross sections of such markings are visible in the sides of the mine. The aspect of the salt in the mine is more that of smoky quartz than anything else. It is far from being that clear transparent substance which appears to be the general idea formed of it. Often it is mixed with clay, or it is coloured of a dark-yellow or brown, or coral red. Sometimes it is met with pure white, and as pellucid as the clearest glass, being, indeed, of a whiter lustre than most crystal; and the guide said that masses of this kind were generally found in the immediate vicinity of masses of gravel or rock. They are generally kept for visitors. Leading the way to a cask of the salt jewels, he presented me with two or three fine specimens, in which the cubical form of the salt-crystal was admirably illustrated, and which, I was told, would serve hereafter as weather-glasses, the least humidity in the air being indicated by their surfaces. Never was a subterranean cavern so perfectly dry as this: no stalactites hung from the roof, no pools lay on the floor; so much, in fact, is this the case, that the miners are often somewhat harassed by the *dust*, and the truckway in many parts of the mine looked not unlike a macadamised road on a dry summer day. The temperature of the mine ranges from 45 to 50 degrees, and is pretty constant between these points summer and winter alike. In the excessively sultry weather of some years, owing to imperfect ventilation, the men suffer from impure air, and become painfully drowsy; but at all other periods they have excellent health, and consider their occupation a most salubrious one. We now returned to the shaft, and were slowly drawn up; and being more at our ease now, the nature of the strata perforated became an interesting occupation for our minds while ascending. The shaft is about 300 feet deep. We reached the surface at length in safety, and removing our underground apparel, were refreshed with a good wash in fair water.

The geology of these mines may be shortly mentioned. There are two beds of rock-salt—an upper and an inferior. These beds are both horizontally placed on their different levels. For a long time the existence of a lower bed was unknown: it was at length discovered by some adventurous persons who determined to go deeper, and were rewarded with the discovery of this the greatest deposit of the two. In fact the existence of salt in this form at all was only discovered by accident in boring for a coal-mine a century and a-half ago. The lower bed being found on its discovery to be of superior quality, the working of the upper was immediately abandoned, and it has lain unworked ever since. It is a remarkable fact, that the middle portion of this inferior bed is more free from foreign ingredients than the upper or the lower portions of the same bed. The thickness is variable. Until lately, it had never been entirely perforated. The friend who accom-

panied me stated that this had now been done to the depth of seventy feet, and that below the bottom bed clay and salt were found in alternate layers, the thickness of which varied from three inches to seven feet. Ascending toward the surface, above the lower bed, a stratum of indurated clay occurs, tinged variously, and as hard as stone: it is about thirty or thirty-five feet thick. Then comes the upper bed of rock-salt: this is from sixty to ninety feet in thickness. Above it are layers of clay and marl tinged red, brown, and blue, to the thickness of 120 feet, covered with the vegetable soil composing the surface. These beds of salt lie in a direction from north-east to south-west; their length is doubtful, but has been conjectured at from a mile and a-half to two miles. The breadth is more satisfactorily ascertained, as mines have been sunk on each side just beyond its boundaries. From these data it is probable that the transverse breadth of the salt-beds is not more than from 1000 to 1400 yards. It has been observed by one well acquainted with the district of which he wrote, that these beds appear to thin off in a direction from the sea, being thicker at the ends next the sea. It is remarkable that, so far as our knowledge extends, no organic remains have been discovered in any of the strata covering them, or in the fossil salt itself. The hills in the vicinity are sandstone rock. One of these, at some distance, called Alderley Edge, a very romantic spot, and a great resort of pic-nic parties, is a very curious one, containing fragments of stones rounded by attrition, and pieces of various ores—of lead, copper, cobalt, &c. The rocks which furnished the clay of the alluvial soil must either be at a great distance, or have been swept away under the footsteps of advancing years. The mines are sixteen in number. The celebrated Marston mine is one of great extent and antiquity, extending for many acres under ground. This mine has occasionally, on the visits of great personages, been illuminated, when it is said to present a spectacle more dazzling to the eye, and more attractive to the imagination, than can easily be conceived. A very strange occurrence took place in one of these mines, which is worth recording. The floor in a particular portion of it had long been suspected to be hollow, from the sound emitted when it was struck. Some persons at length determined to perforate it, and with a chisel and hammer they soon effected their object, when up burst through the hole a jet of *inflammable gas*, which took fire, and streamed up in a gigantic flame to the roof of the mine, full sixteen feet. The visitors were of course greatly alarmed, and made precipitate efforts to extinguish the blaze: this was at length effected, and the hole has been carefully stopped up ever since. It is singular that in America a similar occurrence took place in boring for salt; and it is difficult to assign any satisfactory reason for the production of this gas in such positions.

The total export of rock-salt is about from 60,000 to 70,000 tons a year; but if in full work, each mine is capable of affording a supply of 10,000 tons yearly; and the mass is so large, that this quantity might be mined for many years without materially diminishing the amount. Rock-salt is almost exclusively exported, a very small portion being retained for home use. The great mass is composed of pure crystals of common salt, or chloride of sodium, with clay, oxide of iron, traces of sulphate of lime, and magnesia. In a thousand parts, about fourteen would be different impurities. Sometimes a spring bursts into one of the pits, and its certain destruction is the consequence: the water dissolves away the pillars, the roof loses its support, and falls in, and the superincumbent soil follows, leaving a great hollow on the surface. Within sight of the mine from which we had just emerged was the scene of such a catastrophe; the deep gulf and crumbling walls of what had been an engine-house, with the manifest desolation of the spot, were the sad indications of a calamity which had involved some loss of life and a large loss of property.



duce of Great Britain. An equally pleasant ride back, and a rapid hour's whirl at the tail of the iron horse, terminated our day in the salt districts by conveying us home.

### ROBESPIERRE.

MONSTER as Robespierre is stamped in the judgment of mankind, there can be no good reason why his life should not be written. It has been undertaken by Mr G. H. Lewes,\* and executed with spirit and fidelity, but within limits which we suspect will be generally felt as too narrow for the subject. It appears that Robespierre was probably descended from an Irish immigrant of the sixteenth century: Mr Lewes conjectures that he may have been a person named Robert Spiera. Prince Charles Stuart planted a freemason lodge at Arras in 1744, and 'confided the presidency of it to his old friend, Robespierre's father.' Of the early days of our hero no anecdotes have been preserved. It is made plain, however, that he was distinguished at school, and was looked upon at Arras as a young man of talent, both in the exercise of his profession as a barrister, and in the cultivation of literature. The philosophical ideas of Rousseau—the original equality of all mankind, the foundation of society in a contract made by all for the good of all, and the sole foundation of property being the expenditure of labour upon it—these formed the favourite dogmas of Robespierre, and were at the bottom of much of his political conduct. Mr Lewes remarks pertinently on one of them:—'This contract is altogether illusory: no one's consent was ever asked or given. . . . The time will come when society will be a contract—when government will be made by all for the good of all; but Rousseau should have placed his ideal in the future instead of in the past.' Robespierre also participated in the religious ideas of Rousseau, which were at once heterodox and intolerant. This is a curious and unexpected feature in the great Terrorist. He was at every period of his career distinguished from the bulk of his fellows by a sincere and earnest theism; and this, indeed, was partly the cause of his ruin.

Mr Lewes takes, we think, in the main, the right view of the character of Robespierre. He was not naturally a sanguinary man (he resigned his situation as judge in the criminal court at Arras, from disgust at having to condemn a murderer to death)—he was only a fanatic, who, having once set out in the advocacy of an idea which he thought of consummate importance to the whole public, scrupled at no minor immediate sacrifices for its realisation, though these might infer much bloodshed. One of the most remarkable acts of his early obscure days, was to take up the cause of certain peasants against the injustice of the bishop-ruler of the town, notwithstanding that the bishop had been his own patron. In this sacrifice of his own feelings, and incurring a possible stigma for the sake of a principle, we see, Mr Lewes thinks, the germ of a fanatic. Robespierre had tolerably clear perceptions of right and justice; his deficiency lay in those affections which soften the hard affairs of human life.

In the States-General and Constituent Assembly he was at first, as is generally known, overlooked as an insignificant person, his mean spare figure, pinched countenance, and reserved manner, being of course much against him. By industry in cultivating his oratorical talents, and by a rigid adherence to his own idea of the public good, he gradually acquired importance. One observes, nevertheless, on a careful examination of the history of the Revolution, that Robespierre was wanting on almost all the signal occasions. The secret of this was his timidity. Strange to say, the man who floated upon the top of revolutionary violence for so consider-

able a time, was a coward! He only could make an appearance when, through the operations of others, things had become decided in a particular course. The glory of Robespierre is that which is essential to all fanaticism—his disinterestedness and incorruptibility. He lived in the garret room of an obscure carpenter, giving out of his salary of eighteen francs a day as a representative one-fourth to his sister, another to his mistress, and living frugally on the remainder, sometimes positively at a loss for decent clothes. His ultimate scheme of life was to marry one of the carpenter's daughters, and retire to live obscurely in the country. But Mr Lewes justly remarks that money is not the only corruption that avails with public men. 'The voluptuous soul of Mirabeau was not more *avide* of pleasure than the vain ambitious soul of Robespierre was of applause. . . . I accuse him of having flattered the mob, which flattered him; of having shaped his convictions so as to gain the applause of men whom he should have ruled and enlightened. . . . I accuse him of having uttered language which in his heart he knew was false, and that at a time when such language was translated into bloody acts.' Here we are not quite sure that Mr Lewes is right. Vanity, doubtless, had great sway with Robespierre; but any specimens of his oratory given in this work express only such sentiments regarding the people as might be presumed to flow from the man's convictions, as these are represented to us by Mr Lewes himself. We suspect that the fanaticism accounts for all, or nearly all.

The British public is, we believe, little acquainted with the oratory of Robespierre. It seems to us as in general very far above mediocrity. In connection with the above remarks, we may adduce a specimen in which he says no more in favour of the people than may fairly be supposed to have been sincere:—'The mass of the nation,' said he, 'is good, and worthy of liberty; its real wish is always the wish of justice, and the expression of general interest. A particular corporation may be corrupted, however imposing the name which decorated it, as you may poison stagnant water; but you cannot corrupt the whole nation, for the same reason that you cannot poison the ocean. The people, that immense and laborious class—the people, I say, are not open to those causes of depravation which affect the so-called superior classes. The interest of the weak is justice. It is for them that humane and impartial laws are a necessary safeguard. The people know neither idleness nor ambition, which are the two most fruitful sources of our evils and our vices. The people are nearer to nature, and less depraved, precisely because they have not received that false education which, under despotic governments, is a perpetual lesson of falsehood, of baseness, and of servitude. Compare courtiers with artisans, who in this respect are found at the two extremes of the scale. Witness our whole Revolution, every epoch of which is marked by the courage, by the disinterestedness, by the moderation, and by the generosity of the people; and by the cowardice, by the treachery, by the perjury, and by the venality of those who would raise themselves above them. Vile egotists and infamous conspirators feign to believe nothing of the kind. They obstinately continue to calumniate the people, and to degrade them. Not content with having enriched themselves by their spoils, they look upon that day as a fortunate one in which they may bathe themselves in the blood of the people. They assemble the satellites of foreign tyrants against the people; they render divine honours to assassins; they have on their side power, treasures, force, arms; the people has only its misery and celestial justice! It is this great cause we have to plead before the face of the universe!'

As to his dispositions at a cool moment with regard to the shedding of blood—'The news,' said he, 'having been brought to Athens that some citizens at Argos had been doomed to death, the people ran to the temple, and prayed to the gods to turn aside the

\* The Life of Maximilien Robespierre, with Extracts from his Unpublished Correspondence. By G. H. Lewes, author of 'Ranthorpe,' the 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' &c. London: Chapman and Hall, 1849.



to a law so tyrannical and irrational. It is easy to conceive that a bully, confident in his brute nerves, dexterous aim, or practised swordmanship, might desire to employ these advantages in revenging himself upon his enemy; but the odd thing is, that the enemy, possessing perhaps neither nerve, dexterity, nor practice, should have felt himself compelled, in defiance both of the law and the Gospel, to 'go out' at the command of the other, and allow himself to be slaughtered like a calf! We all remember the story of 'Fighting Fitzgerald,' when he determined to be 'chosed' a member of Brooks's, and the nervous shrinking and prevarication of admirals, generals, lords, and commoners, when the bully marched into the club-room, and inquired of each in turn who it was that had blackballed him? 'Is it you, sir, who has been after blackballing an Irish jontleman—a jontleman both by father and mother—and a jontleman—(a general laugh)—a jontleman, I say (in a voice of thunder), *who never missed his man?*' Not one would own the grave offence; and Fitzgerald, calling for a bottle of champagne, sat coolly down to enjoy himself, remarking that 'he knew he was chose—that he was sure the blackballing was all a mistake!'

But now that men have at length thrown off the bondage of bullyism, or at least are in the act of doing so, we cannot shut our eyes upon the fact, that there is one class of the community which will suffer by the change: this is the class of dramatic authors. To say nothing of the duel itself being a stock incident in the modern comedy, the laws of 'honour' are among the principal moral agents of the piece. The revolution in manners, therefore, now in progress, will here be productive of some embarrassment, and in conjunction with the melancholy deprivation of highwaymen, and by and by of Scotch marriages, will perhaps eventually drive the dramatists into a new field. If these gentlemen, however, read as industriously as they write, there would be no occasion to despair for some time to come, at least in the case of the melodrama. They would learn that their *Terrific Combats* have grown nauseous, not from repetition of the fact, but of the manner; and they would discover in the duelling customs of foreign countries enough of novelty to enable them to make the hair of their audience stand on end for years to come. To prove this, we shall now present them with a recital of two affairs of honour, one occurring in Africa, and the other in Asia; and we choose these examples the rather that most writers on the duel deny the existence of the practice in Eastern countries.

Our first scene is laid in Kordofan, one of the most southern provinces of Egypt, lying between the deserts of Dongola and Darfur, and stretching away southwards into the *terra incognita* of the continent. The Dongolavi are the wealthiest tribe in the country, and are distinguished from the other inhabitants by wearing long shirts with wide sleeves, and a small white cap, with a shawl of the same colour wrapped round it in the manner of a Turkish turban. The married women are swathed in the folds of an ample cotton cloth, the end of which hangs gracefully over one shoulder; their eyelids are adorned with powdered antimony, and their noses, fingers, wrists, and ankles, with rings of copper or silver; and their woolly hair is arranged, with infinite labour, in hundreds of small curls, which they are so afraid of disarranging, that they frequently sleep on a couch with a hollow to admit the coiffure.

These Dongolavi belles, it may be supposed, are objects of considerable interest to the men; although this does not prevent them from being employed in the drudgery of servants, such as plaiting straw-mats, making wicker-baskets, so closely interlaced, as to be used for milk vessels, and even tanning leather, while the lords of the creation look gravely on smoking their pipes. But when the labours of the day are ended, then come the compensations of the women. The sound of the tarabaka, a drum beaten by the hand, calls the inhabitants to a blazing fire, lighted here and there before the houses; where the men, with their glittering

wives, sit down in a circle, and all begin to sing in chorus. Presently there bounds into the circle an unmarried girl, who performs a dance to the measure of the tune, marked by the beating of hands. At this moment all her labours are forgotten. She is constitutionally merry and thoughtless, but now she is wild with delight; and although her hard work had probably lasted without intermission from early morning, all symptoms of weariness disappear, and in the course of the dance she performs feats of muscular strength, though moving her feet but little, such as in England we only see on the stage. The movements are at first slow, but increase gradually in rapidity, till, as an eye-witness remarks, you can hardly persuade yourself that you are actually looking on a human being, and not on a thing of springs and wires. When she has danced herself out, she retires, and another takes her place; and so on till the whole girlhood of the party is satisfied, which rarely takes place before midnight.

When one of these dancers has particularly distinguished herself, she is called back by the spectators, as is the fashion in Europe, to receive their plaudits; and here, as a special honour, she is made to stand forth, while a sword is flourished over her head. This ceremony is performed by her admirer; but alas! it sometimes happens in Kordofan, as elsewhere, that she has more than one; and thus are introduced into the happy party jealousies and heartburnings, to be followed on the morrow by blows and blood. Let us suppose that a quarrel has occurred. Let us raise our curtain upon the fateful morning which is to determine it. Let us see whether there is not something novel as well as striking (without a pun) in the settlement of an African affair of honour.

The season is the beginning of spring, and the place one of the islands of the desert which form the country of Kordofan. The first shower has fallen; and nature, burnt up for months before to a cinder, has assumed, as if by magic, her livery of verdure and flowers. The grass rises to such a height, that in the fields people are aware of the approach of a passenger more by sound than sight. Creeping plants wind up the loftiest trees, and fling their gay streamers in triumph from the summit. Innumerable birds flutter through the groves, and fill the air with melody; butterflies and other insects vie with them in variety and gorgeousness of hue; and plants equally countless, and as brilliant, breathe forth so powerful a perfume, that the traveller of the desert is aware of his nearing the oasis before it comes in view, and feels a sort of intoxication steal over his senses as he seems to inhale

'Sabbian odours from the spiky shore.'

On the present occasion the village is pouring forth its crowd to a common centre at some little distance; and while an astonished ostrich is seen here and there spurting off, 'like a horseman that travels in haste,' the antelopes and giraffes browsing in the plain wait for a moment to gaze on the cavalcade before bounding out of its way.

The first arrivals are chiefly women, blazing in all the finery of rings, bracelets, and anklets; and adorned, besides, with strings of beads of Bohemian glass round their heads and necks, and with small round plates of gold depending upon their foreheads. Then come the men, armed with sword and dagger, the sheaths sometimes ornamented with agates, and the handles of massive silver. On their back is a large oval shield, and in a leathern quiver hanging from their shoulders a supply of spears or javelins. Some slaves carry an *angored*, used both as a bedstead and sofa, and covered with beautifully-variegated matting. This is set down among the trees, in a place affording sufficient shade, and yet spacious enough to hold the company. Among this company there is one young girl who seems to assume some airs of mingled modesty and importance. She is the distinguished dancer of the evening before, and is now the object of unusual attention, having been













just as it is good conduct which makes him successful. If I declare myself against the right in question, I do so, gentlemen, as a question of prudence, and not because I do not sympathise with the operatives. I ought not to be obliged to remind you of it, but I believe I speak, if not in the name of the operatives in general, at least in the name of a very large number of them; for the majority of those who have chosen me from among their number to be their deputy, think just as I do. As for the state having a duty imposed upon it by nature to find work for operatives, as far as its power extends, and even to make some extraordinary exertions when the circumstances are extraordinary, there can be no doubt of that; but between saying this, and saying that the operatives have a right to exact labour from the state, there's an absolute gulf. What a number of things a father thinks it his duty to do for his children! yet the children ought not to claim these things of their father as a right. You will tell me that nature has infused into the hearts of parents sentiments which induce them to perform these duties almost unconsciously; well, what nature could not put into the hearts of employers, is supplied in another way, by making it their interest. There is no sort of comparison between the work which is done by the operatives who love and esteem their master, and what is done by those who have cause to feel differently towards him. I am in the same way of opinion that it is an imperious duty in the state to give food to its children; but at the same time I am bound to observe that the exercise of this duty, which can still less be contested than the duty of giving work, would, nevertheless, lead to very unpleasant consequences if you proclaimed it as a right. In the quarter where I live, when they began to make a list of those who were in want, the number first announced was 40; in a few days it was found there were 72; and soon after, when a third list was made, there were 111. God forbid that I should seem to be bringing forward an argument here for refusing succour to those who are *really* in want! No; I merely desired to show to what an extent the state was committing itself when, instead of confining itself to assisting those who were *absolutely* in want, it gave them the right to *exact* this assistance. Gentlemen, I think I may confine myself to these few words: if I were at the head of a shop or manufactory, I should give you the same reasons for my opinion; but then you might fairly consider them as interested reasons. Well, then, I who am speaking to you am no master: I am myself an operative, who have passed all my life in labour, and I come to tell you that *those who seek for labour in good earnest, hardly ever fail of obtaining it*. When that does happen, and not before, then it is the duty of the state to interfere; and in such a case it is too much the interest of the state to do so, for any one to suppose that it will fail in its duty. It is with the labour of my own hands that I have obtained the means of educating my family respectably; I have therefore a right to speak as I do; and I declare that on every occasion, if I have had a comrade who was industrious and economical, I have never found that he wanted work more than myself. I shall vote, therefore, against operatives having the power of exacting labour from the state as a right.'

#### PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE IN LONDON.

Let us pause to indicate the movement of temperance by comparing the proportion of publicans to sinners against sobriety in former days and now. 'About a century ago,' said Dr Colquhoun before the police committee of 1816, 'multitudes of men and women were constantly seen rolling about the streets drunk; and it was not uncommon to behold such an enticement painted under a public-house sign as this: 'You may here get drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, and have clean straw for nothing!' The crime became so general, that the legislature determined to lessen it by making its commission more costly and difficult, and levied a duty of 20s. per gallon on spirits, and prohibited their sale by retail. The result was, that quite as much was drunk as before; for within two years, 12,000 persons were convicted under the act within the bills of mortality of selling gin clandestinely. At that time the population of London may have been about 680,000; so that the generality of drunkenness in London at that time may be estimated by the fact, that during two years, the proportion of convictions for merely selling gin illegally to the amount of the population was nearly 1 in 60; but of course many persons were each convicted many times. The decrease of the vice was not rapid; for we find that

in 1785, to a population of about 800,000, there were in London 7180 houses at which beer and spirits were sold—namely, 5975 alehouses, 207 inns, 447 taverns, and 551 coffee-houses—or a proportion of 1 public-house to nearly 112 individuals. The comparison becomes more gratifying as we approach the present year. In 1840 there were about 1,873,000 individuals; and according to Pig-gott's Directory for that year, 5840 persons, exclusive of wine-merchants, dealt in strong drinks, of whom there was therefore 1 to nearly every 321 Londoners. The present year shines more brightly in this respect than any of its predecessors. In 1849 a London population of perhaps 2,250,000 gives encouragement to no more than 5017 purveyors of beer and spirituous liquors, exclusive of bottled-ale and wine-merchants, or a proportion of 1 publican to about every 450 individuals. We recommend these facts to the especial attention of temperance societies, and trust they will afford encouragement for renewed exertion in the excellent cause.—*Daily News*.

#### THE CHANGE-SEEKER.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Who to unknown lands would wander,  
Having health and hope at home?  
From the spot where he abideth  
Wherefore should the happy roam?  
Love—like ivy to the ruin—  
Clingeth where it hath been bred;  
Peace of mind forbids ambition  
With its schemes to vex the head.

'Tis the spirit, disappointed  
In its wayward hopes and cares,  
That for novel pleasures seeketh  
Foreign shores and new—despairs;  
Meeting, 'neath the alien sunshine,  
For the treasures missed at home,  
Pangs that fret the weary body,  
Joys that go, and griefs that come.

'Give me change!' the morbid spirit  
Calleth, with a voice that tells  
How its inner sense hath suffered  
From the world's pernicious spells:  
'Give me changes, give me chances,  
Friendships new, and new desires;  
I would blot from memory's pages  
Thoughts that scorch like fever's fires.

'For the fields where roved my childhood,  
Give me scenes that have no look  
Of the garden, or the wild wood  
Where I studied first Love's book.  
Fell each tree that 'mid those forests  
Gave me shelter from the sun;  
In their stead plant stronger foliage,  
'Neath whose shade new rivers run!'

So he says—the disappointed—  
Tired and fretted, soured and palled;  
Wishing still for alterations,  
Finding fears that come uncalled.  
Those who have no wish to wander  
(Lapped in ease, and rich in health)  
Look with wonder at the longings  
That can ne'er be quenched by wealth.

There is sorrow in the knowledge  
That the gayest heart may find,  
Ere the head hath gathered snow-drift,  
Fresh desires to haunt the mind;  
But the Loved, the Loving, Healthy,  
Hold alone Content's true gem;  
What they know, and what they live in,  
That is all the world to them.

#### REDUNDANCY OF WORDS.

The excess to which the unchecked use of redundancy tends may be imagined from what the Arabian authors tell us, as a boast, of their tongue. The lexicographer Mohammeds Al-Firanzabadus reckoned above fourscore names for *honey*, and 1000 for a *sword*; and Ebn Khalawih composed one volume on the 200 words expressing *serpent*, and another on the 500 signifying a *lion*.—*Quarterly Review*.

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till called for), were suddenly greatly prolonged; and on his return home, after an absence of more than three months, he abruptly informed the family that the affairs of his father, who was dying, had been found to be greatly embarrassed, and that nothing was left for him and them but emigration to America, with such means as might be saved from the wreck of the elder Grainger's property. After much lamentation and opposition on the part of Emily Dalston and her father, it was finally conceded as Violet's husband wished; and the emigration was to have taken place in the following spring, Henry Grainger to follow them the instant he could wind up his father's affairs. About three months before their intended departure—this very time twelve-month, as nearly as may be—Captain Dalston was suddenly called to London, to close the eyes of an only sister. This sad duty fulfilled, he was about to return, when, passing towards dusk down St James Street, he saw Henry Grainger, habited in a remarkable sporting-dress, standing with several other gentlemen at the door of one of the club-houses. Hastening across the street to accost him, he was arrested for a minute or so by a line of carriages which turned sharply out of Piccadilly; and when he *did* reach the other side, young Mr Grainger and his companions had vanished. He inquired of the porter, and was assured that no Mr Grainger, senior or junior, was known there. Persisting that he had seen him standing within the doorway, and describing his dress, the man with an insolent laugh exclaimed that the gentleman who wore that dress was the famous sporting baronet, Sir Harry Compton!

Bewildered, and suspecting he hardly knew what, Captain Dalston, in defiance of young Grainger's reiterated injunctions, determined to call at his father's residence, which he had always understood to be in Leadenhall Street. No such name was, however, known there; and an examination, to which he was advised, of the 'Commercial Directory' failed to discover the whereabouts of the pretended London merchant. Heart-sick and spirit-wearied, Captain Dalston returned home only to die. A violent cold, caught by imprudently riding in such bitter weather as it then was, on the outside of the coach, aggravated by distress of mind, brought his already enfeebled frame to the grave in less than two months after his arrival in Cumberland. He left his daughters utterly unprovided for, except by the legal claim which the eldest possessed on a man who, he feared, would turn out to be a worthless impostor. The penalty he paid for consenting to so imprudent a marriage was indeed a heavy and bitter one. Months passed away, and still no tidings of Violet's husband reached the sisters' sad and solitary home. At length, stimulated by apprehensions of approaching destitution—whose foot was already on the threshold—and desirous of gratifying a whim of Emily's, Violet consented to visit the neighbourhood of Compton Castle (the seat, her sister had ascertained, of the 'celebrated sporting baronet,' as the porter called him) on their way to London, where they had relatives who, though not rich, might possibly be able to assist them in obtaining some decent means of maintenance. They alighted at the 'Compton Arms,' and the first object which met the astonished gaze of the sisters as they entered the principal sitting-room of the inn was a full-length portrait of Violet's husband, in the exact sporting-dress described to them by their father. An ivory tablet attached to the lower part of the frame informed the gazer that the picture was a copy, by permission, of the celebrated portrait by Sir

Thomas Lawrence, of Sir Harry Compton, Baronet. They were confounded, overwhelmed, bewildered. Sir Harry, they found, had been killed about eight months previously in a steeple-chase; and the castle and estates had passed, in default of direct issue, to a distant relative, Lord Emsdale. Their story was soon bruited about; and, in the opinion of many persons, was confirmed beyond reasonable question by the extraordinary likeness they saw or fancied between Violet's son and the deceased baronet. Amongst others, Sir Jasper Thornely was a firm believer in the identity of Henry Grainger and Sir Harry Compton; but unfortunately, beyond the assertion of the sisters that the portrait of Sir Harry was young Grainger's portrait, the real or imaginary likeness of the child to his reputed father, and some score of letters addressed to Violet by her husband, which Sir Jasper persisted were in Sir Harry's handwriting, though few others did (the hand, I saw at a glance, was a disguised one), not one little of evidence had he been able to procure for love or money. As a last resource, he had consigned the case to me, and the vulpine sagacity of a London attorney.

I suppose my countenance must be what is called a 'speaking' one, for I had made no reply in words to this statement of a case upon which I and a 'London attorney' were to ground measures for wresting a magnificent estate from the clutch of a powerful nobleman, and by 'next assizes' too—when the lady's beautiful eyes filled with tears, and turning to her child, she murmured in that gentle, agitating voice of hers, 'My poor boy!' The words I was about to utter died on my tongue, and I remained silent for several minutes. After all, thought I, this lady is evidently sincere in her expressed conviction that Sir Harry Compton was her husband. If her surmise be correct, evidence of the truth may perhaps be obtained by a keen search for it; and since Sir Jasper guarantees the expenses—I rang the bell. 'Step over to Cursitor Street,' said I to the clerk as soon as he entered; 'and if Mr Ferret is within, ask him to step over immediately.' Ferret was just the man for such a commission. Indefatigable, resolute, sharp-witted, and of a ceaseless, remorseless activity, a secret or a fact had need be very profoundly hidden for him not to reach and fish it up. I have heard solemn doubts expressed by attorneys opposed to him as to whether he ever really and truly slept at all—that is, a genuine Christian sleep, as distinguished from a merely canine one, with one eye always half open. Mr Ferret had been for many years Mr Simpkins' managing clerk; but ambition, and the increasing requirements of a considerable number of young Ferrets, determined him on commencing business on his own account; and about six months previous to the period of which I am now writing, a brass door-plate in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, informed the public that Samuel Ferret, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, might be consulted within.

Mr Samuel Ferret was fortunately at home; and after a very brief interval, made his appearance, entering with a short professional bow to me, and a very profound one to the lady, in whom his quick gray eye seemed intuitively to spy a client. As soon as he was seated, I handed him Sir Jasper's letter. He perused it carefully three times, examined the seal attentively, and handed it back with—'An excellent letter as far as it goes, and very much to the point. You intend, I suppose, that I should undertake this little affair?'

'Yes, if, after hearing the lady's case, you feel disposed to venture upon it.'



We adjourned, accordingly, to an inner and more private room. Our conference lasted about half an hour, at the end of which the ladies took their leave: Lady Compton, her beautiful features alternately irradiated and clouded by smiles and tears, murmuring in a broken, agitated voice, as she shook hands with me, 'You see, sir, he intended at last to do us justice.'

The news that an action had been brought on behalf of an infant son of the late Sir Harry Compton against the Earl of Emsdale, for the recovery of the estates in the possession of that nobleman, produced the greatest excitement in the part of the county where the property was situated. The assize town was crowded, on the day the trial was expected to come on, by the tenantry of the late baronet and their families, with whom the present landlord was by no means popular. As I passed up the principal street, towards the court-house, accompanied by my junior, I was received with loud hurraings and waving of handkerchiefs, something after the manner, I suppose, in which chivalrous steel-clad knights, about to do battle in behalf of distressed damsels, were formerly received by the miscellaneous spectators of the lists. Numerous favours, cockades, streamers, of the Compton colours, used in election contests, purple and orange, were also slyly exhibited, to be more ostentatiously displayed if the Emsdale party should be beaten. On entering the court, I found it crowded, as we say, to the ceiling. Not only every seat, but every inch of standing-room that could be obtained, was occupied, and it was with great difficulty the ushers of the court preserved a sufficiently clear space for the ingress and egress of witnesses and counsel. Lord Emsdale, pale and anxious, spite of manifest effort to appear contemptuously indifferent, sat near the judge, who had just entered the court. The Archbishop of York, whom we had subpoenaed, why, his Grace had openly declared, he knew not, was also of course accommodated with a seat on the bench. A formidable bar, led by the celebrated Mr S——, was, I saw, arrayed against us, though what the case was they had to meet, so well had Ferret kept his secret, they knew no more than did their horse-hair wigs. Ferret had solemnly enjoined the sisters to silence, and no hint, I need scarcely say, was likely to escape my lips. The jury, special of course, were in attendance, and the case, 'Doe, demise of Compton *versus* Emsdale,' having been called, they were duly sworn to try the issue. My junior, Mr Frampton, was just rising 'to state the case,' as it is technically called, when a tremendous shouting, rapidly increasing in volume and distinctness, and mingled with the sound of carriage wheels, was heard approaching, and presently Mr Samuel Ferret appeared, followed by Lady Compton and her son, the rear of the party brought up by Sir Jasper Thornely, whose jolly fox-hunting face shone like a full-blown peony. The lady, though painfully agitated, looked charmingly; and the timid, appealing glance she unconsciously, as it were, threw round the court, would, in a doubtful case, have secured a verdict. 'Very well got up, indeed,' said Mr S——, in a voice sufficiently loud for the jury to hear—'very effectively managed, upon my word.' We were, however, in too good-humour to heed taunts; and as soon as silence was restored, Mr Frampton briefly stated the case, and I rose to address the jury. My speech was purposely brief, business-like, and confident. I detailed the circumstances of the marriage of Violet Dalston, then only eighteen years of age, with a Mr Grainger; the birth of a son; and subsequent disappearance of the husband; concluding by an assurance to the jury that I should prove, by incontrovertible evidence, that Grainger was no other person than the late Sir Harry Compton, baronet. This address by no means lessened the vague apprehensions of the other side. A counsel that, with such materials for eloquence, disdained having recourse to it, must needs have a formidable case. The smiling countenances of Mr S—— and his brethren became suddenly overcast, and the pallor and agitation of Lord Emsdale sensibly increased.

We proved our case clearly, step by step: the marriage, the accouchement, the handwriting of Grainger—Bilston proved this—to the letters addressed to his wife, were clearly established. The register of the marriage was produced by the present clerk of the Leeds church; the initials Z. Z. were pointed out; and at my suggestion the book was deposited for the purposes of the trial with the clerk of the court. Not a word of cross-examination had passed the lips of our learned friends on the other side: they allowed our evidence to pass as utterly indifferent. A change was at hand.

Our next witness was James Kirby, groom to the late baronet and to the present earl. After a few unimportant questions, I asked him if he had ever seen that gentleman before, pointing to Mr Ferret, who stood up for the more facile recognition of his friend Kirby.

'Oh yes, he remembered the gentleman well; and a very nice, good-natured, soft sort of a gentleman he was. He treated witness at the "Albemarle Arms," London, to as much brandy and water as he liked, out of respect to his late master, whom the gentleman seemed uncommon fond of.'

'Well, and what return did you make for so much liberality?'

'Return! very little I do assure ye. I told un how many horses Sir Harry kept, and how many races he won; but I couldn't tell un much more, pump as much as he would, because, do ye see, I didn't *know* no more.'

An audible titter from the other side greeted the witness as he uttered the last sentence. Mr S——, with one of his complacent glances at the jury-box, remarking in a sufficiently loud whisper, 'That he had never heard a more conclusive reason for not telling in his life.'

'Did you mention that you were present at the death of the late baronet?'

'Yes I did. I told un that I were within about three hundred yards of late master when he had that ugly fall; and that when I got up to un, he sort of pulled me down, and whispered hoarse-like, "Send for Reverend Zachariah Zimmerman." I remembered it, it was sich an outlandish name like.'

'Oh, oh,' thought I, as Mr S—— reached across the table for the parish register, 'Z. Z. is acquiring significance I perceive.'

'Well, and what did this gentleman say to that?'

'Say? Why, nothing particular, only seemed quite joyful 'mazed like; and when I asked un why, he said it was such a comfort to find his good friend Sir Harry had such pious thoughts in his last moments.'

The laugh, quickly suppressed, that followed these words, did not come from our learned friends on the other side.

'Sir Harry used those words?'

'He did; but as he died two or three minutes after, it were of course no use to send for no parson whatsoever.'

'Exactly. That will do, unless the other side have any questions to ask.' No question was put, and the witness went down. 'Call,' said I to the crier of the court—'call the Reverend Zachariah Zimmerman.'

This was a bomb-shell. Lord Emsdale, the better to conceal his agitation, descended from the bench and took his seat beside his counsel. The Reverend Zachariah Zimmerman, examined by Mr Frampton, deposed in substance as follows:—'He was at present rector of Dunby, Shropshire, and had been in holy orders more than twenty years. Was on a visit to the Reverend Mr Cramby at Leeds seven years ago, when one morning Mr Cramby, being much indisposed, requested him to perform the marriage ceremony for a young couple then waiting in church. He complied, and joined in wedlock Violet Dalston and Henry Grainger. The bride was the lady now pointed out to him in court; the bridegroom he had discovered, about two years ago, to be no other than the late Sir Harry Compton, baronet. The initials Z. Z. were his, and written by





marble temples and statues, pearls and coral, form an interesting part of the subject. The caverns contained in limestone rocks are frequently adorned with stalagmites in the form of pyramids, columns, altars, organ-pipes, vases, and flowers. These stalagmites rise from the bottom, being formed of the sediment deposited by the drops from above, and are eventually met by the stalactites from the roof. This process goes on till the cavern is filled up, and becomes a solid deposit of alabaster. The fine ladies of antiquity kept their cosmetics in vessels of alabastrite, or gypseous alabaster; while the Roman ladies applied the calcareous alabaster to the purpose of lachrymatories, or vases for receiving the tears they shed for their deceased husbands. The same material was used for cinerary urns to preserve the ashes of the dead. The fluates of lime, commonly called fluor spar, imitates very beautifully the emerald, sapphire, and other gems; but it is comparatively soft, being scratched even by rock-crystal. Its fluoric acid, however, when disengaged, has the power in turn of dissolving the crystal. 'The fluates of lime is phosphorescent by heat, and in a darkened room it shines with a very beautiful-coloured light. If, then, you have the iron stove of your boudoir studded in any fanciful manner, as, for instance, in the form of a wreath of leaves and flowers with various-coloured pieces of fluor spar, you will have a pretty object in the day-time; and when at night your lamp is extinguished, the garland will show with a soft and exquisitely-beautiful effect, of which you may form some idea by pounding some of the green Derbyshire spar, and placing it in the dark on a heated shovel.'

The gems are represented still more closely, because with greater hardness, by quartz. When of a violet colour, this is called amethyst; red, it is the Bohemian or Silesian ruby; yellow, it is the Scotch topaz or cairngorm, &c.; but when perfectly pure or colourless, it is rock-crystal. A mass of Alpine rock-crystal, weighing eight hundredweight, was taken by the French in Italy, and brought to Paris in 1797. Sometimes it is susceptible of a fine polish, and is termed Bohemian, British, Irish, &c. diamonds. 'The most beautiful work executed in rock-crystal is, in the opinion of Mr Sage, an urn nine inches and a-half in diameter, and nine inches high, and of which the pedestal was taken from the same block. This vase is enriched with carvings and masks, and the history of the intoxication of Noah, all most admirably sculptured. This splendid piece of workmanship, which belonged to the king of France, cost upwards of L.4000.'

The variety of rock-crystal called the amethyst takes its name from a Greek word signifying 'that which is not drunk,' the ancients having believed that one might drink wine out of an amethyst vessel without any risk of intoxication. 'They also thought that by wearing this stone they could foresee future events in dreams, that it drove away evil thoughts, assured presence of mind, and secured the favour of princes; and when adorned with figures of the sun or moon, it was worn as a charm against poisons.' The following is mentioned in the 'Curiosities of Literature:—'There was found on an amethyst a number of marks or indentations which had long perplexed antiquaries, more particularly as similar marks or indents were frequently found on ancient monuments. It was agreed on (and as no one could understand them, all would be satisfied) that they were secret hieroglyphics. It, however, occurred to the French antiquary Pierres that these marks were nothing more than holes for small nails, which had formerly fastened little laminae that represented so many Greek letters. This hint of his own suggested to him to draw lines from one hole to another, and he beheld the amethyst reveal the name of the sculptor, and the frieze of the temple the name of the god. This curious discovery has been since frequently applied.'

The agate called carnelian is much valued by some of the Eastern nations. The Arabs believe that it stops bleeding when applied to the part. 'In order to test it,

they wrap it up in paper, which, on the application of a hot coal, should not burn, if the stone be good. M. Renaud tells us that he has often seen the people of the East perform a similar operation with perfect success. They cover the carnelian with their handkerchief, and then bring it to the flame of a taper as if they would burn it; but the handkerchief resists the most ardent flame, and even remains perfectly white.' Mohammed declared that he who sealed with a carnelian would always be in a state of blessedness and joy; but Mr Jackson tried both experiments, and without success.

Agates occasionally represent with wonderful accuracy the appearance of faces, figures, and other objects. 'Pliny speaks of an agate belonging to King Pyrrhus which represented the nine Muses, with Apollo in the midst holding a lyre; the whole being most perfect, though a mere freak of nature. Majolus informs us that there is in Venice an agate on which is the figure of a man thus drawn by the hand of nature. It is also said that in the Church of St John, at Pias, there is a stone of the same kind, representing an old hermit in a desert, seated on the banks of a stream, and holding in his hand a little bell, just in the way St Anthony is generally painted.' A Scotch friend of Mr Jackson possessed an agate 'on which was the most admirably perfect representation of the sun setting beneath the sea. The lower half of the stone was in parallel lines of light gray, blue and white interspersed, in the way calm water is painted. On the upper edge of this, and exactly in the middle, was seen half of the sun's disk, from which rays diverged, filling up the rest of the stone. But the most remarkable agate of this kind I ever saw was in the possession of the Dominicans, in one of their convents abroad. It represented a most admirable portrait of Louis XVI. in profile, with a blood-coloured crescent-formed streak right across the throat. There were also other marks having allusion to that monarch, but which I do not now remember.'

Flints furnish their share of gossip. A good workman can make 500 gun-flints in the day; but, as if in punishment for the preparation of so mischievous an agent, he dies early—before thirty years of age—of consumption, brought on by inhaling the flinty dust. In striking fire with flint and steel, the result, we all know, is a quantity of sparks and little brilliant coruscations. 'In order to know what these really are, let the blows be given over a sheet of paper, and then examine with a magnifier the small particles that have fallen on the paper: you will find them to be of three kinds. *First*, minute splinters of the flint struck off by the blow, and which remain unaltered; *secondly*, little chips of steel of an irregular form, but also unaltered; and *thirdly*, small round bodies, ten times smaller than a pin's head: these latter have the appearance of a scoria or cinder, and being hollow, may be crushed with the nail like little globes of glass. These have generally been taken for little bullets of melted iron, but M. Brard suspects them to be a combination of silica and iron, a true scoria, attractable by the magnet; the heat produced by the blow being sufficient to heat the steel-chips red-hot, and effect the combination of the silica and iron in the smaller molecules, which are those that coruscate in little brilliant stars with a hissing noise.'

The preparation of the beautiful and costly pigment known by the name of ultra-marine is described as follows:—'The pieces of lazulite, the most rich in colour, are picked out; they are washed, and then plunged into vinegar; and if the colour does not change, the quality is esteemed to be good. The stones are then again repeatedly heated, and plunged each time into vinegar. By this means they are easily reduced to an impalpable powder. This is then well worked up into a paste with resin, white wax, and linseed-oil, to which some add Burgandy pitch. The paste is then put into a linen bag, and kneaded under water, which at first assumes a grayish colour, resulting from the impurities that are first separated from the mass. This water is thrown away, and replaced by fresh, and the kneading

















said the director after the performance, as he kissed her hand.

'My dear *impressario*,' replied she, 'it is here as in politics—you must conduct the movement, or else be swept away.'

### A STORM IN THE BALTIC.

SOME years ago, during a temporary residence in the small island of Sylt, on the coast of Schleswig-Holstein, I had an opportunity of witnessing the effects of a storm in the Baltic, of which I had often heard very strange things stated.

The season was autumn, and the weather had become broken and unpleasant. At length we had a day of incessant rain, accompanied with a gale which blew with considerable fierceness. Next day matters seemed approaching a crisis. The storm had fairly commenced operations. I shall never forget the scene which now presented itself. At the beginning of the hurricane, all the trees in the island were in full leaf, though tinted with autumnal hues. When the storm was over, vegetation seemed to be destroyed, the leaves being blackened and withered on the branches, and in a few days more, I was told, they would all fall off. Only a few, which had occupied peculiarly-sheltered positions, remained undestroyed; while some that the wind had whistled through in a particular direction had the one-half of their leafy crowns left as black as a coal, and the other quite uninjured. It was really a pitiful sight: one could almost fancy the wind must have had a poisonous breath. But the effect proceeded, it was said, from the long-continued violent shaking, which hindered the proper circulation of the juices, just as a human creature might be shaken to death; yet in the inland parts of Germany and in England trees are often shaken by the wind for days together without any such fatal consequence, and many of their coats are as much exposed to gales from the North Sea. Can this injurious action take place only from the west? The first that went were, I perceived, the leaves of the chestnut trees; then followed the limes; and lastly the poplars and the willows. Those that endured it best were the black-thorns; and it is natural that the larger the leaves, and the more firmly attached to the branches, the more they suffer. Those of a long narrow shape, or which are very small and limp, yield more easily to the storm, and feel it less.

When the wind had lasted a short time, the windows became covered with a coat of fine salt, like hoarfrost, and the lips and skin also acquired a salt taste. At the back of the house where I was staying there were some swallows' nests, in which the young ones now began to make a most pitiful and unusual noise. On going to see what was the matter, we found them all stretching their necks out of the nest, and the old birds flying a little way off, screaming, and evidently in great distress. It appeared that the violence of the wind prevented the parents from flying out in search of insects, and that they were consequently suffering from hunger. Our good-natured hostess, however, took pity on them, and chopped up a quantity of meat and bread crumbs to feed them till the storm was over. But it was not enough that this fierce gale should destroy the leaves and starve the birds: it had worse things in store for us.

On the second day we suddenly became aware, to our dismay, that the white surf, which we had been admiring, as it broke at some distance on the shore and the sandbanks, was now dashing up in the middle of the island. The sea had risen and covered the marshes, and towards evening a swift stream was rushing through the most fruitful part of the island, which unluckily was the lowest, and cutting it into two divisions, having opened a passage for itself from one bay to another.

The raging storm had lashed up the waters to such a height, that we could not distinguish whether the tide was in or out; it seemed to swell as much at ebb as at flood. The inhabitants of the island, not expecting such

a storm as this in the summer, had left their flocks out on the pastures, and it now became a question how to provide, if possible, for their safety.

The flooded country, which we were anxiously contemplating through the telescope, presented an interesting spectacle: the dark-gray waters were rushing in various directions across it, and leaving only numerous strips and patches of green visible, as far as the high *geest* land against which they were breaking. The cattle, horses, and sheep were crowded together on the spots still left for them; and the composed manner in which they were feeding formed a striking contrast to the excitement and agitation of their masters. It not unfrequently happens, indeed, that the people lose their lives in attempting to save those of their flocks. As night came on, the gale seemed to grow even fiercer, and it now became decidedly necessary to go to the help of some of the sheep.

I joined one of the men who were going out for this purpose, and we walked along towards the inner Hoff, where we hoped to be able to cross to where the animals had taken refuge; but we found an arm of the sea, which was rushing across with great fury. It was impossible to go that way, and we sought another passage, and got on some distance towards them by wading; but we soon found the water getting so deep, that we were compelled to give up our intention. The poor man was in a state of the greatest alarm—not for himself, but for his sheep; indeed our danger was no more than just sufficient to create a pleasant excitement: the sky was covered with clouds, and sea and land seemed mingled together in the thick darkness. As we passed along the edge of the *geest*, or high heathy land, we perceived on the little border of reeds around it that the water was lower than it had been; and at midnight the shepherd went out again, as he said if his sheep were drowned, he should still perhaps be able to save their skins. This time, however, I was not his companion; another man went with him, and I returned and passed the remainder of the night in smoking, and listening to my host's stories of perils in the great deep. His house, fortunately for us, lay very high, on a tongue of firm *geest* land.

On the following morning we heard much of the sufferings of the night. One of the islanders had lost ten sheep, one thirteen, another his whole flock; and the bodies of many were carried in mournful procession into the village. I could not help, however, admiring the patience of the people. There was no loud complaining, and still less any cursing; but all showed sober patience and resignation, although their sheep are almost their only possessions. Several vessels had been wrecked in the night on or near the island, and indeed we had heard guns fired, but had no means of giving assistance.

As we rode along the shore we passed two of the wrecks. The crews of these had got safe to land; and the captain of the one, still dripping wet, was standing answering a long string of questions put to him by the *strandvoegt*, or steward of the shore, who was driving about the sands in a little light one-horse carriage, with wheels of three yards' diameter. 'Whence had he come? What was the name of his vessel? What was his cargo? Why he was lying there? How came he to go ashore?' &c.; though the still howling wind might perhaps have answered the two latter questions for him. At a short distance further on we found the next wreck. It was a little Dutch vessel; and, like other aquatic creatures, the captain had made himself quite at home on the waves: he had had his wife and baby on board. These had been deposited safely in a cottage; and the father, a grown-up son, and a boy, were busy getting what they could out of the wreck. Here lay a little iron stove; there a blue-painted corner cupboard, a copper tea-kettle, and a china teapot, with cups, &c. thereunto belonging, besides a tub of butter, a cheese, and an old loaf. Sometimes one of them would return with nothing better than a pair of trousers, a



sedition, of which not a single one appeared above the soil." Such is Ionia. It is the pendant to the Botany Bay of Great Britain; with this difference, that instead of transporting thence thither to live, they send out plundered dupes to die.

'Such was the account given by our ex-Communist of this promised land. What a picture!'

### TRIFLES.

One Saturday night we listened to a very amusing discourse, the tenacity of which was to show, that although no one should be a trifle, yet that every one should be attentive to trifles. A trifle was defined to be one who habitually gives up his time and attention to things that are, or that ought to be, beneath his notice, while a trifle was said to be something insignificant in itself, yet capable of producing important results. By way of illustration, an incident in the life of Laffitte, the great French banker, was quoted. Laffitte, in 1787, entered Paris as a poor peasant boy; his introduction to that career in which he was afterwards so eminently successful was owing to a mere trifle. M. Parrenaux, to whom he applied on his arrival for employment, at first rejected his suit; but on seeing the youth, while crossing the courtyard of the hotel, disappointed and rejected, suddenly stop, pick up a pin, and carefully stick it in the cuff of his coat, the man of money was moved, the petitioner was recalled, and after a few minutes' conversation, appointed to a vacant post in the office. In 1804 Laffitte became the partner of Monsieur Parrenaux; and subsequently obtained the entire direction of the bank. After enjoying the highest civic honours of his country, he died a millionaire in the year 1844; owing his extraordinary success in life, probably, to the habit, early formed, of never neglecting the most trivial thing likely to be useful.

The falling of an apple from a tree is said to have occasioned the discovery of the laws of gravitation: apples had fallen many many times, no doubt, before Sir Isaac Newton seated himself in his arm-chair in his orchard, but until that afternoon, it would seem that no one accustomed to regard even trifles with attention had noticed the circumstances. 'History, if referred to,' said the lecturer, 'would afford numberless instances of the various trifles producing peace or war, entailing prosperity or adversity for whole generations.' As an instance how far even civilization is affected by trifles, an anecdote from Sir Francis Head's narrative of his governorship of Canada was cited. 'At a certain season of the year,' continued the speaker, 'if my memory serves me, Sir Francis Head says that a little fly appears upon the prairie, and torments the wild animals there terribly. To escape its sting they flee to the forests, and hide in its recesses; the Indian follows, and to drive out his game, sets fire to the underwood. He obtains his venison and buffalo hump, but loses his hunting-ground; for as the land is thus cleared, the white man advances, and his red brethren are compelled to retreat further before him.'

The lecturer next touched upon the influence of trifles in promoting or destroying domestic happiness; and concluded by explaining a few such phrases as, a man ought to be above trifles, &c. B—V.

[We take the above from an interesting little paper called the *Queenwood Reporter*, published periodically at Queenwood College, near Stockbridge, Hants, and which purports to consist of articles written by the pupils of that establishment. We have heard much of Queenwood, as agreeably uniting the character of a home with that of a public academy for boys.]

### MINERAL CANKER.

If one part of the black oxide of manganese, and three parts of the nitrate of potash, both reduced to powder, be mixed together, and thrown into a red-hot crucible, and continued there until no more oxygen gas is disengaged, a greenish friable powder is obtained called *mineral canker*, from its property of changing colour during its solution in water. If a small quantity of this powder be put into a glass of water, the solution is first *blue*; oxide of iron then separates, and by its *yellow* colour renders the fluid *green*; this subsiding, the *blue* reappears; then, as the oxide of manganese absorbs oxygen from the atmosphere, it becomes *rusty red*, *brownish*, and at last *black*. It then subsides, and leaves the fluid *colourless*. Again, if *hot* water be

poured upon this singular substance, a beautiful *green* solution will be produced, whereas *cold* water will give one of a *deep purple*. These changes depend upon the various states of oxydation which the metal acquires by change of temperature. In the first formation of this compound, care should be taken that no sulphur comes in contact with it; as the addition of a very small portion of sulphuret of potash would counteract its effects.—*Parke's Chemical Catechism*.

### SONNET.

Woe hath not treasured something of the past—  
The lost, the buried, or the far away?  
Twined with those heart-affections which outlast  
All new their memories—these outlive decay!  
A broken rattle of our childhood's play,  
A faded flower, that long ago was fair—  
Mute token of a love that died unaided,  
Or often eul, or look of silvery hair—  
The brows that have their long days in the mould;  
Though these may call up grief that also had slept,  
Their twilight sadness o'er the soul to bring,  
N/A every tear in bitterness is wept,  
While they revive the drooping flowers that spring  
Within the heart, and sound its ruined temple ring.

J. CHASE.

### INVENTION OF SUSPENSION-BRIDGES BY THE CHINESE 1800 YEARS AGO.

The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical science and skill of the Chinese at this early period, is to be found in their suspended bridges, the invention of which is assigned to the Han dynasty. According to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Sheng-koang, the commander-in-chief of the army under Kao-tsoo, the first of the Han, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous provinces of Shoo-ee, to the west of the capital. Hitherto its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 labourers he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abutments. In other places he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another across a deep chasm. These bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers, very appropriately, 'flying-bridges,' and represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high, that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still existing in Shoo-ee stretches 400 feet from mountain to mountain, over a chasm of 500 feet. Most of these flying-bridges are so wide, that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travellers. It is by no means improbable (as M. Pauthier suggests) that, as the missionaries in China made known the fact, more than a century and a-half ago, that the Chinese had suspension-bridges, and that many of them were of iron, the hint may have been taken from thence for similar constructions by European engineers.—*Thornton's History of China*.

### TIME.

In all the actions which a man performs, some part of his life passes. We die while doing that for which alone our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. Whether we play, or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun goes on, and the moon runs. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference between good and bad actions is infinite. Good actions, though they diminish our time here as well as bad actions, yet they lay up for us a happiness in eternity; and will recompense what they take away by a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure at the expense of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. As a man sows his corn, he is content to wait a while, that he may, at the harvest, receive with advantage.—*Our Father's*, 1638.

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himself been the leading Baconian. He would have astonished them by giving up his own books. Bacon, again, if now living, would probably be busy with some improvements upon the inductive method; some expansion of it, or some ascension above it, which, were it to be propounded by any nameless man of our day, would, beyond question, be denounced as a heterodoxy with respect to the actual ideas of Bacon.

The fact is, in such cases, minds of very different calibre are concerned. The original mover was a great man; the resisters are small men. The latter can take up an idea, and make food of it, when once it has received a stamp from authority or from age; but they cannot truly judge of it, or of the character of its originator. Had they been his contemporaries, they would have been his greatest opponents and vituperators—resisting the very doctrines which now they hold fast as they would their most valued possessions. It is the fate of the great man to be before his age, of the small men to be behind theirs. The ideas of a great man, at first difficult of acceptance, acquire in time a wide prevalence. They may then be regarded as in harmony with the general mind to which they are addressed. As the general mind advances, they fall behind, and then it is that they become suitable for the tribe of Resisters. Then is the time of the dotage of ideas, and it is of course as absurd to appeal from a new idea to one in this state, as it would be to endeavour to correct a man in the prime and vigour of his days by showing how his bedrid grandfather would have conducted himself in similar circumstances. The true and just appeal is not to what the great man of a former age has said on a particular subject, for everything he has said must bear a character from the circumstances and prevalent ideas of his own time; but to the spirit of the man. We must call into court the Aristotelian mind, or the Baconian mind, as a mere instrument, and endeavour to imagine what would be the tune which would flow from it under the existing circumstances, after it had been duly adjusted to the pitch of a new and advanced age. It is difficult to imagine this. Well, then, put it entirely out of court, and endeavour to decide the question otherwise. But if the great dead are to be brought forward at all, undoubtedly this is the only right way in which they can be brought forward.

Akin to the fallacy here described is that of the ap-  
plauder of bygone times. When he praises some feature of a past age, as a thing whose extinction is to be regretted, because there is nothing now like it, he is usually under a complete mistake. It is only the narrowness of his own judgment which prevents him from seeing that, in as far as any such thing is now needed, its place is filled by something of an analogous or corresponding character, which perhaps serves the end even better. What is more, if this person had lived in the past age referred to, it is probable that the feature which he now deploras as extinct would have affected him disagreeably as an innovation. He only can love it because he cannot see it. On the regret sometimes expressed by romantically-inclined persons for the system of chivalry, we take leave to quote some remarks which appear to us strikingly just:—'To lament its extinction, still more to affect the restoration of its outward semblance, is not only childishly to attempt a reversal of the march of wisely-ordered events, but to militate against the very spirit from which the system attempted to be recorded first arose, and to which, while prevalent, it owed its short-lived existence—the spirit of improvement upon worse manners, and yet

more imperfect institutions of an earlier date. As in every other system in which the better principles imparted to man have been more or less perverted by his weakness, his ignorance, his attempt to restrict that which was intended to be universal, and to individualise that which was destined for the common good of all—whatever was worth preserving in those days, to which some even in the present time are fond of reverting as the epochs of the truest glory of our race, still lives among us—lives a nobler and more vigorous life. It is but the false and the imperfect, the vain and the useless, the deceptive and the dangerous, which has been irrevocably swept away. In return, therefore, to the lament that the age of chivalry is gone, we may truly reply that we have a better and a nobler chivalry of our own—a chivalry which, if it watches no more in steel, and wields no weapons of mortal warfare within the field of actual contention, has its vigils and struggles yet more painful in their character, and undertaken for a far higher end—which, if it no longer traverses sea and land, the tempestuous ocean and the parching desert, to seek

"In Calvary Him dead who lives in Heaven,"

often goes forth into painful exile in lands yet more remote—or, nearer home, confronts the ghastliness of misery and the perilous atmosphere of contagion and death, to multiply living monuments to the common Lord of Christianity in the recovering from crime and ignorance, from anguish and disease, those over whom—as far as their improvement, whether mental or physical, is concerned—every revolution of society has hitherto passed almost in vain—which sees, moreover, in difference of faith or of nation, no longer, as formerly, fresh pretexts for warfare and extermination, but rather motives for closer intercourse, and a wider exercise of the common law of charity and love.\*

The characters of men might be regarded as so many casts from a certain number of moulds. The individual men change in generations; but the moulds remain, and the characters accordingly are continually reproduced. Two similar events, or relations of circumstances, in two distant ages, are surrounded by perfectly similar characters, though by different flesh and blood. Let there be a persecution for opinion in our age, and men precisely corresponding to the distinguished inquisitors of old, and to all their subordinate instruments, would immediately appear. Let there be a new attack on France in circumstances precisely similar to those of 1792–3, and we should have a new Robespierre and Marat, a new set of Girondins, and finally, when the crisis was nigh past, a new Tallien and Barras. In the recent Revolution, the men whose character would have fitted them for a Committee of Public Safety have been, under the totally different direction which things have taken, remanded to the obscurity of the Parisian jails, instead of being drawn on to dictate who should live and who should die. In his play of the 'Baptistes' George Buchanan introduces two Pharisees, Malchus and Gamaliel, who do the hero to death on fallacious grounds which may be supposed. Without in the least violating the truth of the picture, the poet is understood to have described under these names two of the leading doctors of the ancient faith of his own day—the kind of men by whom Hamilton and Wishart in Scotland, and

\* From a paper recently read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Leicester, by J. F. Hollings, Esq.

















coffee, which would not pass in the market, was, by admixture with chicory, made to go down. People were wrong in supposing that chicory made bad coffee; he believed that the foreign coffee, which we so much preferred, contained one-third chicory. Cross the Channel, and in point of fact all the coffee you drink contains one-third part of chicory.' It may, however, be urged that, for the protection alike of the fair trader and the public, coffee exposed for sale in a ground state should be liable to the examination of officers of excise, and to confiscation in the event of chicory being found too largely intermingled with it. Nothing would be more proper than such a power of inspection and seizure, provided it could be exerted at little expense or trouble. But we need hardly point out the practical inexpediency of employing excise officers to visit every little grocery establishment throughout the United Kingdom, commissioned with a power to judge of the quality of an article which even experienced parties would be at a loss to determine. On this account, we fear that the public must in this, as in many other things, be left to its own unassisted shrewdness, as well as the ordinary principles of competition in trade, for protection against the unfair imposition of chicory for coffee.

#### THE MENZIKOFF FAMILY.

CLOSE to the Kremlin at Moscow was to be seen, about the end of the seventeenth century, the shop of a pastry-cook of the name of Menzikoff, famous for making a kind of honey-cake in great request amongst the Russians. This Menzikoff had a son, who, though a mere boy, from his quickness and intelligence was most useful to his father. It was his business to sell the cakes; and he might be seen in every quarter of the city with a basket, which he was often fortunate enough to empty three or four times in the day. On some occasions, however, he was unsuccessful in disposing of his merchandise; and when thus bringing home again part of what he had carried out, he used to steal into his little room to avoid meeting his father, who in such cases would fly into a passion, and send him to bed supperless, and perhaps, in addition to this punishment, beat him severely. And never was chastisement more unjust; for Alexander did his very best to sell his cakes, repairing to the most public walks, and the doors of the principal churches, traversing the streets and the thoroughfares, till at length he was well known to all the inhabitants of Moscow—nay, even to the Czar Peter himself, who condescended, while buying cakes from him, to chat with him, and laugh at his lively sallies and quick repartees.

Brought thus into contact with princes and nobles, the sight of the luxury and magnificence that surrounded them soon inspired the young Menzikoff with a disgust of his trade sufficiently strong to make him long to throw aside his basket, and bid adieu for ever to his cakes. But his aspirations had scarcely taken the form of hope, so vague were they, and so little probability did there appear of any change of condition. Little did he imagine that fortune was even then about to take him by the hand, to raise him to the highest pinnacle.

One day his father received an order for cakes from a nobleman, who was giving an entertainment to several of the courtiers of the czar. Alexander was of course the bearer of them. Admitted to the banqueting-room, he sees a large company, all of whom had indulged in copious libations, and the greater number of whom were quite intoxicated. To Alexander's astonishment, in the midst of the jingle of glasses, and the clamour of drunken riot, he hears threatening words against the czar. A vast conspiracy exists to expel him from the throne, got up by the Princess Sophia, whose ambition could not be satisfied in the obscurity of the convent in which her brother Peter obliged her to remain. The very next day the conspirators were to carry into effect their terrible plot. Alexander hesitates not one moment; he glides unnoticed from the room, and hastens to the

palace. He is surrounded on his arrival by the guards, to whom he is well known.

'Good-day, Menzikoff; what brings you here without your cakes?'

'Talk not of cakes!' he answered, panting and breathless, and almost wild with terror: 'I must see the czar; I must speak to him, and that on the instant!'

'A mighty great man truly to speak to the czar: he has other things to do besides listening to your foolery.'

'In the name of all you love best, for the sake of great St Nicholas, our patron saint, take me to the czar; every moment lost may be the cause of frightful misfortunes. If you hinder me from seeing the emperor, you will repent it all your life.'

Surprised at his urgency, one of the guards determined to go to the emperor and ascertain his pleasure concerning him. Peter, always accessible to the meanest of his subjects, ordered Menzikoff to be admitted. 'Well, Alexander, and what have you got to say so very important?'

'My lord,' cried the boy, throwing himself at the prince's feet, 'your life is at stake if you delay a single hour. Only a few paces from your palace they are conspiring against you: they have sworn to have your life.'

'I will not give them time,' answered Peter smiling. 'Come, rise, and be my guide. Remember only that you must be silent as the grave upon all you already know and all that may happen. Your future fortunes depend on your discretion.'

With these words the emperor wrapped himself in a cloak, and repaired *alone* to the house where the conspirators were assembled. A few minutes' pause at the door of the room gave him, in the words he overheard, sufficient proof of the truth of Menzikoff's report, and he suddenly entered the room. The conspirators, supposing that his guards were at his back, fell on their knees before him, imploring pardon at the very moment that his life was in their hands.

From that day might be dated the brilliant fortunes of the young Menzikoff. Peter, grateful for the service he had rendered him, kept him about his person, and gave him all the educational advantages within his reach. And well did he profit by them, acquiring in a short time several languages, and such skill in arms, and knowledge of state affairs, that he soon became necessary to the czar, who never went anywhere without him. When on his return from Holland, Peter wished to carry out those plans of social amelioration at which he had been labouring for so many years, he found in Menzikoff a second self, able and willing to co-operate with him in all his projects. Such signal services soon obtained for him the government of Ingria, the rank of prince, and in 1703 the title of major-general. He was then five-and-twenty years of age.

War having been declared against Poland, Menzikoff signalled himself in several battles, and attained to the highest offices. But was he happy? No: the perpetual fears of a reverse that haunted him, the consciousness that he was an object of jealousy and envy to all who surrounded him, robbed him of anything like tranquillity of mind. Every thought was absorbed in the unceasing effort to maintain his elevated rank, now only second to that of the emperor himself. But he was even now ill; he might die; what, then, would become of the favourite Menzikoff? Would his successor extend to him the same countenance? This thought pressing upon him perpetually, induced him to try and find out from the emperor what his intentions were as to the succession to the throne; but the prince was so much offended by the attempt, which he had too much penetration not to perceive, that, as a punishment, he deprived him of the principality of Pleskoff. Menzikoff was fully aware that his fate was bound up with that of the Empress Catharine, over whose mind he had always had great influence, and in concert with her he gained over all parties to favour her succession to the throne after the demise of her husband. No sooner were

















names, much as Miss Bremer describes in her delightful 'Home.' The servants, who were all tenants' children, and who did not seek 'to better themselves,' and never dreamt of change, had two names: Marias and Louissas, Elizas and Emilys, were unknown; it was Nanny Wilson, Molly Allen, Betty Bee, and Jenny Foster. Billy Bee, Betty Bee's brother, was the groom, behind whom my mother—when her health became delicate, and she was recommended horse-exercise—rode on a pillion, holding by a broad leathern belt strapped round his waist; and Tommy Fenwick, so called by every one but ourselves—who thought it dignified to promote him to Thomas—was the footman. Billy Bee was a Jack-of-all-trades, though nominally groom; he drove the carriage when the horses were not employed with the carts, he assisted Thomas as footman on company occasions, gave a helping hand to the gardener at a busy time, and carried coals and water up stairs for the maids when they asked him: it was even reported that he had once been seen in the ignoble employment of shelling peas; but *this* wants confirmation, and I believe was a coinage of the brain of Jemmy Darrel, a boy who carried the post-bag, fed the pigs, and was everlastingly busy or idle about the house. All in those days and those districts were Billys and Bobbys, Tommys and Jackys; their sons became Will, Bob, Tom, and Jack; and their grandsons are now William, Robert, Thomas, and John.

We had a cat with a lame foot (Molly Allen, the cook, not deeming it *respectable* to be without a cat), which my mother, who had pet canaries in the house, and pet robins in the garden, mercifully permitted to live, inasmuch as it could not possibly catch any of them any more than it could the mice. Under the name of Mrs Tabitha Grey, she daily lapped her milk, and regularly every six months brought forth four kittens, which were as regularly drowned, until she produced one with a defect in its fore-paw similar to her own, and this, to our great delight, we were allowed to keep, and called it Kitty Grey. The cows, Daisy and Dapple, Cherry and Lady Coventry, were fondly cherished; the horses, the pony, the dogs, even the very pigs, all had their names; and everything relating to these animals was duly descanted on. The quarrels between the three terriers, Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, and the two cats, Mrs and Miss Grey, more than once caused serious domestic disturbances, my brothers siding with the dogs, and we sisters invariably taking the part of the cats. But, upon the whole, we were an affectionate and united family, and the sun 'never went down upon our wrath.' I love to dwell upon these happy careless days and their simple pleasures. What was most unlike the things of to-day, perhaps, was the kitchen. It was a very large apartment, hung on one side with every conceivable description of vessel in *pewter*, none of which were ever used by any chance, though all were regularly cleaned four times a year, Molly Allen priding herself in keeping them as bright as silver. The meat was roasted by dogs—little ugly turnspits, named Cupid, Venus, and Psyché; and although the manner of teaching them was cruel, no sooner had they learned their lesson, than they seemed to like the fun, and those left out barked and yelped angrily at the one selected. There was a large pot for drying feathers, as big as a slipper-bath; and several others, of so enormous a size, one wonders what they could possibly have been intended for. The fireplace was large enough certainly to have roasted a sheep, and even, I think, an ox whole; but in my day nothing larger than a sucking-pig was ever prepared at it. On one side of this furnace, in a sort of recess, was a large square stone trough, with a round wooden mallet called a mall. It was used to separate the outer husk from the wheat, which, when cleansed from it, was boiled in milk, and called 'furmity.' My brothers and sisters were very fond of this mess, which I never could eat, preferring and begging for what they were indifferent to—the chocolate, thick enough for the spoon to stand

in it, that was always kept ready, and offered to all visitors who came from any distance.

While upon the subject of forgotten dishes, I may allude to a happy evening my brother Harold and myself spent with his nurse, a pitman's wife, at a village a short distance from our house. It was the custom in those days when the lady felt herself unable to perform a mother's first duty, to send the child out to a more healthy nurse: Harold was accordingly delivered to Peggy Cornforth, who returned him, at fourteen months old, a rosy robust infant, fonder by far of his mammy and black-faced daddy than of his more refined papa and mamma. Her cottage was kept brilliantly clean by the tidy, industrious Peggy. It had whitewashed walls, nicely-sanded floors, mahogany chest of drawers, a good clock, and tins which reflected the ruddy glow of the large blazing fires that ever cheered the winter's day. Her husband coming home as black as the coals he worked amongst never seemed to soil anything; and well he enjoyed the good things it was her pride and pleasure to welcome him to. The evening she kept Harold and me to tea, nothing loth, all pretending to believe that it was impossible to return home because of the rain, she produced a 'scalding of peas'—that is, peas boiled in the pods, and served with butter—a 'singin' hinny,' and bumble or bummekite jam—the first an immense girdle cake, the last a preserve of blackberries and brown sugar, which, to the day of his death, my brother preferred to any other; indeed we all liked north-country dishes—'lamb's wool,' made of apples and ale, and a spice veal pie—that is, a veal pie half-filled with prunes in addition to other seasoning. We also ate currants with roast pig, fried crumbs with our game, sage and onion with goose and duck, and so continue doing to this day, such of us as survive, in spite of modern improvements. My father was a pious man, and regularly attended church with his whole household, wet or dry. Moreover, he insisted on our *walking* there: to be sure, the church was not at a very great distance—for Sunday, he said, was a day of rest, and on it no beast belonging to him should carry a weight or draw a load. We had no parasols to protect us: they were unknown. Umbrellas, I suppose, must have been as uncommon, for there was kept, I remember, in the vestry an enormous one of green leather, studded with gilt nails, at least six feet in diameter, which was held over the clergyman at funerals in bad weather when he read the service at the grave. To see father, mother, their eight children, the tutor, governess, and all the servants enter the church in order, was a sight worthy of old England, and calculated to raise the family higher in the respect of the tenants and labourers than if they had come, like some of our neighbours, in a carriage-and-four. Two families even appeared in what I never see now—a carriage-and-six.

Many years afterwards the church and our pew were the only things I found unchanged in the dearly-loved home of my childhood. My visit to the church was indeed a sad one. I sat alone in the old square pew, the green baize linings of which had grown almost white with age. I looked on the worn hassocks where my father and mother had knelt in pious abstraction, with their blooming sons and daughters round them—all gone now, with their hopes and fears, their ambitions and expectations! I gazed on the painted windows and old monuments where often, as a child, I used to fix my eyes while drowsily struggling to give my attention to the sermon I was made to write out afterwards; and which I looked at in later times whilst striving to keep my thoughts from wandering, from what ought to have been their employment in such a place, to the gallant young soldier, whom I followed afterwards as my husband through all the Peninsular war, and to the East and West India, where I lost him and the last of my children. Oh what had I not felt and suffered since I last sat there! The old house in its new dress was as little agreeable to my faithful affection for the past.









thing about my uncle's mode of life; it was a long journey too; but a ten-pound note was enclosed to defray the expense of that, plainly intimating that acquiescence was expected.

'Berry is cheerful and good-humoured enough to enliven anybody,' said my partial mother; 'and as I am fortunate in having you so near me, Ruth, perhaps I had better let her go: her uncle seems to wish it very much; and Berry is a spirited girl, and can take care of herself.' And so, after much deliberation, it was finally arranged that I was to pay Uncle Moss a visit of three months: my mother could not spare me longer. To Branzholm, therefore, I went by the mail-coach; and never having been far from home before, every object charmed me by its novelty, and I made the best use of my eyes and ears, drinking in with avidity the changing scene, and endeavouring to catch information from the conversation of my fellow-passengers.

I had always heard so much about Uncle Moss's riches, that I naturally expected to see a fine house and many servants; so that I was much surprised to find his domicile a small common-looking cottage enough, on the outskirts of the quiet gray town of Branzholm.

He was a tall and thin elderly gentleman, with a long pale visage, and a flaxen wig beautifully curled; a continual nervous twitching about the mouth, and blinking of the eyes, made me feel quite nervous and uncomfortable till I got used to it; he had a peculiarly low sweet voice, and he looked refined and delicate, took extreme care of his health, and was terribly afraid of getting cold. He had suffered a good deal from low spirits or melancholy of late; and his medical man advised change of air and scene; but as the patient refused to quit his beloved Branzholm, the next best thing, if not the best, said the accommodating practitioner, was to have a cheerful young companion for a while! The cottage consisted of eight apartments: a breakfast-room at one side of the door as you entered; behind that my uncle's library; opposite were the kitchens; up stairs was my uncle's bedroom over the breakfast-room; opposite, the spare chamber, now mine; behind these were two more rooms corresponding with those below, and looking into the garden—one the housekeeper slept in; the other was shut up. That other!—it was the mystic chamber of Blue Beard.

The housekeeper, Mrs Dawson, a middle-aged decent female, had resided with Mr Moss for nearly five years; and during that period she had not seen the interior of that mysterious chamber. I never knew any individual so utterly devoid of curiosity as she was; she did not think about it till I spoke to her. There she was, night after night, in this small house, sleeping opposite to this closed room, and never wishing to know its contents, or caring anything at all about them. She had once asked her master if he would like to have it cleaned; but he simply replied, 'No, thank you, Mrs Dawson; it is an empty uncarpeted room, and I never require it.' From the garden I looked up at the single window, and that was often open to admit the air, for Uncle Sebastian Moss went into it once every day. I found that out very soon. Did I not long to climb up to that window, and just take one peep? This did not appear to be utterly impossible of accomplishment; for there was a fine spreading apple-tree below, whose branches reached to the casement, and as I was an expert climber—an accomplishment my worthy uncle little suspected—it would be an easy feat to swing myself from the said branches into the Blue Beard's chamber. But honour forbade me doing this, until at least I had tried fairer means; for my curiosity was really painfully aroused, and I became quite feverish and fidgetty. Mrs Dawson had a boy to assist her, but he did not sleep in the house; and although my uncle's establishment was so humble, and his table perfectly plain, though excellent and abundant, I was not an inmate many weeks ere I became aware that he needed all his income, however plentiful that might be, to meet what he incurred by his liberal, nay lavish outlay

of sums for beautifying and repairing the parish church and erecting almshouses—to say nothing of a magnificent pump in the middle of the market-place, bearing an inscription signifying its erection by 'Sebastian Moss, Esq. churchwarden,' &c. &c. In short, my uncle was a second 'Man of Ross' as regarded Branzholm; but here the comparison between the individuals ceased, for Uncle Moss's liberality did not arise from either philanthropic or ostentatious motives, but simply from a singular craving to hand his name down to posterity. I found this out afterwards, though at the time I was ignorant of it. He was much respected and considered in Branzholm, and his existence was as unvaried in monotonous routine as it is possible to conceive a human existence to be. He was a nervous, timid being, but inoffensive; fond of reading memoirs, pleasant travels, and such-like; while his game at backgammon and weekly club were the amount of recreation he indulged in. 'Then what can he have in that chamber?' soliloquised I. Often I listened at the door, and peeped through the keyhole; and at last I made up my mind to the bold step of plainly asking him for an explanation.

'Dear Uncle Sebastian,' I commenced one morning at breakfast-time, 'I hope you will not think me impertinent, but I am very desirous of knowing if I can do nothing for you. I fear I am a poor companion, and that you are disappointed in me.'

'Not at all, Berry—not at all,' he answered shortly. 'I have not been very well of late, and I wanted to see a young blooming face near me. I should like to have had Ruth too; but you do very well, and I am not disappointed.'

'Then, Uncle Sebastian, let me be of use to you. Let me go in and dust the spare room, and open the window each day as you do.'

He looked sharply at me, and became so nervous, twitching his mouth, and winking his eyes, that I feared having gone too far; but the scrutiny of my countenance seemed to content him, and he said, 'I daresay you mean well: you are a good notable girl, Berry; but that chamber is sacred to myself. Take my advice, and never pry into secrets; there is a "skeleton in every house," did we but know it.'

'A skeleton,' thought I: 'how horrible! What can he mean?' I did not know that it was a mere conventional expression.

I fancied he became more particular than ever in locking and double-locking the door; and I daily became more fidgetty and feverish with the uncontrollable desire to explore the forbidden precincts.

I had been my uncle's guest for six weeks, half my time was expired, and I already looked forward with joy to returning home; for though I was most kindly treated, yet the wearisome sameness of the life I led—companionless, and far more confined than I was used to be—preyed on my spirits. I longed for the woods and streams, for a madcap race, and for a hearty laugh again; for I had not heard my own laugh since I had been at Branzholm.

It was on a beautiful summer evening, my uncle was at his club, and would not be home till late; Mrs Dawson was in the front kitchen busy making preserves, and I sat alone under the apple-tree trying to read: but read I did not; for, alas! the temptation was too strong to be resisted any longer. The window was invitingly open: how simple and easy to climb the knotted trunk of the apple-tree, and to gain the broad window-sill! One peep was all I wanted; just one peep, to see if there really was a skeleton there. This was all wrong, and showed great weakness, and I turned away once or twice. Honour forbade the gratification of my curiosity, but the excitement was delightful; the idea of a climb—the peep—the descent—the secret gained, and none the wiser but I! I resisted no longer; but in a few minutes sat exultingly amid the high branches, and crept with ease and safety to the casement.







Mountain Street, which struggles up a cleft in the rock. In some places the battlements of Cape Diamond seem to impend over Champlain Street, a long and narrow street, which leads to the western extremity of the lower town.

Immediately on passing the city, the river expands to nearly treble width. Both banks are very lofty, that to the south sloping down to the water's edge, and being covered with the richest foliage. The north bank, on which the city stands, is rugged, precipitous, and almost naked. At the end of Champlain Street are many building-yards, in some of which, as we passed, vessels were on the stocks, and nearly ready for launching. Then came the 'coves,' as they are called, and which are neither more nor less than those portions of the beach on which the great timber merchants transact their business. Wolfe's Cove is about two miles above the town, and is the spot at which that gallant general struggled with his army and artillery up an almost perpendicular cliff, to gain the plains of Abraham above, on which he afterwards lost his life, fighting the decisive action which struck the last blow at French dominion in America. These coves follow each other in close succession for nearly three miles, the whole beach being lined for that distance with vast quantities of timber, squared, and ready for shipping.

There are similar coves on the other side of the river, about seven miles above the town, where the Etchinin enters the main stream, on its southern side. At the mouth of this tributary we passed a series of saw-mills, erected on a most gigantic scale, and in which the largest logs are converted, almost in a twinkling, into slabs, beams, deals, and scantlings. On the wharfs which surrounded them, the produce of these mills was piled in enormous masses, ready for conveyance to Europe in the vessels anchored hard by. Two miles farther up, the river receives, on the same side, another tributary, called the Chaudiere. The Falls of the Chaudiere, which are not more than a league from its mouth, are far superior in size and grandeur to those of Montmorency, nine miles below Quebec. And yet there is not one traveller in twenty who sees the former, although only twelve miles from the city, whilst almost every stranger thinks it necessary to pay a visit to the latter. The Chaudiere, at its mouth, is spanned by a noble bridge of one stupendous wooden arch, somewhat resembling in its construction the centre arch of Southwark (iron) Bridge. It springs from rock to rock at a great elevation above the stream; and as we passed, its complicated frame looked, in the clear morning air, like light gossamer-work suspended from the foliage which richly mantled the two banks.

The town of Three Rivers is at the head of tide-water, on the north bank, the tide thus flowing for nearly 500 miles, or nearly the whole length of Great Britain, up the channel of the river. The banks here are comparatively low, and continue so, with but little exception, up to the great lakes. A few miles above Three Rivers we entered Lake St Peter, a broad and magnificent sheet of water, resting on a shallow and ever-shifting bottom. The changes which are constantly taking place in its navigable channel render it the most precarious point in the navigation of the river from the Gulf to Montreal. At its upper end it is studded with islands, some of which are made the basis of great government works, with a view to straightening, deepening, and rendering uniform its channel. About the middle of the lake we met an enormous raft from the Ottawa, making its way slowly towards Quebec. It was covered with small sheds, for the accommodation of the lumber-men who navigated it, and looked prickly with jury-masts, to each of which was appended a sail. These rafts sometimes encounter rough weather in Lake St Peter, which in numerous instances shatters them to pieces, and leads to melancholy loss of life.

It was early next morning that we approached Mon-

treal. The country was exceedingly rich, and radiant with all the glories of 'leafy June.' Its general character was flat, but here and there from the vast level plain, which extended on both sides as far as the eye could reach, small isolated and conical hills rose to a moderate elevation, to relieve the scene from the monotony which else would have characterised it. It was fully an hour before breakfast-time when we made fast to the noble stone quay which lines the river in front of the city.

While Quebec owes its chief celebrity to its commanding military position, Montreal has few advantages in a military point of view, the strongest piece of fortification about it being on the island of St Helen's, a little below the city, and about midway between both banks of the river. It is, however, admirably situated with a view to the requirements of modern civilisation, which looks more to good commercial than to military positions. Although situated upon a large island, it may be said to occupy a position on the north bank of the river, the main stream running between it and the south bank—that which sweeps around the northern side of the island being comparatively insignificant. Occupying the very centre of a vast and exuberant agricultural region, it is the point upon which four great natural highways converge, leading from regions as varied in circumstances as they are great in superficies. The site which it occupies is but about thirty miles below the confluence of the Ottawa and the St Lawrence—the former leading, for miles counted by the thousand, from the very heart of the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company; and the latter from the great lakes, with all the yet undeveloped wealth of the far north-west countries in the midst of which they lie. To the south, the Atlantic is directly accessible to it by the route of Lake Champlain and the Hudson; whilst to the eastward it can reach the ocean, by following the river to the gulf. This is the spot which, within the last few years, has been selected as the capital of United Canada; and few capitals have a situation affording so much promise for the future.

Montreal has a fine appearance when approached by steamboat from La Prairie; a small French-Canadian village several miles from it, on the opposite bank. It is chiefly built of stone, as are Quebec and Kingston—the three forming in this respect a marked exception to all the other towns of the province, and to nearly all in the United States, in which the wooden is almost invariably superseded by the brick tenement. The French portion of the city is very characteristic. The new part, all of which has been added since the conquest, has more of an English aspect about it; and some very magnificent streets and terraces have been added to it since its selection as the seat of government. The finest building by far which it contains is the Catholic cathedral, which is second only on the continent to that of Mexico, and of which any city in the old world might be proud as an ornament. The small hill immediately behind the town, and from which it derives its name, screens it completely from the cold northern winds. The slope which descends towards the city is covered with villas and orchards, and having a southern aspect, it produces the most luscious fruits. From the summit of this hill the view is very superb, commanding the city, the river, the Rapids, and a vast region of fertile country beyond.

The Rapids of the St Lawrence! who, within the domain of intelligence, has not heard of these stupendous phenomena? They needed not the muse of Moore to spread their fame: they are too gigantic in their sweep—too impetuous in their flow—too mighty in their power—too terrible in their aspect, ever to be forgotten by those who have once beheld them. As I was hurrying to the upper country, I had but a few hours to spend in and about Montreal, of which I took advantage to cross to La Prairie and see the Rapids of La Chine. The main rapid is almost entirely









dared to disobey me, and to dispute my will. Yes! I swear it, on my soul's salvation, amongst those now present it is not I who shall be first to die!' As he thus spoke, he raised to his lips a small silver whistle which hung suspended near his bed. The monk laid his hand upon his arm, and said in a voice which was still firm, though expressive of deep emotion, 'And God! the Almighty God! do you forget that soon, very soon, you may be standing before Him?'

'God will grant me absolution, father, and so will you; for it is an act of justice which I am about to accomplish. This man has many a crime to answer for.'

'Sinner!' replied the monk in a tone of deep earnestness, 'it is God alone who has a right to be swift in executing His judgments! The justice of man should be slow, for he is blind and liable to err. Retract what you have said; if not, neither from God nor from me can you hope to receive absolution!'

The dying man listened in gloomy silence; and after a moment of reflection, replied in a voice which was more subdued than before, but which yet betrayed ill-suppressed passion, 'And this oath, on which I have staked my salvation; this oath! I cannot break it without risking my share in the joys of paradise.' And raising himself with much effort, he exclaimed in a resolute tone, 'This oath! I will fulfil it; I ought to do so, and I shall!' The monk had fallen upon his knees with his hands clasped; his companions gathered around the couch with an air of supplication. The proposed victim alone, the man with the bald head, stood immovable, his countenance impassible, and seemingly prepared to brave the danger. And yet it was evident that he was well aware of the imminence of the peril. His death-like paleness, and the cold dew which hung upon his brow, proved that his calmness proceeded rather from terror than from resignation. The expiring man fixed upon him an eye whose expression was that of power and of malignity. 'I have sworn,' he exclaimed, 'that amongst the living beings in this room I shall not be the first whose breath shall fail.' Then pointing towards the corner where the poor greyhound lay crouching on his bed, he said in an authoritative tone, 'Take that dog, and let him be put to death this moment.' The man with the bald head did not wait for the order to be repeated a second time, but taking down a club which hung against the wall, he struck the dog violently, but with an uncertain hand. The unfortunate animal howled piteously, and was struck three times before he received his death-blow.

'Good Heavens! how he makes him suffer!' exclaimed the dying sportsman as he sunk backwards on his bed, his countenance betraying at the same time an unwonted degree of emotion.

'My son,' said the hermit, 'even the death of this dog is an act of guilt which you must expiate by a speedy repentance!'

'If God reckons the death of *this* animal amongst my sins, what may I not then expect?' murmured the sufferer in a feeble voice. 'Of this sin, father, I do indeed repent; for I loved this poor dog. We had often been companions together in the chase; and I cared so much for him, that I have had him nursed here under my own eyes. I have at least this conviction with regard to him, he is the only being amongst those lives I have taken away who never once offended me. As an expiation of my offence, I desire that his form may be sculptured upon my—you understand me? Yes, sculptured in marble, and placed by my side. Now, father, receive my confession.'

From that moment the thought of death no longer seemed to press upon the mind of this still formidable sufferer; he recovered all his collectedness and sang-froid; he passed a long time in dictating instructions concerning his last wishes to the man who bore the inkhorn by his side; made his confession to the monk; and towards eight o'clock in the morning, after having discoursed long and wisely on the course to be pursued

with regard to politics in France, he passed from time into eternity, and the hermit closed his eyes.

This hermit was St François de Paule; the physician, Jacques Coitier; the man with the inkhorn, Philippe de Comines the historian; the man with the bald head, Olivier le Dain, surnamed Le Diable; he who had just gone to his long account, the king, Louis XI.

Amongst all the dying wishes of this once absolute sovereign, but one, that which related to his dog, was religiously executed. In the church of Notre-Dame de Clévy, near Tours, a marble monument represents Louis XI. in the costume of a hunter, kneeling upon his tomb, his white greyhound by his side.

## ROBIN CARRICK.

A SCOTCH country paper—the 'Ayrshire News Letter'—presents a biographical sketch of Robert Carrick, a merchant and banker who flourished in Glasgow half a century ago. Robin, as he was familiarly called, was the son of a clergyman, and began life as a clerk in a banking-house in Glasgow, in which he ultimately rose to be a partner, after which event the title of the firm was 'Carrick, Brown, and Company.' This concern, located in an old dingy building at the corner of Argyle and Glassford Streets, united the business of manufacturing muslins with those of banking and bill discounting. As is usual with Scotch banks, the company issued notes of a pound and upwards. We have a distinct remembrance of these notes; they were printed in blue ink, with the picture of a ship in full sail in the corner, and obtained a wide circulation. The firm issued no small number of notes on its own account, by paying them away to weavers and others employed by the company in their muslin manufacture.

The apartment in which the banking business was carried on was meanly furnished with a couple of plain deal desks, and a kind of barrier with a slip of flat board which served as counter. The notes were kept in pigeon-holes in one of the desks, and were not seen by customers; for when the desk was opened, the lid was supported by the head of the clerk, and this operation screened the interior from too curious observation. These details are significant of the great difference in the style of money-dealing in past and present times. A similar simplicity of arrangement prevailed among the old London banking-houses; and till the present day banking is conducted in much the same primitive manner in most continental countries.

Robin Carrick was the *beau idéal* of a steady, calculating, plain-living, old-fashioned Scotsman. His thin gray hair was tied behind with a black ribbon; his garments were ample, and of an antique cut; and his legs were encased in a pair of white ribbed woollen stockings. His mode of doing business, though consistent with perfect civility, partook of that degree of sly caution which the national dialect expresses by the word *pawky*. In his room, he sat on a high-legged stool at a wooden desk, with his feet resting on a cross bar; and when any person called on discounting business, he did not rise, but wheeled only half round, in order not to commit himself too far. When he declined to discount a bill, he always said with a bow and a cold smile, 'It's not convenient;' and never yielded to importunity, but became more firm in refusing the more the suitor pressed. To test the solvency of his customers, he was wont to disappear from Glasgow for some time; this enabled him to discover who could and who could not pay their bills without renewals, obliging all to carry their paper elsewhere. By these means many bad debts were avoided. Such absences he turned to account. He went privately to look at lands and estates that were for sale; and picked them up if they offered a profitable investment. His plan was never to buy good or improved land. He preferred purchasing extensive ill-reclaimed bogs, mosses, and wildernesses, where corn never ripened, and the farm-houses were turf hovels. With the eye of a connoisseur he knew what











novels, Mr James's in particular; could sing 'Molly Bawn' and 'I should like to marry' unexceptionably; danced in such a way, to quote Suckling, that

'No sun upon an Easter day  
Was half so fine a sight;'

and, in a word, wherever she went, made all the young men crazily in love with her, and set all the girls insanely jealous. What wonder, then, that the very policeman came here for his tobacco; that the curate regularly had his box filled from her stores of rappee; and that Mr Beggs, after closing, so regularly visited here for his five minutes' conversation and cigar, while Mr Hadnum would come alone, or with Mr Tappolet, and stay to supper? What marvel either that the Mrs Grundys of the place, intent on her affairs, endeavoured to evolve a unanimous verdict on the subject of her matrimonial intentions; or that, while one faction declared for Mr Beggs, another recorded its opinion in favour of a youngster endowed by nature with good connections, a coarse complexion, and red hair, and by art with blue spectacles, and aspirations after literary fame, and who, moreover, had published a little volume of poems, in which 'gibbous moons,' 'silvery waters,' and 'brilliant mazes of clustering stars,' were constantly introduced. No one thought of Mr Hadnum on this occasion, any more than of Uncle Tappolet; for Mr Hadnum, being only the young man, behaved of course to give place to his superiors. One might have thought, indeed, that he was Emma's young man; as well as the young man of Commerce House, he made himself so useful in one way and another; and especially in directing her taste in novel-reading, and fetching and carrying the volumes.

Novels, however, transact a good deal of business in the way of love, and there are always a few marriages at the end of them; and perhaps it was these dangerous associations which made Mr Beggs look very austere whenever Emma and the young man began to talk of Lord Reginald and Lady Wilhelmina, which they did as familiarly as if they were their first cousins. He was a great dealer himself in the fictions of trade, and the ingenuity of his plots would have made Mr James blush for himself; but he never had time to study much the productions of other masters, and perhaps, therefore, he regarded them with a little of the contempt which clever men are apt to bestow upon what does not come within the scope of their own knowledge. His remarks to his partner upon this head had some effect, and by degrees they deepened in shade, till Mr Tappolet felt nervous as he read in large letters everywhere, in passing along the street, 'Jack Shephard,' 'Eugene Aram,' and 'George Barnwell,' and saw in his own window, the first thing on coming back to business, 'Robberies by confidential young men.'

Matters were thus thrown into the state very unpleasant to Mr Hadnum, who had almost resolved upon giving warning, and advertising for a new situation; although his success would in all probability compel him to migrate far from the City Road.

'What can it mean?' said Emma one evening with the tears in her eyes; 'there is uncle looking at you these three weeks, as if you were an Ojibe-away; and that Mr Beggs smiling at you like any Iago, till I'm sure I creep all over!'

'It's all along of the novels,' replied Mr Hadnum moodily.

'And why, I wonder? Is a novel so much worse than a Soul-stirring Romantic Melodrama? and I know he reads them.'

'Why, how do you know that?'

'Because,' said Emma, 'I caught him in a whole line twice; and not a line of the kind one would pick up from the stage. It was in the drama written by Piccolo, the player of Ponder's End, which long ago, you may remember, we were going one night to see; only we didn't. But you bought me the work for threepence, and I keep all your things—somehow.' Mr Hadnum

was in a brown study, and in it was the 'work' in question and its author.

'Piccolo—Piccolo—Piccolo,' said he, endeavouring to grasp some idea, as Macbeth would have clutched the air-drawn dagger. 'Yes!' cried he—for now he had it—'I saw Piccolo once—he was pointed out to me on the street—and he was the very moral of Mr Beggs!' The young couple looked at one another strangely. Emma at length laughed, for she did not know what else to do; but Mr Hadnum, catching up his hat, made a hasty exit from the shop. Whether he went, how he acted, what he discovered, are the mysteries of this story; for no story is worth paper and print that does not leave something in doubt; but it will be seen that the dramatic reminiscences of our Emma had important results.

About ten days before Christmas-Day, and about eleven o'clock in the morning, an unusual stir was observable at Commerce House, where Hadnum and Mr Tappolet were talking with great energy to two ill-favoured looking men in the shop; and not a few idlers, like the chorus in Greek plays, looking on and giving advice. To put the reader in possession of the facts more quickly, and without the accumulated mass of fiction which a rolling narrative proverbially acquires—a letter had arrived for Mr Beggs, marked 'confidential' in one corner, and 'haste' in another. Immediately on glancing over it, in Hadnum's presence, Mr Beggs had betrayed great excitement; and in a quarter of an hour had hurried from the house. Shortly after his departure, two gentlemen of unpromising exterior, limbs of the law, had cleared up the mystery by their appearance in search of a man named Benson, who, under innumerable aliases, had committed almost numberless frauds, his appellation having, as we have seen in the present instance, been Beggs. The sheriff's officers (for such they were), who described this Chevalier d'Industrie as owing money in almost every county in England, stated that he had been 'everything by turns, and nothing long:' at one time a mesmerist professor, popular advocate, and editor of the 'Toiling Millions' Voice, under the name of Bachoff; at another, under the name of Piccolo, an actor, whose genius had shaken the buskined stage of the Theatre-Royal, Ponder's End, for which thriving establishment he had written a drama, of which the playbill candidly stated that 'a sympathetic joy diffused itself through every bosom as the thrilling situations and effects of the author's exciting efforts drew onwards to a conclusion;' in short, a swindler equally *au fait* at a lecture on Cromwell and the Commonwealth, or a sale of depressed manufacturer's stocks at terrific prices.

Of course Mr Tappolet acquainted the officers with the circumstance of the letter, and they were soon again in pursuit of Benson. However, he was gone, and most probably not to return—so thought the tradespeople, to all of whom, with the exception of Emma, he was indebted; so thought that coarse-complexioned but gifted author, who had lent him some ten pounds, much on the Roderigo and Iago principle; and so thought Mr Tappolet, who set to work vigorously to ascertain the state of the concern. As for Hadnum, he thought nothing about the matter, for he *knew* how it would be, and so he devoted himself to taking stock, and striking balances. This occupied a day or two, but the result was more favourable than might have been anticipated; the ruinous prices and alarming sacrifices had not, it is true, brought much grist to the mill; but still the prospects of the business were just those which advertising columns daily set forth as 'capable of great extension by a persevering young man with moderate capital.' This being so, then, Mr Tappolet being desirous of retiring on his little income, and conceiving Mr Hadnum to be the persevering young man above-mentioned, and Mr Hadnum drawing out of a banker's no less a sum than one hundred and fifty pounds, which he had saved by a course of self-denial almost amounting to amateur pauperism, and increased





some distance. There he sat *perdue*, with his packthread in his hand, watching the moment when he could tumble down the pitcher upon the old woman's head.

'At the instant, the *Gouverneur des Pages*, a grave, sententious, leaden man, came that way, and seeing little pickle in the corner, he wisely smelt a rat. "What are you doing, you little dog?" "Nothing." "I suspect you have been pilfering: show me your hands." Behold the packthread, which the governor immediately seized. Supposing some stolen goods at the end, he pulled, and pulled; the nimble page took to his heels; down came the pitcher; out screamed the beldame, and she and twenty of her neighbours fell with tongue and nail upon old gravity, who, being caught in the very fact, was scratched and hooted out of the fair without the possibility of making a defence. If you knew the proud old fool of a governor, you would kiss the little page for his cunning!'

Having made a journey to Vienna, the ambassador described the circumstances in a letter to his father, who had once been ambassador there, and was now living in retirement at Edinburgh. 'I must tell you a little anecdote which gave me real pleasure, and took prodigiously at Vienna. The second day of my being there, I was strolling about the streets, and stopped, with a spy-glass in my hand, at the front of the Colloredo and Chancery buildings. While I looked up at the statues, an old servant (porter to Prince Colloredo) knew me at once, and stepping forward, with the kindest familiarity, and slapping me on the shoulder, said in German, "Precisely what your dear papa used to do twenty years ago!" Nothing could be more benevolent than the look with which he accompanied this, and I own I was struck with it. I mentioned the agreeable sensation it had given me in the company where I passed the evening, and next day I found the porter and I had been in the mouths of all Vienna. It is, in my opinion, no bad sign of the people of a great capital, who expressed themselves pleased with so simple an incident as this.'

After this one is not surprised to find Keith announcing his appointment as ambassador to Vienna, and his intended journey to receive the congratulations of his friends in Scotland, with this addition—'My poor nurse must be told of my happy arrival: inquire into her situation, and let me know when and how I can mend it.' And when he had gone to Vienna as resident minister—writing to a gentleman friend, he says, 'The first ten days of my residence here were trotted away in leaving bits of card at doors, and repeating my dancing-master's bows to crowds of people who may, in a course of years, become my friends, or at least acquaintance. I don't know how my own face looked upon these occasions, but I know that I felt pleased, as every person turned of forty said something kind about my father.'

In so many letters to friends in Scotland, there were, as might be expected, many allusions to Scotland itself and to its people, and many affectionate reminiscences of home. It is charming when the great ambassador, in the midst of details regarding continental politics and great people, raps out some homely or humorous phrase of his native land—as where he says that 'the king of Naples has delighted all Germany by his unaffected *cantiness*'—*Anglice*, cheerfulness; or remarks, that the New Town of Edinburgh being so very geometrical, 'the very *dubs* will run at right angles' (dubs being the home-phrase for puddles); or tells from Sistovo, a remote place in the domains of the sultan, that he has a score of Turkish *unco's* to relate (unco's being marvels). Having inherited from his grandmother a small property in a moorish part of Peeblesshire, he delights to speak of himself by his territorial appellation of *Murrayshall*. It is amusing to hear of what Murrayshall is next to do in a negotiation conducted near the shores of the Black Sea for a pacification amongst the powers of Eastern Europe. He tells Anne to have the place planted by all means: 'you shall be ranger of the

new forest in Tweeddale; and your husband, when you get one, shall be lord-warden of the marches!' Somewhat oddly, while Mr Woodfall was railing at Sir Robert as a full-fed placeman and pensioner, he was actually kept so low in pocket by the expenses of his situation at Vienna, as to be under a constant fear of having to sell this poor moorland in Tweeddale merely to keep out of debt. In his good-will to his native country, he subscribes largely to the new buildings for Edinburgh College, and only refrains from urging the same duty upon his friend, the celebrated General Loudon, who was a Scotchman at only four or five removes, from a consideration of the poor old general's poverty. As a pendant to all this, the following anecdote of a journey he made at an early period of life in France tells pleasantly:—'In passing through the noble forest of Compiègne, I took the liberty of questioning as follows my man Andrew, who is a gentleman of great sagacity:—"Pray, Andrew, saw you ever so fine a forest as the one we have come through?" "Sir," quoth Andrew, "the forest is a gay forest, but I've warrant I've seen other forests before now." "Where, Andrew? Have you anything like this in Athol?" "Ay, sir. I wish your honour had only seen the Duke of Perth's grit forest in our country! It has a hantle of fine deers in't, and Colonel Græme pays a hunder pund starling by the year just for till keep the deers frae bein' destroyed intill." "Well, Andrew, I'm glad to hear what you say; but are the trees in that forest as fine as those we saw to-day?" "Trees, sir!" quoth Andrew: "no, sir, there's no a stannin' stick in the duke's grit forest; but it's a' bonny hill and heather, like the wood o' Mar!" Oh patriotism, patriotism, thy errors are beautiful! I embraced my man Andrew, and we pursued our journey.'

Next to the letters to Sister Anne, we would place those which pass to and fro between the ambassador and a certain fraternity of friends, chiefly official men in London, who were designated the *Gang*, and two or three of whom seem to have been rivals to Sir Robert in gaiety of heart, humour, and unaffected, unworlly character. Thus it is, for instance, that Mr Bradshaw, a lord of the Admiralty, addresses his friend at Vienna:—'All that you love here, love, remember, and regret you. If our parties are dull, you are wished for to enliven them; if cheerful, you are longed for, that you may have your share of them. There is not a D—, or a B—, or any honest letter in the alphabet, that is not devoted to you, and would not willingly make you a partaker of our pleasures; because, by coming to claim your share, you would more than double our stock. Finish your business, obtain your well-deserved reward, and "live with us, and be our love," as the old song says.' Sir Robert, on his part, overflows with benevolent expressions towards this set of his correspondents. Amidst all the dignity and even splendour of his position abroad, he sighs like a schoolboy for the enjoyments of home: for example—'I don't know how it is, my dear friend, but the same old story which you and I talked over in a postchaise about a thousand pounds a year, a wife and a farm, is continually trilling through my brain; and I can't for the soul of me help thinking that in something of that kind consists the *summum bonum*. But mounted as I am upon the above-mentioned hobby-horse, I can, however, assure you with great truth, that whilst I am to serve my master abroad, I never can have a commission so honourable and agreeable as the one I now enjoy. I like the sovereigns I am sent to, their capital, and their subjects. There is not a happier man in all Austria than myself; yet I have a hankering after home, which, as it is built upon laudable motives, I cannot wish to suppress. I have often thought that not one in a hundred of you odd fellows, who wallow in the luxury of the land you live in, knows the value of the enjoyments which are within his reach. For my own part, I never think of John Bull and his little proud island without a singular pleasure. There is a *queerness* in John that I delight in; there is a stamp











to particular trades and occupations, collected with incredible trouble, but totally useless. Latin they are not, many of them being his own composition, and such that, in the general case, the better the Latin scholar, the more they would puzzle him. In this way near one-half of the 'Orbis Pictus,' so far as Latin is concerned, is useless. How, then, did Comenius fall into this error? Simply by a too literal carrying out of his principle of parallelism between things and words. The 'Orbis Pictus' was to embrace the universal world of reality, and accordingly the verbal explanations of the pictures must be equally universal. But why should he embrace the universal world at all? In attempting to force upon the memories of his pupils—for it could be nothing else—a mass of undigested minutiae relating to every art and science in existence, he was rejecting the principle recognised by him in the study of language. Was he not liable to the same objection as that urged by him against the former system of instruction, that it attempted to plant trees instead of sowing seeds? Pansophistic education, properly so called, consists not in the teaching of everything, but in laying the foundation for self-instruction in everything; and Comenius fell into the same error, though in a smaller degree, as Ratich.

Allowing all due weight, however, to this failure on the part of Comenius in carrying his theory into practice, the cause of education is still greatly indebted to him. It is not merely that in his works may be found the original idea of the elementary school-books of Pestalozzi and Basedow, as well as of almost every one of those improved treatises for facilitating instruction which issue daily from the press, but that he imparted an altogether new view of education to thinking men in general. A witty author of the present day sums up the instruction to be gained at a modern public school thus:—'When I left Eton, I could make fifty Latin verses in half an hour; I could construe *without* an English translation all the easy Latin authors, and many of the difficult ones *with it*; I could read Greek fluently, and even translate it through the medium of a Latin version at the bottom of the page. I was thought exceedingly clever, for I had been only eight years in acquiring all this fund of information. As I was never taught a syllable of English during this period, and as one learns nothing now-a-days by inspiration, so of everything which relates to English literature, English laws, and English history, you have every right to suppose that I was, at the age of eighteen, in the profoundest ignorance.' It was of such education as this that Comenius first practically showed the futility; and it was to obviate such miserable waste of time as that described above, that he composed his pansophistic phrase-books. Following in the footsteps of his master, he did that for education which Bacon had done with regard to philosophy in general. At the present day, it is almost impossible to realise the difficulties which lay in his way, or the vast improvement offered by these little works, crude and meagre as they were, on the previous means of tuition. In our present superfluity of illustration, both pictorially and otherwise, we smile at the almost unintelligible pictures of the original 'Orbis Pictus,' and wonder at the anxiety which its author expresses to obtain such blind guides for his pupils; and yet there can be no doubt that the appearance of this book forms in itself an era in the history of education. Let any one—to take the simplest case—but imagine for a moment the difference of the impression which would be made on a youthful mind by a picture, however rude, of any animal, and that likely to be produced by the most detailed description, and he will at once see the importance of the Baconian principle, imparted by Comenius into education, that our own personal experience is the true medium of instruction. How great was the improvement effected, even in his own day, by his exertions, is proved by the testimony of his contemporaries. Adolphus Tasse, professor of mathematics at Hamburg, writes:—'In every country in Europe the study of a

better method of instruction is pursued with enthusiasm. Had Comenius done nothing more than kindle this desire in the public mind, he would have done enough.'

#### A DAY IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

'HENCEFORTH,' says a recent writer, speaking of the East, 'a lovely and stately vision is ever present to my mind and my heart. . . Mountains, valleys, and oceans are now between us, but mental portraiture can never be obliterated.' To this I yield a cordial assent; for in far more vivid colours than any other scenes of my life are those of a short residence in India painted on my memory; Daguerreotypes there perhaps by that glorious sun, the remembrance of which makes the brightest day of our northern summer appear pale and faded. My Eastern home was the governor's house at Parell, a noble building, originally a Portuguese convent, surrounded by the nearest likeness to an English park that ever I saw in India. The chapel of former times has been made a vast dining-room; the chancel a billiard-room—a sad desecration, to which time, however, has reconciled the inmates of the dwelling. Above this transformed church a suite of drawing-rooms has been built, opening into lofty stone corridors hung with the painted lamps of China. The sleeping apartments are also in suites, and to each is attached a sitting-room and baths. The jalousied windows of our chambers commanded a fine view of the Kandalla Hills; and immediately beneath them lay the garden, which, though rather quaint and formal, was very pretty. In the centre path, opposite the dining-room, stood that loveliest of ornaments, a fountain, having on each side of it one of those tall trees, the berries of which are natural castanets, that ring most musically in every breeze, bringing to remembrance the singing-tree of the 'Arabian Nights.' From the branches of these leafy musicians a magnificent creeper hung in a festoon over the fountain, and the sparkling water, playing high above it, left in its descent many a liquid opal on its large white bell-shaped flowers. Beyond these opened a glimpse of the tank, shaded by lofty palms.

A day spent in this Eastern dwelling was so different in its routine, its business, and its pleasures, from one passed in busy England, that a sketch of the 'sayings and doings' of four-and-twenty hours there may not be void of interest to those who know little of the detail of Oriental life; in which 'the golden hours' glide by in such a sweet monotony, that a picture of one day would image forth nearly all the year's.

Very regularly, at five o'clock every morning, the crows awake, and by their discordant matins effectually banish sleep; a very unromantic ending to pleasant dreams; but the freshness of the morning air stealing through the jalousies atones for the ungracious noise. Those of our household who rode or walked early then prepared for their excursion; for myself, I preferred the 'between sleeping and waking' of the coolest hour of the day, except on a few occasions, when I was tempted to sketch by starlight. Gradually this half sleep is disturbed by the low plashing of water, as the bearers commence filling the bath; an employment of some duration, as it is effected by bringing the water in jars called *chatties* up several flights of stairs. The bath is undoubtedly the greatest luxury of the East: one lingers in it as long as possible, for the toilet which follows is in the heat a weary task; though, on returning to the sleeping-room, the refreshment of a cup of tea and biscuit is always presented to the bather. On issuing from our chamber, we were greeted in the long corridor beyond it by the assembled servants, who had passed the night there—the head-servants, the seapoy, the bearers, and a gardener; the last of whom held on a salver his fragrant morning offering of a bouquet of red roses, tied round a stick to preserve them from the warmth of the hand, and bathed in rose-water to increase their freshness. This pretty





soup, fish, &c. 'cock-turkey roast' generally heads an endless list of strangely-spelled dishes; 'plumpudding boil' and 'bananas fry' being almost always in the catalogue of the second course. About eighty servants wait on the guests at Parell: in private houses it is usual, we were told, for the guests to bring their own attendants to wait at table.

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, preparations were made for the presentation of the medal. A small table, covered with a velvet cushion, was brought to the upper end of the principal drawing-room, and the governor took his place beside it. The Parsee knight was then led forward by the secretaries; he was a tall, fine old man, with a most benevolent expression in his dark eyes and on his lofty brow. He was dressed in the costume of his nation—a flowing and snowy-white robe girt round the waist with a rich scarlet shawl of Cashmere, and on his head the stiff square cap, covered with deep lilac cotton, which was originally a badge of degradation and inferiority imposed on his race by the Hindoos (as the yellow cap was during the middle ages on the Jews), but is now retained by the Ghebers as an honoured memorial of their adherence to their ancient faith. The governor presented him with the golden gift in the Queen's name, informing him that it was a token of her Majesty's esteem, and of her sense of the munificence he had displayed towards her subjects, he having in the course of a year bestowed the immense sum of L.90,000 in charity on Europeans. The Parsee listened with looks of intense gratification; and when the governor ceased speaking, drew a paper from his girdle, and read his answer of thanks very intelligibly. He was then presented to the ladies near him; and his little daughter was introduced. She was a lovely child, of about ten years of age, wearing a head-dress similar to her father's, and in her nose a splendid ring, about the circumference of half-a-crown, to which were suspended an emerald and two large pearls. This ornament is by no means unbecoming, and is equivalent in signification to our wedding-ring. We learned, however, that the little Perojeebhoy was not betrothed, as is usual at her age, her father, with singular liberality, leaving her the privilege of choosing her husband; but that he judged it expedient to conform to the prejudices of his caste by making her wear the nose jewel. Her attire otherwise consisted of a scarlet satin tunic covered with figured lace, trousers of the same materials, a close jacket of dark-blue satin, and four necklaces—one of emeralds, another of sapphires, and the others of large pearls and diamonds: these costly ornaments were valued at L.10,000, or a lac of rupees. The Parsee girls are allowed to mix in society till they attain the age of twelve, when they are closely shut up in the zenana; and it is not considered etiquette to make even an inquiry after their health of their husbands.

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy owes his immense fortune, estimated at L.300,000 a year, solely to his industry and energy. He was originally a bottle-wallah, or seller of old bottles; but by carefully husbanding small gains, and living frugally, was at last able to speculate in opium, and other branches of Oriental traffic. His commercial genius directed these speculations so judiciously, that he is now the richest of his race, and the gold thus won is used for the noblest purposes. The sum mentioned above on the authority of the governor, an hospital erected and endowed at his own expense, a causeway to unite the islands of Salsette and Bombay, formerly a dangerous passage—are but a few public instances of his beneficence. When he drives out, he has always a bag of *pice* (halfpence) beside him to throw to the poor, and is of course followed by a strange and motley crew. Dancing followed the presentation, and terminated at eleven by the performance of 'God save the Queen.' We asked the young Parsee if she would like to dance? She replied very quietly, 'No: when I wish for dancing, I need not do it myself; I get people to dance for me; and I wonder the rich English do not

so likewise, instead of dancing themselves.' She made the same observation with regard to music, a stretch of philosophical contempt for the fine arts which we found much more difficult to pardon. At eleven we retired for the night, passing again through the picture-gallery, the floor of which was now partially covered with sleeping figures, closely muffled in long robes, and extended on mats; one Parsee boy being distinguished from his companions by a floating drapery of silver gauze over his head and shoulders. Through the partially-open jalousies shone the lucid stars, looking so clearly bright and solemn, that (but for the mosquitoes) one longed to keep a vigil on 'the house-top,' and watch their silent courses. But the shrill horn of the tiny tormentors hovering round us forbade the wish: this is *their* hour, and their reign is a despotic one. No marvel one cannot see a feature of the dark visages of the sleepers; they are muffled from the burning sting or bite of these evil genii, who as effectually destroy repose as if they were so many troubled consciences.

At the end of the corridor stood an unkindled *shiggry*, or iron basket of charcoal, with a kettle and a fan near it, in case the 'ma'am sahibe' should require tea in the night; and near it sat our seapoy Juan, a tall graceful Hindoo, waiting our coming with his sword beside him, before he also went to sleep, which he did on the mat outside our silken screen. A cup of tea, and a slice of bread and butter, constituted our evening meal, and then we prepared for rest. The lamps of cocoa-nut oil were placed on the matting; the mosquito net had been already let down, as, if kept up after five o'clock, there is a chance of a mosquito finding a hiding-place within it. The bed itself is raised from the floor, and stands on small stone pedestals, hollowed, and filled with water, to prevent the ascent of ants or other insects. Getting within the mosquito net *must* be a very rapid achievement, and is effected while the *ayah* waves a large fan round, to keep off the tiny foe; it is then closely secured, the candles extinguished, and all seek repose. This, nevertheless, is sometimes difficult of attainment, as occasionally the heat at night is intolerably oppressive, and the noises are varied and ceaseless: snakes hiss; a certain unknown insect snores so like a man, that at first I laid the blame of the disturbance on Juan; and the jackals that cross over from Elephanta in search of prey, utter their shrill wail, which bears a painful resemblance to the cry of an infant. Towards midnight, lights glancing by the palm-trees near the tank, the sound of the tom-tom, and of an instrument very like a bagpipe, announced a native wedding in the village, recalling the beautiful parable of the Bridal Virgins; and before the last shrill tones became inaudible, we were in the land of dreams, gazing on home images, and hearing long silent voices; for in sleep the East and its gorgeous visions were invariably forgotten, and we were again in that little northern isle which has no equal either in the Western or Eastern world.

#### THE DEAF MUSICIAN.

It was the 20th of March 1827. In the poorly-furnished apartment of a small house in Baden in Austria, an old man was making preparations for a journey. He hastily folded within a knapsack a few changes of linen. The weather was cold, the windows were covered with hoarfrost, and yet only a few dying embers burned upon the hearth. Either the old man's mind was too deeply engrossed to think of feeding the flame, or perhaps his scanty resources needed careful husbanding to meet the expenses of his approaching journey.

In truth, the aspect of the room bespoke a state of want rather than of affluence. A bed with curtains of faded green serge, a few antique arm-chairs of varnished wood, covered with well-worn tapestry, a walnut table, and a harpsichord, composed its entire furniture. The harpsichord was strewed with music, partly in manuscript; and a flying sheet covered with nearly illegible notes, and disfigured by numerous erasures, showed







send it to a manager, your recommendation would do anything. [*This is the old story, the amateur forgetting that the author might compromise his reputation for judgment by so doing.*]

Friend. Well, what is it?

A. It's in five acts. [*The countenance of the friend falls, he having thought that it was a harmless farce.*] It's called 'Francesca.' I've taken the subject from old Italian history. There's a great character for — in it. A friend spoke to him about it, and he appeared to like the notion. [*This is the most fatal rock upon which the barks of the amateurs are wrecked. They get some one who knows a performer to mention it to him, and the poor man, not wishing to offend, or driven into a corner, says he thinks the idea good.*]

F. Ah; do you know much about the mechanical appliances of a theatre?

A. Not a great deal. I have gone for poetry and—if I may call it so—elevated writing.

F. Yes, I see. [*The friend looks over the manuscript, and sees speeches of two or three pages long; and the piece altogether would play about seven hours.*] I have not got the time to read it, but I will give you a note of introduction to Mr —, the manager, and I am sure he will pay attention to your views.

A. [*Emphatically.*] Oh—thank you.

The note is written, and the author starts off filled with visions of a great success and being called before the curtain. He leaves his piece, and the first glimpse is sufficient to show that it is an amateur work—one of the hundreds poured into a theatre during a season. The manager wishes you would really not introduce such rubbish to him. The manuscript is thrown by amidst a pile; and the author every week begs you will make an application for its return, as he has called often and can get no reply. Then when he gets it, he hunts you down for introductions to other theatres, and always with the same effect; and at last, finding this piece rejected everywhere, he sets to work and writes another, assumes a coolness towards you, and fastens on another writer.

The most indefatigable class, however, are the aspirants to periodicals, and small poets. During my connection with a tolerably well-known 'monthly,' scarcely a day passed but one called, either an acquaintance or with a letter of introduction. It was the same story with all. 'They knew I could do anything with —. Would I get the article into his magazine if, upon reading, I thought it suitable?' I really did read a great many of these, but none were ever available. If the notion was original, the style was either immature or over-elaborated; and if betraying some knowledge of construction, the articles were nothing more than clever imitations of popular writers. The would-be aspirants to light literature were the most painful—those who thought it comical to use such phrases as, 'the immense sum of eighteen-pence,' or, 'that specimen of sable humanity yclept a chimney-sweep;' or believed that humour consisted in a simple change of synonyms, such as calling an old maid an 'antiquated spinster;' or in that elaboration of meaning by which a dancing-master was described as 'a professor of the salutatory art' (which, according to the present style, he is *not*); and the simple word 'married' could only be explained as 'led to the hymeneal altar.' In fact, the drollery chiefly aimed at was of the school in which police cases are written by facetious reporters. I once heard from the treasurer of one of our largest theatres, that in the course of twelve years he never knew an amateur play accepted; and I may add, in like manner, that during my connection with the magazine I never knew an amateur 'funny' paper made use of. Yet the constant rebuffs do not check the aspirants. With the elasticity of Indian-rubber balls, which would be invaluable otherwise directed, the harder they get knocked down the higher they rebound.

The poets, as a mass, are less troublesome, for the fashion-books and annuals open some refuge to them.

Besides, their productions being usually comparatively short, they can with less expense get them printed and published. In this latter case it is curious to observe that the preface is always the same. The author invariably remarks, that 'several kind, but in this instance, he fears, too partial friends, have suggested the publication;' and then he assumes the habits of the 'lion' in society, loves to read his own works, gasps for notices, and believes, in common with most young authors, that his ideas have pervaded the entire world.

Perhaps the aspirants will now ask, 'How does anybody begin?' If they are curious to know, I will tell them how I began myself: and I pray them not to accuse me of egotism, which would be most contemptible, but rather look upon the statement as a wish to show them that I am practical and somewhat experienced, when I say that I have written several novels, and produced several plays, which have met with more or less success; that I have now and then attempted poetry, when applied to by composers for the words of ballads; that I have written sketches for magazines, criticisms and notices for newspapers, and paragraphs for light ephemeral periodicals; in fact, that I have gone through all the work which a man must be *au fait* at to attain even the humblest position in the high-pressure literature of the present day.

I began, then, as every profession ought to be commenced, with the rudiments. I used first to make up, with great care and trouble, small paragraphs and notions which struck me as I walked about, for little penny publications, and put them, unknown to any one, into the editor's box. This was when I was at school. Sometimes these were printed—which was a circumstance of great but secret glory to me; sometimes they never appeared, and I heard no more of them. After a time, I began to see the style which was usually the most fortunate. I found that little domestic sketches, made from actual observation, and not comic invention, were readily accepted. The materials for these were within my grasp; indeed, never having read much, I did not attempt to soar beyond them. My paragraphs grew to sketches; my sketches to more finished delineations; and at last I tried a short story, and sent it to a periodical which was exactly the size of the old 'Mirror.' It was directly accepted and printed; and with an engagement forthwith to write at half-a-crown a column, I considered my fortune made.

The periodical failed; but I was still so delighted at communicating my notions to (as I considered) the world, and fancying they sympathised with some of them, that I went on writing for nothing, when certainly I ought to have been at times attending to something else. I then went to study abroad; and an adventure occurring to me, which found its way into the London papers, I was applied to by the editor of a magazine to send in an account of it. This was an honour I had never dreamed of. I transmitted my seven or eight pages, and they appeared. Two or three kind opinions were passed on the article; and I soon found myself a regular contributor. I then began a story, to be finished in two chapters, one each month. There was something in the first that appeared to please my readers, and the editor asked me if I could not elongate it into six. When the fourth was sent in, I was asked if I could not extend the sketch to the length of a three-volume novel. I was so frightened at this that I took two days to consider; and at last, in great nervous anxiety and mistrust, acquiesced. With this novel possibly you may be acquainted; and its completion and tolerably-favourable reception brought me up to London. But otherwise I should never have conceived so daring a project.

From this time I got a great deal to do, but I never sought it. An engagement to write small essays on social topics for a paper, led me to the position of the theatrical critic, on the secession of my predecessor; the principal reason for this being that my style and opinions were known to the proprietors. Then, as from



out the poetical idea—is a bleeding heart : or, through a narrow gorge, we catch a glimpse of a lake encamped round about by tall mountains ; and behold ! some Undine or water-spirit, with her attendant sprites, appears in a majestic chariot drawn by the most graceful of swans, whose long necks are elegantly bent into the waters every now and then ! Again, a cloud of fire hangs in mid-air, enlarges, brightens, and rolls gradually aside, disclosing one of the mythological impersonations seated in the *quadrijuga*. A favourite concluding scene is a British oak. While the spectators are looking on, and listening to—of course—'Rule Britannia,' suddenly, in every bough, behold ! a flight, a whole flight of sailor-boys waving the Union Jack : the trunk opens, and out steps the sailor-prince ; presently the sailors in the branches take their flight, the prince once more is received into the mighty trunk, and the scene vanishes.

Some of the minor phantasmagoric displays descend to the ludicrous. The spectacle of an industrious cobbler, who heaves long-drawn gasps for breath, and busily plies his arms, is much admired among this series ; and the knowing look of the eyes is wonderfully productive of merriment. The next scene is a view by the sea-side, where a bathing woman is seen dipping a reluctant little girl into the rolling waters : smiths are seen hammering ferociously upon their anvils : shoe-blacks are giving exquisite lustre to boots : old men are breaking up stones, or bowing politely, and unbosoming to draw forth the charities of cottage-door lingerers : the chameleon is well shown in all his versatility of tint : and roses, tulips, and other flowers, including cauliflower, blossom with Cupida, white and black, or other representations grotesque as unexpected. Perhaps the most extraordinary of them all is the feat of a man asleep in a bed, who swallows rats and mice by the dozen, and without awaking !

The explanation of these varied effects is very simple : the phantasmagoric displays are always shown upon a transparent screen ; a broad piece of *Nainsooks* muslin wetted with water, and fixed in a convenient position, is better than any other contrivance whatever. The magic lantern, slightly modified, is the instrument employed for developing the images, and is thus managed :—it is either held in the hand or placed upon a little railway : it is then brought close up to the screen, the light being shaded by the hand ; and when sufficiently near, the hand is removed, and there appears on the screen a little cloud of light without any definite image depicted in it. The lantern is then gently carried backwards, and there appears on the screen the gradually-enlarging image of some spectre, or other object, which appears rapidly to approach the spectators. On bringing the lantern back again nearly up to the screen, the spectre seems to recede, and finally vanishes in the little cloud spoken of : thus is the astonishing effect of advancing and receding images accomplished. It requires of course some little arrangements as to focus ; and mechanical contrivances for effecting this have been applied to the carriage of the lantern successfully. Sending up a balloon is well exhibited by this means : the balloon, at first swelled in all its vast proportions, presently becomes smaller and smaller until it is lost to sight ; and by a little swaying of the lantern from side to side, the undulating character of its motion is well represented. By using two, three, or even four lanterns in the hands of several clever assistants, a surprising degree of life can be given to the scene. One manages the flying Cupid ; another the moving chariot ; a third the fountain ; and so on. By means of two lanterns, Fame may be made to descend from the skies and plant a laurel-wreath on a warrior or a statesman's brow. The opening of clouds is effected by drawing gently aside two slips of glass which cover the slider containing the picture ; the figure behind thus seems to step out of the clouds. Movement is communicated to the figures in various ways : sometimes in the manner already described, by a separate lantern ; more frequently by a double slider, one slider being painted black, with the exception of a clear space, through which the head or some one of the limbs is shown or obscured at pleasure : thus a cook carrying in a pig's

head alternately loses and regains his own by moving the slider to and fro. The rolling about of spectral eyes is effected by painting them upon a slider which moves from side to side, the eyeballs showing through the eye-sockets of the image with singular effect. A water-wheel is set in motion by a double slider, on one of which the landscape is painted, on the other the wheel ; and this one is moved round by a pinion-wheel working into a cogged rim. The reeling motion of a ship is given by a slider moved up and down by a lever. A little reflection will soon show the infinite number of movements which by these simple means may be effected. A very strange effect is sometimes produced by giving the lantern a sudden shake, when the images will seem as if seized with a cold shudder.

Leaving, however, the chamber of scientific horrors and supernaturalities, let us advert briefly to the more recent and beautiful discovery, the *Dissolving Views*. Very few persons are, we believe, at all aware of the means by which the exquisite effects of these exhibitions are accomplished ; yet they are surprisingly simple. A country landscape, basking in the warm glow of a July sun, lies outspread before us ; the fields are golden with corn, the trees in full verdure clad, and the water tumbles, half in play half at work, upon the over-shot wheel of the mill in the foreground. A change comes o'er the spirit of the scene : the sky loses its warm and glowing tone ; a cold, gray, ghastly look creeps over the picture ; the air darkens ; the babbling stream is stayed in icy bondage ; the wheel has stopped, and icicles a foot long hang from its spokes and rim ; the trees are leafless ; the fields are brown and naked ; the path is covered with snow ; and the flickerings of a roaring fire are seen through the cottage windows. But, marvel of marvels ! the sky grows thick and lowering, and a few flakes of snow are seen to fall. Presently a thick shower of snow descends. The illusion is complete, and it requires some little self-recollection to form the conception that, after all, it is a mere picture we are looking upon. The snow-storm passes over, the sky and air gently resume their warmer aspect, leaves come on the trees, the snow melts away, the brook runs again, and the wheel resumes its duties, for summer has returned ! This sketch presents us with the leading features of the Dissolving Views : let us now explain how the changes are brought about.

To exhibit the Dissolving Views, two lanterns of equal size, and placed on the same platform, are necessary. In the one we will suppose the summer scene ; in the other, the same scene, but in its winter dress. Now, immediately in front of the brass tubes of both lanterns is a circular disk of japanned tin, in which a crescentic slit is perforated half round near the rim. This disk is made to revolve on an axis which passes between the two lanterns, and is moved by a little handle behind. The rays of light proceed through the slit on to the screen, but only allow those of one lantern to do so at one time, the tube of the other being shaded by the imperforate part of the disk. The rays of the summer scene are now pouring through this slit, while those of winter are obscured by the other part of the disk. The lanterns being properly arranged, so as to cast their images on precisely the same place on the screen, the exhibition begins. Summer is shown for a little time ; then by means of the little handle the disk is very gently turned round, and thus while, from the crescent shape of the slit, the rays of one lantern are gradually cut off, those of the other are at the same time gradually allowed to fall on the screen, until the disk is turned quite round ; and now the tube through which summer shone is obscured, while the colder light of winter from the other tube streams through the slit in the disk. The effect to the beholder is the gradual and imperceptible transition of the one scene into the other. If the reader will be so kind as to suppose that his two eyes represented the magic lanterns, and will close one eye first, and then gently lift the lid while he shuts down that of the other, he will obtain a perfect idea of the dissolving mechanism. The plan of the perforated disk, which, as being the most gradual, is the most perfect, is the plan observed in the instruments we have seen of





is every reason to believe that to ends base as these, as dishonouring to the Forner of all things, as enslaving to the minds of the people, were the interesting phenomena of light and shade of which we have here spoken once, and for a protracted period, made subversive. The optical magic of our age, we may thankfully say, sets up no claim to the supernatural.

#### MR ROBERT SIMPSON'S COURTSHIP.

ABOUT three years have elapsed since Mr Robert Simpson succeeded, at the demise of Mr Isaac Simpson, ironmonger by trade, fishmonger by Livery, and common councilman of the City of London by election, to the prosperous business and municipal honours established and acquired by his respectable, painstaking parent. Some natural tears he shed; but, the exigencies of business and the duties of his corporate office—replacing, as he immediately did, his father in the representation of the important ward in which his shop was situated—not permitting a protracted indulgence in the selfish luxury of wo, he fortunately recovered his equanimity in a much less space of time than persons acquainted with the extreme tenderness of his disposition had thought possible. Mr Robert Simpson, albeit arrived at the mature age of thirty-five, was still a bachelor; and not only unappropriated, but, as ward-rumour reported, unpromised; at perfect liberty, in fact, to bestow himself, his very desirable stock in trade, business premises, and three freehold houses in the Poultry, upon any fair lady fortunate enough to engage his affection, and able to return it. Indeed to this circumstance, it was whispered at the time of his election, he owed his unopposed return to the municipal niche so long and worthily occupied by his departed father; Mr Crowley, the highly-respectable spectacle-maker, having suddenly withdrawn from the contest on the very day of nomination; thereto induced, hinted gossips of the City, by the fact that Miss Crowley, who chanced to meet Mr Robert Simpson on the previous evening at the house of a mutual acquaintance, had been by him most courteously and gallantly escorted home. The matrimonial inference drawn from so slight a premise as a few minutes' walk along unromantic Cheapside, by gas, not moonlight, proved, as might be expected, an altogether erroneous one. The Fates had other views regarding the prosperous ironmonger; and as those 'sisters three,' like most ladies, generally contrive to have their own way, Mr Simpson was ultimately quite otherwise disposed of; and Miss Crowley, for aught I know to the contrary, remains Miss Crowley to this day.

Not that Mr Simpson was by any means insensible to female fascination: he was, unfortunately for his own peace of mind, somewhat too susceptible; an ardent admirer of beauty in all its hues and varieties, from the fair and delicate grace and beauty of the maidens of the pale north, to the richer glow and warmer tints of orient loveliness. The strict surveillance of his honoured father, joined to a constitutional timidity he was quite unable to overcome, had, however, sufficed during that gentleman's lifetime to prevent rash impulse from eventuating in rash deed. He was also, I must mention, extremely fastidious in his notions of feminine delicacy and reserve; and his especial antipathies were red hair, or any hue approaching to red, and obliquity of vision of the slightest kind. Such was the Mr Robert Simpson who, about two o'clock on the afternoon of March the 1st, 1847, stepped, richly and scrupulously attired, into a Brougham, specially retained to convey him to dine at his friend Mr John Puckford's modest, but comfortable establishment at Mile End, where he was by express arrangement to meet his expected, expectant bride. Before, however, relating what there befell him, it will be necessary to put the reader in possession of certain important incidents which had occurred during the three previous days.

On the evening of the preceding Tuesday, Mr Simpson, finding himself at the east end of the town, and moreover strongly disposed for a cup of tea and a quiet gossip, resolved to 'drop in' upon his new acquaintance Mr

John Puckford, hoping to find him and his wife alone. In this, however, he was doomed to disappointment; for he had scarcely withdrawn his hand from the knocker, when he was startled—Mr Simpson was, as I have before hinted, a singularly bashful person in the presence of the fairer and better half of creation—by the sound of female voices issuing, in exuberant merriment, from the front parlour. There was company it was evident; and Mr Simpson's first impulse was to fly: as the thought crossed his mind, the door opened, and Mr Puckford, who chanced to be in the passage, espying him, he was fain to make a virtue of necessity, and was speedily in the midst of the merry party whose gaiety had so alarmed him. That the introduction was managed in the usual way, I have no doubt; but the names, however distinctly uttered, seem to have made no impression upon the confused brain of the bashful visitor; so that when, after the lapse of a few minutes, he began to recover his composure, he found himself in the presence of three ladies and one gentleman, of whose names, as well as persons, he was profoundly ignorant. The ladies were two of Mrs Puckford's married sisters, and Miss Fortescue, a young lady of reduced fortunes, at present occupied as teacher in a neighbouring seminary. The gentleman was Mr Alfred Gray, a bachelor like Mr Simpson, but nothing like so old, and scarcely so bashful. Mrs Frazer, the eldest of the two sisters, a charming lady-like person, of, you would say, judging from appearances, about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, seemed—after some oscillation between her and Mrs Holland, whose fuller proportions, dark hair, and brunette complexion, contrasted not unfavourably with the lighter figure, and fair hair and features of her sister—to engross Mr Simpson's whole attention, and to arouse after a while all his conversational energies, which, by the way, were by no means contemptible. Mr Simpson's time was come: ere a couple of hours had fled, the hapless ironmonger was hurt past all surgery; had fallen desperately in love with a married lady, and the mother of three or four children! On the only single female present, Miss Fortescue, Mr Simpson had bestowed but one glance on entering the apartment: that had been quite sufficient to check any desire for a more intimate perusal of her features. The lady combined his two antipathies: her hair was decidedly red; and a strong east, to use a mild term, detracted from the uncommon brilliancy of her mind-glancing eyes. She took very slight part in the conversation; and that little, so absorbed was Mr Simpson, was by him utterly unheeded. She wore, like her friend Mrs Frazer, a plaid-dress, and the baptismal name of both was Mary.

The ladies departed early, and Mr Simpson and Mr Gray followed their example a few minutes afterwards. 'Mr Gray,' said the former gentleman, as he took leave of his companion at the end of the street, 'what is that charming person's name? I have quite forgotten it.'

'Which charming person?' inquired Mr Alfred Gray with a quiet smile.

This Mr Simpson thought a very absurd question; he, however, replied—'The lady in the plaid-dress: Mary, Mrs Puckford called her.'

'The lady in a plaid-dress, whom Mrs Puckford called Mary, is a Miss Fortescue: she is a teacher of music and drawing,' rejoined Mr Gray with demure accent. It was too dark for Mr Simpson to see his eyes.

'Thank you, sir: good-night,' rejoined the enamoured municipal dignitary. Mr Simpson was soon at home, and before an hour had elapsed, had carefully penned, and posted with his own hands, a letter to his friend Puckford. He then retired to bed, and dreamt dreams.

'Sarah,' said Mr Puckford the next morning to his wife after reading a letter, just delivered, with a perplexed expression of countenance—'did Mr Simpson seem to you particularly struck with Mary Fortescue yesterday evening?'

'With Mary Fortescue! Surely not. Why do you ask?'

'Only that here is a letter from Simpson professing violent love for her; and stating his determination, should



embarrassment, she added, 'But few men have, like you, sufficient discrimination to discern and appreciate attractions which lie hidden from the merely superficial observer.'

Poor Simpson gasped for breath! He was literally dumbfounded! Here was modest gratitude, to say nothing of 'tears and tenderness,' with a vengeance! Miss Fortescue, with a precarious salary of some twenty pounds per annum, exclusive of bread and butter, was, in her own opinion, conferring a tremendous obligation upon a civic dignitary worth at least twenty thousand pounds, by accepting him for a husband! That was quite clear; and although Mr Simpson was too much in love to deny such a proposition in the abstract, still it was, he thought, scarcely consistent with maiden modesty to state it so very broadly.

Notwithstanding his amazement, Mr Simpson, as soon as he recovered breath, continued, so well had he studied for the occasion, to get out a sentence or two about the superiority of connubial to single blessedness. This sentiment also met with ready acquiescence.

'Oh dear, yes,' said Mrs Frazer; 'I would not have been an old maid for the world!'

'Well,' thought the astonished admirer of feminine reserve, almost doubting the evidence of his ears, 'this is certainly the frankest maiden I ever conversed with!'

A considerable pause followed. Mrs Frazer, seated upon a sofa, played with the luxuriant auburn—really auburn—tresses of her nephew Alfred.

'A handsome boy,' at length remarked Mr Simpson. 'It's a pity that he hasn't different coloured hair!'

'A pity!' exclaimed the lady: 'I think it beautiful! And,' added she, looking the astonished man somewhat sternly in the face, 'I should be well pleased if all our children had hair of the same colour!'

This was a climax! Simpson leaped to his feet as if impelled by the shock of a galvanic battery. 'Our children! Well, after that! But I must be dreaming,' thought the fastidious ironmonger, as he wiped the perspiration from his teeming forehead; 'labouring under some horrid enchantment.'

Dreaming indeed, and to be swiftly and rudely awakened. The door opened, and a gentleman entered, whom Mrs Frazer immediately introduced with—'Mr Simpson, my husband Mr Frazer!'

The blow was terrific! Simpson staggered back as if he had been shot. He glared alternately at the husband and wife for a few seconds; then, pale as his shirt collar, tottered to a chair, and sinking into it, ejaculated with white lips, 'Oh!'

'What is the matter, sir; you look ill!' said Mr Frazer.

The bewildered man made no reply. His brain was whirling. 'Who on earth, then, had he been courting?'

A loud knock at the street door somewhat aroused him. 'My sister, I daresay,' exclaimed Mrs Frazer.

'Her sister! Possibly his Mary might be the brunette; and yet—' There were but three females present on that fatal evening, besides Mrs Puckford, that he distinctly remembered; and perhaps—' Vain hope! the door opened, and the brunette and two gentlemen entered—'Mr and Mrs Holland, and Mr Alfred Gray.'

All illusion was now over. He, Robert Simpson, wealthy tradesman, respected fishmonger, and common councilman, was the betrothed husband of a red-haired damsel with a decided cast, with whom, moreover, he had never exchanged a sentence! His first impulse, as the certainty of his miserable fate flashed upon him, was to strangle Alfred Gray out of hand as the author of his destruction, when fortunately another *rap-tap* arrested his fell intent.

'Miss Fortescue at last!' cried Mrs Frazer, as if announcing glad tidings.

'Oh!' ejaculated the accepted suitor, dropping nervously back into the seat from which he had just risen—'Oh!'

He was seized with a sort of vertigo; and what occurred, or how he behaved for a considerable interval, he never distinctly remembered. He was, however, soon seated at

table by the side of his affianced bride, Mr Puckford saying grace. This was the *actual* state of affairs; but poor Simpson's impression at the moment was, that he had been led out to sudden execution by an enormous Jack Ketch with red hair and a frightful squint, and that his friend Puckford was the chaplain reading the funeral service. Gradually, however, his brain cleared, and he grew cooler and more collected. Upon reflection, his position did not appear so *very* desperate. As to Mrs Frazer, all that was of course over, past praying for, and he must dismiss it from his mind as speedily as possible. The lady beside him, who he could see was almost as discomposed as himself, was, he had no doubt, a sensible person—her letter was sufficient evidence of that; and when he had explained the unfortunate mistake that had occurred, which he would by and by take a quiet opportunity of doing, would no doubt release him from an engagement he had never intended to contract. He would, moreover—Simpson was anything but a churlish or ungenerous man—bestow upon her a marriage-portion of, say, four or five hundred pounds, which would doubtless enable her to marry respectably, and thus console her for her present disappointment. Thus philosophising and reasoning, Mr Simpson's spirits, considering the suddenness of the shock he had endured, rallied wonderfully, and he was enabled to address a few words of course to Miss Fortescue in almost a cheerful voice and manner. The lady's answer was uttered in the gentlest, sweetest tones he had ever listened to; and Mr Simpson was a connoisseur in voices. The conversation continued; became general; and the dinner, commenced so inauspiciously, passed off, considering all things, remarkably well. After dinner Miss Fortescue—her friends, who greatly esteemed her, generously drawing forth her powers—appeared to great advantage. Her mind, of a superior order, had been well cultivated, and her conversation was at once refined, sparkling, and sensible. Mr Simpson was surprised, pleased, almost charmed. Music was proposed, and she sang several songs admirably. Mr Simpson determined to postpone his explanation—necessarily an unpleasant one—till the next day, when he would do it by letter. The party separated about nine o'clock; long before which hour it had several times glanced across the ironmonger's mind, that a dislike of any particular coloured hair was, after all, a very absurd prejudice: as to the *cast*, that, he was satisfied, was so slight as scarcely to deserve the name. It had been arranged that they should all dine with the Frazers the day after the next; and as Mr Simpson handed Mary Fortescue into the cab, in which Mrs and Mr Frazer were already seated, she whispered, 'Oblige me by coming on Sunday half an hour before the time appointed: I have something of importance to say to you.' Mr Simpson bowed, and—how could he do less!—raised the lady's hand to his lips. The carriage drove off, and the worthy man was left in the most perplexing state of dubiety and irresolution imaginable. He began to think he had gone too far to recede with honour; and, what was very extraordinary, he felt scarcely sorry for it! At all events, he would not act rashly: Sunday was not far off: he would defer his explanation till then.

Mr Simpson, punctual to his engagement, found Miss Fortescue awaiting him alone. He felt on this occasion none of the violent emotions he had experienced on the previous Friday. His heart, instead of knocking and thumping like a caged wild thing, beat tranquilly in his bosom; yet it was not without a calmly-pleasurable emotion that he met the confiding, grateful smile which beamed on his entrance over the lady's features. Seating himself beside her, he, with respectful gentleness, requested her to proceed with the matter she wished to communicate. She blushing complied, and speedily beguiled him, if not of his tears, which I am not quite sure about, of something, under the circumstances, far more valuable. 'Her family, not many years before in apparently affluent circumstances, had been, by reverses in trade, suddenly cast down into extreme poverty. The only surviving members of it, her mother and youngest sister, had been long principally dependent on her exertions for support.



one and the same. If the laws are just, they are the offspring of his moral nature. The obligation of the laws is derived from their moral fitness. His submission, then, is not to man, but to the Creator; not to government, but to himself—to his better, his superior self. If he make a sacrifice, it is upon the altar of his own happiness: he surrenders no right *but the right to do wrong*; he gives up no privilege but the *privilege of erring*. But he had no right to transgress a rule of action prescribed by his superior nature to effect his happiness. He surrenders no positive right, therefore, when he becomes a citizen of a just and free government. He is yet as free as his own true nature ever allowed him to be.'

Mr Hurlbut then asserts the right of man to adapt government to the constitution of his nature. 'The next great requirement of humanity is—that the laws shall be general in their scope and application, equal and impartial to all.

'If the aim of all mankind be happiness, and if that depend upon the same rule of intellectual and moral action, then the rule prescribing or limiting that course of action must be the same for all men. Hence the demand of all the enlightened world, that the laws shall acknowledge the equality of all men; not the equality of their physical, moral, or intellectual powers, but the universality and equality of human rights. The doctrine of human equality is not understood by all who assert it. Legal equality exists where the laws create no factitious greatness, confer no partial privileges, and deny no natural rights. So that if the laws be adapted to the constitution of the human mind, and apply to all men alike, or are just and general, affecting all men alike, then all men are equally regarded, protected, and punished by those laws, and legal equality is established. But the inequalities arising from the disparities of men's physical and mental constitutions will still exist. One man will have the advantage of another still; but he will owe it to the laws of his organisation, and not to the laws of man. So far as human legislation has gone, it has left him as it found him—strong, if he were strong before, and weak if he were weak. It has guaranteed the *freedom* of his nature, not the *powers* of it. It has kept his course free from human obstruction. It has conferred neither rights, nor privileges, nor powers—but protected all, and all alike. It is not the fault of the law if he is still weak, as it is not the boast of the law if he is now strong. It made him neither. It took him as he was, and kept him as it found him. The most perfect human laws can claim no higher merit than that they have followed nature; not having conferred the rights of humanity, but guaranteed and defended them; not having bestowed powers upon any man, but having kept him free from obstruction in the exercise of his natural faculties. The boast of the laws should be, that they have not obstructed the true course of humanity; that they have neither advanced nor retarded any man; but that they let him alone to work out his happiness in the exercise of his own true nature, according to its beautiful harmonies, and to attain happiness in accordance with the laws of his mind.'

Our author is strong in his denunciations of that kind of legislation which seeks to confer local and special benefits. It is a kind apparently in great force in his country, and unhappily it is becoming somewhat formidable in ours. He adds—'The legislator properly represents the state, the whole people; nay, humanity itself. He is the guardian of human rights, not the promoter of selfish interests. He should be moved from within, not from without; and if he considered only the justice of general laws, he would act under the impulses of his enlightened sentiments alone. No bribe would tempt his integrity, and his only reward would be the reward of virtue. What dignity, what moral grandeur in his work! He toils now for humanity. Not for particular men, but for mankind he labours; not for the present, but for all time he rears the structure of human govern-

ment, and adorns the temple of justice. He becomes the student of nature, and reverences her laws. He proclaims the rights of man, asserts their sacred inviolability, and keeps the high course of humanity free from obstruction. He is the friend of all rights and the foe of all privileges.'

In descending to details, Mr Hurlbut advances upon ground where we cannot follow him. We would, however, recommend his treatise to the class of minds which desiderate rational inquiry into such subjects.

#### ADVENTURES IN THE LIBYAN DESERT.

ONE error appears to prevail almost universally respecting the great Deserts of Africa, whose aspect is supposed to inspire melancholy by suggesting ideas of death. This is in direct opposition to our own experience. On many a day have we ridden through these fiery wastes, accompanied by natives of the Nilotic Valley, or Arabs from the borders of the Red Sea; and on these occasions, instead of depression and sadness, have felt the most buoyant cheerfulness, and an inexpressible enjoyment of life. Among all the things around you, there is nothing that can die. You seem to have overstepped the boundaries of mortal existence, and to be moving within the regions of immortality. The sun pouring down its rays through an unclouded sky; the endless expanse of rocks and sand, seemingly rendered transparent by excessive light; and the elasticity, purity, and sweetness of the air, which almost intoxicates you by its exhilarating qualities, render the traversing of the Desert a source of more than ordinary pleasure. That many who have made the trial think differently, is to be accounted for by accidental circumstances. They have been suffering perhaps from ill health, or been rendered dejected by other causes, and have attributed to physical influences what should rather have been ascribed to the condition of their minds.

These, however, are the feelings with which the generality of mankind regard the Desert. History and poetry have peopled their fancy with varied images of terror: whirling sand pillars reaching to the clouds; trackless regions unblest with spring or fountain; an unstable soil in perpetual motion, rolling like the waves of the sea before the wind, and ever ready to submerge the luckless traveller; fierce tribes of men addicted to pillage and murder; scorpions, serpents, pestilential blasts, and death by suffocating heat. But the spirit of enterprise overcomes everything. Trade perpetually conducts caravans across these burning tracts; and curiosity and the love of science from time to time impel single adventurers to despise the sand-storm and the simoom, and to penetrate into these half-fabulous solitudes, in which the venerable traditions of antiquity are found side by side with the offspring of modern ignorance and superstition.

When we were ourselves in Egypt, invincible obstacles prevented our approach to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. We have therefore read with deep interest the narrative of Mr Bayle St John,\* who was more fortunate than ourselves, since he succeeded in reaching the site of the oracle and the celebrated Fountain of the Sun. He was lucky enough to find at Alexandria three gentlemen, who consented to become his companions; and on the 15th of September 1847, started in the direction of the Arab's Tower. The four travellers were mounted on asses, camels carried their tent and baggage, and they were accompanied by a number of donkey boys and two Moggrebins or African Bedawins. For various reasons, the natives who attend you on such expeditions are greatly given to multiply the dangers of the way. First, ignorance is always prone to the marvellous; second, the persons whom they meet returning from the place to be visited are apt to exaggerate, in order to enhance their own intrepidity; and third, if they

\* *Adventures in the Libyan Desert and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.* By Bayle St John. London: Murray. 1848.



range, along the summit of which we had toiled during so many nights and days.

'A gorge, black as Erebus, lay directly across our path; and we had to make a detour to the left in order to reach the place where it is practicable for camels. Here there was a pause; for again the generally patient beasts hesitated, and moaned, and backed, and drew up their long necks, and huddled together; as well, indeed, they might. The declivity was steep, and filled with heavy shadows. Precipices hemmed it in on every side; and here and there we could distinguish a huge fragment of rock standing like a petrified giant in the way, and catching perchance on its bare scalp some stray beams of sickly light. But down we did go; the camels, when once the impetus was given, carried forward by the weight of their burthens, yet keeping their footing with admirable sagacity; we, almost in the same manner, each leading by the halter his long-eared mounture. In truth it was a picturesque scene: partly lighted by the slanting rays of the moon, partly buried in broad masses of shade, and only requiring a few Bedawin heads appearing from behind the jagged rocks, and the flash of a gun or two, to make it worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa. According to our guides, some probability existed of such an illumination taking place; and our imaginations were thus supplied with materials to work on, as in the solemn hush of that romantic night we scrambled, slid, staggered, almost rolled down.'

Having thus reached the bottom of the gorge, they there bivouacked for the night; and next day, after the usual quarrels and altercations with the guides, moved along the base of a series of white and red cliffs, passed the Hill of the Cannons, and traversing an exceedingly rough and rocky tract of country, entered upon a plain, where they discovered the first signs of vegetation since leaving Alexandria. By these they were inspired with such feelings of pleasure, that although they consisted of nothing but a number of huge thorns, they could not, as the traveller expresses it, take off their eyes from the green of their leaves. They were now drawing near to what, in the poetical phraseology of the Arab, is called the Gates of the Milky Mountains. Their Bedawins always took care to keep them in a state of perpetual expectation, and indeed would themselves appear to have looked forward hourly to the occurrence of some unfortunate disaster. Already several times had they been surrounded by the elements of strife, and only escaped what might have proved a fatal encounter by the prudence of the Cyclops who had taken them under his protection. Now, however, danger seemed to approach in a formidable shape. Weariness and want of sleep had sharpened their powers of apprehension. The heat was terrific. They were standing in their tent faint and dispirited, when they descried some objects ahead, which created the usual interest and excitement. 'Pipes were laid aside and guns taken up. For aught we knew, the *Manaser* might be coming down upon us. It soon appeared, however, that a large caravan was approaching; still there might be cause for alarm. To what tribe did these strangers belong? If hostile to the Waled Ali, a collision might take place. Presently we beheld a number of armed men advancing ahead of their camels. Our tent, no doubt, had attracted their attention, and roused their curiosity, perhaps excited their alarm. They came on cautiously, as towards an enemy, with their muskets half presented. One of them at length detached himself, and drew near us, keeping a little out of the direct line, possibly to allow his companions an opportunity of firing in case of necessity. He was a strapping giant, above six feet high, with a fine open countenance, high Roman nose, and reddish complexion. I could not help admiring the appearance of this young lion as he crept along, slightly bending, with his gun thrown forward, gazing at us with eyes in which distrust and curiosity were amusingly blended. As he approached, Yûnus, who had more of

the tiger in his composition than the lion, went with the same precautions to meet him; and we heard them both, with the infernal suspicion perhaps necessary in the Desert, bring their weapons to full cock ere they came to close quarters. A moment afterwards, however, hand-shaking and embracing succeeded; and the whole party coming up, our little encampment was soon filled with a set of ruffianly-looking young fellows, with skull-caps, that had been white, pulled nearly over their eyes, with brown blankets wrapped closely round them, and tucked up in marching trim, and shoes of various colours in various degrees of dilapidation. Many had daggers and pistols in their belts, from which were suspended shot and powder-purses, with an amulet or two; and all were armed with long guns, some with the addition of bayonets.

'Now began a prodigious number of mutual inquiries, all in cut-and-dried phrases, after one another's health, each of the new-comers thinking it necessary to ask at least ten times of each of our companions how he did. The most satisfactory answers were invariably given; but the anxiety and solicitude of these kind people were not easily soothed. They seemed really afraid that some peculiar source of sorrow might be suppressed through mere delicacy. Exquisite display of the finest feelings of the human breast! I wish I had not detected certain covetous glances at various articles of property, and that this affectionate meeting had terminated in any other manner than a general cry for drink, and a rush at our water-skins. They were but ill supplied for their journey. Improvidence, or poverty, or both, had presided over their arrangements. I could only see about five small *kirbels* distributed among the thirty or forty camels that crowded past laden with heavy bags of dates. However, the thirsty souls were not unreasonable; they were made to understand that we could not satisfy the wants of the whole party, and we only spared two or three draughts of water to those that seemed the heads of this band of youths, among whom he who had advanced to reconnoitre was the chief. We received in return for our limited civility a small pile of fresh dates of excellent quality, and the information that there was no fever reported at Siwah; the party, which came from some point on the coast to the west, had only been as far as Garah, where they had obtained their winter's provision of dates. They were good-natured, but rough customers. I should not have liked to have encountered them beyond the range of Yûnus's bland eye.'

They now passed through the little Oasis of Garah, where they were well received, and reached the great valley, which, for its extreme beauty, was denominated by the ancients the Island of the Blessed. The character of its inhabitants, however, had greatly changed since those days. Instead of being hospitable and genial, they have now degenerated into a horde of savages, fierce, bigoted, vindictive, and disposed to thrust the stranger from their doors: for the honour of the children of Ishmael, it should be stated that they were not Arabs, but descended from the Berber race, which would appear to be scattered under various names over all the eastern division of the Sahara. Out of consideration for the Bedawin who brought them to Siwah, they were granted a conditional permission to remain; taking advantage of which, Mr St John explored the valley in its whole length and breadth, visited the ruins of Ammon's Temple, the Fountain of the Sun, the Hill of Tombs, and the margin of those salt lakes which, encircled with a glittering snow-white rim, connects the Oasis with the Desert: what still remains of natural beauty and fertility may be said fully to justify the descriptions of the ancients. Everywhere you behold magnificent palm groves which produce valuable dates, gardens of superb pomegranate-trees, and apricots and bananas, equalling in richness those of Boretta. The olive also, as in El-Fayoom, interposes its dusky verdure among the clumps of brighter green, and large expanses of bursin or Egyptian clover, interspersed with brooks





some time not a flying squirrel made its appearance. Suddenly, however, one emerged from its hole and ran up to the top of a tree; another soon followed; and ere long dozens came forth, and commenced their graceful flights from some upper branch to a lower bough. At times one would be seen darting from the topmost branches of a tall oak, and with wide-extended membranes and outspread tail gliding diagonally through the air, till it reached the foot of a tree about fifty yards off, when, at the moment we expected to see it strike the earth, it suddenly turned upwards and alighted on the body of the tree. It would then run to the top, and once more precipitate itself from the upper branches, and sail back again to the tree it had just left. Crowds of these little creatures joined in these sportive gambols; there could not have been less than two hundred. Scores of them would leave each tree at the same moment, and cross each other, gliding like spirits through the air, seeming to have no other object in view than to indulge a playful propensity. We watched and mused till the last shadows of day had disappeared, and darkness admonished us to leave the little triflers to their nocturnal enjoyments.

These little creatures enjoy life only during the night. They become tame in a few hours, and show little disposition to change the residence that is allotted to them. One of them, with its young family, was taken from a hollow tree, carried home in the finder's hat, and placed in a drawer with a chink open to admit the air. The mother, however, made her escape, and some fears were entertained for her progeny, as they showed no disposition to eat. They seemed to thrive, notwithstanding, and were always in good order—a circumstance that was at length accounted for by the discovery, that the mother sacrificed her gambols on the trees to her natural affection, and, stealing in by the window, passed the night with her offspring.

The migration of the northern gray squirrel towards the east is curious. They are stopped neither by mountains nor rivers, but march on in vast troops, devouring the corn and wheat wherever they pass, and filling the farmer with dread. As on ordinary occasions the squirrel has an instinctive dread of water, some stories have been invented to account for their being able to cross rivers. One of these, which is believed by many, is that they float across on a piece of bark, raising their broad tails by way of a sail! Our authors, however, saw them swimming, and some so unskillfully that they were drowned; while others were fain to rest on the long steering-oar of the boat.

The squirrel is preyed upon by many animals, but more especially by the snake; and the common mode of accounting for so agile a creature being caught by its sluggish enemy, is to suppose that it has been 'fascinated,' or paralysed by its deadly glance. Our authors, however, contend that there is no fascination in the case, but that the squirrel is either transfixed with horror, or induced to approach by simple curiosity. As an instance of the latter feeling, they mention having seen one come down from a tree to inspect a beautiful little scarlet snake, not much larger than a pipe stem, and scarcely able to master a grasshopper. But this, we submit, is no case in point; for the squirrel, like other animals, is doubtless well acquainted with the strength of his enemies. We once witnessed an instance of what very much resembled fascination in the case of a bird. It was a canary, so admirable a songster, that when we put him out in our balcony in London, he usually gathered a crowd of listeners in the street. There was in the house at the same time a Tom-cat, as black as night, a quiet and sagacious old gentleman, but to whose appearance the bird could never be reconciled. Tom frequently crept up to its cage, and stole its bread and cake; but although he never made the slightest attempt at personal violence, the canary on such occasions always fluttered and squeaked as desperately as if it apprehended murder. With us it was on such good terms that it would come upon our finger, to be taken out of

the cage for a fly about the room; but on one unfortunate day a third individual was present unobserved. The canary flew up to a corner of the ceiling, and at that moment we caught a view of the head of the Tom-cat protruded from beneath a table-cover which had concealed him. The discovery was made too late; for at the same instant the canary, after a flutter or quiver, darted right down into the mouth of the animal, and was crushed to death with one movement of his jaws.

Tom's American relations in a wild state—the Indians of the cat race—are represented in these pages as rather interesting in their character. They have all the external marks of ferocity, and but little of the reality: they look claws, but use none—but when flight becomes hopeless, they turn to bay, and grapple in infuriated despair with either man or dog. They are sometimes hunted with packs of foxhounds, and on these occasions the wild-cat exhibits 'an exercise of instinct, so closely bordering on reason, that we are bewildered in the attempt to separate it from the latter. No sooner does he become aware that the enemy is on his track, than, instead of taking a straight course for the deepest forest, he speeds to one of the largest old fields overgrown with briery thickets in the neighbourhood; and having reached this tangled maze, he runs in a variety of circles, crossing and recrossing his path many times; and when he thinks the scent has been diffused sufficiently in different directions by this manœuvre to puzzle both men and dogs, he creeps slyly forth, and makes for the woods, or for some well-known swamp; and if he should be lucky enough to find a half-dried-up pond, or a part of the swamp on which the clayey bottom is moist and sticky, he seems to know that the adhesive soil, covering his feet and legs, so far destroys the scent, that although the hounds may be in full cry on reaching such a place, and while crossing it, they will lose the track on the opposite side, and perhaps not regain it without some difficulty and delay.'

This is indeed a curious part of the instinct of animals—the knowledge they have that they are betrayed by their scent. On other occasions the wild-cat is described as making a desperate, and therefore temporary effort, to get some distance ahead of its pursuers, when, instead of continuing to run on, which it feels would be unavailing, it loses time, as an inexperienced looker-on might suppose, by traversing repeatedly from end to end the trunk of a fallen tree. It then makes a sudden spring, and leaps, without touching the ground, into the branches of a neighbouring tree; and climbing to one of its highest forks, awaits, closely squatted, the arrival of its enemies. The result usually is, that the dogs, confounded and wearied out by the scent on the tree, which they can trace up and down, and down and up, a dozen times over, but not a foot farther along the ground, are soon at fault, and the huntsmen calling them off from the hopeless search, give up the chase.

A wild-cat hunt of this kind, but with a different termination, is described in our authors' best manner. The cat is for a time difficult to find, but at length some of the more experienced dogs begin to give tongue, and onward goes the trail through a broad marsh. "He will soon be started now!" "He is up!" What a burst! you might have heard it two miles off—it comes in mingled sounds, roaring like thunder, from the muddy marsh and from the deep swamp. The barred owl, frightened from the monotony of his quiet life among the cypress-trees, commences hooting in mockery, as it were, of the wide-mouthed hounds. Here they come, sweeping through the resounding swamp like an equinoctial storm—the crackling of a reed, the shaking of a bush, a glimpse of some object that glided past like a shadow, is succeeded by the whole pack, rattling away among the vines and fallen timbers, and leaving a trail in the mud, as if a pack of wolves in pursuit of a deer had hurried by. The cat has gone past. It is now evident that he will not climb a tree. It is almost invariably the case that where he can retreat to low swampy situations, or brier patches, he will not take a



but the above are sufficient to show the style and character of the book. Scientific readers will find in it information of more value, to which it is not our province to direct their attention.

#### SUCCESSFUL INDUSTRY.

At the seventh annual meeting of the London Early-Closing Association, held on Tuesday se'nnight, at which the Marquis of Blandford presided, Mr Williams, M. P., pithily pleaded the cause of early shop-shutting by a reference to his early life. He said—'No man in England had felt the disadvantages of late shop-shutting more than himself. He came to London at the age of fourteen, and the first situation he obtained was in a draper's house, where he served twelve months for L.6. At the end of the twelve months his first ambition was—leaving Wales as a poor boy—to be enabled to do something for his mother. (Cheers.) He saved just enough to buy her a pound of tea, for which he paid 8s. (Hear and cheers.) He used to sleep under the counter, and he had no doubt that many whom he addressed slept under the counter, if they were not too proud to own it. (Laughter.) He then moved from the situation where he had wages, to one at the west end, where he had a salary. (Laughter.) There was a difference between wages and a salary. (Laughter.) His great prayer and aim was to do his duty to his employers, and assist his poor relations in Wales. (Cheers.) He used to get up at six o'clock in the morning, and go to bed at two o'clock the next morning. Many a time had he sat down on his bed to rest himself for a moment, before he undressed, and many a time had he found himself, at six o'clock in the morning, almost as tired, with his clothes on. (Hear.) Was there any state of slavery so bad as that? He had to bear with it, for he had no one that would give him twenty shillings to support him until he got another situation. The only time he had to read was between two and six o'clock in the morning, and he sometimes did so by the light of the gas in the window, until he was discovered, and censured for so doing.'

#### THE CHANCES IN MATRIMONY.

The Belgian statistical documents, which have been kept with great care in that country, show that the annual number of marriages, regard being had to the increase of the population, maintains constantly the same proportions—nay, that it varies less even than the number of deaths; although this latter event is not, like the former, an act of the will. But more than that, not only the number of marriages continually recurs, but the proportion of bachelors marrying spinsters, bachelors marrying widows, widowers and spinsters, widowers and widows even, perpetually reappear; and these last unions, however few in number, manifest a remarkable identity, of which there exist few stronger instances in statistics. Indeed the harmony of ages is so general, that it almost seems as if severe penalties had been appended by law to marriages between persons of disproportionate years. These instances, standing prominently out from a long series of studies, induce M. Quetelet to conclude that the *liberum arbitrium*, as far as social phenomena are concerned, is restricted within very narrow limits; that, in point of fact, indisputable as it may be for each individual, it is effaced, and remains without any perceptible effect when the observations embrace mankind in the mass; for man is as sociable on the one hand as he is selfish on the other—he voluntarily renounces a great part of his individual caprices, pleasures, feelings, and liberty, in order to form an aliquot part of aggregate society, the circle, the city, or the nation to which he belongs.—*Prospective Review*.

#### FAITHFUL SHEEP-DOG.

We have heard an anecdote connected with the Inverness floods which is worth recording. The scene is the river Conon, near to Brahan Castle. In an island, about 200 sheep were pasturing—so that when the swelling river changed the dry land into a deep swamp, all were in imminent danger of being drowned; there was no possibility of reaching them; and in this dilemma a faithful colly was sent for, and told that the sheep required his aid. The hardy beast soon breasted the billows, entered the island, and tearing down a portion of the enclosure that penned in the flock, he drove them to the only safe spot, keeping watch and ward round them for two days, until the river subsided low enough to make the fords passable.—*Inverness Courier*.

#### THE MODERN DANÆ.

In vain! in vain! it will not be,  
There is no answering sign;  
Unheeded thy heart's worship lies  
On that fair idol's shrine.  
She sees not, boy, thy graceful form,  
Thy frank and manly face,  
Where all that's bright, and pure, and good,  
Hath left its holy trace.  
She does not hear the voice of song  
That thrills to every heart,  
And bears the very sense away  
By its resistless art.  
She does not feel, when all on fire,  
The poet's fancies pour,  
In bursts of eloquence divine,  
From the mind's varied store.  
Nor worth, nor beauty, genius, fame,  
Can move that maiden's soul:  
She mocks Affection's sacred ties,  
And scorns soft Love's control.  
A second Danæ all confined  
Within her brazen tower  
Of worldly selfishness and pride,  
She owns but one high power.  
And he, fond boy, who seeks to win  
That heart of earthy mould,  
A second Jupiter must come  
To woo in showers of gold.

AGNES SMITH.

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#### MEMOIRS OF FRANCIS HORNER,

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#### [PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.]

IN 1843, the Memoirs of the lamented FRANCIS HORNER were given to the world under the able and appropriate editorship of his brother,\* Mr Leonard Horner. The work having latterly gone out of print, it occurred to us that a new edition, in a form which would render it accessible to a large portion of the community, would be favourably received. With the approval of Mr Horner, the present edition has therefore been prepared.

The career of Francis Horner is one of the most exemplary which biography can present to the young. It is that of a man who, without aristocratic birth, fortune, or even dazzling genius, had made for himself a great unsullied name, and was treading the sure path to high station, in which he was stopped only by an untimely death. The great importance of his example lies in this, that the secret of his success rested in qualities more or less at the command of every one—diligence, steadiness, independence, and integrity—and his biography teaches more emphatically than almost any other that has been written, how much our lot in life is of our own making. In troubled times, the young political aspirant may learn how to steer his course by this example: he will see how ardour, courage, and independence may all tend to good purposes when they are regulated by reflection, firmness, and integrity, and he may learn how the boldest and most original political views may be followed out with safety and advantage.

In producing this work in a condensed form, it was necessary in some degree to re-arrange its parts—to unite together passages originally dispersed, which served to explain each other, and to discard much that had a mere temporary or local interest. It was necessary here and there to insert remarks or brief narratives, serving as a means of cementing, as it were, the different parts together. But essentially the plan of the original work has been adhered to in this important feature, that Horner himself is made, through his journal and his correspondence, the teller of his own history.

W. AND R. C.

\* Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M. P. Edited by his Brother, Leonard Horner, Esq., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray, 1843.

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organ, we think it is impossible to doubt. Whatever is new or marvellous has an irresistible attraction for some minds; to doubt the marvel is to rob them of their idol. What they love they cling to; and without a particle of conscious dishonesty, they will solemnly attest to be true that which is plainly and indubitably false. History will place beyond the power of any to doubt the assertion, that it is impossible to invent statements more absurd and more false than some which have been attested as facts by intelligent and respectable persons. One instance of this kind may be given from the life of an individual, of the value of whose pretensions most persons will probably by this time have formed the same opinion. St John Long professed to have a liniment which would cure consumption; and he declared it to possess this remarkable property—that when rubbed upon the chest, it would produce a sore upon the skin over the diseased part of the lung, but would produce no effect upon the skin over the sound parts. Many persons of rank, intelligence, and undoubted integrity attested the truth of this statement in a court of justice. Yet the fact so attested was undoubtedly false, and few persons probably now believe it. The public caressed St John Long, enriched him, and when, in spite of his own liniment, he fell a victim himself to consumption, they raised a splendid monument to his memory. The liniment still exists, and consumption finds as many victims as ever. Can it be a matter of surprise that medical men, whose pursuits necessarily familiarise them with a long succession of such frauds or follies, should be slow to believe the reports of improbable or impossible cures, which are propagated by silly, sanguine, or wicked men, even when they are attested by respectable and disinterested persons? But some of the recoveries are real: how is the argument in favour of quackery drawn from these to be disposed of? The explanation will be different in different cases.

It is not by the result of a few single cases that the benefit of any plan of treatment can be judged of. It is only by a comparison of the results of a large number of cases treated in one way, with an equal number similarly circumstanced, treated in another way, that the truth can be arrived at. Such a comparison the public have neither the opportunity nor the requisite knowledge to make. Take a number of cases of any curable disease, and treat them all in the worst possible way, and a few of them will be almost sure to get well. The most ignorant quack will therefore be able to adduce some recoveries, which he will parade as cures. The failures *he* will take care not to talk about; and no other person will think the matter worth his trouble. Thus a number of persons may die who could have been cured; still more may have been kept in protracted suffering; and the public can never know these facts. An occasional recovery, well advertised, either by zealous friends or in the usual newspaper channel, will make a reputation that will often wear long enough to accomplish the author's purpose, by filling his pocket.

All quacks are not to be placed upon the same level, nor are they all without the limits of the medical profession. The essence of quackery is one spirit assuming many shapes. Universally it ministers to the love of the marvellous, by its reports of wonderful cures, generally effected by some *novel* means: it profits by the pain which doubt, or suspense, or absolutely blighted hope inspires; and it soothes and pleases by confident promises to do that which is impossible. It builds up a reputation out of the ruinous materials of the reputation of others which it has pulled down: it creates a danger that it may have the honour of removing it: it conjures up disasters which would have come but for its timely and providential interference: it blows its own trumpet, and persuades or pays others to blow for it: it often makes a profession of pure disinterestedness, whilst it is always purely selfish, although it often for a time ingeniously hides the vice.

We will now briefly indicate a few of the ways by which an explanation may be given of most of the

'cures' attributed to quacks, admitting at the same time that they may at times do good by accident: and also that many cures ascribed to the regular doctors might fairly be attributed to the causes here pointed out:—

1. The regulation of the diet—the omission of excessive drinking, or smoking, or the correction of some other bad habit, may have done all the good. Examples: cases of indigestion, nervous depression, &c.
2. The natural powers may have effected a cure in many cases, independently of, or in spite of other means employed at the same time. Examples: common cold, slight fever, mild cases of erysipelas, measles, scarlet fever, &c.; and even some more severe diseases.
3. The improvement may be a part of the natural course of the disease. Example: some cases of consumption, as previously explained.
4. A trifling disease may be mistaken for a serious one—as a cold for consumption—and the latter disease may then appear to have been cured. So an innocent swelling may be mistaken for cancer.
5. We have known patients convalescent from serious diseases, before they had regained their wonted strength, become impatient, consult an irregular practitioner, and then give him credit for the subsequent improvement, which was simply due to the gradual return of health under the influence of natural causes.
6. Faith.—The confident expectation of benefit cures many. This is especially seen in nervous diseases. Many years ago Dr Beddoes and Sir H. Davy were engaged at Bristol in experimenting upon the effects of breathing various gases. Sir H. Davy wished to observe the effects of the respiration of some gas upon a patient suffering from palsy. Before using the gas, he noted the temperature of the patient's body, and for this purpose he inserted the bulb of a small thermometer under the tongue. The man imagined this little preliminary proceeding to be the means of cure, and immediately declared himself cured. Innumerable examples of this kind might be culled from the records of science.
7. Injudicious medical men not unfrequently do harm, as by bleeding, purging, and otherwise depressing patients who really require support. Suppose a homœopathist then called in, and doing what we take leave to assume as nothing, the patient may gain time to recover strength, and appears to be benefited.
8. There are some diseases which we have little or no power to cure, but which ordinarily cease after a time of themselves—such is the suffering produced by the passing of gall-stones. A patient may have been treated for months by a surgeon without benefit; another surgeon or a quack is then consulted. The disease ceases sooner or later spontaneously, and the last-comer takes the credit, which is due to neither, but solely to nature.

In conclusion, we must guard against an inference which would not be warranted, but which an inattentive reader might draw from what has been said—namely, that we have no faith in drugs. Although we do not believe much which is currently received, both in the profession and out of it, we have the firmest faith in the benefit to be obtained from the proper use of drugs. We will refer to a few facts, as examples only of the kind of evidence upon which our faith rests. We appeal, then:—1. To the case of ague.—It will go on for months if left to nature; it will ruin the general health, and destroy life. It may be stopped in most instances, at almost any period of its course, by a single dose of quinine, and almost always by a very small number of doses.
- 2. To cases of anæmia or bloodlessness.—A girl blanched, feeble, and useless, becomes rosy, strong, and fit for any work under the use of a short course of iron.
- 3. To the immediate benefit often afforded by opium in asthma, colic, neuralgia (tic), rheumatism, and many other spasmodic and painful diseases.
- 4. To the benefit of opium in delirium tremens—the trembling delirium of drunkards.—A furious maniac is restored to reason by a few doses of this drug.
- 5. To the benefit of opium and other astringents in dysentery and diarrhoea.
- 6. To





since it came from Squire Fletcher, though he felt it to be untrue; for he was perfectly willing to work when he had the opportunity, and was as seldom at the alehouse as most men in the neighbourhood. But Mr Fletcher delighted to bully the poor, at least all those who came before him in his magisterial capacity; not that he was really unkind, but it resulted from a desire to show his wit, wisdom, or judgment to the spectators, without any consideration as to the feelings of his helpless victims.

'Well,' continued he, 'I should like to know how you came to go to the alehouse at all?'

'Please your worship, I went to meet Mr Gardner's bailiff, who was to pay me for three days' work.'

'I am sorry my bailiff selected so injudicious a place to pay it,' observed the young magistrate. 'I must look to this.'

'Injudicious! Why, the Crown's a very decent house,' replied Mr Fletcher. 'The premises are mine, and Turner is as regular in paying his rent as any tenant can be. I consider him a highly-respectable man.'

Mr Gardner was silent again: he appeared to be reflecting. His companion went on—'But why could you not go home quietly when you had the money? Answer me that, my good man. No one stopped you, no one compelled you to get drunk, or to make a noise, I presume!'

'Please your worship it was not I made the noise—it was George Andrews, who was with me.'

'Oh no—I daresay it was not you!—and it was not you that was drunk! and it's not you standing here before us! I am sorry, my good fellow, extremely sorry to appear to doubt your word; but unfortunately it's not in my power entirely to credit your statement.'

'I think,' interposed Edward Gardner, 'you might let him off, Fletcher, he looks so wretchedly poor; and after all, it's not clear that it was he who was making the disturbance.'

'Ah, but then, you see, it's such a shocking habit that of loitering in the alehouse: it leads to so much evil, waste of time, and discontent and political discussions, and, above all, poaching: it's there that they arrange all their villainous plans for the destruction of our game. There is no end to the immorality it gives rise to.'

'If you think so ill of this beer-shop, shall we withdraw the license?'

'What! Turner's? No, no; I didn't mean his; it's a very respectable house: I do not accuse him of anything of the sort. However, we must fine this man one shilling.'

'Please your worship I cannot pay.'

'Eh! What did you say?' ejaculated Mr Fletcher.

'What's become of your wages?'

'It was but four shillings, your honour, and I paid two to Jackson for bread we had eaten last week.'

'And the rest—what's become of that?'

Peter remained silent, and fidgeted from one foot to the other with a desponding air.

'What! gone! all gone—swallowed—gone in your cups—eh man! Now isn't it a disgrace to such a man as you to have reduced yourself to such extremities? But you shall learn a lesson; you shall remember and take care of your money: we will commit you, and give you something else to do than to indulge in drinking. Clerk, make out the warrant.'

Whilst the clerk was busy writing, Mr Fletcher, turning to his companion, said, 'Ah, Gardner, I suppose you had a merry meeting last night?'

Edward Gardner feeling this topic to be peculiarly inappropriate to the place and the matter before them, gave a reluctant assent.

'Was his lordship in good spirits?' pursued Mr Fletcher.

'Very.'

'And the wine good?'

He nodded his assent.

'You look a little heavy,' laughed the other: 'too good perhaps. Does your head ache?'

The young man reddened, but knew not how to stop him, when their attention was suddenly diverted by the hurried entrance of a woman, pale, emaciated, and poorly

clad. She carried one child in her arms, whilst two other sickly-looking creatures clung to her gown, and tried to conceal their frightened faces in the scanty folds of her clothing. Tears stood in her hollow eyes, and her frame trembled as much from weakness as from excitement.

'Oh please your worships,' cried she with frantic eagerness, putting back those who interposed to stop her, 'have pity on us, and do not send my poor husband to jail; he has seldom, very seldom, done so before; and if you will forgive him, he will never do so again; but we are all weak in temptation.'

'My good woman,' said Mr Fletcher, 'I cannot allow this noise. If Peter Johnson is your husband, let me tell you that he is here to answer for having broken the law, the dignity of which we sit here to uphold; and that it is this same law which condemns him, not we alone. Pray remember to whom you are speaking, and compose yourself to a proper and respectful manner.'

'I should be sorry to show disrespect to your worships; but pray have pity on my husband, who is a good man as times go, I assure you.'

'And pray how do you account then for his squandering all his money at the alehouse, and leaving you and your family to starve?'

'It's company, sir; and joviality and good-fellowship, your worship. If you found yourself in a comfortable, warm room, light and cheery like, merry companions enticing you, and pleasant chat, and good liquor too, would you leave it at once for a dreary, darksome house, no comfort, crying children, and hardly a mouthful to give them? Oh, gentlemen, may you never be so tempted, or feel how hard a thing it is to resist!'

'Woman, I desire you will not talk in this way! Do you mean to place us on a level, or imagine that I should succumb to the temptations which overpower your weak-minded husband? Begone! Clerk, is the warrant ready?'

'And what is to become of us?' shrieked the wife. 'Are we to starve, I and my little ones, whilst their father is in jail?'

'Constable, remove that woman,' said Mr Fletcher harshly. 'Her noise interrupts the course of justice.'

Peter Johnson was committed to prison, but his confinement was of short duration; in a very few hours he was informed that the fine was paid, and that he might return to his own home. He did so, and to his astonishment discovered that it was no longer the destitute home which he had left it. Food was there for the present, and work was promised for the future, to be dependent on steadiness and good conduct for its continuance.

This was the work of Edward Gardner: he had a conscience, and it whispered to him pretty loudly that the revellers at the Crown were only humble imitators of the gay and aristocratic party which he had joined, and that the excesses which they were obliged to punish in the poor, were equally wrong, and far more inexcusable, in the rich.

## A VISIT TO THE SCOTTISH ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

'How shall we employ ourselves this forenoon?' exclaimed a young lady to her uncle, shortly after breakfast, on the morning of a pleasant day in August. 'What would you recommend to while away Mrs Russell's time, now that it draws near her last day in Edinburgh?'

'I must first know what you have seen before I can offer my advice on the occasion,' replied Mr Lauder. 'You cannot surely have exhausted the *lions* of our Northern Athens in a single week?'

At this moment Mrs Russell entered the room, and overhearing Mr Lauder's remark, she immediately replied, as she shook hands with the querist, 'What have we seen? My dear sir, I think we have seen every hole and corner of the fair city, and it would puzzle me to say what delighted me most. We have rambled up the Water of Leith, and drank of St Bernard's Well.



the little flint arrow-heads—of which the Museum contains a variety of beautifully-formed specimens—the name of *Elf-bolls* or *Elfin-arrows*. These are regarded, even in our day, in the remoter Highlands, as well as in parts of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, as arrows shot by the fairies, and peculiarly injurious to the peasants' cattle. Thus Wilson represents his disconsolate farmer mourning

'O'er harried roosts an' ankers toom,  
By warlocks riding on a broom;  
Or on a black-cat naig belyve,  
Or south-fast sailing in a sieve;  
While snaw-drifts smoothe the silly sheep,  
An' dwainin' kye the elf-shot threep,  
Maugre the Elfin cup should keep.'

Among these curious illustrations of the rude arts of the British aborigines, and the simple superstitions of their descendants, are some very beautifully-formed flint spear and arrow-heads, a donation of the present king of Denmark, who visited this country in 1844 when crown-prince, and took a lively interest in the comparisons which such collections enabled him to make between his own rude Scandinavian ancestry and those of like barbarian simplicity in the British Isles.

While the ladies were examining these evidences of the primitive arts of Britain, and pressing Mr Lauder with questions which showed how much he had already excited their interest, he directed their attention to a collection of modern New Zealand clubs, spears, and the like relics of a southern voyage, which every sailor who visits any of the Polynesian islands brings home with him as the spoils of the southern hemisphere; and there, among the tattooed clubs and fantastically-carved oars, hung several Polynesian adzes and chip-axes of flint, exactly corresponding to those they had been examining as the weapons and implements of the aborigines of Britain and Denmark.

'But surely, dear uncle,' exclaimed Miss Gregor, 'you do not mean to say that our ancestors were ever such a set of savages as the Tahitians or New Zealanders?'

'Undoubtedly I do,' replied Mr Lauder. 'In the mechanical arts we have evidence here that they were at one time far inferior to the natives of Polynesia. Here,' said he, pointing to a rude flat-bottomed boat which occupies a stand in the centre of the Museum—'here is an ancient British boat, no doubt of the Stone Period we are now considering. It was dug up within 300 feet of the margin of the river Clyde, opposite the Broomielaw, at Glasgow. Mr Stuart remarks of it, in his notices of Glasgow in former times: "This relic of a very primitive age in the history of our country has been formed from a single piece of timber; the trunk, we may believe, of one of those giant oaks which overshadowed in their day of life the gloomy solitude of the ancient Caledonian forests, and has most probably been hollowed, with the aid of fire, by the rude hands of some barbarian Briton." This rude British boat,' added Mr Lauder, 'if compared with one of the vessels of the New Zealanders, decorated with a richly-carved prow, and furnished with a raised platform or deck, would undoubtedly compel us to give the palm of superior civilisation to the New Zealander over the early Briton. But,' said Mr Lauder, leading his companions to another part of the room, and pointing to a long canoe, also formed of a single trunk of a tree, 'let us compare it with this Malay canoe, brought home by Captain Thompson in 1833: even this, you will perceive, though destitute of ornament, is more regularly shaped, and more skilfully and neatly finished, than the ancient Clyde canoe.'

'It is astonishing indeed,' said Mrs Russell. 'I confess I now look upon that rude boat with an interest I never felt in any vessel before. Centuries—many—very many centuries ago, that and such-like vessels formed the fleets of the Clyde, where now hundreds of large steam-ships are arriving and departing every hour, and vessels laden with the wealth of distant shores daily crowd into the port of the western capital of Scotland.'

How interesting would it be to be able to recover some traces of the progress of these British barbarians; but every record of the interval of many centuries is lost beyond recall!'

'By no means,' replied Mr Lauder. 'We learn here, in the first place, that they were altogether ignorant of the use of metals, and constructed their weapons and implements of stone, or of deers' horn, or bone. Here, for example, is a rude lance-head of bone, found in an ancient tumulus, and almost exactly corresponding with another hanging on the walls, constructed by the modern Esquimaux for a fish-spear. One not dissimilar to this was found, at a considerable depth, in the Blair-Drummond Moss, some seven miles above Stirling, lying among the bones of a whale. The speculations which such a discovery suggests are curious indeed, but we have not now time to enter on them. It points to a remote period when the broad estuary, in which a whale could swim, not only extended inland, where now a child might wade across the deepest of its streams, but stood at a height of many feet above its present level; and yet even at that remote era the Briton inhabited the chase-land of Stirling, constructed his rude deers'-horn harpoon, and boldly waged war with the monsters of the deep. Here,' said Mr Lauder, directing the ladies to the contents of another case, 'you see the personal ornaments of the same period: bracelets or armillae of coal, jet, or wood; necklaces of the same simple materials; combs, still ruder in construction; and even cups, basins, and porringers roughly hewn out of stone. Here, too, is the half-burnt clay pottery of the British aborigines. Some of the urns are decorated with considerable taste with ornamental patterns, yet we detect in the very finest of them that their makers were ignorant of one of the most ancient mechanical contrivances—the potter's wheel. In the Prophecies of Jeremiah, the prophet remarks, "Then I went down to the potter's house, and behold he wrought a work on the wheels!" So that we perceive this simple device, which was familiar to the Jews more than six hundred years before the birth of Christ, was altogether unknown to our British ancestry.'

'But we cannot afford to spend all day on this department of antiquities,' said Mr Lauder. 'Let us therefore examine next the relics of the *Bronze Period*, as it is styled. Here is a very rich collection of the weapons and implements of the period when the early Britons had learned the art of working in metals—an immense step in the progress of civilisation. Here we see a beautiful pair of the *leaf-shaped swords*, as they are styled, which were dug up only two years ago on the southern slope of Arthur's Seat, in making the Queen's Drive; while others, dredged out of Duddingstone Loch in considerable numbers, point to this as an early seat of northern civilisation. The most common relic of this period is the axe-like weapon termed a *Cell*, one of which was found along with the swords on Arthur's Seat. These have been assigned by earlier writers as the works of the Phœnicians, if not of the Romans; but all idea of their foreign origin has been set at rest of late years by the discovery of moulds, made, some of bronze, and others of stone, indicating that the old Briton furnished himself with weapons very much as the modern sportsman casts his own bullets for his rifle.'

'It is worth your while,' added Mr Lauder, 'to read when you go home the picture which Milton has so happily conceived of these first ingenious workers in metal. You will find it in the fifth book of the "*Paradise Lost*," where the Archangel Michael reveals to Adam the future progress of his race, and the varied displays of inventive skill and ingenuity exhibited by his descendants:—

— "The liquid ore he drained  
Into fit moulds prepared; from which he formed,  
First, his own tools, then what might else be wrought  
Fuell or graven in metal."



among his disciples; he was followed by another, who preached the omnipotence of faith and self-denial; and then came one who made war upon the worship of idols. As we approach the sixteenth century, we find the minds of the people, both Hindoo and Mohammedan, in a state of strong fermentation; and in the midst there arose the founder of a sect destined to become a nation.

This man, who was born in the neighbourhood of Lahore in 1469, was called Nānuk, and he set himself to the diligent study of both religions, but 'could find God nowhere. He preached one indivisible and eternal God, the equality of men, the necessity for Divine grace, and for leading a virtuous and loving life. He called his followers Sikhs, or disciples, but assumed no other superiority over them than as a spiritual teacher. He was followed by a succession of eminent men; one of whom, by interdicting quietism or ascetism, very early preserved the community from sinking into a mere sect. Another mustered his followers in a hamlet called Amritsir, which has now become a populous city. He collected the writings of his predecessors, established a tax instead of the voluntary offerings of converts and adherents, and began to accustom the people to a regular government. This lawgiver encouraged the pursuit of secular occupations, and was himself a great merchant; but one of his successors—Hur Govind—took to the trade of arms, and marched his followers to the wars of the Empire. He had a stable of 800 horses, and a constant guard of 300 mounted followers, with 60 match-lock men round his person.

In the last quarter of the seventeenth century, Govind Singh purified and strengthened the Sikh doctrines, and this church was now called the 'Khālsa'—saved, liberated, or chosen. The worship of the one true God, in spirit, and not by means of images, the abandonment of ceremonies of all kinds, and the acknowledgment of the perfect equality of mankind, were the grand essentials. Baptism by water was the form of initiation. The Sikhs were commanded to bathe from time to time in the pool of Amritsir, to call themselves Singhs or soldiers, to leave their locks unshorn, to wear arms constantly, and to pass their lives in war. 'The last apostle of the Sikhs,' says Captain Cunningham, 'did not live to see his own ends accomplished, but he effectually roused the dormant energies of a vanquished people, and filled them with a lofty although fitful longing for social freedom and national ascendancy, the proper adjuncts of that purity of worship which had been preached by Nānuk. Govind saw what was yet vital, and he roused it with Promethean fire. A living spirit possesses the whole Sikh people, and the impress of Govind has not only elevated and altered the constitution of their minds, but has operated materially and given amplitude to their physical frames. The features and external form of a whole people have been modified, and a Sikh chief is not more distinguishable by his stately person and free and manly bearing, than a minister of his faith is by a lofty thoughtfulness of look, which marks the fervour of his soul, and his persuasion of the near presence of the Divinity.'

This remarkable change has been operated in two centuries upon the Jat peasants of Lahore, who were the first converts made by Nānuk to his doctrines of religious reform and social emancipation. After Govind Singh, the Sikhs must be considered as a nation, not as a church; but our limits forbid us to trace their history. During the breaking up of the Mogul empire they obtained in sovereignty the provinces of Sirhind and Lahore. 'In 1784 the progress of the genuine Sikhs attracted the notice of Hastings, and he seems to have thought that the presence of a British agent at the court of Delhi might help to deter them from molesting the vizier of Oude. But the Sikhs had learned to dread others, as well as to be a cause of fear; and shortly afterwards, they asked the British resident to enter into a defensive alliance against the Mahrattas, and to accept the services of thirty thousand horsemen, who had posted themselves

near Delhi to watch the motions of Sindhia. The English had then a slight knowledge of a new and distant people, and an estimate two generations old may provoke a smile from the protectors of Lahore. "The Sikhs," says Colonel Francklin, "are in their persons tall; . . . their aspect is ferocious, and their eyes piercing; . . . they resemble the Arabs of the Euphrates, but they speak the language of the Affghans; . . . their collected army amounts to 250,000 men, a terrific force, yet, from want of union, not much to be dreaded." The judicious and observing Forster put some confidence in similar statements of their vast array, but he estimated more surely than any other early writer the real character of the Sikhs; and the remark of 1783, that an able chief would probably attain to absolute power on the ruins of the rude commonwealth, and become the terror of his neighbours, has been amply borne out by the career of Runjeet Singh.' At the close of the last century this celebrated adventurer rose into eminence, organized, by the aid of European science, a powerful military system, and extended his dominions from Thibet to Moultan. 'Runjeet Singh grasped the more obvious characteristics of the impulse given by Nānuk and Govind; he dexterously turned them to the purposes of his own material ambition, and he appeared to be an absolute monarch in the midst of willing and obedient subjects. But he knew that he merely directed into a particular channel a power which he could neither destroy nor control, and that, to prevent the Sikhs turning upon himself, or destroying one another, he must regularly engage them in conquest and remote warfare.' The Maharajah died in 1839; and in six years after—in 1845—the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej, and engaged deliberately in a struggle with the British empire, which, after a momentary intermission, still continues.

The Sikhs may become able coadjutors of the English in the work of civilisation; but they are the most formidable enemies we have yet crossed swords with in India. According to the highest estimate, they are only about a million and a-half in numbers; but their increase is not according to the ordinary laws of population. Theirs is the standard both of religious and social reform; and it invites under its folds not only the reflecting and philosophical, but the desperate and depraved—the Pariahs of civilisation. The Mahrattas, who had no aid from religious enthusiasm, were merely the low castes of Southern India; and yet in a few years they became a mighty nation, which, with a tithe of the military science of the present Sikhs, would have formed an impassable barrier against the advance of the English beyond Bengal.

'The observers of the ancient creeds,' says our author, 'quietly pursue the even tenor of their way, self-satisfied, and almost indifferent about others; but the Sikhs are converts to a new religion, the seal of the double dispensation of Brahma and Mohammed: their enthusiasm is still fresh, and their faith is still an active and a living principle. They are persuaded that God himself is present with them, that He supports them in all their endeavours, and that sooner or later He will confound their enemies for His own glory. This feeling of the Sikh people deserves the attention of the English, both as a civilised nation and as a paramount government. Those who have heard a follower of Goroo Govind declaim on the destinies of his race, his eye wild with enthusiasm, and every muscle quivering with excitement, can understand that spirit which impelled the naked Arab against the mail-clad troops of Rome and Persia, and which led our own chivalrous and believing forefathers through Europe to battle for the cross on the shores of Asia. The Sikhs do not form a numerous sect; yet their strength is not to be estimated by tens of thousands, but by the unity and energy of religious fervour and warlike temperament. They will dare much, and they will endure much, for the mystic "Khālsa," or commonwealth: they are not discouraged by defeat, and they ardently look forward to



little Pierre, who on Sunday has the kindness to come and read prayers for me, since I have become too feeble to go to church myself. Here, Pierre, take this nice little white loaf which the baker gave me this morning, and these fresh nuts—and stay, put this in your pocket. What's the child afraid of?—'tis only a silver sixpence. Ah, Pierre, you have fine eyes, and a large high forehead. Do you know I often think you are not destined to keep sheep all your life: something tells me you will be a great man one of these days. Still one thing puzzles me: if you remain here in this village of St Gobain, how are you ever to become great?—a man whom every one will talk of and say, "Do you know that he was once little La Ramée, the son of La Ramée the charcoal-burner and Calinette his wife?"

'Indeed, Louison, I don't think I shall remain long at St Gobain. Who knows?—better days may come; and then,' added he, throwing his little caressing arms round the old woman's neck, 'when you don't see me here, will you pray to God for me? Farewell, dear Louison, I shall never forget you.'

'Why, what do you mean by that, Pierre?—Pierrot!' But Pierre was already out of hearing; and having overtaken his sheep, drove them towards a farmhouse which stood at some distance, surrounded by piles of charcoal. On his way he stopped at an old oak-tree, and climbing its lower branches, he placed in a deep hollow among them the bread, the nuts, and the silver coin which Louison had given him. As he was getting down, he felt his leg grasped by a powerful hand.

'Ah, little robber of birds'-nests, have I caught you?' said a loud good-natured voice.

'Oh, Richard, is that you?' said Pierre. 'You startled me: I thought at first it was my father.'

'Your father came home long ago; and when your mother went to the fold, she found a very sorry account of her sheep.'

'Oh my mother wont be very angry.'

'Yes, but that's not all,' replied Richard; 'while she was looking for the sheep, she found something else—a book!—and you never saw such a fuss as she made about it.'

'I hope she will give me back my book,' said Pierre, speaking more to himself than to his father's servant.

As he entered the house, after putting up the sheep, his mother met him, and said coldly, 'Go in; your father wants to speak to you.'

A rough-looking man was seated at a table laid for supper, his eyes were fixed on the fire, and his hand rested on the book found in the sheepfold.

'Husband, here is Pierre.'

La Ramée looked up. 'What has happened to keep you so late?'

'Nothing, father.'

'To whom does this book belong?'

'To me, father.'

'Who gave it you?'

'I did, sir,' said Richard; 'I gave him money to buy it.'

'And what do you do with it, child?' asked his father.

'I read it, father.'

'You read it!' cried his father and mother together; 'and where did you learn to read?'

'I taught him,' said Richard. 'The little fellow did me a service one day, and I returned it by doing him another.'

'A fine service truly!' said Calinette.

'If this child is ruined, Richard, we shall have you to thank for it. Teach him to read! Did any one ever hear such folly? Perhaps you have taught him to write too?'

'Alas, I can't do that myself, mistress!' replied Richard.

'That's fortunate, I'm sure; and I should like to know what good will learning ever do him?'

'That's not the question, wife,' said La Ramée: 'certainly, if I could, I should like to have him instructed; but poverty is a sad thing.'

'Oh, indeed it is,' said Pierre with a deep sigh. Then taking courage, he added, 'However, father, if you would'—

'Send you to school, I suppose you mean?' interrupted his father. 'You know I have not the means; I can't afford to feed idle mouths.'

'Here is your supper,' said his mother, giving him a basin of soup and a bit of brown bread.

'May I have my book?' asked Pierre, taking his supper with one hand and extending the other towards his father.

The latter handed it to him, and asked, 'Who wrote this book?'

'Jean de Roly,' replied Pierre.

'Who was that priest?' asked his mother, as she continued to help the soup.

'He was one of the most eloquent orators of the last century, mother,' replied the child. 'He was chancellor and archdeacon of the church of Notre-Dame in Paris. He knew how to read and to write too,' added Pierre with a sigh; 'so that in 1461, when parliament sent a remonstrance to Louis XI., it was he who composed it. Afterwards in 1483, the clergy of Paris sent him to the assembly of the States-General at Tours, where he spoke of the suppression of abuses. Charles VIII., the son of Louis XI., and the father of our present king, Louis XII., was so much pleased with him, that he appointed him his almoner, and kept him at court.'

'There, there—that will do,' cried Calinette.

'You see now I was the means of teaching all that to the little fellow,' said Richard proudly.

'Fine things I'm sure to teach him! Go to bed, Master Wiseacre,' added she, giving her son a slight push—'go and look for your *Jean Joly*!'

'Jean de Roly, mother; and I can't go look for him, because he died twenty-six years ago.'

'But for that, I suppose you'd go to him and all the grand people in Paris; and you, forsooth, the son of a charcoal-burner in Picardy!'

'My father certainly burns charcoal,' said Pierre in a low tone; 'and yet he has gentle blood in his veins.'

'And you think yourself a gentleman, I suppose?' said his mother.

'Oh,' cried the boy, 'I care not for rank or wealth; all I want is to gain knowledge!'

'Well, go to bed and dream that you have it, and it will be all the same thing.'

'Good-night, mother; good-night, father; good-night, Richard,' said Pierre, and went to sleep in the stable among his sheep.

The next morning, when Pierre prepared as usual to take out his flock for the day, he paused on the threshold of his father's cottage, and turning back, said, 'Kiss me, mother.'

'What for, child?' replied Calinette.

'Old Louison says,' replied Pierre, 'that we never know when we may die. If you were never to see me again'—

'What strange ideas the boy has!' said his mother, giving him a hearty kiss. 'There, Pierrot; 'tis time for you to go.'

An hour afterwards, Pierre, having led his flock to their accustomed pasture, commended them to the care of his faithful dog, and turned his steps towards the Paris road. Something in his heart reproached him for leaving his parents, and told him that an enterprise commenced against their wishes could not prosper; but the boy tried to stifle the uneasy feeling, and walked on, carrying a stick and a bundle containing a change of clothes, a few books, and the provision given him by old Louison.

He had not gone far when he saw Richard coming towards him.

'Where are you going?' asked the man.

'I can't tell you, Richard; for if they should ask you at home, I want you to be able to say you do not know.'

'I guess it, child—you're going to leave us;' and the old servant's voice faltered as he spoke.





His uncle, more generous than rich, found at length that his funds were exhausted. He caused a letter to be written to him containing these words:—'Leave the college, dear Pierre; I have no more money to send you. You have now quite sufficient learning to conduct your father's trade.'

Just before the receipt of this letter the principal had told Ramus that in two years more his studies would be completed.

'Two years!' thought he; 'only two years; and I must leave the college! Oh no! I will find some means of remaining.' And instead of despairing, as an ordinary boy might have done, Ramus applied himself to diligent exertion.

For some time the managers of the college had been seeking a servant to brush the clothes and clean the shoes of the pupils. As the wages were small, and the work laborious, but few candidates offered for the place, when one day a young lad presented himself, whose appearance greatly astonished the principal.

'Ramus!' he cried: 'Ramus! One of our best pupils offering himself as a shoe-boy!'

'My uncle can no longer pay for my education, sir, and I cannot bear to leave the college.'

'Well, my child, then remain,' said the master, touched by his anxiety; 'but 'tis a great pity. You would make a better pupil than servant. How much do you expect?'

'Ah, I dare not say.'

'Let us see; on account of your age and anxiety to remain, I will increase the wages somewhat.'

'Sir,' said Ramus with a desperate effort, 'I do not ask money; all I wish is permission to retain my place in the class. I will continue my studies by day, and work hard as a servant by night.'

'And when will you sleep?' asked the principal, greatly affected.

'During the hours of recreation!' replied the noble boy.

What may not be accomplished by a real thirst for knowledge. Ramus steadily continued his almost superhuman labours of mind and body, and in the end he reaped a reward. After leaving the college, he received all the honours and degrees that are conferred on learned men; and King Henry II. named him professor of eloquence and philosophy in the College of France.

He published several works, which still attest the enlargement of his mind and the extent of his knowledge. It was he who invented the letter V. Before his time, U had been employed in all cases when either letter was required.

Ramus became rich and prosperous, as well as learned; but he did not forget his parents, nor his old friend Louison—who had predicted that he would become a great man—nor Richard, who was the first to develop his intellect, in teaching him to read. I am sorry to have to add, that Ramus perished in the year 1572, in the cruel massacre of St Bartholomew.

### THE JEWISH PASSOVER AND ITS SANITARY TENDENCIES.

THE origin of the observance of the Passover among the Israelites is well known to readers of the Bible. But very few are acquainted with the trouble and expense entailed on the orthodox Jews who adhere to the canon law as inculcated by the 'Mishna,' particularly the portion entitled 'Helchas Passochim,' wherein is given the formula for the Passover, for the guidance of all true believers.\* It is not the intention of the writer to enter into the minutiae, but simply to show the hygienic tendency of the laws of cleanliness, as enforced in the portion of the oral law to which reference has been made.

\* The 'Mishna' is a digest of all the laws and usages extant among the Jews, and was published some hundreds of years since to preserve uniformity in the communities of this people, however they might be separated in many lands.

We may premise that the Scriptural or written law, on which the rules, as enforced by the Mishnaic doctors, have been based, are to be found in Exodus, chap. xiii. 7: 'Unleavened bread shall be eaten seven days; and then there shall be no leaven seen with thee, neither shall there be any leaven in all thy quarters.' The portion of this text marked in *italics* forms the data for the minute observances of those laws on which we shall treat; and in order that they may be literally and spiritually obeyed, there is a list in the 'Helchas Passochim' of every imaginable substance that may be subject to fermentation: so that the rabbins in their catalogue include under the term leaven every vegetable and animal substance which modern chemists in their tables speak of as capable of *vinous* and *acetic* fermentation.

As soon, therefore, as the Feast of Purim has passed, it is a custom, from time immemorial, for the females of every Jewish family, rich and poor, to commence the annual cleaning.\* Every nook and corner, every drawer, box, and cupboard, every room, from the attic to the kitchen, and every article of furniture in them, is cleaned, for the purpose of removing all accumulations, whether of dust or other extraneous matter, because such accumulations are considered by the Doctors of the Talmud as subject to a species of fermentation, or as generating impurities, which they deem dependent on a similar law. Every room and cupboard is lime-washed; and every shelf is scrubbed, to remove even any stain or extraneous impression, from the probability that such stain has been produced by fermented matter. Thus the rabbins, under the express command of religious observances, have enforced such rigid cleanliness, that the houses of Jews are rendered pure and healthy by the preparations for this annual festival. This may in some measure account for the known longevity of Israelites—the writer of this having known many who attained the ages of 100, 110, and even 120, whilst few die, comparatively speaking, very young. These facts are worthy of attention, as they have been in operation for many hundreds of years before sanitary reforms were thought of, and before scientific men had ascertained that the want of radical cleanliness in the houses of the poor often generated malignant fevers and other disorders.

In most European cities the Jews have been forced to reside in some obscure and huddled locality, where one might expect them to be more liable than the average of the population to fevers and other ailments supposed to arise from filth and want of fresh air. It appears, however, that the Jews are in fact less visited by disease than the generality of their fellow-citizens. This, while attributable in part to their superior temperance, may well be believed to be owing in no small measure to their one month of annual purification and the consequent cleanliness. It may not be altogether uninteresting to add, that the plates, dishes, teacups, and saucers, knives and forks, saucepans, kettles, spoons, &c. which are used during the year, are not used for the Passover; these things being kept from year to year for this one week, or else new articles are purchased. In cases where poverty precludes the possibility of changing everything, there are certain formulæ showing how to purify them with boiling water, or with fire, or both, so as to deprive them of any fermentable matter which might otherwise, as in some kinds of porous earthenware, be absorbed.

The houses of the middle-class Jews, when the annual preparations for the Passover are completed, present a novel and a most cleanly aspect. Every shelf, dresser, table, tray, and cupboard, is covered with beautiful white napkins; and as each Jew has a pre-knowledge of the pains and penalties consequent on not removing

\* Some idea may be formed of this annual undertaking, when it is known that Purim commences on the 14th day of Adar (see the Book of Esther); and the Passover commences on the 14th day of Nissan (Exodus, chap. xii. &c.) Hence a whole month is occupied in these important abstinences.



native. Mr Paxton's observation applies to them both when he says—as a border-flower, it has very high characteristics; it only requires planting in a moist soil, slightly sheltered and shaded, to become a truly brilliant object; it is equally good for forcing, very valuable for bouquets, and alike fit for windows, greenhouses, borders, and beds. Under favourable cultivation, its blossoms increase in size nearly one-half. The plants only require to be divided annually, and to have the flower-spikes cut off as the lower florets decay. By thus preventing their seeding, a very protracted display of bloom is obtained. These are not a hundredth part of the native flowers which might be introduced with happiest effect into your gardens. We have seen the broom, the honeysuckle, and the holly blended with rarer shrubs, and aiding the best conceptions of the landscape gardener; and we have seen garlands of flowers in which not one exotic was interwoven, so beautiful, that none culled from our choicest stove plants could have much excelled them.—*Gardeners' Almanac.*

#### THE PER CENTAGE OF POETRY THAT WILL PROBABLY ENDURE.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have made in the ranks of our immortals—and the accumulation of more good works than there is time to peruse—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands, and as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present—and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of our great grandchildren? The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and we confess we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell—and the fourth part of Byron—and the sixth of Scott—and the scattered tithe of Crabbe—and the three per cent. of Southey—while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded! It is a hyperbole of good-nature, however, we fear to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakespeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of *short-hand reading* invented—or all reading will be given up in despair.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

#### MEDICAL INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

Dreaming, as the precursor and accompaniment of diseases, deserves continued investigation; not because it is to be considered as a spiritual divination, but because the unconscious language often very clearly shows, to those who can comprehend its meaning, the state of the patient. According to Albert, lively dreams are in general a sign of the excitement of nervous actions: soft dreams are a sign of slight irritation of the brain—after a nervous fever, announcing the approach of a favourable crisis: frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head: dreams about fire are, in women, signs of an impending hemorrhage: dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions: dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and dropsy: dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal obstruction and disorder of the liver: dreams in which the patient sees any part of the body especially suffering, indicate disease of that part: dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head. The nightmare (*incubus epicaltes*), with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest. We may add, that dreams of dogs, after the bite of a mad dog, often precede the appearance of hydrophobia, but may be only the consequence of excited imagination.—*Dr Winslow's Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

#### THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.

THEY flit, they come, they go,  
The visions of the day;  
They change, they fade, they glow,  
They rise, they die away.  
And all within the scope  
Of one poor human breast,  
Where joy, and fear, and hope,  
Like clouds on heaven's blue cope,  
Can never be at rest.

THEY press, they throng, they fill  
The heart where they have birth;  
Oh pour them forth to thrill  
Thy brethren of the earth!  
In circles still they swim,  
But outward will not go;  
The lute-strings cage the hymn,  
The cup is full, full to the brim,  
Yet will not overflow.

When will the lute be stricken  
So that its song shall sound?  
When shall the spring so quicken  
That its streams shall pour around?  
Wo for the struggling soul  
That utterance cannot find,  
Yet longs without control  
Through all free space to roll,  
Like thunders on the wind!

The painter's pencil came  
The struggling soul to aid,  
His visions to proclaim  
In coloured light and shade;  
But though so fair to me  
His handiwork may seem,  
His soul desponds to see  
How pale its colours be  
Before his cherished dream.

So from the sculptor's hand  
To life the marble's wrought;  
But he can understand  
How lovelier far his thought.  
The minstrel's power ye own,  
His lyre with bays ye bind;  
But he can feel alone  
How feeble is its tone  
To the music of his mind.

So strife on earth must be  
Between man's power and will;  
For the soul unchecked and free  
We want a symbol still.  
Joy when the fleshly veil  
From the spirit shall be cast,  
Then an ungarbled tale  
That cannot stop or fall  
Shall genius tell at last!

#### IMPORTANCE OF COOKERY.

It is a curious fact, that during the war in Spain, some forty years since, when the French and English armies were alike suffering from the scantiness of provisions, the French soldiers kept up their strength much better than the English, solely because they put such food as they could get to much better account. The English soldier would take the lump of meat, and broil it on the coals till a good part of it was burned almost to a cinder, though even then part of the remainder was probably raw. The French soldiers, on the contrary, would club two or three together, and stew their bits of meat with bread, and such herbs and vegetables as they could collect, into a savoury and wholesome dish. So great was the difference between these two ways, in their effect on the strength and health of the soldiers, that it was remarked that a French army would live in a country in which an English army would starve.—*Family Economist.*

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ments unless they repented. But they did not; and accordingly all, except the prophet, were destroyed; or, according to another version, turned into apes! The city, we are told, is still standing in the deserts of Aden; but it is only visible to such as are privileged by God to behold it. This favour, it seems, has been enjoyed by one favoured mortal, Colabah by name, who, being summoned by the Caliph Mo'awiyah, related how that, when he was seeking a camel he had lost, he found himself on a sudden at the gates of the city, and 'entering it, saw not one inhabitant; at which, being terrified, he stayed no longer than to take with him some fine stones, which he showed to the caliph.'

Leaving the turbaned Mohammedans of the East, we shall find the imaginative spirit and vague aspirations of the northern races creating a utopia even more poetical, we think, than those hitherto noticed, and certainly exercising a more powerful influence over those who believed in its existence. Passing over, as apocryphal, Macpherson's legend of the Flath-innis, or Noble Island, authentic records show us the belief existing among the Welsh mountaineers, then just emerging from paganism. Looking from their native mountains, they beheld the sun setting, amid golden glories, over the waters of the western sea; and it was far away upon those sunset waves that they placed their utopian realm. They called it *Gwerdonnan Llan*—the Green Isles of Ocean, or the Green Spots of the Floods; and they deemed it a fairyland of bliss, where dwelt the souls of good Druids, who, being pagans, were not permitted to enter the Christian heaven. Yet, though thus the abode of spirits, it was nevertheless a material paradise: they considered that its happy shores were accessible to mortals, and that he who succeeded in reaching it, imagined on his return that he had been absent only a few hours, when in truth whole centuries had passed away. At times it was visible from land. 'If you take a turf,' says an old author, 'from St David's churchyard, and stand upon it on the sea-shore, you behold these islands. One man,' he adds, 'once got sight of them by this means, and forthwith put to sea in pursuit; but they disappeared, and his search was vain. Nowise daunted, he returned, looked at them again from the enchanted turf, again set sail, and again was unsuccessful. The third time he took the turf on board with him, and stood upon it till he reached them.'

Whether this fable originated in an optical delusion similar to the *Fata Morgana*—in the prevalent tradition of the lost Atlantis, or large island in former times existing in the Western Ocean—or in vague rumours of the American continent, cannot be determined; but it is undoubted that the fable was received as sober truth by the Welsh.\* It is on record that several expeditions were undertaken for the discovery of the happy islands; and the 'three losses by disappearance of the island of Britain,' lamented by Welsh bards, appear to have all been connected with it. The first of these was the expedition of Madoc, a Welsh prince, who sailed for the 'far west,' and who is believed to have reached Mexico; the second was that of Prince Gafran, who avowedly went in search of the *Gwerdonnan Llan*; the third was that of the far-famed Merlin and his bards, who likewise voyaged for the west. Considerable dubiety, it must be acknowledged, attaches to the accounts of the last of these 'disappearances,' as Merlin is said to have sailed in a ship of crystal.

A veil hangs over the fate of these adventurers: whether they triumphed, or whether they sank in mid-ocean, we know not. One thing alone is certain, that even in the savannas of the new world they were as

far from success as ever. Islands of the blest, indeed, were not unheard of among the simple tribes; but they were known chiefly for the deceptive nature of their fascination. A belief of this kind still lingers among some of the American tribes; and in recent times Bertram mentions in his 'Travels through North and South Carolina' that he found it entertained by the Creek Indians. The river St Mary, he tells us, has its source in a vast marsh nearly three hundred miles in circuit, which in the wet season appears as a lake, containing some large islands or knolls of rich land. One of these the Creeks represent as 'a most blissful spot of earth;' and they say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. This terrestrial paradise, they add, 'has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters when in pursuit of game; but in their endeavours to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths; and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing.' At length they resolved to abandon the delusive pursuit, and after many difficulties, they succeeded in retracing their steps. 'When they reported their adventures to their countrymen, the young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade and make a conquest of so charming a country; but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot.'

Here, then, is the human spirit first creating an ideal paradise, and then pining for the work of its own fancy. Thus it is also with the most gifted sons of genius, upon whose spiritual eye or ear fall sounds and forms of more than earthly beauty, and who, even while enjoying the delights of human life, long for the realisation of day-dreams, nobler and more lovely far. Listen to the lay which the sweetest of lyric poets puts into the mouth of the wild Indian of the prairies; and say, as he sings of the fascination of his Isle of Founts and its sparkling waters, if the picturesque strain be not emblematic of the enthusiast-votary of high art, wrapt up in the ideal beauty which his soul beholds:—

'But wo for him who sees them burst

With their bright spray-showers to the lake:  
Earth has no spring to quench the thirst  
That semblance in his soul shall wake—  
From the Blue Mountains to the main,  
Our thousand floods shall roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore

Back from their long and weary quest;  
Had they not seen the untrodden shore?  
And could they 'midst our wilds find rest?  
The lightning of their glance was fled;  
They dwelt amongst us as the dead!

They lay beside our glittering rills,  
With visions in their darkened eye:

—the visions of the dreamy land that once had glowed before them like a new Eden, and the memory of which so filled their hearts that there was no room left for any other joy. Thus, in ordinary life, do the imagination and exquisite susceptibilities which provide genius with her divinest joys become to her at times the source of anguish. Pleasure and pain enter by the same portal, and in this way is the lot of her possessors reduced to little above that of mankind at large.

Having thus traversed the four quarters of the globe, and obtained glimpses of utopias of various kinds, and as variously tenanted—some by hoary Druids, others by beautiful women; some by apes, and some by nobody—we now start for the isles of the Pacific Ocean, to view the happy land of the Tonga people. Bolotoo—such is the name of this singular place—is a large island, they say somewhere to the north-west of the Tonga group; but a long way distant. They deem it the abode of their gods; and certainly, by their account, animal and vegetable life proceeds there on very strange principles. Its fruits, flowers, birds, and *hogs*—in the last of which it abounds—are all of rare beauty (except the pigs, we should think); and they are immortal, unless when

\* We would suggest that in this, as in many other cases, natural appearances gave rise to the fiction. It is remarkable, in the case of the Hesperian gardens, as in this case, that the supposed place was held as situated under the radiance of the setting sun. The idea of a glorious land amidst this many-hued effulgence seems natural. Perhaps, for similar reasons, the Greeks of Asia Minor adopted the idea of a residence of the gods on Olympus, which they might see to the westward while voyaging on the Egean.—Ed.



ancestors, and had only two sons to inherit his wealth and his titles, the former of which was reputed to be very considerable; not that his manner of living countenanced this notion, but he had the reputation of being a miser, and was supposed to be hoarding immense sums for those much-beloved sons, the junior of whom was at the period of the earthquake residing in Paris with his young wife and child, as envoy from the Neapolitan to the French court; and this immense treasure was believed to be deposited in a secret chamber situated somewhere in or near the castle, but *where* no one knew except the marquis himself. In the disturbed times of our ancestors, such chambers were attached to many a baronial tower, either for the purpose of concealing treasure, or to serve as a hiding-place in case of danger, and as the value of the resource depended on the inviolability of the secret, the head of the family was alone permitted to possess it, with the liberty, however, of communicating it, whenever he thought fit, to his immediate successor.

In accordance with this custom, the eldest of the two sons, Count Agostino, was duly made acquainted with the family mystery; but in 1782 the young man being accidentally killed whilst hunting, Count Neocles became the heir. He being absent in France at the time, the old marquis, not choosing to commit so important a secret to the insecure post of those days, preferred writing certain directions by which the chamber might be discovered, depositing the sealed paper, with others of importance, in a casket, which, in case of his death, was to be opened only by his son. The marquis had a servant called Baldoni, who had been the foster-brother of the eldest son. To this man, in whom he placed entire confidence, he pointed out the casket, enjoining him, in the event of his the marquis' dying before the return of Neocles, to deliver it into his son's hands himself. Baldoni promised; but it appears that the idea of what the casket might contain had haunted his mind; and not the less that some inadvertent words dropped by the marquis led him to suspect that the key to the great family secret would therein be found. Nevertheless Baldoni might have continued honest had not a fatal temptation to be otherwise fallen in his way.

On the 5th of February 1783 an oppressive sirocco wind had thrown the inhabitants of the castle of Colonna into that state of languor so well known as one of its effects, when the marquis, who was confined to his apartment by the gout, summoned a young girl called Pepita, who had been a protégée of his late wife's, to come and sing to him. This girl had so exquisite a voice, that the manager of the small Opera company at Reggio had made her liberal offers to induce her to join them; but the marquis, by promising to provide for her at his death, persuaded her to remain where she was. She was gentle, cheerful, neat-handed, and pretty; and these qualities, together with the charm of her singing, rendered her very valuable to the old man in his declining years and sickness: insomuch, that whenever he was ill—and he was subject to long and frequent fits of gout—she was appointed his special attendant; and in order that she might be always within call, he appropriated a small room adjoining his own to her particular use. On this fatal 5th of February, however, Pepita being as languid and incapable of exertion as her betters, had retired to this little apartment, locked the door, and thrown herself on her bed, where she lay silent and still, even when she heard Baldoni knock and say the marquis wanted her. He had scarcely quitted her door, concluding her to be elsewhere, when a strange sound arose in the air, and the castle began to rock to and fro like a ship on a stormy sea. At the same time a large beam that supported the ceiling fell, penetrating the partition wall, and bringing great part of the ceiling with it. A cry from the adjoining room alarming her for her master's safety, made Pepita rush towards the door; but it was so blocked up by the fallen beam that she could not reach it: whereupon she sprung to the hole in the wall, and leaping on a table, looked through. The marquis was stretched insensible upon the ground, evidently struck down by a heavy piece of cornice that lay beside him; and Baldoni, who had just

entered the room, was standing beside him. Pepita was on the point of raising her voice to ask his assistance, when she saw him rush to a corner of the room, open a press, take out a small casket, and hastily quit the room; the whole transaction being so rapid, that the girl had scarcely time to comprehend what she beheld till it was all over. Nor, indeed, had she much leisure to think of it, for the shocks succeeded each other with such rapidity, and the noise and darkness were so terrific, that she expected every moment to be her last; but, unfortunately for her, she was reserved for a worse fate. By sheltering herself under the beam, she escaped being crushed by the falling masses around her; and although the castle was destroyed by the earthquake, poor Pepita was dug out of the ruins alive, after lying under them for three days without food. A severe illness was the first consequence of this calamity; and the second was, that her hopes of a provision from the marquis were annihilated, he being found apparently crushed to death, and no will discovered. As Pepita had no friends, she was carried to a public hospital, temporarily arranged for the reception of the sufferers: and here, as soon as she was well enough to be permitted to see anybody, she was surprised by a visit from Baldoni. She had, during her confinement, had plenty of time to reflect on what she had witnessed; and an Italian herself, she was well aware of the danger she would incur, should the party principally concerned suspect her acquaintance with his fatal secret, until she had some one to protect her from his vengeance. She therefore resolved to preserve an unbroken silence on the subject till the return of the heir, Count Neocles; but, not doubting that the casket contained some valuables belonging to the family, she determined, on his arrival, to disclose what she had seen, and in the meantime to avoid, if possible, a meeting with Baldoni, apprehending that her countenance might involuntarily betray her. Nothing, therefore, could be less welcome than his visit, the more so as it was quite unexpected, and she had no time to compose her spirits or prepare her countenance for the interview. He spoke to her with considerable kindness—too much, indeed; for jealousy of her interest with the marquis had hitherto made him rather her enemy than her friend, and the altered tone alarmed much more than it encouraged her. He offered to supply her with anything she required; bade her entertain no anxiety with regard to her future subsistence; assuring her that although the marquis had left no will, he would communicate to Count Neocles his father's intentions in her favour, and her claims on the family; and finally left her, promising shortly to repeat his visit. And what rendered this sudden accession of good-will the more suspicious was, that during the whole of the conversation his countenance belied his words: no benignity was there, no sympathy, no pity. It was evident to her that he was racked with anxiety, and that, while he was speaking to her, his eyes sought to penetrate her soul; whilst she, terrified and conscious, could not summon courage to meet his glance.

Baldoni, on his part, left her, convinced that his worst fears were realised—Pepita knew his secret. He had expected no less. He had been foremost in the search for her and the marquis when it was discovered that they were both buried beneath the ruins: the one he knew to be dead, and he felt perfectly indifferent as to the other, till they reached the spot and found her alive. Till then, he had not believed her to be in that room; nor, in his haste and eagerness to fly, had he observed the rent in the wall made by the fallen beam. Struck with dismay when it was ascertained that she was there and alive, Baldoni had immediately retreated, lest the sight of him should have provoked her to an abrupt disclosure of what she had witnessed. It possibly might have done so; as it was, all she did was to point to the adjoining room, exclaiming 'My master!—my master!' And then, overcome by her sufferings, bodily and mental, she fainted, and in that state was carried to the hospital.

The unwelcome visitor soon returned; and she was more alarmed than before when she found that his professions of kindness were beginning to assume a more





the door; but it was locked; and having called as loudly as he could, without obtaining any response, he made up his mind to the worst, and settled himself once more to sleep, till the sacristan, coming to sweep out the chapel, should release him in the morning.

He had, however, scarcely fallen into a state of forgetfulness, when he was once more aroused by a noise proceeding from the altar; and turning his eyes in that direction, he was surprised to perceive a man muffled in a cloak, with a lantern in his hand, who seemed suddenly to rise out of the earth. Amazed and alarmed, for the young man was without arms, he remained silently watching the stranger, who first stooped down, then blew out the lantern, and finally, with a stealthy step, crossed to the door of the chapel and went out, locking the door after him.

Who could this be! and what could he be doing there! The face of the stranger was undistinguishable; but there was something in the air and gait that put him in mind of Baldoni. Now although Agostino was after a manner in love with Lucia—that is, in love with her as great lords are in love with maids of low degree—he was far from admiring Baldoni, whom he thought a gloomy, forbidding man, and whose designs on himself he had penetrated; and it was therefore less difficult for him to conceive some evil purpose on the part of the ex-steward, than to imagine what that purpose could be. In vain he puzzled his brain to discover it; and morning finding him quite unsatisfied, he resolved that the matter should not rest there; and as, in order to facilitate his further investigations, it was necessary to be silent with respect to what had occurred, after examining the spot where the man had emerged, and finding nothing to explain his appearance, he climbed up to one of the windows, opened it, and letting himself carefully down on the outside, made his way back to the castle long before his father and mother were out of their beds.

On the following night, unseen by anybody, the young count repaired, well armed, to the chapel, to which, as the family had a private key, he had no difficulty in obtaining access. There, in concealment, he remained till dawn, without seeing anything of the mysterious stranger. For three successive nights he met with no better success, by which time he not only began to be extremely tired of his stone pillow, but he also began actually to doubt whether he had seen what he imagined he had, or whether the whole had not been a vivid dream. For several ensuing nights, therefore, he slept quietly in his bed; but as soon as he was thoroughly refreshed, his spirit of adventure returned, and his curiosity urged him to make one more attempt. It had been on a Saturday night that he had seen the stranger; a fortnight had now elapsed, and it was Saturday again; and with a strong presentiment of success, he started once more for the chapel, and having locked himself in, took up his position in an obscure corner near the high altar; and, sure enough, shortly after the clock struck twelve he heard a key turning in the chapel door, and presently he saw the same individual enter, with a lantern in one hand and a basket in the other. He walked straight up to the altar, near to where Agostino crouched, concealed by a pillar; and then placing his lantern and basket on the steps, he stooped down under the table, and took something which Agostino concluded was a key, since he immediately afterwards opened a door in the pillar adjoining that behind which the young man was concealed, and entering the aperture, shut it after him, and disappeared. In about half an hour he returned, with the basket still on his arm, locked the door, replaced the key, blew out his lantern, and left the chapel as before. Agostino not only now felt himself secure of penetrating the mystery, but he was also satisfied that the man was no other than Baldoni; and for the first time a recollection of the family tradition regarding the secret chamber, and the treasures it was supposed to contain, recurred to his mind. Baldoni had no doubt discovered it, and was helping himself to its valuable contents. It was a grand thing at eighteen to have found out this; and it would be still grander to complete the enterprise himself; and this he resolved to do. So he waited till the morning dawned, and then set

about searching for the key, and the door to be opened with it; but neither could he find, nor even the smallest trace of them. What was to be done! Go to Baldoni, tell him what he had seen, and insist on a confession! But how force him to it! He was a dark, silent, resolute man, and might prefer dying, and taking the secret with him to the grave. On the whole, Agostino thought a better plan would be to wait till the next Saturday, then place himself in ambush, and just at the moment that Baldoni had opened the door in the pillar, and was entering the aperture, to place a pistol at his head, and stop him; and to this scheme he adhered.

Accordingly, when the night came, he was at his post betimes. At the accustomed hour the chapel door opened, and, as usual, Baldoni advanced to the altar, stooped down, and then, turning to the pillar, stretched out his arm to insert the key in the lock. It had been the intention of Agostino not to stir till the door was open; but in his eagerness not to lose the opportunity, he moved too soon, and the instant he emerged from behind the pillar that concealed him, Baldoni, without pausing to see who the intruder was, drew a pistol from his bosom and fired; whilst at the same moment the young count, perceiving the action, levelled the one he held in his hand, and drew the trigger. The two reports were simultaneous, and both the combatants fell. On the following morning, when the sacristan entered the chapel, he found Baldoni and the young count both apparently dead on the floor; beside them lay their weapons, an empty basket, and an extinguished lantern. News was immediately sent to the marquis, who soon arrived with a physician. What could be the meaning of so extraordinary an incident nobody could guess. Why they should have been in the chapel at all, and still more why they should have shot each other, was altogether inexplicable. Lucia declared that she had no idea that her father was anywhere but in his bed; and that as for the young count, he had not been at their house for a fortnight or more. In spite of this, the conclusion to which everybody inclined was, that Baldoni had quarrelled with the count in consequence of his attentions to his daughter, and that, for some incomprehensible reason, they had met there to discuss the question.

In the meantime, whilst everybody was guessing and wondering, the physician declared that Baldoni was dead, but that Agostino, though wounded, was not dangerously hurt, and was suffering chiefly from loss of blood; and due remedies being applied, he was ere long restored to consciousness; but as he was exceedingly weak, talking was forbidden, and all inquiries as to the meaning of this strange event were deferred till he was stronger.

In the meanwhile there was nobody more perplexed about this affair than Lucia herself. Whatever the world might think, she felt assured that there had been no quarrel betwixt Agostino and her father about her; and a thousand circumstances recurred to her that had at various times induced her to believe that there was some strange mystery connected with that chapel. In the first place, she was well aware that double the quantity of provisions they consumed were weekly provided, and as regularly carried out of the house, to be given to the poor, as her father had told her; but who these poor were she had never been able to ascertain. Then, as for lamp-oil, the quantity that was bought and disappeared was truly astonishing; added to which, she not only was aware of her father's having at different times purchased coarse clothing which he never wore, but since her mother's death he had also desired her to procure complete suits of female attire, and even baby-linen of the same ordinary description, which she had done and delivered to him, but which vanished in the same mysterious manner. Many slight observations of her own had connected these disappearances with the chapel; and she never went into it without casting her eyes around in the hope of discovering some clue to the mystery; and finally, finding none, she concluded that some political offenders or state criminals, whom her father favoured, were concealed in the vestry room, probably with the cognisance of the marquis; and this last opinion was strengthened by her





















therefore I beg to refer you to her address for a note written on the 31st March 1849, from yours truly.'

This note would doubtless be worth perusal, but the world moves so rapidly, that we cannot wait for it.

#### ALLIGATORS BOARDED AND LODGED.

We made an excursion lately to what is called here the 'Muggur Tank,' a lake of alligators, which lies in a small and beautifully-situated grove of trees, surrounded by a range of low hills, about nine miles from Kurrachee. After having breakfasted, we proceeded to the spot where these hideous monsters are congregated. They are held sacred by the natives of the country, and are regularly fed by the contributions of devotees. The tank is more like an over-flown meadow than a lake, having deep channels intersecting each other, and is literally alive with these huge 'muggurs,' some lying basking on the knolls and ridges, others floating on the surface of the deeper water. They are of all sizes, from a foot or two to twenty or twenty-five feet in length, and bulky in proportion. Having purchased a kid, and cut it up on the banks, there was a universal opening of their capacious jaws, which they kept distended in expectation of having a piece of flesh pitched into them; they are too lazy and too well fed to make any further demonstration: the native keeper, who feeds them, then began calling to them, when they came one by one lazily along, and waddling on to the shore, each took what was given to him. The rapidity with which the poor kid vanished, head and heels, was truly surprising. They know the keeper quite well, and if any one should take up what is not thrown to him, the keeper makes him drop it by striking him on the snout with his stick. Their jaws are certainly dreadful clap-traps, and the crash they make when brought together is horrible, crushing the bones even of the head of their prey like so much crust. It is probable, setting aside motives of superstition, that the inhabitants now find it necessary to feed these voracious monsters, for were the 'supplies to be stopped,' they would become dangerous neighbours. In fact they do at times pick up and devour a stray child left on the banks by accident or design. There are here three hot springs, one of which supplies the tank, and is of a temperature of about 96 degrees. The two others have a temperature as high as 180 degrees. The water issues from the rock as pure as crystal, and in great abundance. The females of the country repair to these springs after their confinement, to perform their ablutions, and to present their sacrifices to the 'muggurs.'—*Anglo-Indian paper.*

#### OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

Our friends in America are awaking up to this subject. They are determined not only to have penny postage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but also across the Atlantic to the old world; and all to be established by the United States. So the question will soon be, whether Uncle John Bull or Brother Jonathan shall carry letters across the Atlantic for a penny a-piece. Jonathan can do this, and would do it, if the world should challenge him to do 'something smart.' But Uncle John ought to do it before any one else in the world. He owes it to the colonies which he has planted all over the globe—to the millions of his children which he has sent out to live in the islands of all the oceans and seas far and near, and who want to write home every week. That is the ocean penny postage the world wants: not a penny postage across the Atlantic, from Liverpool to Boston, but a penny postage across all oceans and seas. Brother Jonathan is smart for his age undoubtedly, and would do a great thing for the world if you should once 'raise his dander' in the right direction. But we fear his purse is not long enough, nor his ships numerous enough, to establish a universal ocean penny postage. This is Uncle John Bull's mission, and we must all put him up to its fulfilment. All his children and grandchildren, nieces and nephews, at home and abroad, must tug at his skirts in their most winning way, and with filial faith and hope smiling in their eyes, meet him by the wayside, and fireside, and in all accessible moods and conditions, with this question—'Uncle John, when will you give us an ocean penny postage?' Don't be discouraged if he *poke pokes* at it at first, and buttons up his pockets, and talks about hard times, and all that. Keep at him steadily for a year in this way, and, like all other good-natured uncles, he will give in. Then what a jubilee there will be in thousands and tens of thousands of homes separated

from each other by a thousand leagues or more of sea! Oh, Uncle John! the world would forgive you for all the unpleasant accidents you have occasioned in apportioning so much of this globe to the members of your family, if you would but give to mankind an ocean penny postage.—*Burrill's Christian Citizen.*

#### A FEW SHORT YEARS.

- A few short years—and then  
What changes Time hath wrought!  
So strange they seem, we scarce can deem  
The world, our life, ourselves are aught  
But one long fitful dream.  
The clouds that fly  
Across the sky,  
Waves tossed upon the sea,  
Shadows that pass  
Before a glass,  
Our fitting emblems be.
- A few short years—and then  
Where are the hopes that shone  
When youth with flowers enwreathed the hours,  
And earth had but one music tone  
Of joy for us and ours?  
The rainbow's hues,  
The morning's dew,  
The blossoms of a day,  
The trembling sheen  
On water seen  
More stable are than they.
- A few short years—and then  
Where is the adamant chain  
That passion wrought, and madly thought  
Nor time nor change could ever strain  
Till life's last strife was fought?  
A rope of sand,  
A gossamer band;  
The filmy threads at e'en  
The spider weaves  
Amongst the leaves  
A firmer bond had been.
- A few short years—and then  
Where is Ambition's pile,  
That rose so high against the sky,  
O'ershadowing all around the while,  
With its proud boast might vie?  
A shadow's shade,  
A card-house made  
By children for their play:  
The air-blown bells  
That folly swells  
May vaunt a surer stay.
- A few short years—and then  
Where is the mighty grief  
That wrung the heart with torture's art,  
And made it feel that its relief  
Time's hand could ne'er impart?  
A storm that's burst,  
And done its worst,  
Then left the heaven more clear;  
A night-mare dread,  
With morning fled,  
These sorrows now appear.
- A few short years—and then  
What of our life remains,  
The smiles and tears of other years,  
Of passion's joys, of sorrow's pains,  
Ambition's hopes and fears?  
A faded dream  
To-day they seem  
Which memory scarce can trace—  
But seals they've set  
Shall Time nor yet  
Eternity efface!

AGNES SMITH.

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the person who sins amidst an excessively virtuous society. He goes down into the depths at once, past all redemption. We see an illustration of this rule in the state of degraded women in England as compared with the continent. It is a complete dilemma. Virtue cannot soften her frown, and her frown produces effects by which she must be still more shocked.

It is these things which make civilisation so strange a problem. Jails, poor-houses, legions of outcasts, are as invariably its exponents as are lofty probity, vast wealth, consummate luxury, and grandeur. In a middle state of society there is, on the contrary, neither great wealth nor great poverty, neither great virtue nor great vice. Jails are moderate-sized buildings; poor-houses exist not at all. We smile at the story of the man shipwrecked upon an unknown coast, who, walking into the land with some fear, at length came to a gibbet with a culprit depending from it, and then congratulated himself upon being in a civilised country. But the subject has its side of serious truth as well as its ludicrous aspect. The object was quite sufficient to show that crime was here held in detestation, and duly punished. It would have come to the same thing if the stranger had lighted on a huge poor-house, or been let down from a balloon into the midst of a St Giles, or a Cowgate, or one of the Glasgow wynds. He might have argued in that case, 'I see that this is not only a civilised country, but a country where there is plenty of wealth for the winning. These wretched people are they whom wealth finds unsuitable for its works, and whom exquisite virtue repudiates. An excellent country for me!'

What can we say of it all? It is a system extremely favourable to clever people and good people—to those, in general, who have well-regulated minds—but deadly to all others. Continually from such a society there must be a shedding off of the inferior natures, down, and down, and down, to gnaw for a while at the feet of the prosperous and the worthy, but by and by to sink under some of the malignant physical influences to which they are exposed, and thus cease to be a trouble or a burthen. In a less advanced state of things, these people would have passed off tolerably among the rest, and lived all their days. In the mysterious arrangements of Providence, good has been their evil. Wealth has doomed them to poverty—virtue has plunged them deeper into vice. Their very harshness of manners is partly owing to there being nice gentlemen ready to die of a rose in aromatic pain. Such being the case, can there be a doubt of its being only more decidedly imposed upon us as a duty, to contend with every opposing influence, our own feelings included, in endeavouring to raise up, succour, and, as far as possible, improve and redeem, those who, from the less suitable constitution of their natures, are to be ranked as the victims of society?

#### THE DARK CHAMBER.

Not very long ago there dwelt at Brookdale, a sunny spot of Warwickshire, one of the prettiest, merriest maidens, Phoebe Morris by name, that ever danced upon a green sward, or broke the susceptible hearts of a quiet pastoral and agricultural village. The neatest, smartest, handiest dairymaid in the county, she nevertheless created at times such dire confusion, heartburnings, and jealousies amongst the somewhat numerous operatives on the farm, that Farmer Gadsby would frequently threaten to discharge her if she did not leave off playing the mischief with his young men. To all which good-humoured oburgation Phoebe would demurely reply, 'That it was no fault of hers: goodness knows, she gave the "jackanapes" no encouragement, and should be heartily glad to be rid of the whole pack of them!' Honest Farmer Gadsby, a man of peace, though wearing buttons, seldom pursued the colloquy much further; consoling himself as he walked off with a quiet reflection that had been framed and glazed in his family for

several generations, to the effect—I am not able to quote the precise words—'That a maiden is a riddle, the true solution of which is seldom discovered till after marriage.' Phoebe, moreover, from being an orphan, 'who had seen better days'—that indefeasible claim to forbearance and consideration with all unsophisticated people—was a privileged person both with the farmer and his dame; and it was therefore with no little satisfaction, both as regarded the peace of the farmstead, and the comfortable settlement in life of the light-hearted, well-meaning, though somewhat skittish maiden, that the worthy couple observed after a time symptoms of a serious intimacy growing up between her and William Bayfield, the steady, thriving master wheelwright of Brookdale. Young Bayfield was quite a catch, as regarded circumstances, for a dairymaid, however smart and well-featured; and innumerable—in a village sense—were the exclamations of contempt and wonder indulged in by maids and matrons of the small-farmer and shopkeeper class at the *mésalliance* of a prosperous tradesman with a mere milkmaid. Little recked, however, it soon became manifest, the object of these ill-natured strictures of the displeasure of his critics; and so spirited and successful was the wooing, that the banns between William Bayfield, bachelor, and Phoebe Morris, spinster, were published within one little month of the day which witnessed the first appearance of the enamoured wheelwright in the list of Phoebe's miscellaneous admirers: converting into certainty the apprehensions suggested, by the arrival at William Bayfield's dwelling, the very day before, of an eight-day clock, a mahogany chest of drawers, a gilt pier glass, and a carpet—positively a Brussels carpet! The spinsterhood of Brookdale had no patience—how could they have?—with such airs, and indignantly wished it might last, that was all!

Alas, it soon became extremely doubtful whether the modest housekeeping so sharply criticised would ever commence! The rustic incense so long and profusely offered to the pretty Phoebe had not, it may be easily imagined, tended to diminish the stock of vanity with which the merry maiden was naturally endowed. She was unfortunately far too fond of exhibiting the power which she possessed, or fancied she did, over her humble admirers. The true affection which she felt towards her affianced husband did not suffice to shield him from her coquettish, irritating arts; and just three days previous to the expected wedding, a violent quarrel between the lovers, threatening to end in a total rupture of the proposed alliance, had taken place. The cause of quarrel will be best understood by the dialogue which took place between them on the following afternoon. Bayfield, who had not slept a wink all night, nor been able to settle himself to anything during the morning, had sent a message through kind Dame Gadsby, that he wished to speak to Phoebe, and was waiting for her by the chestnut-trees. Phoebe had herself been in trouble all day, fearing she had carried matters too far; but this message at once reassured her, and she determined, foolish wench, to make no concession whatever to the wounded pride and self-esteem of her lover.

'Well, Mr Bayfield,' said she, approaching him after a purposely protracted delay, 'what have you to say to me? I understood you had resolved never to speak to me again!'

'Well, Phoebe, I *did* say so, and meant it too at the time; but you well knew I was too much in love to be able to keep my word.' Phoebe laughed. 'Come now, let us be friends again: there's a good girl.'

'Oh, I daresay; and so give you leave to show off your jealous airs again with impunity? No indeed!'

'Nay, Phoebe, it was partly, at all events, your own fault. You tried me sadly: but come, let bygones be bygones. As to young Gaythorpe, of course he thinks nothing of you; so that—'

'Don't be too sure of that, Mr Bayfield,' interrupted Phoebe, tossing her head, and pouting her pretty lip. 'Edward Gaythorpe has eyes in his head, I suppose, as well as other folk.'



garet Davies—so was the angry lady named—dismissed the subject; and Phoebe found herself shortly afterwards jogging sorrowfully, yet hopefully, homewards in Farmer Gadsby's taxed cart, much musing on the possible events of the morrow. Margaret Davies, I should mention, had nursed Miss Phoebe, as she persisted in calling her, in those 'better days' to which I have alluded, and thence doubtless arose her sympathy with the afflicted fair one.

The sergeant had walked a long distance that day, and feeling more than ordinarily tired, regretted, as he undressed himself in the double-bedded room he had bespoken for himself and his recruit, that he had not desired Boots to call him. 'Never mind,' thought he, 'I shall be sure to wake by ten o'clock, and that will be quite early enough.' So thinking, he tumbled into bed, and slept without rocking.

The next morning William Bayfield was brought before a bench of magistrates, and Mr Gaythorpe, junior, being in attendance, the charge against him was proceeded with; and it was soon apparent that if no other evidence than that of the unwilling prosecutor could be obtained, nothing but a common assault, arising out of chance medley, would be substantiated. The name of Mr Crump was bawled out with immense emphasis, both inside and outside the hall of justice, by the bustling town-sergeant; but much to the astonishment of those familiar with the precise habits and punctilious attention to orders of that rigid soldier, no Crump answered to the summons. The zealous functionary was directed to proceed to the Falcon in quest of the missing witness; and after about a quarter of an hour's absence, he returned with the tidings that 'No. 24, Sergeant Crump and another,' had left the Falcon at daybreak, and had not been since seen or heard of. This intelligence the town-sergeant had received from the respectable landlady's own lips. The attorney employed to defend Bayfield urged an immediate adjudication upon the evidence already heard as a matter of right; but the magistrates finally determined upon waiting for Crump till four o'clock in the afternoon, the usual hour for closing the office; when, if no additional evidence appeared, they would decide the case.

Poor Phoebe's heart sank within her. Still her friend the chambermaid had spoken so confidently of 'all day,' that after a minute or two she rallied amazingly, and bestowed such a shower of gracious and encouraging smiles upon the penitent prisoner, as would, if, as those story-telling poets tell us, imagination possessed wings, have raised him from the dock up to the seventh heaven. As it was, his mortal part—whatever flights the ethereal essence indulged in—remained in durance vile, tremblingly apprehensive of the arrival of Crump.

And where was that dexterous snapper-up of youthful heroism all this anxious while? Alas! himself could scarcely have answered the question.

Sergeant Crump, as I have before mentioned, feeling unusually fatigued, was soon in a state of the profoundest slumber. Not less intense was the drowsiness of the jolter-headed recruit, who snored in the adjoining truckle-bed, and whose natural heavy-headedness had been considerably increased by copious draughts of malt liquor. Long and sweetly did they slumber; till at last the sergeant, after a few preliminary twists and turns, started hastily up in his bed, impressed with a strong conviction that he had sadly overslept himself, and forthwith began rubbing his eyes. This he did partly from habit, and partly to rub out the darkness which still—fully awake as he deemed himself—seemed strangely to encase them. 'Very odd,' growled Sergeant Crump: 'it is dark! Well, if I couldn't have sworn I had slept twelve hours at least!' Sergeant Crump was quite right; it was dark, one of the darkest nights, especially for summer-time of year, as it then was, either he or any other gentleman had perhaps ever experienced. Mr Crump tried to remember if there was a moon, or at what time that luminary went down, or rose up, but could not for the life of him de-

termine: his last and present night's experience suggesting such totally different conclusions. 'I cannot have been in bed anything like the time I supposed,' he soliloquised. 'It must be so; but it's very odd.' Digging, the recruit, was snoring away as vigorously as if he had only just begun the exercise; and the sergeant, convinced at last that, contrary to his usual habit, he had awoke before his time, again addressed himself to sleep. By dint of perseverance he managed to doze off again, and had remained in a state of semi-somnolency for perhaps three or four hours, when he again bolted upright in his bed, thoroughly wide awake and thoroughly bewildered! It was still as dark as before; and a horrible surmise crossed Mr Crump's mind, that possibly the mechanism of the universe had somehow got out of order, and that the sun might consequently never again rise upon a benighted world!

The fact was, No. 24, 'Soldiers' Rooms,' to which, wilfully misunderstanding the landlady's directions, the sympathising chambermaid had directed the under-bedmaker to convey the sergeant and his man, was an inner apartment in a distant part of the rambling old inn, the windows of which, as well as those of the rooms surrounding it, had been closed up, to mitigate the pressure of the window-tax, and was of course nothing more than a large roomy dark closet, to which even air obtained access only through the chimney. The sole window left was at the top of a wooden partition dividing the sergeant's room from the next, and had in its time done duty as a 'borrowed light;' but inasmuch as the adjoining rooms were also hermetically sealed from the glare of day, was now at best but a borrowed 'darkness.' These rooms were usually reserved for soldiers of marching regiments occasionally billeted on the Falcon; a compelled entertainment, by the way, which is seldom of a very superior character. The reader will now be able to comprehend the cause both of Phoebe Morris's nervous anxiety and of the sergeant's perplexity.

He was indeed perplexed in the extreme. At last, jumping angrily out of bed, he groped his way, after several mishaps in which both feet and shins suffered abominably, to the door, the key of which he remembered to have left in the lock. In his haste to find and grasp it, he struck it unawares, and out it flew from its shallow, ill-fitting receptacle to the floor; and all Mr Crump's efforts to find it were unavailing. Had he been able to open the door, he would not have been much the better of it, as it merely led into another dark room, the outer key of which, for fear of accidents, provident Margaret Davies had taken care to secure. The sergeant next bethought him of the window: there must be, he argued, a window; and by means of a tentative process round the walls with his cane, he at last managed to discover its whereabouts. The outside shutter was, he conjectured, closed; but how to reach it? Rousing the recruit, who by this time had pretty well slept off the effect of his previous evening's potations, he proposed to mount upon that worthy's shoulders. This was agreed to, and with some difficulty accomplished; but the sergeant, even on that ticklish eminence, could scarcely reach above the bottom of the narrow casement; and the fastenings were, he concluded, considerably higher up. In order to obtain the necessary altitude, Diggins drew his truckle-bedstead—a narrow fold-up affair, steady enough when a person was lying on it, but miserably unfit as a base for a man to stand upon, especially with another mounted on his shoulders—close to the wall; and after several unsuccessful efforts, the sergeant at last stood once more upon Diggins's shoulders, and was enabled to grope gingerly over the surface of the casement in search of shutter bolts, of course without success. In his wrathful energy, Crump, for a moment oblivious of the precarious nature of the base upon which he was operating, pushed angrily at the window-frame, and at once over-set the equilibrium which Diggins had till that moment with so much difficulty maintained. The folding bed-





of grinding flints, is obtained from Reigate, Lynn, and the Isle of Wight. When mixed together ready for melting, the compound is technically known as 'batch;' and when melted, as 'metal.' Greater opacity or brightness and differences of colour are obtained by variations and additions of oxides, alkalies, and metals before the batch is transferred to the melting-pots. The making of these pots is a material part of the process; unless constructed of the best kind of fire-clay, they will neither bear the intense heat of the furnace, nor the pressure of the eighteen hundredweight of molten glass which they severally contain: a large pot will cost £10. The pots are dome-shaped, with a lateral aperture; there are ten of them to a furnace, each one placed opposite an opening in the wall, through which the workman takes out the melted material, which requires from fifty to sixty hours of the intensest heat before it is fit for working. As fast as the articles are made they are conveyed away to the annealing oven; on leaving which after the cooling process, which lasts from six to sixty hours, they are in most instances ready for sale. Before the repeal of the late vexatious Excise laws on glass, manufacturers were exposed to a most irritating and injurious supervision: the wonder is, that they ever submitted to it.

The tools used in glass-making are very few; two kinds of nippers (*pucellas*),\* a pair of shears, an iron tube and rod (*pontil*), and a battledore-shaped instrument. More depends on the tact and dexterity of the workman than on anything else; he must have a quick eye and ready invention, as he has to deal with an article which rapidly loses its pliant qualities, and becomes intractable, and which is imperfect in appearance the more it is touched with tools. To describe the making of a wine-glass would convey a tolerable idea of the facts and circumstances. First, a ball of 'metal' is gathered at the end of the blowing-tube, the workman blows it slightly, and rolls it, without separating it from the tube, rapidly backwards and forwards on an iron table (*marver*), which gives it an elongated oval form. The free end is flattened by a touch of the battledore, and receives a small lump of hot glass, out of which the stem is shaped with the nippers, while the workman rotates the article rapidly by means of the tube laid across the arms of his chair. Presently the stem is finished, a small globe of metal is attached to its outer end, and by dint of further rotating and compression, is formed into the base or foot of the glass. The blowing-tube is then detached; the lower side of the foot is affixed temporarily to the pontil by which the article is presented to the furnace hole to be rewarmed and softened, and while in this state, the edge or rim of the cup of the glass is clipped round with the shears, and the article receives a final twist or 'flash' from the hands of the workman, which produces the required form. The making of a number of wine-glasses perfectly alike in all respects, and free from tool-marks, involves a high degree of skill and dexterity on the part of the manipulator.

Glasses of a gradually-tapering form, and ale-glasses, are made of two pieces only: the simplest of all articles in the manufacture is a tumbler, but it needs a good quality of metal. The ribs seen on light, cheap tumblers are marks made by the rolling on the *marver* in the first stage of their blowing. These are not taken out, as is the case with better goods, neither are the edges clipped.

Chemical retorts require peculiar manipulation to keep the neck from collapsing at the bend. They are blown and swung about at the end of the blowing-tube, until the lengthened gourd-like form is nearly produced; and then, while yet soft, are made to bend over a bar by their own weight, which gives the neck a direction at an angle with the bulb. The blowing of

large lamp-shades of graceful outline and lily-like chimney is also a nice process. The *modus operandi*, it must be remembered, is generally the same as that described for the wine-glass; and to one uninitiated, the apparent ease with which the accuracy of form is obtained becomes perfectly marvellous. The rounded projecting ribs, called moulded Roman pillars, which impart so elegant an appearance to glass vases, are produced by pressure. The metal collected at the end of the tube is pressed into a mould; and the workman, by blowing into it, forces the molten glass into the hollows of the mould; while, by a precaution, the interior surface remains smooth and even. The invention of this process was supposed to be altogether new; but late researches prove it to have been known to the Romans.

As Mr Pellatt observes—'The ductility of flint-glass is strikingly exhibited in the process of cane or tube-drawing, which is extremely simple, and depends so much upon tact and adroitness, that it is a matter of surprise how an approximation to uniformity of size and bore can be attained. A solid ball being gathered on the end of the blower's iron, if for hollow tube, is expanded by blowing; but if for cane, blowing is not requisite: when partially cooled, it forms a nucleus for one or more other gatherings, until the requisite quantity is obtained. Where flat bore tube is required for thermometers, the first ball is flattened by an iron or wood battledore on the *marver* prior to the subsequent gatherings; this insures a flat bore, although the exterior of the tube is round. The ball is then elongated by swinging, and the farther end of it is chilled by dipping it into cold water. A workman, then, having prepared a disk of hot glass, called a "post," places it vertically as near the ground as possible, to receive the ball from the chief workman, who ascends his chair, or an elevation, so that the hot glass may by its gravity be dropped upon the post below, to which it adheres by partial welding. The chief workman then descends, and the drawing begins—each workman constantly receding from the other: at first the suspended glass between the two rods assumes (at a red heat) the form of a parabola; but as the tension proceeds, the workmen are continually rotating. Some parts are cooled by fanning with the hat of an attendant boy, to insure uniform elongation, till the cane or tube is drawn to a length sometimes of from sixty to seventy feet: as the metal cools, the tube ceases to rotate, and it assumes, by continued tension, nearly a straight line: except at the extreme ends, it is nearly of one uniform bore, diameter, and substance; and whatever may be the diameter of the tube, the bore and substance will always bear an exact relative ratio to each other. Lastly, it is deposited on the wood round of a ladder, and requisite lengths are whetted off by the cold iron, or by a steel file.' In the mode above described, the forty-foot tube for the Royal Society's water barometer was made: it is erected in the hall of the society at Somerset House, and is, we believe, the only instrument of the kind in Europe.

Canes of various colours, when thus drawn, are used in the production of what is called 'fligree glass;' a branch of manufacture in which the Venetians excelled, and which of late years has been successfully prosecuted in Bohemia and France. In making a vase of this sort, different coloured canes of the required length are selected, and placed upright round the inner surface of a mould resembling a flower-pot. A lump of metal gathered on the end of the rod is then pressed into the mould, and the heat is such that the surrounding canes adhere firmly to it. This, when reheated, may be drawn out into any form with longitudinal coloured stripes. These stripes may be made to assume a spiral direction by holding an end of the article firmly with one hand, while the other gives a twist to the right or left. With a slight change in the preliminary process, hollow articles, vases and goblets, may be obtained; and many pleasing effects brought out by apparently simple means. The '*vitro di trino*,' as it is termed,

\* It is curious to note the adoption and transformation of foreign names for implements: the *pucellas* and *pontil* of the British workman are the *procello* and *pinto* of the Venetian.



On the third night of the month the dervishes pitch their camp and commence their performances, which continue until the twelfth night. By day there is nothing remarkable to be witnessed save the antics of one or two buffoons, by whom the idle crowd is amused. A little old black woman seemed the most popular of these. She carried about with her a huge club wrapped up in many-coloured rags, with which she went through a variety of manoeuvres, considered infinitely comic, if one might judge by the grins they excited, but not at all pleasing to a European eye. A very raw Englishman from Shephard's Hotel, with whom I walked one day, muttered something about the propriety of giving her in charge!

A little after sunset on the third or fourth night I went with a party to see what was to be seen. As soon as we entered the *Esbekiyeh* from the north, we heard a confused hum of human voices coming from the camp, and saw, flashing through and over the summits of the trees numerous clusters of bright lights. On reaching the western avenue, the first object that presented itself was the *kayim*, or row of four tall masts kept steady by numerous long ropes stretching from their summits to a great distance on both sides. These were covered with lamps disposed in ornamental order, each cluster being hung up by some pious person in honour of the Prophet, as in Roman Catholic countries tapers are burned in honour of saints. As we drew near, a burst of musical instruments to our right announced the approach of a body of dervishes from Boulac. They came hurrying with torches and strings of lamps hung upon poles through the city-gates, and proceeded to occupy their tent, not far distant from the *kayim*.

There were two long rows of tents, some very large, and all open to the public gaze, stretching on either side of the road. Some were very brilliantly adorned with wooden chandeliers; in others a circle of dervishes went through their devotions in the dim light of one or two oil lamps. The most attractive were at the southern extremity, near the mosque of Sheik Bakri. It is difficult to convey an impression of the feelings produced by a walk through this extraordinary camp. The very fact of the ceremonies being performed by night, is calculated to fill the mind with a kind of awe; not at all likely to be diminished by the knowledge that if fanaticism exists anywhere in Egypt, it must be concentrated upon that spot. The rows of black tents, the gleams of light here, the sombre shadows there, the streams of people moving to and fro, the heavy masses of foliage, the dim tapering minarets of neighbouring mosques, the drumming and shouting of distant *ashûrahs*, or processions of dervishes, but, above all, the unearthly sounds proceeding from the performers themselves, all unite to stimulate curiosity and kindle the imagination.

Let us pause before one of the principal tents about the centre of the right-hand row. It is spacious, but sparingly lighted. A number of men in ordinary costume sit in a circle, whilst a respectable-looking individual stands in the centre. He begins to chant in a low measured tone the praises of God; and the dervishes having listened a few moments in silence, become acted upon at length by the commencement of an extraordinary excitement. In the first place, they turn their heads round and round very slowly, repeating the first syllable of the name of God as they look to the right, and the second syllable as they look to the left—'Al—lah!' By degrees, as the singer becomes more eager, they grow more impassioned, and soon every head rolls with frightful rapidity. At length all start to their feet; and, still repeating the name of God, turn from right to left, and left to right with increasing vehemence. Their faces show signs of great excitement, and even of delirium. Some of them drop off their turbans, and frantically

shake their shaven crowns, their eyes being half closed, their mouths foaming, every feature contracted. Occasionally a man fell down in a fit, but his place was immediately supplied; and on went this extraordinary prayer—the motion now having become a forward inclination, during which the word 'Allah' was pronounced at one jerk, as if it had been pumped up from the very bottom of the stomach. It is impossible to describe the extraordinary sound produced by thirty or forty men keeping exact time. I can only compare it to the growl of some enormous wild animal.

I had not patience to wait from the beginning to the end of a *zikir*, as these performances are called; but I saw them during my walks in all their various stages. Towards the end, the ranks seemed often thinned, especially late at night; and the performers, pale, and running with perspiration, seemed scarcely able to prevent their knees from giving way, though still gasping out, however, in accents that had no resemblance to anything human, the name of God.

On one occasion I saw a woman come forward from among the crowd, and without seeming to attract any notice, stand behind the dervishes, and perform a grave and solemn dance. Occasionally she uttered a snatch of some song; not the same as that sung by the leader of the *zikir*, but to the same air, and harmonising well with the scene. It may be worth while to mention, as my experience is opposed to the opinion of most travellers, that I have more than once seen women pray in Egypt, with all the formalities of prostration and genuflection. They seem to prefer doing so, when alone, on the banks of the Nile, on the seashore, or near some well. This accounts for their being seldom seen. A large class of Mohammedans consider that women have no business to pray.

The principal seat of the camp was at the southern extreme of the left-hand line. It was fitted up very handsomely with carpets and cushions, and brilliantly lighted up. All the dervishes in it were respectably dressed, and wore turbans, green and white, whereas elsewhere there was always a large mixture of *tarbooshes* and gray-pointed caps. The performances, however, were in all respects the same, except that, perhaps from greater practice or greater moderation, the excitement seemed never carried to so high a pitch as in some of the other tents. After every *mejlis*, or sitting, coffee and pipes were handed round.

From the camp we proceeded one night into the bazaars in the neighbourhood of the mosque of Sheik Bakri, which we found to be all lighted up, and crowded with people. The shops were open, and full of wares, especially cakes, and dried fruits, and sweetmeats of all kinds. Of course every coffee-house was crowded, and many extempore places of refreshment had sprung up. In one might be heard a story-teller, in another a singer; sometimes men, disguised as women, performed dances suited to Eastern tastes. There seemed a good deal of merriment going forward; and the men who came with grave faces and knitted brows from witnessing the performance of a *zikir*, were soon grinning like true overgrown children. To a very late hour of the night the illumination and throng continued in this quarter; and in all the principal streets processions of dervishes occasionally passed, moving slowly along with great noise of drums and great flashing of lights, and cries and shouts, and every sign of joy and excitement.

The most remarkable sight to be witnessed during the Festival of the Prophet is, without doubt, what is called the *dôsh*, or ceremony of trampling. It takes place by day, and attracts an immense concourse of people. The *dôsh* is one of those numerous customs peculiar to Egypt, or rather to Cairo, which have been engrained on the genuine Mohammedan practices. Whether they are of modern growth, or relics of some previous superstition, is difficult to determine. The ceremony I allude to is, on a smaller scale, not unlike in character to the progress of the car of Juggernaut; for it consists in a certain number of fanatics lying down upon the ground, closely packed, side by side, so as to form a path, along







ment was reopened, and Rossini, by the production of 'Tancredi' at Venice, began the bright part of his career. Previously, Italian music was in England little more than a fashion. It was Rossini more than any other composer who first created that vivid and widely-spread relish for it which has now taken a firm hold of even the middle classes. 'Tancredi,' the 'Barber of Seville,' 'Semiramide,' 'Gazza Ladra,' 'Cenerentola,' and the other operas of this master, were successively reproduced in London and Paris, and held undisputed possession of the Italian theatres of these cities until 1832, when Bellini divided public attention in the 'Pirater.' Both these composers visited London, their persons and manners being as different as their styles in music. Rossini is strong, lusty, and corpulent, and was made such a lion of by George IV. and the principal nobility, that Theodore Hook, in one of his novels, talked sneeringly of 'a great personage, such as Signor Rossini or the Emperor of all the Russias.' Bellini, whom the writer of this article frequently met during his visit to London in 1833, was quite different: he was slim, pale, and genteel, with very modest manners and a soft voice. We recollect that he was on one occasion dreadfully puzzled in an attempt to understand the British constitution, while we endeavoured to explain the functions of each part of the machinery. This will not appear surprising when we see what a sad business foreign dramatists and novelists make of Lords and Commons. Even M. Scribe, with all his historical reading, makes a peer and ousted cabinet minister enter into a dark intrigue to become lord mayor of London! On the death of Bellini, Donizelli continued his prolific career with a series of operas, less exquisitely beautiful, but much more varied in character, than those of Bellini; and on his mental derangement occurring a couple of years ago, Verdi remained the only effective living composer of the Italian school, Rossini having produced no great original opera for twenty years.

The Italian Opera of Paris might be said to have the same company as the Queen's Theatre; for, beginning their season in Paris in October, it was terminated in holy week, so as to make the high season of London comprise the months of April, May, June, July, and the half of August. The opening of the Covent Garden Italian Opera effected a great change in this system; the hard work of rehearsal was all done in Paris, and the singers in London had an easy time of it, in merely repeating the lessons already learned; but through the energy, perseverance, and talents of Signor Michael Costa and Mr Balfé, the rehearsals in London are now as laborious as in Paris, and as independent of mere imitation; while, by the translation of the best works of Meyerbeer and Auber, the repertory of the Italian Operas of London has a richness and variety of character unknown to the native Italian stage.

The first-class Opera singers are generally a quiet, gentlemanly, and well-behaved class of men, utter strangers to those dissipations that used sometimes to incapacitate our Cookes, Reeves, and Keans from performing: they usually reside in Regent Street, the Quadrant, or St James's Street, and some of them are much attached to London, while others have the affectation of saying that there is no existence out of Italy. One of these said to a well-known buffo that London was quite an exile; to which he answered, 'Yes, and a very agreeable exile too.' The actual salaries in London are not much larger than those of Naples or Milan; but the concerts produce a large sum, the income derived from singing a few songs at two or three concerts being sometimes, with much less labour, more than the salary of an Opera night. Italian singers may thus realise a large fortune in a few years; and Donizelli and many others are extensive landed proprietors in Italy. The greatest prima donna of our age, however, had the misfortune to see her large accumulated wealth dissipated in a few years by a gambling husband. In no profession is it more true that

hay must be made while the sun shines. A well-known tenor was accustomed to make his two thousand pounds for many seasons during the London summer, till his voice fell off, and other favourites obtained the public ear. Unwilling to quit London, he remained at a salary of £800 for the sake of the concerts; soon he fell to £300; and at last begged the manager to allow him to sing for nothing, that he might the more readily obtain pupils, and was refused!

So much for Italian music, of which we make so large an annual importation and consumption. It must be confessed that the balance of trade is terribly against us; for Mr Balfé is the only English composer whose productions have stood the voyage across the Channel. Him, however, we may congratulate on the signal success that has attended the production of his operas over all the continent of Europe.

#### CALIFORNIA—COMING DISAPPOINTMENTS.

UNLESS all experience is vain, and something like a miracle should take place, we must quickly hear of miserable disappointment and great disasters in California.

We argue thus from the history of all former gold-diggings where the circumstances were similar. The gold hitherto found in the valley of the Sacramento and neighbouring regions is, as is well known, mixed with the alluvial matter of the country, along with which it has been brought down in the course of time from the mountains, the lighter particles, as usual, travelling farthest. In all cases hitherto, such deposits of gold have never lasted long in their pristine abundance. After the first and best harvest has been reaped, the washings become comparatively unproductive, and soon they cease to remunerate the labour expended on them. After that, there is no chance of gold but by excavating it from its native seat in the mountains, where, however, its amount is so uncertain in proportion to the labour, that even in South America proverbial wisdom treats gold-digging as a bad business.

What, however, gives us most reason to fear for the upshot of this Californian crusade, is our knowledge of the dangers and difficulties of the way, and of the state of the country itself.\* To reach the sickly valley of the Sacramento, and the still more unwholesome narrow ravines running into it, a voyage or journey of incredible fatigue and peril must be surmounted, whether by the long northern land journey, or by the sea and land passage by the Isthmus of Darien. The sea voyage round Cape Horn for ill-provided emigrants in a crowded transport infers an amount of human suffering which may be left to the imagination of the reader.

The adventurer who chooses the first and most direct route will have first to travel from a thousand to fifteen hundred miles across the United States: here a well-lined purse will overcome all difficulties. Then commences a second journey of fifteen hundred miles through a wild country, without roads, or inns, or inhabitants—almost destitute even of water. The traveller ought of course to be provided with every necessary for the whole way at setting off; but such an outlay must far exceed the means of many who will only make the discovery too late to retreat. They will be induced to attempt the journey without due provision for their subsistence or safety, and their bones will be left to whiten the prairie. The toils and dangers of their more opulent companions, well provided as they may be, will be excessive. The bitter piercing cold of the night, as the fierce wind sweeps over the boundless plains, penetrates to the very bones. The noontide fervour of the sun is an opposite, but not less serious evil, under which human strength sinks and dies. As the heat hourly increases, the breeze languishes, and the saline vapours arising from

\* The present paper is the production of a gentleman who is personally conversant with the countries he refers to.—Ed.





impoverished funds, to enable him to proceed into the gold districts. None but the wealthy can afford the price of a mule or horse, if they are procurable even for money. The commonest necessities of life are 400 or 500 per cent. dearer than in the countries he has left, and the poor adventurer will soon discover that his only means of subsistence, at least for a time, is by servitude, until he can amass sufficient resources to enable him to venture on the journey into the interior. The report of wages of a dollar an hour, or even two hours, to a porter sounds promising; but when boarding at the humblest table, with only water to drink, costs now one pound per day, and lodging and washing are paid in proportion, at the end of the week there will be found only a moderate residue from such earnings. The place has now also become the resort of desperate characters from the ports of South America, and the wildest adventurers from the cities of the United States. The unsettled wanderers of Texas, and deserters from the army, with runaway seamen from the South-Sea whalers, and the idle profligates abounding in the islands of the Pacific, compose the mass of the population, without law, religion, or morality. The accounts of rapine and murder from the district are what might be expected in such a society. Fourteen detected murders are stated to have taken place at the diggings shortly previous to the writing of a letter conveying the intelligence.

While this evil has been gradually gaining ground, the first vague reports of the immense discoveries of gold remain unconfirmed by proportionate importations of the precious metal either into the United States or into Europe. In reality, the value of the gold hitherto announced to have been received scarcely indicates a gold region of more than ordinary richness, if it even attains to that standard, the whole sum not amounting to the eighth part of the produce of the mines in the Ural Mountains in the same time. The whole history of this marvellous land of treasure seems now to be resolving itself into a land-jobbing speculation of some go-a-head Yankees to attract population to their waste allotments. This view of the case becomes more probable on recollecting that this is not a new-discovered country. The Spaniards, always most diligent in their mineralogical researches, possessed it, and had missions near San Francisco, and consequently not far from the valley of the Sacramento, administered by men of skill and ability, who almost to a certainty must have seen, or had some intelligence of, this store of wealth, if it existed in such abundance. The Indians, also, of all the tribes, are well aware that gold is the most valuable article that they can bring when coming to traffic with civilised men, as they have long been in the habit of doing; accordingly they bring some gold, occasionally in large pieces: but if a land so prolific in this metal had been known to them, horse-loads instead of a few pounds would have been offered in barter at the stations. Not long since the Oregon territory was the attractive point of resort, and dreadful sufferings and loss of life were sustained by the hasty adventurers hurrying there to obtain the first choice of settlement in the anticipated paradise. Unfortunately, a great part of the favoured land proved on trial to be uninhabitable, and most of the remainder appeared only a poor ungrateful soil for cultivation. It is much to be feared that many now blindly hastening to enrich themselves in the gold regions will, if they survive the experiment, have to retreat as light as they came in search of some more fertile soil, where they may provide for their maintenance by the cultivation of a few yams or potatoes, as the climate may serve. With tolerable industry they may soon be surrounded with sufficient supplies of the necessities of life, if they have located themselves judiciously; but little beyond this is to be expected in a country where the wants of all the inhabitants are similar, and their means of supplying them equal. The golden dreams of regal wealth will in all probability be only realised in the form of a log-

house if trees are near, or a mud-hut on the mountain, with a plot of cultivated ground; where, instead of gathering gold by handfuls, the proprietor must devote some portion of his time and attention to the protection of his most valuable property, by scaring away birds and other granivorous enemies from his maize-field, and learning the art of making tortillas and atolle of the grain of the Mexicans, or mush and hominy from their United States neighbours.

#### THE LACE-MAKERS OF SAXONY.

WE have already given some details respecting the lace-makers of Ireland, and it may be curious, if not useful, to bestow a glance likewise upon their German sisters. The district of Erzeberg is situated amid the mountains of that name which separate Saxony from Austria, and its inhabitants are all of the industrial class, consisting chiefly of blacksmiths and lace-makers. The former artisan, though working constantly at his rude profession, is seldom able to lay by anything for his old age. Commencing in early youth, the ordinary results of his labour are blindness and deafness, which make his age useless; and so, leaving the anvil, he wanders with a beggar's wallet from door to door, until one day he entirely disappears, and is forgotten. This course is so common, that when a man is suddenly missing, and nothing more is heard of him, it is said 'he has gone like an old blacksmith.'

The lace-makers are a more interesting class, and are composed wholly of women and children. When they are thus employed, the management of the house is entirely given up to the men, whose duty it then is to cook and wash the linen for the family—the fine threads of the lace requiring the more skilful and delicate fingers of a woman. A good workwoman, in favourable times, working morning and night, was generally able to earn from 6d. to 7½d. a day; but during last year the most industrious among them could not gain more than from 1½d. to 3d., and many are now entirely without employment.

The three principal villages of the district, containing collectively nearly 7000 inhabitants, are built on the most barren part of the mountain, and all on the same plan: each house has but one floor, roofed with shingle. In consequence of the late distress, these villages now present the most wretched appearance. Bundles of straw fill up the holes in the broken windows, while the apertures the weather has made in the roof are unstopped, leaving a free ingress to the rain and snow. It is not an uncommon thing for three or four families to be crowded together in one small room, with perhaps no other bed than an armful of straw thrown on the bare earth, and rendered more suffocating in winter by the heavy smoke of the green branches with which the stove is fed. Each house is generally provided with a small piece of ground, which the men cultivate literally by 'the sweat of their brow,' although it yields nothing but potatoes, which, seasoned with salt, are the usual food of the lace-maker and her family. Bread and butter is a rare dainty with them, and many have never tasted meat in their lives. One of the luxurious dishes of these poor people is a baked potato-cake, soaked in a kind of syrup made of beet-root sugar. They drink what they call coffee three times a day; that is, a compound of chicory and particles of roasted beet-root—the former used in small quantities, as it is now too expensive for their small means. Added to the accidents of bad crops and low wages, they are cheated by rogues somewhat less poor than themselves. These are wandering pedlars, who, speculating on the necessities of the moment, roam from one village to another, lending small sums of money at usurious interest to the inhabitants, who, to relieve their embarrassments for the moment, are probably ruined entirely in the end.

Yet in this situation, miserable as it is, they have their compensations, preserving as they do a beautiful







ourselves, we better all that is above us. It is a grand thought for one who has hitherto considered himself as of no account in the sum-total of society, to know that his efforts, whether for good or for evil, react on the common weal. Here we have the first step upwards; a little fund to put out to interest; and good interest it brings—cent. per cent. at least. The power to see a purpose in life, a significance in our actions, is thus one of essential importance. We cannot, if we would, divest ourselves of the manifold and often secret ties by which humanity is bound together.

Let us now look for a moment at the ordinary position of the working-man. Early compelled by the primeval necessity to labour, he masters some art or operation; and after this his life goes on in a monotonous mechanical routine, involving but little incident, and varied in too many instances only by blame from his employer. And herein lies a cause of discontent; for we too often find that, although accident or error is visited with blame, the commendation due to well-meant effort is withheld. The money wage is made to take the place of the touch of nature, of the word of sympathy, oftentimes more highly esteemed than the golden fee. Masters, too, will be capricious; and not unfrequently the poor *employé* becomes the *pièce de résistance* of all his vexations and irritations. Such a liability tends naturally to diminish a man's self-respect, and aggravate the desponding feeling with which the handworker is apt to contemplate his prospects, and which I have felt more than once in all its bitterness: with nothing more than a small weekly income depending entirely on your own ability to earn it, your hold upon the world seems to be so feeble, so precarious. Such a feeling could not exist were proper means taken to lay up a sum in the savings' bank, or to purchase a small endowment. But how often did the thought overcloud my mind—let me be out of health for a month, and beggary awaits me: the apprehension was at times unnerving. You despair of ever obtaining a secure foothold, of getting your plank fairly across the stream, and are ready to sink into recklessness. I remember another source of annoyance—it was having to wait for payment on Saturday. Our custom was to have our tools put away, and benches swept down, &c. by six o'clock in the evening of that day, at which hour the master sometimes made his appearance with our wages; but frequently we were kept waiting till seven, eight, or nine o'clock, growing every moment more impatient and more angry, before the cash-bearer made his appearance. Thus we lost both time and temper, and were prevented from going to market until a late hour; the more provoking as, having fulfilled our week, we considered ourselves fairly entitled to prompt payment. I adduce these facts because they are such as are still common, and in the hope to convince masters that the humanising and elevating of their workmen involves a reciprocity of duties. Good may be done with but small means; every factory and workshop might become a centre of most beneficial influences, with but a small sacrifice of selfishness; and the combined action of so many effusive centres would produce an amount of good beyond present calculation.

The above, it may be said, is not a very flattering picture of a working-man's condition; but there is no question as to its truth; and I hope to show that even thus it is not devoid of compensations. A small income does not necessarily involve a corroding anxiety; we must learn rather to extract the best even from the worst of circumstances; and in doing this, we are not, as is sometimes feared, predestinating ourselves to the lowest level, but, on the contrary, best acquiring the ability to rise—

conquering one of the rudiments of self-reliance. The wealthy merchant or banker is obliged to exercise his thoughts and talent severely in order to administer his income profitably; and why should not the working-man be willing to devote a little thought to the same subject? First, a portion of the weekly earnings should be set apart for rent; a second for food, washing, clothes, and other household requisites; a third for schooling; and a fourth for the savings' bank. Now, as much wisdom comparatively may be shown in regulating this humble expenditure as in that of the richest financier. The greatest outlay will occur under the second of the above items, and will require most looking after; and here we have to conquer another instalment of self-reliance. Having sat down and calculated that we can keep house for so much, we must perseveringly adhere to this limit; no matter what the temptations to overstep it, we must show them the cold shoulder. It may be, and is, hard work to follow such a course; but

—'Fruit soon comes,  
And more than all our troubles pays us powers;  
So that we joy to have endured so much.'

The reward is certain; and oh how sweet! What a world of care and anxiety disappears as soon as a man, by diligence and thrift, has a small fund in the savings' bank! The snubbings and collisions encountered in daily avocation suddenly lose their asperity; self-confidence, with something to back it, not only gives a man a sense of self-respect, but renders him more valuable to his employer. At first the new-born energy is a source of astonishment: the novice wonders to find greater force and precision in the stroke of his mallet, and increased vigour in the bite of his saw.

This, which I would call a rudimentary compensation, yields an encouraging assurance; but there are others yet before us, and chief among them is the acquisition of knowledge. Books are so cheap in the present day, as to afford unlimited resources to all for the improvement of their minds; and it is a fact, that the more knowledge a man gets, all other things being equal, the better workman will he be. Mr Chadwick rates the value of a labourer at L.30; at how much more shall we estimate the worth of an intelligent artisan, who has not only added to his command of pleasures, but enlarged his resources against casualty! Manual dexterity, when directed by thoughtful intelligence, becomes a constant source of pleasure. Often, when wearied with work, I have found myself invigorated by watching, so to speak, the object on which I was engaged: how beautifully the hand obeyed the thought—how, from a rough mass of boards and planks, the sideboard or *secrétaire* grew up in harmonious proportions! I have often been struck with Channing's observations on this subject:—'It is,' he says, 'one of the beautiful ordinations of Providence, that to get a living, a man must be useful; and this usefulness ought to be an end in his labour as truly as to earn his living. He ought to think of the benefit of those he works for, as well as of his own; and in so doing—in desiring, amidst his sweat and toil, to serve others as well as himself, he is exercising and growing in benevolence, as truly as if he were distributing bounty with a large hand to the poor. Such a motive hallows and dignifies the commonest pursuit. . . . One would think that a carpenter or mason, on passing a house which he had reared, would say to himself, "This work of mine is giving comfort and enjoyment every day and hour to a family, and will continue to be a kindly shelter, a domestic gathering-place, an abode of affection, for a century or more after I sleep in the dust:" and ought not a generous satisfaction to spring up at the thought! It









have had access to the place but myself. I have never parted with the key.'

Mrs Bourdon was now called in. After interchanging a glance of intense agony, and, as it seemed to me, of affectionate intelligence with her son, she calmly answered the questions put to her. They were unimportant, except the last, and that acted upon her like a galvanic shock. It was this—'Did you ever struggle with your son on the landing leading to the bedroom of the deceased for the possession of this bottle?' and I held up that which we had found in the recess.

A slight scream escaped her lips; and then she stood rigid, erect, motionless, glaring alternately at me and at the fatal bottle with eyes that seemed starting from their sockets. I glanced towards the son; he was also affected in a terrible manner. His knees smote each other, and a clammy perspiration burst forth and settled upon his pallid forehead.

'Again I caution you,' iterated the magistrate, 'that you are not bound to answer any of these questions.'

The woman's lips moved. 'No—never!' she almost inaudibly gasped, and fell senseless on the floor.

As soon as she was removed, Jane Withers was called. She deposed that three days previously, as she was, just before dusk, arranging some linen in a room a few yards distant from the bedroom of her late mistress, she was surprised at hearing a noise just outside the door, as of persons struggling and speaking in low but earnest tones. She drew aside a corner of the muslin curtain of the window which looked upon the passage or corridor, and there saw Mrs Bourdon striving to wrest something from her son's hand. She heard Mrs Bourdon say, 'You shall not do it, or you shall not have it'—she could not be sure which. A noise of some sort seemed to alarm them: they ceased struggling, and listened attentively for a few seconds: then Alfred Bourdon stole off on tip-toe, leaving the object in dispute, which witness could not see distinctly, in his mother's hand. Mrs Bourdon continued to listen, and presently Miss Armitage, opening the door of her mother's chamber, called her by name. She immediately placed what was in her hand on the marble top of a side-table standing in the corridor, and hastened to Miss Armitage. Witness left the room she had been in a few minutes afterwards, and, curious to know what Mrs Bourdon and her son had been struggling for, went to the table to look at it. It was an oddly-shaped glass bottle, containing a good deal of a blackish-gray powder, which, as she held it up to the light, looked like black-lead!

'Would you be able to swear to the bottle if you saw it?'

'Certainly I should.'

'By what mark or token?'

'The name of Valpy or Vulpny was cast into it—that is, the name was in the glass itself.'

'Is this it?'

'It is: I swear most positively.'

A letter was also read which had been taken from Bourdon's pocket. It was much creased, and was proved to be in the handwriting of Mrs Armitage. It consisted of a severe rebuke at the young man's presumption in seeking to address himself to her daughter, which insolent ingratitude, the writer said, she should never, whilst she lived, either forget or forgive. This last sentence was strongly underlined in a different ink from that used by the writer of the letter.

The surgeon deposed to the cause of death. It had been brought on by the action of iodine, which, administered in certain quantities, produced symptoms as of rapid atrophy, such as had appeared in Mrs Armitage. The glass bottle found in the recess contained iodine in a pulverised state.

I deposed that, on entering the library on the previous evening, I overheard young Mr Bourdon, addressing his mother, say, 'Now that it is done past recall, I will not shrink from any consequences, be they what they may!'

This was the substance of the evidence adduced; and the magistrate at once committed Alfred Bourdon to Chelmsford jail, to take his trial at the next assize for 'wilful murder.' A coroner's inquisition a few days after also returned a verdict of 'wilful murder' against him on the same evidence.

About an hour after his committal, and just previous to the arrival of the vehicle which was to convey him to the county prison, Alfred Bourdon requested an interview with me. I very reluctantly consented; but steeled as I was against him, I could not avoid feeling dreadfully shocked at the change which so brief an interval had wrought upon him. It had done the work of years. Despair—black, utter despair—was written in every lineament of his expressive countenance.

'I have requested to see you,' said the unhappy culprit, 'rather than Dr Curteis, because he, I know, is bitterly prejudiced against me. But you will not refuse, I think, the solemn request of a dying man—for a dying man I feel myself to be—however long or short the interval which stands between me and the scaffold. It is not with a childish hope that any assertion of mine can avail before the tribunal of the law against the evidence adduced this day, that I, with all the solemnity befitting a man whose days are numbered, declare to you that I am wholly innocent of the crime laid to my charge. I have no such expectation; I seek only that you, in pity of my youth and untimely fate, should convey to her whom I have madly presumed to worship this message: "Alfred Bourdon was mad, but not blood-guilty; and of the crime laid to his charge he is innocent as an unborn child."'

'The pure and holy passion, young man,' said I, somewhat startled by his impressive manner, 'however presumptuous, as far as social considerations are concerned, it might be, by which you affect to be inspired, is utterly inconsistent with the cruel, dastardly crime of which such damning evidence has an hour since been given.'—

'Say no more, sir,' interrupted Bourdon, sinking back in his seat, and burying his face in his hands: 'it were a bootless errand; she *could* not, in the face of that evidence, believe my unsupported assertion! It were as well perhaps she did not. And yet, sir, it is hard to be trampled into a felon's grave, loaded with the maledictions of those whom you would coin your heart to serve and bless! Ah, sir,' he continued, whilst tears of agony streamed through his firmly-closed fingers, 'you cannot conceive the unutterable bitterness of the pang which rends the heart of him who feels that he is not only despised, but loathed, hated, execrated, by her whom his soul idolises! Mine was no boyish, transient passion: it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. My life has been but one long dream of her. All that my soul had drunk in of beauty in the visible earth and heavens—the light of setting suns—the radiance of the silver stars—the breath of summer flowers, together with all which we imagine of celestial purity and grace, seemed to me in her incarnated, concentrated, and combined! And now lost—lost—for ever lost!' The violence of his emotions choked his utterance; and deeply and painfully affected, I hastened from his presence.

Time sped as ever onwards, surely, silently; and justice, with her feet of lead, but hands of iron, closed gradually upon her quarry. Alfred Bourdon was arraigned before a jury of his countrymen, to answer finally to the accusation of wilful murder preferred against him.

The evidence, as given before the committing magistrate, and the coroner's inquisition, was repeated with some addition of passionate expressions used by the prisoner indicative of a desire to be avenged on the deceased. The cross-examination by the counsel for the defence was able, but failed to shake the case for the prosecution. His own admission, that no one but himself had access to the recess where the poison was found, told fatally against him. When called upon to address



How often is the wealthy epicure, even although

— 'Epicurean cooks  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce the appetite,'<sup>1</sup>

tempted to exclaim,

'Will Fortune never come with both hands full?  
She either gives a stomach, and no food—  
Such are the poor in health—or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich:  
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.'<sup>2</sup>

From the facetious Sir Toby Belch we may learn the benefit of early rising; for, says he,

'Not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *dileculo surgere saluberrimum est*, thou knowest.'<sup>3</sup>

Hear likewise the reward of active exertion, the industrious poor man's especial privilege:—

'Weariness can snore upon the flint, while resting aloth  
Finds the down pillow hard.'<sup>4</sup>

Rarely, indeed, are the indolent and luxurious

'As fast locked up in sleep as guiltless labour  
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.'<sup>5</sup>

Many a time and oft does the pampered invalid, as he tosses restlessly on his uneasy couch, cry out in the language of the dying monarch—

'Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sure labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast'—

— 'Sleep, gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?  
Oh thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,  
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rook his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, oh partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
And, in the calmest and most still night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it!—unto me?'<sup>6</sup>

That excessive exercise of the mind is injurious to the body, is constantly seen in the lean, pale, shrivelled aspect of hard students. Thus Cæsar says—

'Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Steak-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look—  
He thinks too much.'<sup>7</sup>

Compared with such medicine as healthful exercise, 'the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricotic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than horse-drench';<sup>8</sup> so that he who makes good use of it may well declare, 'I will make a lip at the physician,'<sup>9</sup> and is almost disposed to exclaim, with Macbeth—

'Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!'

'Out, loathed medicine; hated poison, hence!'<sup>10</sup>

For most of our slighter ailments we shall often find that

'The labour we delight in physics pain.'<sup>11</sup>

Beware, however, at all times of those pests of society—quacks:

— 'I say we must not  
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malady  
To empirics.'<sup>1</sup>

## SECOND VISIT TO THE ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM.

ON the return of Mrs Russell and her friends from the visit to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, which was described in a former number, they found Mr Gregor awaiting them, and overwhelmed him with exclamations of wonder and interest about the objects which had engaged their attention in that curious collection.

'I had no conception that they could have proved so attractive,' exclaimed Miss Gregor to her father. 'I am sure I have heard more than one of my companions speak of a visit to it with extreme indifference. I really believed there was nothing worth looking at, even after we had glanced round the Museum, until Uncle Lauder directed our attention to its contents. I do believe Mrs Russell and I might have returned home, had we been left to our own guidance, vowing we had seen nothing.'

Mr Gregor smiled as he replied: 'Do you remember a story I used to read to you long ago, in Dr Aikin's delightful "Evenings at Home," entitled *Eyes and no Eyes*; or the *Art of Seeing*. Two schoolboys return home from a holiday ramble. Robert has been to Broom-beath, round by the windmill on Camp-Mount, and home through the meadows by the river-side. He declares it to have been all very dull: he met nobody, and saw nothing. Meanwhile William arrives, and recounts the delightful walk he has had. Here a parasitic mistletoe tempted him to pause, there his attention was arrested by a woodpecker. Insects, the meadow flowers, the fine view, the meandering stream, the setting sun, all interested and delighted him. And where, think you, had he been walking!'

'I remember the story, I think,' said Miss Gregor, with a look of some confusion; 'but what has it to do with our visit to the Antiquarian Museum!'

'Much, my dear Jane,' replied her father. 'William's delightful ramble was found, on inquiry, to have led him over exactly the same route which had proved so dull to his indifferent companion; and your pleasant visit to the collection of antiquities to-day—thanks to Uncle Lauder's teaching you to use your eyes—was spent in inspecting exactly the same objects which your companions had pronounced so unattractive. Depend upon it, the question of *Eyes or no Eyes* enters far more largely than most people think into the proper use and the enjoyment of experience.'

'I feel,' said Mrs Russell smiling, 'that your remarks are not a whit less applicable to myself than to Jane. Mr Lauder has taught me a lesson which I shall not soon forget, for I was equally ready on my first visit to the antiquities of *Auld Reekie*, and to those of the New Town, to follow the example of Sterne's splenetic Smelfungus, who returned from the grand tour only to pronounce all barren. But I hope Mr Lauder has found us such willing pupils, that he will favour us with his able guidance to finish our survey of the Museum.' Mr Lauder assured his friends of the pleasure it would afford him to comply with their request, and they accordingly accompanied him a day or two afterwards to renew their inspection of that varied collection of antiquities.

'Our whole time,' said Mr Lauder, 'was taken up on our first visit in inspecting the objects belonging to what archæologists agree in styling the *Stone and Bronze Periods*. They include all those relics of a remote period which indicate to us the habits of the rude nomade tribes who first peopled the north of Europe, and form a depart-

<sup>1</sup> Antony and Cleopatra.

<sup>2</sup> Henry IV., Part 2d.

<sup>3</sup> Twelfth Night.

<sup>4</sup> Measure for Measure.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid.

<sup>6</sup> Macbeth and Henry IV.

<sup>7</sup> Julius Cæsar.

<sup>8</sup> Coriolanus.

<sup>9</sup> Ibid.

<sup>10</sup> Midsummer Night's Dream.

<sup>11</sup> Ibid.



posed to have belonged to her father James V. A variety of sculptured Gothic remains, and a richly-carved oak door, are the memorials of the private oratory of her mother, Mary of Guise; an ancient marble quagh, or Scottish drinking-cup, decorated with the crown and royal initials, is regarded as a memento of her son; a large and beautiful comb is affirmed to be that which arranged the long and graceful love-locks of her unfortunate grandson Charles I.; and, to close our enumeration of Stuart relics, the blue ribbon worn by Prince Charles in 1745, as part of the ensigns of the Order of the Garter, hangs amid the miscellaneous collection of another case.

'We have thus,' said Mr Lauder, after satisfying the interest and curiosity of his fair friends with anecdotes suggested by these romantic relics—'we have thus stepped, well-nigh at one bound, from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century: nor can we venture to retrace our steps. One case, indeed, entirely filled with mediæval ecclesiastical relics, awakens scarcely less interesting associations by its memorials of Robert the Bruce, of the good Bishop Kennedy, Mary of Lorraine, &c. The adjoining one is rich in equally valuable evidences of the civil arts of the same period. The next attracts by a miscellaneous, but scarcely less curious assortment—relics of Rob Roy, of Burns, and Scott; illustrations of Scottish manners and superstitions. Here, for example,' said Mr Lauder, 'is the collar of a Scottish slave of the eighteenth century.'

'A Scottish slave!' exclaimed Miss Gregor; 'was there ever such a thing, dear uncle?'

'Undoubtedly there was,' Mr Lauder replied; 'and here is a brass collar scarcely differing from that of your great watch-dog Jowler, which was worn by a Scottish slave only last century. You can read the inscription on it, engraved in large Roman characters—*"ALEX. STEWART, FOUND GUILTY OF DEATH, FOR THEFT, AT PERTH THE 5TH OF DECEMBER 1701, AND GIFTED BY THE JUSTICIARS as a PERPETUAL SERVANT TO SIR JOHN ARESKINE OF ALVA."*

'That is really a most remarkable modern relic,' said Mrs Russell. 'Do you know anything of the history of the unfortunate wretch who was doomed to wear this badge of slavery in a free country?'

'Nothing more,' replied Mr Lauder, 'than may be surmised from the circumstance of its discovery. It was dredged up in the Firth of Forth; and one can hardly avoid the conclusion that the unhappy culprit terminated his hopeless existence by a violent death. There is nothing, however, that an antiquary can do which involves so much danger of error and exposure as the giving the reins to his fancy. So let us proceed to employ our brief remaining time in seeing all that we can. We have arrived now, in our circuit of the Museum, nearly at the point from which we started, and here we are once more thrown back on remote antiquity. Here are antiquities of Mexico and Peru, constructed, in all probability, before the adventurous Columbus had found for Castile and Leon a new world; and alongside of them are the still older relics of Egyptian art, coeval, it may be, with the miraculous signs and wonders of Moses, and the exodus of Israel from the land of bondage. Among these are a variety of the beautiful little mummy-like figures usually styled *Penates*, one of the most remarkable of which is evidently designed as a representation of the god *Thoth*. Notwithstanding the grotesque form of the head, the beauty and grace of its form might stand comparison with a work of Greek art. But these, with the Egyptian rings, amulets, signets, bronzes, &c, must all be reserved for future study, if opportunity occurs.

'Let us now,' said Mr Lauder, 'take a hasty glance over the larger objects which stand exposed. Here is a valuable series of casts from the ancient Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, founded in Edinburgh, in 1462, by Mary of Guelders, the widowed queen of James II. of Scotland. Among them we discover the most grotesque caricatures of the monks; ludicrous, and, as

we would think, profane representations of imps, and devils, and monkeys, all of them most unseemly decorations for a church; sufficing pretty plainly to illustrate Scottish morals and manners in the middle of the fifteenth century. On the walls, again, are the old two-handed swords of the middle ages; Highland broadswords and targets, some of which have done service at Preston and Culloden. The long civic spear of old *Andro Hart*, the celebrated Edinburgh printer, famed not only for his Bibles, adorned with the quaint emblem of a *heart*, but also for his share in the famous tumult of 1596, when King James was put in such bodily terror, that he vowed in his wrath to level Edinburgh with the ground, and to make of it a hunting-field. We can almost fancy we see the sturdy old printer sallying forth, with his long spear and jack, and shouting "*Armour, armour!*" according to the fashion of the tumultuous old citizens of Edinburgh.'

A weapon of a very different description next attracted their attention. The world-famous stool of *Jenny Geddes*, with which she struck the initial stroke in the great civil war; hurling it at the dean of Edinburgh's head on his venturing for the first time to read the English liturgy in a Scottish church, with the pithy exclamation, '*Out, fause thief! wilt thou read mass at my lug!*'

Jenny's belligerent stool now reposes quietly within the time-worn pulpit of John Knox; while close by there stands in grim, but equally peaceful repose the ancient MAIDEN, the Scottish guillotine, by which so many brave and noble men have been done to the death. Popular tradition assigns its invention to the Regent Morton, and adds that he was the first to perish by its maiden axe. In this, however, tradition errs. Thomas Scott, one of the inferior accomplices in the murder of Rizzio, was the first whose death was accomplished by its means. Since then, the Regent Morton, the Marquis and Earl of Argyll, Sir George Gordon of Haddo, Johnston of Warriston, and a host of other victims, have perished by this seductively-titled, but dreadful engine of death, ere the happy Revolution consigned it to repose. A broad banner on the wall, inscribed, between the arms of the Scottish saltire, '*For Religion, Covenants, King, and Kingdom!*' is one of the standards borne by the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge. A back and breast-piece of rusty armour, recently dug up on the same field, forms an equally appropriate memento of the enemies of the Covenant. Nor must we forget a copy of the Covenant itself, exhibited in one of the cases, with the signature of Montrose, Rothes, Lauderdale, and many others adhibited to it, who afterwards bore little love either to it or its adherents; while the horrible instrument of torture, the THUMBKINS, is displayed in a neighbouring case.

'You are familiar, I daresay,' said Mr Lauder, while they were looking at the thumbkins, 'with the story told of King William and his shrewd Scottish adviser Carstairs. This person, who was a clergyman, and one of King William's chaplains, had undergone the cruel torture of the thumbkins rather than betray his master's confidence. After the Revolution, the magistrates of Edinburgh presented the instrument to Carstairs, as the fittest memorial of his fidelity and courageous endurance. King William, it is said, hearing of this, ordered the thumbkins to be produced; and placing his thumbs in the engine, desired Carstairs to turn the screw, telling him that he wished to judge of his fortitude by experiencing the pain which he endured. Carstairs obeyed; but turned the screws with such courtly tenderness, as best suited their application to royal thumbs. The king remarked, on its pinching him a little, that it was unpleasant, but could be endured. At length the divine, feeling a natural jealousy of his own reputation, gave the screw so sudden a wrench, that the king roared for mercy, and vowed, had he been subjected to such a trial, he would have confessed anything they chose to dictate to him.'

'Did the king ever forgive him,' said Miss Gregor, 'for forcing from him so cowardly a confession?'

'He was much too magnanimous,' replied Mr Lauder,



creature, and cost £500; and there are also some beautiful Ayrshire bulls. Choice animals of this description are kept for sale in an extensive clover paddock devoted to them alone; and to this place they become so attached, that there is a difficulty in removing them, even in the company of cows. Some of the bullocks, reared and fed on the swamps, attain a great size, and a few weigh fifteen hundredweight; and the rolls of fat on their backs form hollows something like a saucer. . . . A large dairy is kept on foot, where often two hundred cows are milked, but only once a day; for, after the morning's milk is taken from them, the calves are allowed to run with them until night. These cows yield about two gallons of milk each per day, and under another system would doubtless give more. The skim-milk feeds a little army of pigs. Many beautiful mares are to be found amongst the herds of horses, and when I last visited the property, a stallion from the English turf was in the stalls. The horses bred on this property attain a good size, their points are well developed, and many have been sent to India.

The proprietors of this princely property lived in corresponding style. 'The owners of this estate reside in an excellent brick-house, which crowns a rising ground. Their hospitality is unbounded; and the "travellers' room," with its neat and clean beds, has been the place of rest of many a weary pilgrim. Well-built cottages have been erected in convenient situations for the accommodation of the different superintendents. The garden is large, and exceedingly productive; indeed, with such a soil, with moisture and a hot sun, what may not be expected? The prolific nature of the soil and climate is evidenced by the fact, that a peach-tree bears in the second year after the stone from which it sprung has been sown; and to the climate, as well as to the abundance of fine feed, the large size of the cattle is no doubt to be attributed. The Shoalhaven, being navigable, adds much to the value of the property; and the produce of the farm is sent up to Sydney in vessels built on the river. This estate would maintain some thousands of people; but the owners of it can never become rich by farming it. To give an idea of the value of farming produce in this colony, I may mention that one of these gentlemen told me that he once grew two thousand bushels of barley, but could only find purchasers for half the quantity, and did not know what to do with the remainder. This estate did not suffer by the late drought, and when I left the colony, the dairy returned £70 sterling per week in butter alone, many other dairies having been brought to a stand-still, and amongst them that at Ulladulla, where, indeed, the cattle were then dying for lack of food, at a distance of only fifty miles.'

The run of a squatter—that is, an unsettled breeder of sheep and cattle—described by Mr Townsend, was 100 square miles in extent, consisting of open flats divided by belts of trees. Here the squatter has numerous stations all apart from each other: his sheep station, breeding station, heifer station, and so on; and these stations require to be moved from time to time, on account of the drought. Some squatters grow their own wheat; but the frequent droughts render it so uncertain a crop, that their supplies have usually to be brought from a great distance in drays drawn by bullocks. The operations of the squatters extend over a line 1500 miles in length, and they sometimes go 400 miles into the interior. 'A large squatter is a great traveller, and is continually moving from one station to another, to inspect the state of his flocks and herds, and to attend to numerous operations going on amongst them; but fully to describe his operations would be to write a treatise on sheep, horses, cattle, and climate. Many perform long journeys in tandems; and those who are particularly hilarious adorn their horses with bells, and make the woods echo with the sound of the bugle as they rattle along. Some of them, in spite of the uncertainty of their tenure, had, when I was in the colony, as excellent cottages on their runs as settlers within

the boundaries, and lived in all respects as well. Not a few of these were married, and to most estimable and well-educated women, who lightened the home and cheered the heart of the wanderer.'

The shepherds are of course a class of men absolutely necessary to the squatter; and here they are—at home. 'A shepherd's hut is a hovel, built of slabs, and covered with bark. Between the slabs a man could thrust his foot, and nothing could be more easy than to cover the walls, as well as the roof, with bark, thus making the tenement weather-tight; but the men will not take the trouble to do this, and probably airiness in summer compensates for the cold of winter. The accommodations are the simplest. A sheet of bark, on trestles, forms the bedstead on which the mattress is spread; and another sheet, supported by sticks, does duty as a table. The cooking apparatus consists of an iron pot. If the traveller falls in with one of these solitary dwellings, he is immediately asked to take "a pot of tea;" and the tea is produced from a bag that hangs on a peg, and the sugar from another; whilst salt beef and damper make their appearance from some very original substitute for a shelf. The bark is generally secured to the roof by strips of green hide; and it is a common saying, that if it were not for green hide and stringy bark, the colony would go to a place more remote than even the antipodes. In some huts which it has been my lot to visit I have had rough fare, and rougher beds. The salt beef is sometimes hard and black, worthy only of a place in a museum, and certainly not of a depository in a human stomach. "The greatest hardship I endured was salt beef," says William Penn; and this I can echo from the bottom of my heart. In some huts black pieces of beef are suspended from the roof by strings, and if it is marvellous that any man can be induced to swallow such a curious production, it would be still more marvellous if he could digest it. My bed has sometimes been a sheet of bark with a sack spread upon it; and I have lain, near the fire, almost literally in sackcloth and ashes!'

The hut-keeper receives the sheep at night from two men, who have each the charge of a separate fold. Being answerable for the safety of the flock till the morning, he sleeps in a kind of sentry-box, to guard them against the attacks of the native dogs. 'The first object of the ambition of a labouring man in the bush is to possess a mare. He then buys a few cows; and many a "ticket-of-leave holder" has a nice little property in cattle and horses before he becomes free. Some shepherds have their wives and children with them in the bush; and, with the assistance of the hut-keeper, milk a cow; and, where the climate will allow it, cultivate a small garden; but this is the exception, and not the rule; and the opossums often destroy their gardens, at least the produce of them, when there is any.'

The stockman, or keeper of cattle, considers himself to be a personage of more dignity than the shepherd. He is always on horseback, and his greatest pride is in penetrating to a part of the country previously unknown. The bullock-driver performs long journeys, carrying the wool or tallow to market, and bringing back supplies for the station. 'He is generally trustworthy, save as respects rum and tobacco. He rarely can resist the allurements of these bewitching articles, and resorts to the most ingenious devices for wheedling the spirits from the casks. He carries a mattress with him, and sleeps under his dray, whilst his bullocks graze near it. I think no sight in the colony would strike a newcomer so much as the passage of a number of drays over Liverpool range. Often thirty pair of bullocks are to be seen harnessed to one dray, and the shouts and execrations of the drivers, with the noise made by their whips, are almost appalling. No men swear more dreadfully, or have so great a variety of oaths of the most extraordinary derivation. As horse-teams increase in number, it is to be hoped that some of their expletives will be laid aside. Their "camps" at night are in regular gipsy style, and they always light huge





spect for himself, he never spoke of this, or claimed the credit due to his superior penetration.

His first piece at the theatre in association with Grétry was 'Le Jugement de Midas.' The original wit of Dhèle, softened by the lively and beautiful music of Grétry, elicited the highest applause from the Parisians, and the authors were loudly called for. Dhèle, very shabbily attired, came forward with perfect gravity, and without appearing either pleased or annoyed—'This,' said he, 'is the prescribed epilogue of my comedy.'

A year afterwards, Dhèle and Grétry, who always lived on the best terms with each other, completed 'L'Amour Jaloux,' the ground-work of which is taken from the English comedy of 'The Wonder.' It was played first at Versailles; and on the day of its representation, while Grétry was strutting about at the château, unable to conceal his elation, Dhèle was quietly seated at the table of a tavern, like a man who had retired from the vanities of life. The success of 'L'Amour Jaloux' was still more brilliant in Paris at the Italian theatre; and people began to make inquiry as to who or what this gifted Englishman might be. The odd stories told of him only served to raise their curiosity still higher; and many were anxious to judge of his eccentricities from their own personal observation. 'If I appear to them a singular man,' said he, 'it is only because they are not simple. A simple man—that is what I am.'

The Duke of Orleans, learning that Dhèle generally passed his afternoons at the Café du Caveau in the Palais Royal, disguised himself one day, and went down to see him. He found a remarkably grave man, sitting with his legs sometimes crossed, sometimes stretched on a chair, musing at leisure, and quite regardless of all around him. If he engaged in conversation, he spoke little, but always well: he never took the trouble of telling people what they must already know; and he interrupted the loquacious by saying in a dry tone, 'That is in print.' If he approved, it was by a slight bow of the head; if he was teased with nonsense, he crossed his legs, locked them tightly together, took snuff, and looked in another direction. The duke, knowing that Dhèle was in pecuniary difficulties, sent him next morning a hundred louis by a valet.

'You will say that this is the first payment fallen due of a pension which the Duke of Orleans grants to Monsieur Dhèle for his eloquence.'

The valet found Dhèle lying on a bed which was anything but luxuriously soft.

'Do I disturb you, sir?'

'Yes.'

'You were asleep?'

'No.'

'You are Monsieur Dhèle?'

'Yes.'

'Shall I shut the door?'

'No; for if you chatter much longer'—

'Don't disturb yourself; I am come from the Duke of Orleans.'

'Well?'

'He sends you the first payment of a pension which his royal highness grants you for your eloquence.'

'That is well.'

'Here are a hundred louis.'

'One for you.'

'Is that all I am to say to his royal highness?'

'Yes.'

'But'—

'Begone—the Duke of Orleans knows my eloquence.'

Within three or four months afterwards the hundred louis were all gone, as may easily be believed. The Duke of Orleans having had 'Le Jugement de Midas' played at his own residence, gave Grétry a hundred louis to divide with Dhèle. Grétry wrote to Dhèle with his share of the money. He answered the servant, 'It is right.' Grétry, a little piqued at having no reply to his letter, hoped that Dhèle would answer him in person; but twenty times he met him in vain. At last

he could not help saying, 'You no doubt received'—  
'Yes.' Dhèle added not another word.

He was held up as an example of ingratitude for seeming to forget his benefactors. But did he forget?

One day at the café he was insulted by a man who had lent him money without any security. 'Here I am forced to fight a duel with myself,' said Dhèle: 'it is a sad waste of time.' The creditor and debtor, to avoid delay, withdrew, unattended, to a garden in the neighbourhood. Scarcely had they drawn swords, when Dhèle, who had the advantage of superior height and self-possession, very adroitly struck his adversary's weapon into the air, and said with his usual gravity, 'If I were not your debtor, I would kill you; if we had witnesses, I would wound you; we are alone, I forgive you.'

During the time of his greatest distress, he called one day at the house of a friend who had just gone out, and his eye was caught by a handsome *culotte*\* made of lilac silk. He considered that his own had served its time, put on his friend's *culotte* without the least ceremony, and walked off, delighted with his good fortune. By and by the friend returned home, and found a rag at the foot of his bed. 'My *culotte*, where is my *culotte*?' The reply was, that Dhèle had been there: but he could not believe that Dhèle would be guilty of such an act. In the evening, however, he visited the Café du Caveau, and at the first glance he recognised his property: Dhèle saluted him as usual. The friend, more and more surprised, tapped playfully on Dhèle's leg.

'Is it not there?'

'Yes,' said Dhèle with the greatest coolness; 'I had none.'

A disease of the chest, the consequence of dissipation and breathing so constantly the atmosphere of theatres and taverns, brought poor Dhèle to the brink of the grave about the beginning of the year 1780. He rallied, however, as the spring advanced; and thinking he had escaped all danger, he returned to his labours. He had become seriously attached to Signora Bianchi, an Italian actress, who condescended to think him amusing, and who perhaps admired him for his simplicity. With all his imperturbable gravity, he was a perfect child in the society of a female. The self-possessed Englishman really loved with all the delicate sentimentality affected by a Frenchman. Yet he spoke of his passion, as of everything else, without circumlocution.

'Have you nothing more to say, Dhèle?' asked Signora Bianchi one evening.

'I love you.'

'What else?'

'You are beautiful.'

'Well?'

'I love you.'

The Italian theatre was discontinued; the young lady set out for Italy, and it proved the deathblow of the poor philosopher. For his consolation, she promised to await him at Venice. He spent two months endeavouring to obtain money to follow her; but in vain. No charitable soul came to his assistance. Grétry offered him a hundred louis, but it was for a comic opera which was to be finished before he set out. Betaking himself to work too assiduously, he again became ill, and having once taken to his bed, he never left it but for his grave.

He had by his pillow a travelling book, and the opera which he had commenced. The situation of the persons of his piece occasionally diverted his mind, and led him for a time to forget his sorrows; but grief at length quite overcame the poor patient. He refused to admit any one whatever to visit him, desiring to dwell continually on the thoughts of his love and his despair. At the last hour, however, Grétry contrived to obtain access to his room.

'Well, Dhèle?'

\* Pair of small-clothes.











and an hour afterwards a fine lad, the hope of his house, was carried home a lifeless corpse.

The neighbouring gentlemen tried to send Magennis to 'Coventry,' but it would not do; he was a man of good family, and contrived to maintain his position in society literally at the point of the sword. Every one wished him away, but who was to 'bell the cat?'

It happened that a small field belonging to Mr Fooks lay next the upper corner of Magennis's lawn, to which the latter wished to have it annexed; he accordingly wrote a letter, couched in a very high and mighty style, requiring his pacific neighbour to sell him the piece of ground in question. A polite reply in the negative was returned; and Magennis, boiling with rage at having his will opposed, hastened to seek an interview with Mr Fooks. He found that gentleman seated in his pleasant parlour surrounded by his books; and after the first salutations had passed, Magennis began abruptly:—

'Mr Fooks, am I to understand from your letter that you refuse to let me have the lawn field?'

'Certainly, sir: I have no intention whatever of parting with it.'

'But I tell you I want it, and have it I will.'

'I should be sorry,' said Mr Fooks mildly, 'to disoblige a neighbour; but I am sure Mr Magennis will see the impropriety of pressing the matter further, when I repeat that I am quite determined not to sell the field.'

'You won't sell it?'

'No, sir.'

'Then,' said Magennis with a fearful imprecation, 'if you don't give me the field, you shall give me *satisfaction*; and maybe I'll find your "heira, executors, administrators, and assigns" easier to deal with than yourself.'

A quiet smile passed over the countenance of Fooks.

'Do you mean, Mr Magennis, that you wish me to fight a duel?'

'Certainly: name your friend, and I'll send mine to meet him.'

'I am not much versed in these matters,' said Fooks; 'but I believe, as the challenged party, I have a right to select the weapons and the place of meeting?'

'Oh, certainly; nothing can be fairer. Choose what you like, my boy: the sooner the better.' And the bully rubbed his hands with delight at the prospect of slaying another man.

'Then,' said Mr Fooks, 'I wish to dispense entirely with seconds, to fight on horseback, and to arrange that each of us can come armed with whatever weapons we may choose. Let the place of meeting be the wide common between the school-house and the mill; the time twelve o'clock to-morrow; and let him who is first driven off the field be declared vanquished.'

'Queer arrangements as ever I heard,' said Magennis. 'Why, my good fellow, don't you know that if I come armed with a long sword, and mounted on my hunter Highflyer, I'll ride you down and spit you like a lark before you can say Jack Robinson? However, that's your look-out, not mine; so of course I agree to what you propose, and have the honour to wish you a very good-morning.'

He then walked away, marvelling much at the coolness of his antagonist, and thinking what fun he would have on the morrow. Every one he met was told of the jest, and invited to witness the combat. Great was the consternation caused by the news throughout Barnagore.

'To think,' said Mr Penrose, one of the chief landed proprietors, 'that our own honest Holy Fooks, who would not willingly offend a worm, is to be slaughtered by this scoundrel: it mustn't be. I'll go to him, and offer to fight in his stead.'

Accordingly, he repaired to the dwelling of Fooks, and found that gentleman as tranquilly occupied with his books as when he was visited by Magennis in the morning.

'A bad business this, Fooks,' said Mr Penrose; 'a very bad business. Why, man, rather than you should meet Magennis, I'll fight the rascal myself.'

'Thank you, my friend,' replied Mr Fooks: 'I feel most grateful for your kindness; but since Mr Magennis has chosen to take causeless offence, I have resolved to give him the meeting he desires. Perhaps,' he added, smiling, 'the result may be better than you expect.'

'Oh, my dear Fooks,' said his friend, 'don't, I beseech you, build on *that*. The fellow is a regular assassin, and if he had his deserts, would long since have gained promotion at the hangman's hands. However, there will be a score or two of your friends on the ground to see fair play, and have satisfaction from him for your death.'

With this somewhat equivocal piece of consolation, and a hearty shake of the hand, Mr Penrose took leave of his friend, who, during the remainder of the day, stayed within doors, and declined seeing any visitors. On the following morning a large concourse of people, including, indeed, nearly every inhabitant of the parish, assembled on the common to witness the approaching combat. Long and loud were the lamentations of the poorer people, who had experienced much kindness from Mr Fooks, at the fate which awaited him; while the deepened tones and darkened looks of the gentlemen testified their sympathy with him and their abhorrence of his antagonist. Precisely at twelve o'clock Magennis appeared on the field, mounted on a splendid blood-horse: a dagger was stuck in his belt, and he brandished an enormous two-edged sword in his hand. He cast a scornful glance around, and not seeing his opponent, exclaimed, without addressing any one in particular, 'I thought the cowardly fool would be afraid to meet me; but if he sneaks away, perhaps one of his *friends* (with a sarcastic emphasis) will take his place.'

'Here he comes himself!' cried a boy, throwing up his hat, and a general cheer announced the approach of Holy Fooks.

He advanced rapidly, mounted on a Kerry pony of so diminutive a size, that its rider's feet were but little raised above the ground. He was completely enveloped in an ample crimson dressing-gown, which waved and flaunted in the breeze after a singular fashion. In his right hand he bore something which had the appearance of a very long lance; but which, having both extremities covered by the extended folds of the dressing-gown, was not as yet clearly visible. With his left hand he shook the bridle, and urged his tiny steed towards the spot where stood the astonished Magennis.

Whatever the latter gentleman may have thought of Mr Fooks's costume, his mettled horse seemed to have formed his own private opinion on the subject; for no sooner did the gaudy dressing-gown flaunt beneath his eyes, than he started, shied, and began to prance in a manner which caused his rider to exclaim, with an expletive too forcible for transcription, 'What's the meaning of this buffoonery? Come on, man, and meet me *like a man*.'

'Always happy to oblige a friend,' said Mr Fooks; and suddenly throwing back the offensive garment, he raised his weapon, and shook it full in the face of his adversary. It was a long slender pole, having at one end a distended bladder containing some dried peas. A fearful thing it looked in the eyes of Highflyer; and so appalling to his ears was the rattling noise it made, that despite the furious efforts of his master, he fairly bolted, turned tail, and galloped at full speed across the common. After him rode Fooks, shaking his rattle, and shouting, 'Come back, Mr Magennis! come back! 'tis a shame for you, man, to be afraid of a dressing-gown and a child's rattle!'

But faster and faster flew the affrighted horse, bearing his enraged master beyond the sound of the inextinguishable laughter which hailed his defeat and the bloodless triumph of Holy Fooks. The bully had not courage to return to the county and brave the merciless ridicule which awaited him. He disposed of





periods of flowering with those of Parma shows a retardation of six days at Zurich, thirteen days at Tübingen, twenty-five days at Berlin, thirty-three days at Hamburg, and at Christiania fifty-two days. There are, however, some curious exceptions to the general rule; near Geneva there is a large chestnut-tree, which puts forth leaves and blossoms a month earlier than other trees in the district, without any apparent local cause to which it can be traced. Another, in the garden of the Tuileries, is named, from its early leafing, *the Chestnut of the 20th March*; and at Baarn, near Utrecht, an oak, which has been observed for fifteen years, anticipates other trees by a fortnight in throwing out its leaves, without losing them earlier in the autumn.

A degree of latitude corresponds approximately with a difference of four days in flowering. Some anomalies, however, remain to be cleared up. Between Christiania and Hamburg the difference is three days; but between the south of Germany and Smyrna it is seven days; between Naples and New Jersey, both in the same parallel of latitude, the difference is two months. An elevation of one thousand feet in our latitudes is equal to a delay of fourteen days in the epochs of vegetation. A diurnal variable temperature, all else being equal, is more favourable to vegetation than a uniform temperature. It has been observed in the orangeries of the king of Prussia, at Berlin, that the cold to which they are exposed during the winter is rather beneficial than otherwise; and at Astracan, where the thermometer falls from 30 to 40 degrees below zero, the grapes are remarkable for their rich and delicious quality. It will thus be seen that forwardness of vegetation is not a constant characteristic; that which is true at one season of the year is not true at another. The revivification of plants commences with the cessation of frost, which in our climate lasts for three or four months; and the period of foliation may be comprised between the first great movement of vegetation and the covering of the plant with leaves, at about the end of April, from which time to the first half of July is the flowering period; that of fructification, from the 15th July to the fall of the leaf. The latter process depends as much on the actual temperature, as on that which has preceded. In our latitudes the leaves generally fall with the first autumn frost.

In observing plants, care should be taken to exclude closely-related species, which it might be difficult to distinguish; annuals and biennials are also, for obvious reasons, to be avoided; the selection should be made among perennials or woody plants, which exhibit the influences of the soil as well as those of the atmosphere. The cerealia, sown in autumn, as the most widely-cultivated of plants, and the most essential to human existence, are especially deserving of attention—the object being to determine the exact time at which the ear appears. In Tournay, it is an axiom among cultivators that 'April never passes without showing ears;' and the ascertaining of the various periods for the whole of Europe will, it is anticipated, lead to the formation of data highly interesting in an agricultural point of view. The ripening of grain appears to be mainly dependent on a high autumn temperature. At Yakoutsk, on the confines of Siberia, where the temperature is above zero during four months of the year only, rye is grown. According to Sir George Simpson, the temperature, which in summer is 106 degrees, falls in winter to 83 degrees below zero. The long day of the arctic regions compensates for weakness of solar action; and although snow frequently falls on the last sheaves, the crop is generally good. On one occasion, the soil was dug into after the carrying off the grain, and was found so hard frozen at seven feet beneath the surface, as to be impenetrable by the ordinary instruments. At other places in the same country, lying more to the south, and apparently in a more favourable position, grain cannot be grown, in consequence of the lowness of the temperature in autumn.

The lines of equal temperature drawn through Europe correspond in a remarkable degree with those traced for the summer rains, which, in their turn, have a material effect upon the growth of plants: countries unfavourably situated in other respects will, from this cause, produce a greater number of plants than countries in which rain falls more rarely. Drought, in most instances, has the same effect as cold in retarding vegetation: in the equatorial regions it produces all the effects of winter.

With regard to flowers, many interesting points remain for further consideration.—In what consists their dependence on solar light—on the amount of moisture in the atmosphere? Why do some open in the day, or at certain hours, and others at night—some only when shone upon by the sun, while others under similar circumstances close, although of the class which open by day? Do the leaves close when the flowers open, or *vice versa*? And what is the relation between the colours of flowers, and the times at which they appear? Such are a few of the questions yet to be solved with respect to the periodical phenomena of plants.

The action of the sun appears to be both positive and negative: positive to the opening, and negative to the closing flowers. In this way the organic force of the leaves, &c. is excited and polarised, the effect of which would be to open and shut the various parts alternately. From a series of observations, extending over several years, made at Prague, it is found that flowering plants grow more abundantly on a level surface than on a slope. A conical hill, exposed on every side to the sun, and planted with flowers, would show a decrease in their numbers from south-east to north-west, and an increase from north-west to south-east; these two points representing the maximum and minimum. A southern slope is the most desirable; east comes next in order; then north; and lastly west. The south and south-eastern slopes receive more of the sun's rays, are deprived of their redundant moisture, and are in full enjoyment of the vivifying effects of heat and light, long before the sun reaches the west. The plants towards the latter quarter, consequently, are developed under different circumstances; subject, however, to great modifications, from the prevalence of westerly winds. The number of flowers in sunny situations is three times greater than when in an indifferent or shaded situation.

Some dependence has been traced between the colours of flowers and the time of the year at which they appear. Yellow tints predominate in the autumn, and varieties of white in spring. Taken in the following order—white, yellow, orange, red, green, blue, violet, indigo—there is an increase from January to July, and a decrease in the last half of the year. White flowers are the most numerous throughout the year, yellow come next, and the others follow in the order above enumerated; indigo being the most rare. The proportion of flowers which open and shut is greatest among the yellow, somewhat smaller in the white, diminishes largely in the red, and is least among the blue. White flowers increase rapidly from January to the vernal equinox, less rapidly from March to the middle of May, after which period they decrease; the greatest increase of yellow flowers is from April to June. Red flowers, which are rather more numerous in February than in April, increase from the latter period to September, and diminish in October and November, when red is perhaps the only colour visible. In these phenomena there is a manifest dependence on the rise and fall of the temperature.

In representing these effects by coloured lines on a diagram, in the same way that the fluctuations of the barometer are represented, the curve line of each colour rises twice to a positive and a negative point—one descending, while the other ascends. The effect is seen most clearly in the white and the yellow: the first positive point of the white, and the first negative point of the yellow, both fall in January; the first negative of



many hundred others in the bush, whose names I cannot tell.

Among the trees is a wild fig, admitting a chequered light through its widely-spreading boughs, and reminding one of the peaceful seat alluded to in Scripture. But this tree is likewise an object of great curiosity; for rising apparently out of its trunk 'another tree shoots up, tall, straight, vigorous, and leafy, although the lower part of its stem is enclosed within the body of the fig-tree, which is not in the slightest way disfigured by this strange adherent, although the colours of the bark and leaves, with their shape and texture, are quite different. I am now inclined to think that the apparent parasite in the centre has been a young tree encased whilst growing up by the fig twining round it; as I have more lately seen other and far loftier trees, round which many climbing stems had wreathed themselves in tortuous meshes, tracing in their turnings and windings the most elaborate network-like patterns on a truly gigantic scale; and no doubt had they done this before the trunk from which they derived support had attained its full growth, in time they must have formed a wooden case for it by uniting all together, as those of the fig-tree have evidently done.'

This beautiful vegetation, however, has sometimes visitors more curious than agreeable. 'Whilst sitting on a sofa in my room busily writing, I suddenly perceived first one black ant, and then a second and third, scampering over my papers, and looking round, saw a portion of the wall covered with straggling ants, while another moment showed me that the floor was alive with them. Boiling water was immediately put in requisition, and for upwards of an hour, poured over the outer boarding of the house, where the ants swarmed pretty thickly. A huge centipede was attempting to crawl from under one of the planks, but quite unable to extricate himself from a few ants, who, at regular distances from each other, held their colossal prey undauntedly, while large spiders were running about in terror, trying to hide themselves. The track of the main army was nowhere to be discovered; and as our vigorous opposition had caused them to retreat from the room, I thought this had been merely a reconnoitring party, until an outcry was raised that they mustered in great force in the piazzas below. I ran down stairs, and beheld the floor, pillars, walls, and boarded roof literally black with myriads of ants; while here a great scorpion, startled out of his den, stood boldly at bay; and there another centipede was being dragged away alive, after having in vain tried to elude pursuit. But it was not one or two—several dozens of cockroaches, venomous-looking spiders, millipedes, and innumerable other ugly forty-footed creatures, were first pounced upon by a few of their Lilliputian enemies, and then in an instant hidden by the accumulating masses, which fastened upon each opponent, and bore it off the field with the utmost regularity. I forbade the people to kill any more of the ants, so long as they were kept from entering the house—really feeling compunction in waging war against the destroyers of such detestable reptiles as scorpions and centipedes, with their many almost equally unwelcome cousins of other tribes.'

Another incident of African life occurred in the middle of the night. Our authoress, feeling cold, had got up for an additional coverlet, and had just taken her baby from the bed, and had wrapped him warmly in it, when she was startled by a loud noise, and in an instant a mass of falling bricks rattled about her ears, and completely demolished the bed. 'There was the rolling of thunder, and the yet more awful sound of a mighty wind; and in that moment of terror a thousand thoughts rushed into my mind—of hurricanes, earthquakes, and lightning-struck houses. I could not tell what had happened; but, although free from bodily hurt, believed that the whole house was tumbling down, and that the hour of death was come to us all. I could raise neither the infant nor myself, being literally jaunted amidst broken fragments of masonry and plas-

ter. Although it takes long to describe, this all occurred in the shortest space of time—the heavy gust of wind not lasting three minutes; while in one instant M—— had torn the curtain through, and then, almost choked by the lime and mortar which showered upon me, I was enabled, by the flickering light of the lamp, to see baby, whom I drew out as I best could, and held firmly, M—— extricating me at the same time, and then hurrying us from the room.'

But we must come to the black denizens of this strange place. The cries of Freetown, the capital of the colony, appear to be as numerous as the cries of London. They begin shortly after daybreak, when women and girls are seen flooding in to market with round baskets on their heads called 'blies,' containing fruit and vegetables. 'Some have bowls heaped over with arrowroot; a greater number are laden with large round balls of dingy white called "foo-foo," a common food of the natives prepared from cassava, somewhat in the same manner as flour is from potatoes, and which they cook with palm-oil. Here are boys bearing wooden trays covered over with little brown cakes, and crying out, "Who'll buy hot ginger-cake?"—there girls shouting as loudly, "Agahdee! who'll buy sweet agahdee?" (a sweetened mass of boiled rice or Indian corn, rolled up in a broad green leaf). Numerous other and still more unintelligible names are shouted out by different people; while men saunter along under the burthen of stone-bottles, similar to those which hold Seltzer-water or ginger-beer, calling, with much the same perverted pronunciation as the London old-clothesmen, "Pamh-wenh!" meant for palm-wine. I have seen one girl, apparently a sort of travelling pedlar, her smart blue gown, yellow shawl, and crimson handkerchief rivalling the plumage of a parrot, while about a dozen strings of as variously-coloured glass beads were fastened round her neck. From several of these hung small looking-glasses in red-painted or yellow-lacquered frames; to the rest were attached papers of mother-of-pearl buttons; and her basket displayed a tempting assortment of pins, needles, reels of cotton, pieces of tape, and brass thimbles. One hand supported her bly of precious wares, the other held skeins of thread, and more gay necklaces, which she kept dangling backwards and forwards with an air of the utmost satisfaction and triumph.'

The most simple dress is a 'country cloth,' thrown over one shoulder, and under the other. The women have gowns of a blue thin print; but the better class wear pink or lilac dresses of fine calico, and silk shawls. On Sundays girls are to be seen in white frocks of chequered muslin, and pale-blue beaver hats. They have almost all silk umbrellas, to keep the sun from their black complexions, but none wear shoes. The Mandingoes, or Mohammedan negroes, have 'a wide flowing mantle, gathered into a point above the waist in front, and with loose hanging sleeves; very ample trousers drawn full round the ankle; a high peaked cap of blue cloth embroidered in gaudy colours, or else of plain scarlet or white stuff.' They wear amulets and rosaries. 'The settlers in the colony, and also the slaves that have been emancipated here, who are termed "liberated Africans," assimilate their dress to that of Europeans; the wealthier sort wearing jackets, waistcoats, and trousers of cloth, white duck, or blue baft (a thin flimsy cotton stuff, much in request amongst the blacks), with broad-brimmed straw-hats tied round with black or coloured ribbon, or round smart cloth caps; while the ordinary apparel of domestic servants consists of a white jacket, check shirt, and duck trousers.'

The faces of some of the blacks are hideously deformed by gashes and tattoo-marks; but our authoress discovers a surprising physiognomical difference between those born in slavery and those born free. 'Whilst many of the liberated Africans, other than those emancipated after being grown up, present countenances rendered repulsive not only by their natural unsightly-



'The portress begged me to bring you this letter,' replied the waterman, as he handed it over to the young student.

'From Pierre Buffière!' exclaimed the latter, eagerly breaking the seal; but no sooner had he glanced over the contents than he turned pale, his eyes closed, and he sunk back on his pillow. For a few minutes he appeared to be struggling with some severe mental suffering; but quickly recovering himself, he raised his head, indignation flashed in his fine expressive eyes, and crumpling up the letter with his thin white fingers, he exclaimed, 'How cruel! how shameful!' He then remained as if stupefied, and unconscious that he was not alone.

Chassagne, who had lingered in the hope of witnessing his neighbour's joy, when he saw the different effect the letter had produced, was afraid of being considered an intruder, and was about to retire, when a square piece of paper lying on the ground caught his eye. Guessing what it was, and thinking it had fallen from the letter unperceived, he picked it up, and presented it to the student, who merely thanked him, without looking at either him or the paper.

This was not what the waterman was aiming at; his compassionate feelings were strongly excited, and though he could not comprehend the nature of the youth's distress, he saw that he suffered much. On looking attentively about the room, he could not perceive the slightest vestige of food. The words of the portress rang in his ears—'I fear that he has not had a morsel to eat either yesterday or to-day!' There were, then, greater evils to be endured than working for small wages, or walking the streets of Paris exposed to the severity of the winter frost or the burning heat of the summer sun.

A long pause ensued, during which Chassagne was considering the best means of renewing the conversation. At length he said abruptly, 'It is not right of you, neighbour, to keep so much to yourself, just because you are better dressed and richer than I am.'

'Richer!' exclaimed the student; 'richer! I am dying of hunger!'

'That is but too evident,' said Chassagne; 'and if you will allow me, I will just come in a neighbourly way and breakfast with you.' And while the student stared in ignorance of his meaning, Chassagne cleared the table; and spreading on it a sheet of clean white paper, he laid on it a small loaf of bread and two sous' worth of cheese, which he had purchased for his own breakfast. 'Now,' said he, 'I must go and bring in something to moisten it; and when, in about ten minutes, he returned with a bottle of wine and two glasses, he found his companion in the same state of stupor and dumb despair. Without making any remark, Chassagne quietly divided the bread and cheese in equal shares, and placing one-half before the student, he helped himself to the other; then filling out two glasses of wine, he said, 'Your good health, neighbour.' But suddenly the good-humoured countenance of Chassagne became clouded; he put down his glass, and said with some emotion, 'You will not drink with me, because I am a poor waterman, and you are a gentleman!'

This reproach seemed to recall the student to himself. 'Forgive,' said he, 'forgive me; and seizing the glass, he was about to raise it to his lips, when a flood of tears compelled him to place it back upon the table. 'Oh,' said he, 'you can have no idea of what I am suffering! And you, a perfect stranger to me, to be so kind, while a near relation of my own—one who is wealthy, and has known me from my birth, would leave me to perish with hunger! I wrote to him a full account of my situation, and told him that, in consequence of the breaking up of all the public establishments, I had been obliged to leave the college of La Marche, but that I continued to pursue my studies with equal assiduity. I told him that I had no means, that I was without money, without clothes; I begged of him to advance me a few louis to pay for my lodg-

ings, to buy books, to buy even food: well,' continued the unhappy youth, taking the letter and paper (which was a post-office order), 'he sends me one louis, and for this miserable louis he thinks he has purchased the right of remonstrating, advising, and reproaching me. He reproaches me with having left the country to come and starve in Paris, and be a burthen to my family.'

'You ought to return that louis to your hard-hearted relative,' said Chassagne, wiping away a tear with the cuff of his coat.

The student warmly pressed the hand of his companion. 'You are right,' said he; 'you have a heart, and that is a comfort and relief to mine. I will share your breakfast, my friend, and after that, I will send back to the relation on whom I had depended both his money and his letter, even though I should die of hunger.'

'Oh, as to that, Monsieur Guillaume, as long as Chassagne can carry a pair of buckets, he will never allow a neighbour to die of hunger. I, who was left a poor destitute orphan, have never been allowed to want—and should I suffer a fellow-creature to die of hunger beside me? No, no; we must help one another: it is my turn to help you to-day, it may be yours to help me or some one else to-morrow.'

'Noble, generous sentiments!' exclaimed the student, who had risen, and was dressing himself while Chassagne was speaking, and had with difficulty swallowed a few morsels of bread, and taken a few sips of wine. 'Chassagne,' he continued, 'I accept your kindness, for I shall not always be a poor, sorrowful, medical student: I have abilities; and if I live, I will endeavour to acquire a name and a reputation, and then I will repay you a hundredfold for all your kindness to me. Oh, I am ambitious, Chassagne; and I hope one day to be head surgeon of the hospital.'

'I am ambitious too, Monsieur Guillaume, but my ambition is not like yours: my ambition is to have a water-cask instead of two buckets—a new water-cask of my own, painted red, with blue hoops. Oh what a happy day that will be when I can draw my own water-cart!'

In spite of his grief, the young student could not help smiling at the ambition of the waterman. 'Would a water-cask be very expensive?' Guillaume inquired, as he sealed up the letter and order.

'Why, monsieur, a new one, with cart and buckets, would cost at least two hundred and sixty francs; but,' he added in a confidential tone, 'I have two hundred put by for it. And now,' said he, 'what are you going to do? You had better leave me in care of your room, and go and put your letter in the post-office: a walk will refresh you, and I will arrange everything here: my customers are served, and I have nothing else to do at present.'

The two friends again warmly pressed each other's hand; and the student having departed with his letter, Chassagne sat down to finish his breakfast.

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the waterman, hearing a step at the door, exclaimed, 'What! back already?' when, turning about, expecting to see Guillaume, to his surprise he beheld Monsieur Bouvard, the proprietor of the house.

'Where is Guillaume Dupuytren the student?' he inquired.

'He is gone out, Monsieur Bouvard; but I will deliver any message to him,' said the waterman civilly.

'Very well; then begin by coming out yourself,' replied the proprietor.

Chassagne obeyed, expecting to be sent on some errand after his companion; when, to his amazement, Monsieur Bouvard locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

'What are you doing?' exclaimed Chassagne.

'You shall see,' replied the landlord coldly. 'I take possession of the key, in order to prevent the late tenant from entering the room again.'



'Never!' said Guillaume. But suddenly recollecting himself, he added in a tone of bitterness, 'That is to say, Leon, we may meet again; but it shall be when you need assistance from me!'

'Then that will be never,' replied the wealthy youth, as he turned haughtily round to enter the saloon.

Guillaume Dupuytren retraced his steps homeward with a heavy heart; for the first time in his life he had stooped to ask a loan, and he had been refused it by a wealthy schoolfellow, who spent yearly twelve times the sum in trifling amusements, that would have enabled him to live and pursue his studies for four months. On entering his garret he found Chassagne there, who, as soon as he heard his step, called out, 'Come, loiterer, your soup will be cold.'

'Dinner!' exclaimed Guillaume, surprised and affected at seeing a bowl of hot soup smoking on the table.

'Do you not like it?' said the waterman with a good-natured smile, as he placed a small dish on the table beside the soup; 'and if I were in your place, would you not have done the same for me?'

'But,' said the young student, 'you must, I fear, be encroaching on your savings?'

'Pshaw!' replied Chassagne; 'you can pay me for it when you are made head surgeon of the hospital.'

'Then, Chassagne,' said Guillaume smiling, for the kindness and good-humour of the waterman cheered the heart of the poor student—'then, Chassagne, you shall have a water-cask with a good cart and horse.'

'Oh, a horse!' replied Chassagne. 'I do not aspire so high: to possess a water-cart is the utmost of my ambition.'

From that day forward the young waterman took upon himself the office of purveyor to the student: he was more; he became his friend, his brother, his servant. 'Now listen to me,' said he one day when Guillaume was refusing to accept such innumerable benefits: 'you know that my greatest ambition is to possess a water-cart. Well, I would give up the water-cart, if I had it, for a share of your friendship. I am the person obliged: until I knew you, I was a solitary orphan alone in the world. I had no one to speak to, no one to take any interest in me. I ate my meals alone; and when I returned home tired in the evenings, I went to my cold garret, where I had not a creature to take me by the hand as you do, and to say, "How goes it, Chassagne?" Oh, that does me good, Monsieur Guillaume! It warms me like a good fire.'

'But, then, your cask: you are making me eat your water-cask,' replied Guillaume, endeavouring to hide the fear which quivered in his eye at hearing the noble sentiments expressed by the poor waterman.

'Oh, we are both young,' said the latter; 'and God will not forsake us if we remain in the path of duty. I pray for you, Monsieur Guillaume, both night and morning.'

The tear, till then restrained, fell on the hand of Chassagne, which Guillaume pressed in silence. This state of things did not continue long. Towards the commencement of 1795 the establishment of the School of Medicine effected a change in the situation of the two friends: Guillaume entered the hospital as in-door pupil. The separation was severely felt; and Chassagne extracted a solemn promise from his friend, that should he at any time be in distress for money, he would apply to him, who loved him as a brother.

Some time after his installation, the principal physician, knowing the difficulties of his situation, and wishing to assist him, proposed that he should take care of a patient of his—a man of rank and wealth, who in the first place would pay him a louis per night for his attendance, and whose influence and patronage might afterwards be of service to him.

On hearing that the patient was the father of his heartless schoolfellow, Guillaume was at first disposed to refuse; but a moment's reflection made him gladly accept the offer. He repaired the same evening to the duke's residence, and proceeded immediately to the

invalid's chamber. By the blessing of God on his assiduous care and attention, before the end of the month the duke was pronounced to be convalescent; and on the same day he presented to his young care-taker twenty-five louis in gold.

Let us now return to Chassagne, who, since Guillaume had been unable to visit him in the evenings, had found the time unusually long. When the hour had passed which used to unite those two friends, that they might enjoy a little cheerful conversation after the labours of the day, poor Chassagne would go down and stand at the gate watching in the direction by which Guillaume would come, if he came at all. On the evening of the day we have mentioned Chassagne was at his usual post: the street was nearly deserted, no sounds were to be heard but the steps of a few stray passengers, when suddenly the rolling of a light water-cart, by breaking the stillness of the street, interrupted the musing of Chassagne. But do his eyes deceive him? Who is that young waterman who in dress and appearance so much resembles Guillaume? The cart rolls on; the figure becomes more distinct; the cart at length stops at the gate; and Guillaume, breathless and fatigued, could only call out from between the shafts, 'Chassagne, here is your water-cart!'

'Mine!' said Chassagne in astonishment.

'Yes, yours certainly: whose else should it be? But come and unharness me, for I cannot play the horse any longer.'

'Mine!' continued Chassagne, unable to believe his senses; 'this cart, this cask, these fine new buckets?'

Guillaume, who had succeeded in disengaging himself from the cart, took Chassagne by the hand, and leading him round to the back of it, showed him his name painted at full length. 'There,' said he, 'read that: No. 835, Chassagne! Whose name is that?—yours or mine?'

Joy, surprise, the realisation of his fondest hope, all combined to bewilder the happy waterman: he looked alternately at the cart and at Guillaume, then suddenly exclaimed, 'But where did you get it?'

'I bought it,' replied Guillaume.

'Are you, then, made head surgeon of the hospital?' said Chassagne, opening his eyes wide, as if the better to see the great person he believed stood before him.

'Not yet,' he replied laughing; 'but I have earned a little money, and your ambition was so very moderate, my good Chassagne, that I was anxious to gratify it. Come, put up your cart, and let us go to supper.'

It was on a fine morning in May 1816 that a splendid equipage drew up at a large house on the Place de Louvre. A gentleman descended, and inquired for the Baron Dupuytren. On being told he was at home, he desired the servant to announce the Duke Leon de X—.

'No person is announced here, sir: walk into the waiting-room, and the doctor will see you in time.'

When two patients had been dismissed, the duke was shown into the doctor's study.

'I fear I am too late, Monsieur le Baron; or rather I should say, my dear Guillaume. Do you not remember me?' said the duke.

'I remember you perfectly, Monsieur le Duc,' replied the baron coldly.

'My son, my only son, is dangerously ill,' said the duke; 'if any person can save him, it is you: pray come with me; my carriage is at the door, and any sum you name shall be yours.'

The baron took his hat, and inquiring if his cabriolet was in readiness, he followed the duke down stairs. On crossing the court to reach the street, a man entered it who seemed in the deepest affliction.

'Chassagne!' exclaimed the doctor, 'what is the matter?'

'Oh, Monsieur le Baron!'

'Call me Guillaume, or I will not listen to you.'

'My little girl, my youngest child, is dying, and I came to ask you to see her,' replied Chassagne.













guarantee for their good faith. It is not the name we want, but the thing: we want criticism. In a word, we have many critiques in our literature, but no criticism in the true meaning of the term. The critiques may stumble upon the truth—or not: it is all chance, since they are not based upon understood premises, not the application of recognised laws. They are the mere expression of individual opinion; and being wholly independent of any common theory, they may, and do differ from each other *toto calo*, without exciting any doubt as to the critic's ability. When we see two opposite judgments pronounced in two reviews of equal character, we perhaps ascribe the difference to party or personal motives; when very possibly, in the case in question, such motives may have had no existence. The reason simply is, that we have no ultimate authority to refer to—that, in the midst of all the luxuriance of our literature, it wants the grand element of criticism. This gives a hardness and meagreness to our common reviews, which is not found to the same extent in those of Germany or France, where the philosophy of art is more generally studied.

Criticism, though not aesthetics, but merely a practical application of their laws, possesses a higher intellectual dignity than the proudest of our quarterly reviews are conscious of. But it is not beholden for its dignity to the vague or mystical: it is, on the contrary, so practical and distinct, as to have every capacity for being reduced by careful study to a science; and to this object the best energies of our literati should be consecrated. In England, the dawn of aesthetics only begins to touch with a faint light the pictorial and musical arts; while in the other countries we have mentioned, it is likewise felt in literary criticism. Not that criticism is anywhere as yet what it should be, and will be; but already it possesses on the continent a higher tone, and exhibits a more catholic spirit. It does not confine itself to mean and paltry details, but essays to grasp the whole subject; and throwing aside party and personal considerations, it regards the work it chooses to examine as a contribution to the literature of the age, or of the world.

When we state—and we wish to do so in the broadest manner—that our literature is deficient in the essential element of criticism, we must not be supposed to advocate the publication of elaborate theories laying down the literary law. There is no such wholesale way as this of building up a science. It must be the gradual production of many minds, and many conflicting opinions, and the meanness of us all may lend his aid to the work. No one, for instance, should presume to deliver a judgment upon any work, in any department of taste, without trying it by the æsthetical laws, or, in other words, without giving a reason for the faith that is in him. If this rule were observed, we should not long want a common standard, or a public capable of judging of the *dicta* of its self-installed teachers. If this rule were observed—if criticism became really the System it ought to be—no man would stultify himself for friend or foe by bestowing one iota of praise or blame beyond the deserts of his author.

If an author were to say to his publisher, 'Here is a chemical speculation, to which I am sure to obtain the sanction of Liebig, because he is a personal friend of mine'—how the man of books would stare! Why does he not stare when his author tells him that, for the same reason, he can obtain for a certain work the praise of a certain review? Because, criticism having made no approach to a system, no collusion of a criminal nature can be suspected; the laudatory sentence, if very much out of the way, will pass for a mere eccentricity of taste; and the critic will suffer for his generous friendship neither as a man of honour nor as a man of letters. When a scientific speculation appears, it is on its own merits either accepted as a true theory, or rejected as a false hypothesis. If it possesses any value, it must be noticed, and the contribution it brings, whether great or small, added to the stock of the science of which it treats. A literary work is differently situated. It may be passed over or not at the pleasure of the critics, who have no science to protect or to

enrich; but even if subjected to their ordeal, it is rarely examined on its own merits, and almost never with reference to the philosophy of taste. The critic deals in small details; catalogues as deadly sins, if he has hostile views, those blunders that in reality modify but little the general effect; and in the case of poetry, more especially, never fails to measure rigidly the syllables, and try with his quill plectrum whether they are in tune.

The low state of criticism has of course an important reaction upon general literature. An author, conscious that his work will be tried by no lofty standard of art, never aspires, but in a few exceptional instances, beyond popularity; and if he did so, his bibliopolical patron, dreading, even while affecting to despise, the reviewing hydra, would not consent to publish anything beyond its common calibre. Genius is thus repressed by those whose task it should be to encourage and foster it; and the meanness of the public taste is blamed for what in reality is the fault of the public monitors. Every age, we know, produces its few great men, who rise triumphant over circumstances; but we never shall have an improved standard of national taste till a reformation is effected in criticism.

And now to the practical points of the subject. The brief laudatory notices we have adverted to are a mere mistake. The editors desire to express their thanks to the obliging publishers, and the best way to do this is simply to mention to their readers the contents of the volume or pamphlet received, instead of racking their brains for new terms of praise that nobody cares anything about. All that is wanted is a gratuitous advertisement in return for a gratuitous copy. The 'reviews' that fill up their sheet with interesting or amusing extracts have little in them objectionable but the title and the pretence. All they have to do, in order to be of real practical use, is to drop the critical name, and to aspire to give nothing more than pains-taking and impartial analyses, interspersed with such quotations as they know will be agreeable to their readers. As for the great essay-reviewers, all we will venture to suggest to such Tritons is, that they of all others are called upon to devote their unquestionable power towards the introduction into the national literature of the department of literary criticism. This they can do with very little sacrifice in other matters; but if they despise the hint, as coming from a minnow, we will proceed to prophesy, from unmistakable signs in the literary horizon, that the task will be undertaken by an entirely new order of teachers.

As for ourselves, having dared to preach, we will not shrink from practising, but on some other occasion endeavour to show the bearing which the want of a higher criticism has upon certain important departments of literature, and offer—though with more misgiving—some hints for the consideration of those who may be competent to supply the desideratum. L. R.

## EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

### 'THE WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS.'

IN the month of February of the year following that which witnessed the successful establishment of the claim of Sir Harry Compton's infant son to his magnificent patrimony, Mr Samuel Ferret was travelling post with all the speed he could command towards Lancashire, in compliance with a summons from Lady Compton, requesting, in urgent terms, his immediate presence at the castle. It was wild and bitter weather, and the roads were in many places rendered dangerous, and almost impassable, by the drifting snow. Mr Ferret, however, pressed onwards with his habitual energy and perseverance; and, spite of all elemental and postboy opposition, succeeded in accomplishing his journey in much less time than, under the circumstances, could have been reasonably expected. But swiftly as, for those slow times, he pushed on, it is necessary I should anticipate, by a brief period, his arrival at his destina-



ill-used orphan. This article, Susan was advised, could be best obtained of the lord chancellor; and proceedings were accordingly taken before the keeper of the king's conscience, in order to change the custody of the pretended lunatic. The affidavits filed in support of the petition were, however, so loose and vague, and were met with such positive counter-allegations, that the application was at once dismissed with costs; and poor Susan—rash suitor for 'justice'—reduced to absolute penury. These circumstances becoming known to Lady Compton, Susan was taken into her service; and it was principally owing to her frequently-iterated version of the affair that Clara had been forcibly rescued from Mrs Brandon's son.

On the following morning the patient was much calmer, though her mind still wandered somewhat. Fortified by the authority of the physician, who certified that to remove her, or even to expose her to agitation, would be dangerous, if not fatal, Lady Compton not only refused to deliver her up to Major and Mrs Brandon, but to allow them to see her. Mrs Brandon, in a towering rage, posted off to the nearest magistrate, to demand the assistance of peace-officers in obtaining possession of the person of the fugitive. That functionary would, however, only so far comply with the indignant lady's solicitations, as to send his clerk to the castle to ascertain the reason of the young lady's detention; and when his messenger returned with a note, enclosing a copy of the physician's certificate, he peremptorily decided that the conduct of Lady Compton was not only perfectly justifiable, but praiseworthy, and that the matter must remain over till the patient was in a condition to be moved. Things were precisely in this state, except that Clara Brandon had become perfectly rational; and but for an irrepresible nervous dread of again falling into the power of her unscrupulous relative, quite calm, when Mr Samuel Ferret made his wished-for appearance on the scene of action.

Long and anxious was the conference which Mr Ferret held with his munificent client and her interesting protégée, if conference that may be called in which the astute attorney enacted the part of listener only, scarcely once opening his thin, cautious lips. In vain did his eager brain silently ransack the whole armoury of the law; no weapon could he discern which afforded the slightest hope of fighting a successful battle with a legally-appointed guardian for the custody of his ward. And yet Mr Ferret felt, as he looked upon the flashing eye and glowing countenance of Lady Compton, as she recounted a few of the grievous outrages inflicted upon the fair and helpless girl reclining beside her—whose varying cheek and meek suffused eyes bore eloquent testimony to the truth of the relation—that he would willingly exert a vigour even *beyond* the law to meet his client's wishes, could he but see his way to a safe result. At length a ray of light, judging from his suddenly-gleaming eyes, seemed to have broken upon the troubled chambers of his brain, and he rose somewhat hastily from his chair.

'By the by, I will just step and speak to this Susan Hopley, if your ladyship can inform me in what part of the lower regions I am likely to meet with her?'

'Let me ring for her.'

'No; if you please not. What I have to ask her is of very little importance; still, to summon her here might give rise to surmises, reports, and so on, which it may be as well to avoid. I had much rather see her accidentally, as it were.'

'As you please. You will find her somewhere about the housekeeper's apartments. You know her by sight, I think?'

'Perfectly; and with your leave I'll take the opportunity of directing the horses to be put to. I must be in London by noon to-morrow if possible;' and away Mr Ferret bustled.

'Susan,' said Mr Ferret a few minutes afterwards, 'step this way; I want to have a word with you. Now, tell me are you goose enough to expect you will ever

see the money again you so foolishly threw into the bottomless pit of chancery?'

'Of course I shall, Mr Ferret, as soon as ever Miss Clara comes to her own. She mentioned it only this morning, and said she was sorry she could not repay me at once.'

'You are a sensible girl, Susan, though you *did* go to law with the lord chancellor! I want you to be off with me to London; and then perhaps we may get your money sooner than you expect.'

'Oh, bother the money! Is that *all* you want me to go to Lunnion for?'

Mr Ferret replied with a wink of such exceeding intelligence, that Susan at once declared she should be ready to start in ten minutes at the latest.

'That's a good creature; and, Susan, as there's not the slightest occasion to let all the world know who's going to run off with you, it may be as well for you to take your bundle and step on a mile or so on the road, say to the turn, just beyond the first turnpike.' Susan nodded with brisk good-humour, and disappeared in a twinkling.

An hour afterwards, Mr Ferret was on his way back to London, having first impressed upon Lady Compton the necessity of immediately relieving herself of the grave responsibility she had incurred towards Major Brandon for the safe custody of his ward, by sending her home immediately. He promised to return on the third day from his departure; but on the nature of the measures he intended to adopt, or the hopes he entertained of success, he was inflexibly silent; and he moreover especially requested that no one, not even Miss Brandon, should know of Susan Hopley's journey to the metropolis.

Mr Ferret, immediately on his arrival in town, called at my chambers, and related with his usual minuteness and precision as many of the foregoing particulars as he knew and thought proper to communicate to me. For the rest I am indebted to subsequent conversations with the different parties concerned.

'Well,' said I, as soon as he had concluded, 'what course do you propose to adopt?'

'I wish you to apply, on this affidavit, for a writ of *habeas ad sub.*, to bring up the body of Clara Brandon. Judge Bailey will be at chambers at three o'clock: it is now more than half-past two, and I can be off on my return by four at latest.'

'A writ of *habeas*!' I exclaimed with astonishment. 'Why, what end can that answer? The lady will be remanded, and you and I shall be laughed at for our pains.'

This writ of *habeas corpus* '*ad subjiciendum*,' I had better explain to the non-professional reader, is the great prerogative writ, the operation of which is sometimes suspended by the legislature during political panics. It is grounded on the principle that the sovereign has at all times a right to inquire, through the judges of the superior courts, by what authority his or her subject is held in constraint. It issues, as a matter of right, upon the filing of an affidavit, averring that to the best of the belief of the deponent the individual sought to be brought up is illegally confined; and it is of the essence of the proceeding, that the person alleged to be suffering unlawful constraint should actually be brought before the 'queen herself'; that is, before one or more of the judges of the court which has issued the writ, who, if they find the detention illegal, the only question at issue upon this writ may discharge or bail the party. It was quite obvious, therefore, that in this case such a proceeding would be altogether futile, as the detention in the house of her guardian, under the sanction, too, of the lord chancellor, the *ex-officio* custodian of all lunatics—of a ward of alleged disordered intellect—was clearly legal, at least *prima facie* so, and not to be disturbed under a *habeas ad sub.* at all events.

'Perhaps so,' replied Ferret quite coolly in reply to my exclamation; 'but I am determined to try every means of releasing the unfortunate young lady from the









though he had never been in England, spoke our language capitally.

The same thing may be said of my other German friend Herr Fist—I mean with reference to his knowledge of English—for though he was one of the best-hearted young men I have ever met, he was very far from jovial. I can still see his calm, melancholy face, and lofty intelligent forehead, as if he were before me at this moment. I always took pleasure in his company, although I had generally to furnish the greater part of the conversation. This, you will suggest, may have been no hardship; but I can assure you that among talkative people I am regarded as very taciturn.

Perhaps, however, these details do not interest you. Let me, then, hasten to introduce my two English friends, who rejoiced in the names of Messrs Fox and Cog. The first was rather scientifically inclined, and evidently had some sly notions of scientific research in reserve; but knowing the temper of his consorts, he kept these heterodox tendencies as much as possible to himself. He did not do, as another friend of mine once did—namely, bring out a spare donkey for the purpose of carrying back specimens of the Petrified Forest, but he quietly chose an enormous brute, that looked as if it could have carried half a museum in addition to its geological rider. Mr Fox was a native of Liverpool; and though I may be thought to speak rather irreverently of his studious tendencies, I must freely confess to having drunk more tea and eaten more preserves at his hospitable table than at any other house in Egypt. His literary tastes and extensive knowledge made him an excellent travelling companion; but we were compelled on this occasion to remind him more than once that we were not travelling, but merely looking out for gazelles and an appetite.

Mr Cog was the superintendent of one of the cotton-factories of Boulac; and having a rank in the pasha's service, turned out in full Stambouli costume. He was one of those long-headed Englishmen who contribute by their straightforward manners and energetic character to make our country respected in the East, where we certainly are looked upon as a very superior class of beings to all other Franks.

It was past seven—in spite of our industrious intentions—before we were all ready to start; but when once in the saddle, we rattled away through the Sookhs at a fine rate, followed by a troop of donkey-boys and servants carrying our guns and ammunition. Two large saddle-bags contained our supply of creature comforts; for we had resolved to lunch out at the coal-pit, and return home to a late dinner.

I shall say nothing at present of the streets of Cairo, although the portion we traversed is rarely visited by professed tourists, not being set down in the guide-books. We wound our way along a variety of little lanes, flanked often by half-ruined houses, with a tall minaret leaning over here and there in a most terribly insecure way. Half the shops were closed, not because it was too early—the natives always get up with the sun—but because prosperity had departed. The palmy days of Cairo have long ago passed away; and in most of the quarters a great proportion of the houses are uninhabited. Many of the streets, however, presented a lively aspect; and some of the market-places were so crowded by vociferous customers, that we could scarcely get along. In these unaristocratic regions we don't remark the gorgeous variety of costume which one is accustomed to think of in connection with Eastern life: dingy turbans, threadbare tarbooshes, blue shirts, ragged shawls, and naked feet, may be enumerated as the principal characteristics that present themselves: a shabby-genteel Copt, with black turban, sombre dress, and inkstand stuck like a pistol into his girdle, alone perhaps aspires to the dignity of shoes and stockings.

Escaping from the close streets of the city, we gallop with delight through the sombre archway of the Bab-en-Nasr into the City of the Tombs. Here the air is pure, and the sun is bright; everything conspires to fill the mind with joy; and I defy the most obstinate moralist—after emerging from the clammy, cold atmosphere of the

low quarters of Cairo—to conjure up a single gloomy idea, in spite of the hundreds of fresh white tombstones that meet the eye on every side, and the crumbling monuments of ancient kings, near which the path, as we proceed, leads us.

It was a happy holiday, and we were all fully resolved to enjoy it. M——'s servant led a fine white horse, which the master occasionally mounted to take a gallop up the slopes of the hills. The rest of us stuck to our donkeys, and enlivened the ride by a variety of anecdotes, which succeeded one another with marvellous rapidity. We soon reached the rocky pass that leads round the base of what is called the Gebel-el-Ahmar, or Red Mountain—an immense detached hill of volcanic origin—into the valley of the Mokattam range. A few minutes took us out of sight of the city of Cairo, and the vast Egyptian plain, that had been developing as we ascended; and we found ourselves in the midst of a series of barren hills—say, as barren as though they were a thousand miles from the beneficent Nile. To our right was a long line of precipices, broken here and there by a rugged defile, one of which leads to a little spring that pours forth its limpid waters at the foot of a solitary tree; to our left a series of sloping hillocks, piled, as it were, one above the other, soon closed in the view; behind us were the purple peaks of the Red Mountain; and in front, as is usual in the Desert, the long flat valley we had entered seemed, by an optical illusion, to conclude with a vast amphitheatrical sweep.

When we had jogged about half-way up this valley, we were passed by a group of English tourists, riding furiously along on horseback, and casting keen glances on every side to collect geological facts. In two or three minutes they dashed round the corner of the range of precipices, and were lost to view. I may mention that about half an hour later we caught sight of them scouring along a distant valley on their return to Cairo with, as we afterwards learned, a very interesting budget of observations. Egypt, it appears, is a country in which he who runs may read.

A rugged ravine to the right, at the end of the valley, leads to the top of the range of hills. Here the petrified wood begins. Two or three trunks of trees, half imbedded in the soil, and broken into lengths of five or six feet, present themselves at once. The whole ground, too, is covered with smaller pieces, not seemingly at all diminished in number, despite the industry of specimen collectors, who are generally content not to go farther than this spot.

As we proceeded, a splendid view of the Valley of the Nile, and successively of all the Pyramids from Gizeh to Sakkarah, was obtained through the mouth of what is called the Valley of the Wanderings, that stretches from the village of Toura to the Red Sea. This panoramic picture, enveloped in a slight mist, seemed to move slowly as we ourselves proceeded across the opening between the rugged ranges of Mokattam and Massara, and induced us to linger for a while. But we soon began descending from the elevation we had obtained, and at length came to the proposed field of active exertion.

The northern side of the Valley of the Wanderings, unlike the southern, which is nearly precipitous, sweeps upwards in vast slopes, intersected by little sandy valleys, where a few green plants and bushes, kept alive by the dews of night, occasionally attract whole troops of gazelles. On reaching there, we put foot to ground; and M——, who was a keen sportsman, went forward, slightly stooping, according to the true Bedouin fashion, to look out for the game. It is often extremely difficult in the desert, when the sun's rays beat scorchingly on the ground, and dazzle the eyes, to distinguish a herd of gazelles. It generally happens that you come close upon them, and have your attention attracted by seeing them scud along like a flash of light. So it happened in this case. M—— was creeping over a stony swell, and looking far ahead, when half-a-dozen of these beautiful creatures went bounding away under his very nose. 'There—there!' 'Where—where!' 'Hennak—hennah!' shouted Franks and Arabs. Bang—bang! went the fowling-pieces; but before M—— could







over which the yarns pass. When the reel has performed exactly eighty revolutions, it strikes a check, which informs the attendant that 120 yards of yarn have been wound upon it. This takes place seven times, and the entire length of the hank, 840 yards, has then been wound upon the reel; that is, a little less than a half mile. The machine is now stopped by shifting the strap on to the loose pulley, and the tenter proceeds to remove the gathered hanks. In order to do this, a peculiar contrivance is had recourse to in the formation of one of the radii, or arms of the reel. It is made with a double hinge, so that it and the long piece of wood it supports can, upon occasion required, be bent in. The effect of this is to set all the hanks loose, which before were so tightly wound, as to resist any effort to slip them off; and tying each separately, she takes them into her hand between the thumb and finger, and slides them up to one end of the reel, which is now lifted up out of its bearings, and the hanks are slipped off. The hinged arm is then bent back to its former position, the ends of the yarns attached to it, and the whole set in motion again, while the collected hanks are conveyed to the Bundle Press-Room.

There are few circumstances which impress the mind of a visitor to this emporium of machinery more than the indications of ingenuity which appear in the most trifling processes. Few persons would imagine, for example, that the yarn would require the assistance of machinery in order to make it up into bundles or parcels; yet so it is, and the 'bundle press,' though a simple, is a most powerful and clever invention. In the mill visited by the writer were a number of these machines arranged in a distinct apartment. They consist of a sort of metal box, placed at the top of a frame. A kind of square piston of metal rises and falls in this box by means of a couple of iron rods or arms, connected to a wheel, which a ratchet and catch prevent from revolving back after it has been forced forwards. The sides of the box are formed of bars of metal, which leave interstices between them, through which the string for tying the yarn is put; and the top, in like manner, consists of five or six flat bars, which hook over the side bars, and thus resist the pressure of the yarn upwards when the piston is made to rise. The bundle-presser now takes a certain weight of yarn, generally from five to ten pounds, gives to each hank a twist or two, and lays them smoothly in the box, at the bottom of which he has previously laid several pieces of twine for tying it up with. He then, by means of a handle, turns round the wheel, causing the arms to push up the piston, and consequently to squeeze the bundle of yarn lying on it very tightly against the top and sides of the box. After he has exerted the requisite amount of pressure, the ratchet-and-catch contrivance prevents the wheel from returning, and the presser, at his convenience, ties up the bundle in three or four different places, cuts off the ends of the string, strikes up the catch, and lifts his bundle out of the press to make room for another. The degree of compactness and hardness communicated by this process to the otherwise soft mass is very striking. The yarn is now sent off to the lace, stocking, or thread manufacturers, in the gray condition.

After undergoing the various processes of cleaning and bleaching, which do not essentially differ from those described in a former article, and also, when necessary, of dyeing, the yarn is fit for making sewing cotton. If the reader will take a small piece of cotton from the reel, and untwist it, it will generally be found to contain three distinct yarns of various degrees of fineness, according to the 'number' marked on the little disk of glazed paper placed over the top of the reel. The lower the number, the larger the diameter of the thread. Thus one now before us, a No. 12, is the thickness of four or five hairs combined, while No. 100 is but a little thicker than a single hair; yet in both cases there is the same number of yarns. Now the machine by which sewing cotton is manufactured is one by

which this trebling process is effected, with the addition of the requisite amount of twist to combine the three into one thread. The apartment in which this process is carried on is a very busy and a particularly noisy one, and is crammed with whirling mechanisms until there is scarcely room to move. The aspect of the whole is confusing in the extreme, but an individual engine will be readily comprehended. There is, as usual, the proper form and height of framework, in the centre of the upper plane of which is the shelf for holding the bobbins, off which the separate yarns are being wound. Along the front is a row of twirling spindles, which twist and wind up the thread; and between there is a little simple apparatus, the intention of which will be best understood by the following description:—The yarns, after leaving the bobbins, are drawn downwards into a little trough, which contains a weak solution of starch in water, or sometimes water only; this is found to facilitate the twisting process, and also to communicate a peculiar gloss to the surface of the sewing cotton, or, as we shall henceforth call it, 'thread.\*' They pass under a little horizontal grooved glass rod, placed under water in the trough; they then rise, pass between a pair of rollers, the lower of which is iron, the upper wood, covered with flannel, to absorb any superfluous moisture from the thread, then over a smooth horizontal wire placed in front of the machine, through a wire eye, and then, by the contrivance known as the bobbin-and-flyer, it is both twisted and wound up. The adjustments which effect these latter operations have been so fully described in a former paper, that it is merely necessary to state that they are in almost every respect the same as those of the throstle spinning-engine. To each inch of thread there is a certain amount of twist, which is not, as might have been supposed, a matter of chance, but is made the subject of rigid calculation; and by means of different-sized cog-wheels and pinions this is very readily adjusted. The contrivance of the heart-wheel is here again called into requisition, to direct the even distribution of the thread over the whirling bobbin. We are unable to state the philosophical reason, and it may perhaps be questioned whether such a reason exists, why the direction in which the three yarns are twisted into one cord or thread is just the opposite to that in which the yarns themselves were twisted when they were made. One would have supposed this was an unwise step, but the practical result is not apparently affected by it. Thread fit for the lady's needle is thus completed, and assumes its characteristic smoothness and tenacity of fibre. We may be perhaps asked, where lies the difference between the various kinds of thread used by ladies? The finer and softer kinds are made from yarn produced by the mule-engines, the harder from that formed by the throstle. Might we venture again to name the cotton for *stocking darning*?—it is prepared, we believe, without gassing, thus retaining its woolliness of aspect, and also receives but a very small amount of twist.

But the thread has yet to be transferred to those neat wooden reels which form the most conspicuous ornaments of the well-filled work-box. To see this, we must ascend to an upper storey, the workers in which are exclusively females. There is much exercise of ingenuity yet to be seen before we have quite done with sewing cotton. It is sold principally, as our fair readers best know, in the form of reels, and of little balls, sixteen or so to the ounce. How the latter were formed was long a source of the deepest perplexity to ourselves, nor could any light be thrown upon the matter by any books treating on the cotton manufactures. In five minutes the difficulty was solved. At a low bench a woman sits, by whose side is a brown paper-bag full of these same little balls. Before her is a little brass horizontal spindle, of somewhat conical form, revolving at a very rapid rate,

\* In strictness, the word 'thread' applies to the filament formed out of the fibres of *flax*, not cotton.





minister at the head of a million of peasants, who would readily have placed themselves under his command, and obeyed his orders, whatever they might have been.

An adventure of a singular kind, which occurred about this time, contributed to make this remarkable man a still fonder object of idolatry to the Styrian race. It was a bright warm morning in the month of August. At the open window of a country posthouse, situated near the base of the mountains, there sat an old man and a young girl, who were talking quietly together. The maiden was a comely daughter of the Alpine valleys, with long brown hair tinged with a golden hue; her large eyes gentle, and yet animated in their expression; her countenance beaming with health and cheerfulness; her tall full form set off by a close black spencer. Her companion was the aged master of the establishment. In other days he had been a bold and skilful horseman, but was now confined by old age and the gout to the corner of the stove, and was at this moment warming his white hairs in the sunshine, while he watched his granddaughter's busy fingers as they stitched a postilion's jacket, which she seemed in haste to finish. They were alone in the house, and there was but a single stable-boy left to take care of the horses. Every other creature belonging to the household—husband and wife, brothers, servants—all were at work some way off, cutting the ripe corn and gathering it into sheaves. Suddenly a calèche with four horses approaches, and draws up in front of the posthouse.

'The prince!' cries out the old man, who has quickly recognised the illustrious exile. 'The prince! and there is not a single postilion at home! In the name of all the saints what shall I do?'

Meanwhile the traveller, expressing his desire to proceed as quickly as possible, calls for four horses and a guide.

'The horses are there,' muttered the old man; 'but as for the guide, that is another question. That stupid lout Michael knows no more how to manage four horses than to command a regiment of hussars!'

The young girl, on seeing her grandfather's perplexity, seemed to reflect for a moment, coloured up, and then darted out of the room.

The royal huntsman becomes impatient; and the old man curses his gout and his advanced age, which fasten him to his chair, when he would fain fly in the service of so noble and beloved a prince.

At length a postilion appears, whip in hand, booted and spurred, and looking quite dapper in a new scarlet uniform. The horses are quickly harnessed; the postilion leaps into his saddle, and instantly sets off at a full gallop.

The prince is pleased at the rapid pace of the horses and the skill of the young postilion. At the end of the stage he desires the youth to come and speak to him—is struck by his gentle manners, his charming countenance, his sweet voice—observes him blushing—and recognises in him a woman!

'Who art thou, then?' inquired he with a surprise mingled with deep interest.

'I am the daughter of the master of the posthouse,' replied the young girl, quite disconcerted at being thus discovered. 'Your royal highness could not wait; so, continued she, her colour heightening as she spoke—'so I dressed myself like a postboy, and have done my best.'

'Thou hast done very well indeed, my child,' rejoined the prince in that tone of kindly benevolence which endeared him so much to the people—'thou hast done very well; and I thank thee for thy gracious mode of serving me. Thou must accept this,' added he, while holding out a small purse with some gold pieces in it, 'as a proof of my gratitude.'

The maiden looked irresolute for a moment; then opening the purse, she withdrew a small gold coin, and kissing it fervently, placed the remainder in the prince's hand, saying, 'This piece shall always be precious to me; but your royal highness must not be displeased at

my refusing to take any more. I have served you with the dutious love which every Styrian woman bears to you, but not for the sake of a reward.'

The prince looked surprised at this courageous and noble-minded young girl, and each moment her fine intelligent countenance grew more attractive in his eyes. He detained her some minutes in conversation; and just as she was about to lead away the horses, he said to her with an air of gallantry, 'Come, my child, it would be a pity for us to part so soon. I will return back with you; but some one else shall guide the horses, and you shall bear me company in my carriage.'

The young girl blushed far deeper than before; but this time it was with an air of offended dignity, and she replied in a resolute tone, 'Each one in his own place, may it please your highness; thus it is that kings and shepherdesses preserve their honour.'

On hearing these words, the passing fancy of the traveller changed into a passion full of respect and esteem.

'Your fair fame is as dear to me as my own,' said he; 'and it depends on you alone whether they shall for ever be united in one. You made yourself a man to serve me, and I will make you my wife to love you. Say, shall it not be so?'

The astonishment of the young girl may readily be conceived; but she did not appear disconcerted, and after a moment's consideration, replied with perfect simplicity, 'If you can obtain the emperor's consent and my father's, you shall have mine also, sir.'

An hour afterwards, the prince and his postilion entered the wayside inn, and he formally demanded of the postmaster his daughter's hand. There was very little difficulty in obtaining his consent. With the emperor it was quite another matter.

It was affirmed at the court of Vienna that the august chasseur was mad, and that he ought to be treated as such. His highway romance became the theme of mockery and ridicule; but he took care to prove that he was perfectly in his senses. And lest he should prove the strength and the power of his will also, the emperor of Austria most reluctantly subscribed to the union of his race with that of a Styrian peasant.

And so the marriage was celebrated, to the great scandal of the court, and to the unbounded joy of the people of the mountains. From that day forward the prince was worshipped by the nation, and scoffed at by the imperial family.

A celebrated painter having taken his likeness in the costume of a Styrian huntsman, and had it engraved, the sale of these portraits was prohibited under rigorous penalties; and yet every honest mountaineer contrived to have a copy of it, which was invariably placed between his gun and his crossbow, as being two of his choicest household treasures. Even in the public places of Vienna, and on the very boards of the theatre, the dress and the habits of the 'royal adventurer' were represented for the amusement of the courtiers.

All this went on until the revolutionary outburst of the last year. Most fearful was the upheaving of the political earthquake in Austria. The old empire tottered to its base; Metternich fell and fled; the emperor quitted Vienna; Italy revolted; the provinces detached themselves from the capital; Germany seemed threatened with a total dismemberment. It was then that a federal Diet formed itself at Frankfort, with the view of uniting Germany under one directing central government. This Diet created a vicar-general of the empire, to whom it confided the supreme and central power in the name of the confederation; and it chose for this sovereign office the most popular prince of Germany—he who had been proscribed by Metternich and the emperor; the huntsman of the Tyrolean and Styrian mountains; the husband of the postmaster's daughter; in a word, the Archduke John; he who, at the age of twenty-seven, had been the conqueror of Napoleon and the deliverer of Tyrol; who, as a German, at the grand Cologne festival in 1842, had given this memorable



a conceit which certainly rests on a more natural basis than the fanciful idea of the barnacle goose, with which Britons formerly delighted to amuse their imaginations. The eggs of the mantis tribe are deposited on the stalks of plants and shrubs, the clusters, which might be mistaken for fruit or some vegetable excrescence, being covered by the mother with a glutinous or gelatinous matter, which dries into a flexible parchment.

### THE TRIUMPHS OF OUR LANGUAGE.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

[We have received this fine-spirited poem from Philadelphia, and beg to return our acknowledgments to the gifted author.]

Now gather all our Saxon bards,  
Let harps and hearts be strung,  
To celebrate the triumphs of  
Our own good Saxon tongue;  
For stronger far than hosts that march  
With battle-flags unfurled,  
It goes, with FREEDOM, THOUGHT, and TRUTH,  
To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays  
On every surf-worn shore,  
And Scotland hears it echoing far  
As Orkney's breakers roar—  
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills  
It floats on every gale,  
And warms with eloquence and song  
The homes of Innisfeall.

On many a wide and swarming deck  
It scales the rough wave's crest,  
Seeking its peerless heritage—  
The fresh and fruitful West:  
It climbs New England's rocky steepes,  
As vultur mounts a throne;  
Niagara knows and greets the voice  
Still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows  
On bleak Canadian plains,  
And where, on Essequibo's banks,  
Eternal summer reigns:  
It glads Acadia's misty coasts,  
Jamaica's glowing isle,  
And bides where, gay with early flowers,  
Green Texan prairies smile.

It lives by clear Itasca's lake,  
Missouri's turbid stream,  
Where cedars rise on wild Ozark,  
And Kansas' waters gleam:  
It tracks the loud swift Oregon  
Through sunset valleys rolled,  
And soars where Californian brooks  
Wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves,  
On seas of fierce Malay,  
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood,  
And towers of proud Bombay:  
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,  
Dusk brows, and swarthy limbs—  
The dark Liberian soothes her child  
With English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won  
In gentle Saxon speech;  
Australian boys read Crusoe's life  
By Sydney's sheltered beach:  
It dwells where Africa's southmost capes  
Meet oceans broad and blue,  
And Nieuweld's rugged mountains girl  
The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart,  
That, while it praise you sing,  
Those may be clad with autumn's fruits,  
And those with flowers of spring:  
It quickens lands whose meteor-lights  
Flame in an arctic sky,  
And lands for which the Southern Cross  
Hangs its orb'd fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,  
And righteous kings desired,  
With all that great apostles taught,  
And glorious Greeks admired;  
With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous verse,  
And Milton's loftier mind,  
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,  
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,  
And error flees away,  
As vanishes the mist of night  
Before the star of day!  
But grand as are the victories  
Whose monuments we see,  
These are but as the dawn which speaks  
Of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,  
Take heed, nor once disgrace  
With deadly pen or spilling sword  
Our noble tongue and race.  
Go forth prepared in every clime  
To love and help each other,  
And judge that they who counsel strife  
Would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time,  
By good men prayed for long,  
When Christian states, grown just and wise,  
Will scorn revenge and wrong;  
When earth's oppressed and savage tribes  
Shall cease to pine or roam,  
All taught to prize these English words—  
FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, and HOME.

### WEIGHING MACHINERY AT THE MINT.

A very ingenious contrivance for weighing coins delights us most, not having seen it adopted at any other mint. A native of Vienna claims the invention; and though it has been in use for some years, it has only just been sufficiently adjusted to be effectually used. It consists of some twelve small scales, suspended on a light beam, and parallel to each other. The proper weights for the coins are placed in the outer scales, while the inner ones face a slide, with three horizontal slits before each scale. As the pieces of coin are slid into the scales, the man turns a wheel, which raises the whole set of balances up to a certain height, when the scales are jerked against the slits: if the coins are of the proper weight, they are pitched through the centre slit; if too heavy, they are shot into the lower; and if too light, into the upper. The scales are now empty, and on the descent, are again replenished from the slides: thus in a few seconds a dozen coins are weighed and sorted without one having been touched. It is a very ingenious contrivance, the man's labour consisting merely in turning the wheel to elevate the scales, and occasionally to replenish with coin the tubes which feed the scales as they become cleared.—*Pictures from the North.*

### A DINNER-SHOOTING ARTIST.

That artists are sometimes grievously hard up in Rome there can be little doubt. I happened one cold morning to call upon N—, whose absence from his usual seat at the Lepri had been remarked by many of us. Instead of finding him, as I had anticipated, unusually busy with his chisel, he was engaged in shooting his dinner at the open window of the garret, which commanded an extensive range of leads, tiles, and gutters. His sport, which he pursued in solemn silence, was the common sparrow, and his weapon a machine much in use among lawyers' clerks when the principal has turned his back, known by the name of a 'puff and dart,' from which any one with a good pair of lungs can expel pins with great force. Having knocked over nearly a dozen birds, N— walked out of the window to collect them, and then plucked and spitted them, enjoying his repast with a thankful relish unknown to those who get a good dinner every day.—*Becan's Sand and Casvas.*

### ACORNS IN SPAIN.

The acorns are still called *bellota*, the Arabic *bollo*—*belot* being the Scriptural term for the tree and the gland which, with water, formed the original diet of the aboriginal Iberian, as well as of his pig: when dry, the acorns were ground, say the classical authors, into bread; and when fresh, they were served up as the second course. And in our time, ladies of high rank at Madrid constantly ate them at the Opera and elsewhere: they were the presents sent by Sancho Panza's wife to the duchess, and formed the text on which Don Quixote preached so eloquently to the goatherds on the joys and innocence of the Golden Age and pastoral happiness, in which they constituted the foundation of the kitchen.—*Ford's Gatherings in Spain.*

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must select, adjust, interweave. He must be possessed with a consciousness that the whole of the landscape before him—in other words, the whole of human life—is at his disposal; that he is not a surveyor, or land-measurer, or statistician; but that, however circumscribed may be the scene he has chosen, it is his business to take care that there is a sympathy, a harmony, a oneness in its parts, which will form a perfect *enchainement* of interest in the whole.

In writing biography, or in relating in conversation the history of one of our acquaintances, we are not permitted to sacrifice the true for the sake of artistic effect, any more than a surveyor is permitted to transform or transpose the parts of an architectural drawing for the sake of the picturesque. We relate the circumstances just as they occurred; although adorning them, according to our own taste, with the elegancies of language, and flinging upon them the incidental colouring of sentiment and description. Fiction, however, is widely different from biography. There we have not only the colours, but the incidents and their sequence, at our own disposal, and it is our business to select and arrange them according to the rules of art. This seems a trite observation; but we can undertake to say, from a somewhat wide experience, that it is very rarely applied. The sequence of incidents, or, in other words, Plot, is misunderstood even by the critic whom we have alluded to above. He declares the plot of 'Quentin Durward,' for instance, to be absurd, when it is in reality a perfect masterpiece of the art. We of course do not talk of the incidents themselves, but of their sequence and connection. We do not praise the object in view—which is simply that of getting a commonplace adventurer married to a commonplace heiress—but the skill exercised in bringing even the most trivial circumstances, as well as the great events of history, to bear upon that object. Thus, in estimating the science which has constructed a bridge, we do not take the purpose of the work into account; for that belongs to an inquiry of a totally different nature.

An artistically-constructed plot resembles the arch of a bridge in this: that all its parts are *necessary*. We may indulge our taste or fancy as much as we please in extrinsic ornament; but the real works of the construction, whether this be literary or scientific, must form an indispensable part of the whole. The best test to which to put a fictitious narrative, is to deprive it of a leading incident; and if it stands under the deprivation, its construction is not artistic, and it must be condemned in point of plot. An illustration of this fact may be found in the works of nature herself. An imperfect animal (such as a centipede) may have any number of limbs the trunk will carry, and in many tribes the loss of a limb is attended with no inconvenience, and, indeed, with no permanent derangement even of symmetry, since it grows again. But as we ascend in the scale of being, the Great Architect is not so lavish. The limbs become fewer as they become more valuable; and in the most perfect of all developments they are in exact proportion to the requirements and necessities of the species. The human body resembles a perfect fiction, where all the parts are necessary, congruous, and symmetrical.

It is curious that Scott himself, the greatest master of plot in our language, was not aware of its value in fiction.\* But the gifted novelist wanted a philosophical

and inquiring mind, just as the world-renowned author was destitute of a sense of the intellectual grandeur of literature. Among the novels he commends most highly as *novels* is 'Marriage,' a work which, though abounding in character, fulfils no other condition of the fictitious narrative. In 'Marriage,' the heroine is brought up in the Highlands of Scotland, having been deserted by her fashionable mother. In due time she repairs to London to seek this parent, and is met with coldness or dislike. She falls in love with a gentleman, whose mother desires their union; but the fear that her suitor is influenced only by sentiments of filial obedience, makes her hesitate; till at length, being accidentally convinced of his affection, the marriage takes place, and the story ends. This is the plot of 'Marriage.' Everything else in the book is extraneous. The sketches of character throughout, however, are striking, and sometimes excellent; and the reader, led on from one to another, fancies he is interested in the narrative, till on looking back at the end he sees only some unconnected groups or individuals dotting the distance in his memory.

If Character were the most important condition of success, we should have to place various contemporaneous names above that of Scott. Scott never reached the philosophical depth either of Godwin or Bulwer Lytton (two completely opposite writers); and there are several of the characters of Dickens and Thackeray which would lose little by comparison with those of the Waverley Novels. Scott, in fact, may be said to stand higher as a painter of manners than of character; but it is the *completeness* of his fictions as works of art—the indestructible web, so to speak, of their story—which, notwithstanding some deficiencies in character, and at least moral colouring, place him at the head of the artists of this century, and will make the world recur to him again and again when successive schools, after flourishing for a while, sink and disappear. This distinction between character and manners was felt before the time of Scott by Johnson; although in the illustration he gives, the conversational oracle appears to confound elaboration with profundity, preferring the surface-carving of Richardson to the artistical completeness of Fielding. 'There was as great a difference between them,' says he, 'as between a man who knew how a watch was made, and a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate!' But Johnson felt the philosophical fact, though misled in its application by his customary prejudice, and he shows why manners will always have the advantage in popularity over character; characters of manners being 'understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart.'

We are not sure, indeed, that character, in the highest sense of the term, belongs to prose fictitious narrative at all. Manners are the material indication and outward garb of character, and have their natural place in a story of the events of human life; but the depths of the mind can only be explored and revealed in a metaphysical essay or a poem. 'Macbeth'—'Othello'—'Lear'—these are narratives, and in a certain sense monologues, of character. In them all things are subordinate to a single end. The design is not so much to relate a story of human life, as to dive into the arcana of the human mind. The persons of the drama are brought in for the purpose of ministering to one personage; and the action is described, not as interesting in itself, but merely as the vehicle of an idea which could not otherwise be revealed to the senses. In prose fiction, character—always speaking of it in the highest sense of the term—is never duly appreciated, otherwise 'Mandeville,' for instance, would not now lie buried in the dust of a score of years. The only reason that need be given is, that it can neither in itself fulfil the conditions of romance, nor consent to the common rules of co-operation.

After plot and character comes Moral Colouring, in which the author sometimes appears as an interpreter

\* It must be admitted that the fourth volume of the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' has hardly any connection with the plot: but it appears to have been written merely to fill up to the length of the former series, and for the sake of pecuniary gain.













region, for which nature has done everything, and man nothing, by the assurance that at present it is entirely unfitted for the settlement of emigrants, except such as

"Leave their country for their country's good."

"He has taken Iowa short," is the American phrase for a rascal who has made other places "too hot to hold him."

The following is part of Mr Sidney Smith's general summing up of the western states. 'They abound in beautiful flowers, wild fruits, and birds of every variety, and of the gayest plumage. The glow-worm and fire-fly, and butterflies of every hue are common; and the mosquitoes in the shelter of the woods are very annoying. Snakes are very numerous, of great variety, and some of them exceedingly dangerous; yet few accidents happen from their attacks. Day and night are more equally divided in America than in Europe; and in the former there is an entire absence of twilight, or gray, still evening, darkness hastening on the moment the sun sinks behind the horizon. As a general rule, roads are few and bad, and bridges still worse. Public conveyances are conducted in an inconvenient way, from the independence of the conductors upon the custom of the public; and inns and steamboats are indifferently regulated. In the former, the innkeepers bear themselves as the obliging parties, and often decline to serve customers when it is inconvenient. The beds and bedrooms are very badly managed, and the houses overcrowded. The balance of testimony is in favour of the American character for evenness of temper, deference to women, substantial good manners, with great plainness of speech and address, and great and genuine kindness to the sick or the distressed, particularly strangers, widows, and orphans. Commercial integrity is low, and there is much overreaching and sharpness in bargains and mercantile contracts. The litigious and pettifogging tendencies of the people are the result of their acuteness, logical intellect, and inferior sentimental endowments. Law and lawyers are the curse of the country, and it is emphatically said that an American will go to law with his own father about a penny. . . . The market of England is now opened for the provisions and grain of the western states, and we cannot entertain a doubt that for centuries to come this great republic must advance in comfort, security, prosperity, and every good which can make civilisation desirable, and the institution of society an element of human happiness.'

Texas has been denounced by the Land Emigration Commissioners, and our author has little to say in its favour. 'The southern position of Texas, and its capability of raising tropical productions, argue a too torrid climate for a European constitution. It is comparatively unsettled; it is a border debateable land betwixt Mexico and the United States; and it is peopled by the scum and refuse, the daring, adventurous, and lawless, of all other countries. When fully peopled, well settled, and placed under the vigorous control of permanent government and institutions, its natural capabilities will render it a desirable place of settlement.' He merely mentions Oregon, Vancouver's Island, and California. In the first, the climate and soil are unobjectionable, but everything else is bad; Vancouver's Island may offer greater advantages to the adventurous; but both of them, and California in a more especial manner, may be regarded 'as the destination only of men of desperate fortunes, and as a certain source of unhappiness to all persons of orderly, industrious, prudent, and virtuous habits. Their ultimate fate will, in all probability, be prosperous; and if the new projects for connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic by canals joining chains of lakes and rivers, or by railways or aqueducts at the Isthmus of Panama, be speedily realised, they may become much more rapidly populated and settled than is with the present means probable.'

We have now run rapidly through the portion of the volume devoted to the United States, and we do not hesitate to say that we consider the work to be a most useful and impartial publication; and even without

reference to any practical purpose of emigration, extremely well adapted for the perusal of the general reader.

### THE SAILOR PRELATE.

It was in the year 1580 that Sir Francis Drake returned in triumph to his native land, after a successful expedition against the Spaniards in the South Seas. He anchored at Deptford, and Queen Elizabeth honoured the brave admiral by dining on board his ship. After the banquet, her majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on her entertainer, and inquired of him whether he wished to name any captain in his fleet as peculiarly distinguished for valour.

'So please your majesty,' said Drake, 'many there are in every ship who have borne themselves right bravely, as the subjects of their gracious mistress should; but one there is who merits praise above all, for by his steady daring alone three goodly galleons were taken. He stood himself at the guns until victory was declared, although a finger of his right hand was shot off, and he had received various grievous wounds. His name is William Lyon, commander of the Albion.'

'Let him be introduced into our presence,' said the queen; 'we love to look on a brave man.'

Sir Francis bowed, gave the necessary directions, and after a brief delay Captain Lyon was ushered into the royal presence. He was a good-looking, finely-formed man, with the blunt, frank bearing of a British sailor; in the present instance slightly dashed by a consciousness of his position. Her majesty received him with that kindly manner which she knew so well how to combine with dignity—a species of 'king-craft' which seldom fails to secure for sovereigns the warm love of their people. She asked him several questions touching the late expedition, which he answered in a sensible, respectful manner; and the queen dismissed him, saying, 'You deserve to rise, Captain Lyon; and we now pledge our royal word that you shall have the first vacancy that offers.' She then gave him her hand to kiss, and the gallant seaman retired.

About three months afterwards, as the queen on a state day was giving audience to her nobles, Captain William Lyon presented himself and craved an interview with her majesty. Good Queen Bess, among whose faults indifference to the wants and wishes of her subjects could not be classed, willingly granted his request, and smiled as she asked him to make known his wishes.

'Please your majesty, I come,' he said, 'to remind you of your gracious promise. You said I should have the first vacancy that offered; and I have just heard that the see of Cork, in the south of Ireland, is vacant by the demise of the bishop; therefore I hope your majesty will give it me, and so fulfil your royal word.'

'Gramercy,' said the queen, 'this is taking us at our word with a witness! How say you, my lord,' she continued, turning to the Earl of Essex, who stood beside the throne; 'would a brave sailor, think you, answer for a bishop in our troublous kingdom of Ireland?'

'If Captain Lyon's clerical skill, please your majesty, be equal to so grave a charge, his worth and valour (of which I have heard much) will, I doubt not, render him worthy of your Grace's favour.'

'Besides,' chimed in the captain, as undauntedly as though he stood on his own quarterdeck, 'her majesty promised me the first vacancy; and God forbid she should be the first of her royal house who was worse than the word of their lips!'

A less absolute sovereign than Elizabeth might probably have been offended at these blunt words, and have dismissed the unlucky speaker with scant ceremony; but thoroughly secure in power, she liked to reign in her people's hearts, and besides she had the rough old Tudor love for words of truth and deeds of boldness: therefore a right royal burst of laughter proceeded from the throne, echoed by the attendant courtiers; and when



their fields. It was not easy to pass these weirs without a 'row,' as the natives insisted on the gap made for the boat being built up again. In one instance the masonry was so thick and high that the boat had to be lifted over. In addition to this there was uneasiness respecting the cattle and baggage, which, writes Lieutenant Molyneux, 'were frequently obliged to diverge to a considerable distance from the river; but a capital fellow that we hired at Tiberias as a guide assisted us greatly in overcoming all our difficulties.' By and by a sheik and four Bedouins stopped the party, and demanded 600 piastres for a free passage across his territories; but after some altercation, a compromise was effected for a third of the sum.

In this way the travellers proceeded, opposed not only by natural obstacles, but by the fierce and rapacious character of the natives. In some places the river was so rocky and shallow, that it was found desirable to transfer the boat again for a time to the camels' backs. On this occasion, observes the lieutenant—'From a hill over which our road lay I had a very fine view of the whole valley, with its many Arab encampments, all made of the common coarse black camel-hair cloth. Very large herds of camels were to be seen in every direction stalking about upon the apparently barren hills in search of food. The Jordan had split into two streams of about equal size shortly after leaving El Buk'ah; and its winding course, which was marked by luxuriant vegetation, looked like a gigantic serpent twisting down the valley. After forming an island of an oval form, and about five or six miles in circumference, the two branches of the Jordan again unite immediately above an old curiously-formed bridge, marked in the map as Jisr Mejamia.' On encamping in the evening, an interesting instance of sagacity is recorded by the leader. 'I was much interested,' he writes, 'during the night, in observing the extraordinary sagacity of the Arab mares, which are indeed beautiful creatures. The old sheik lay down to sleep, with his mare tied close to him, and twice during the evening she gave him notice of the approach of footsteps by walking round and round; and when that did not awaken him, she put her head down and neighed. The first party she notified were some stray camels, and the second some of our own party returning. The Benisakhers generally ride with a halter only, except when they apprehend danger; and then, the moment they take their bridles from their saddle-bow, the mares turn their heads round, and open their mouths to receive the bit.'

For the next few days, so frequent were the disputes with the Arabs, the bargainings with new escorts, that the lieutenant was 'almost driven mad.' Sometimes the Bedouins would go off in a body, thinking to frighten him into terms; but the party were well armed, and could command a certain degree of respect. So tortuous, too, was the river, that, as we are told, 'it would be impossible to give any account of the various turnings;' and the leader was obliged to ride continually between the boat and the baggage, to ascertain the relative position of each: a railway-whistle which he had with him proved very useful in making signals. The expedition, indeed, 'was almost like moving an army in an enemy's country—not only looking out for positions where we could not be taken by surprise, but anxiously looking out also for supplying our commissariat.' With the thermometer ranging from 83 to 110 degrees, this was no enviable task.

On the 30th of the month, it having been found impossible to satisfy the exorbitant demands of the Arabs, Lieutenant Molyneux determined on proceeding without an escort; and after the place of rendezvous was reached by the mounted party, continues:—'We, as usual, stuck Toby's spear in the ground, with the ensign flying on it, as a signal for the boat to bring up, intending to proceed as soon as she arrived. The last time I had seen her was from the top of the western cliffs; she was then nearly abreast of us; and

notwithstanding the windings of the river, as the water was good, and as she had four men to pull and one to steer (Grant, Lyscomb, Winter, with the guide we had brought from Tiberias, and the man we had engaged by the road), I expected her arrival in about an hour.' The boat, however, did not arrive; and the lieutenant becoming anxious, sent out scouts to look for her, but they returned unsuccessful. Meantime he had taken up a secure position with his party, and eventually determined on going in search of the missing crew himself; but being ignorant of the language, Toby offered to go in his stead. The lieutenant then pursues:—'After most anxiously awaiting his return for an hour, he came back full gallop to inform me that he had found the boat; that she had been attacked; and that he had learned this painful intelligence from the guide and the other Arab, who were now alone bringing her down the river. . . . Forty or fifty men had collected on the banks on each side of the river, armed with muskets; and commenced their attack by throwing stones at the boat, and firing into the water close to her; and after they thus terrified the men, they all waded into the river, seized upon her, and dragged her to the shore. Lyscomb, who drew a pistol, was knocked into the water by a blow of a stick; and having got the boat on the shore, they robbed the men of all their arms and ammunition, took their hats, and let them go. They also robbed the two Arabs of their arms, and of most of their clothes, and threatened to kill them, but let them off with a beating. This was all the intelligence we could obtain; and, as may be supposed, I was thunder-struck by the recital of these melancholy facts. The guide and the other Arab had remained by the boat for half an hour, hoping that our men would return; but seeing nothing more of them, they concluded that they had endeavoured to follow me, and accordingly they proceeded down the river with the boat.'

The party were now in a critical position: surrounded on all sides by bands of notorious plunderers, and darkness coming on, added to which, anxiety as to the fate of the missing men, rendered the lieutenant truly miserable. It seemed cruel to abandon them; but the only chance of safety and succour lay in reaching Jericho as speedily as possible. The two natives who had brought the boat down were with much difficulty persuaded to take her on to the castle, and in case of the non-arrival of the party, to make their way from thence to Jerusalem, and report their position to the consul. The lieutenant, with Toby and an old man as guide and driver of the animals, then set forward; and notwithstanding the difficulties of the ground, and at times losing their way, reached Jericho, a distance of more than thirty miles, just at sunrise. The letter from the governor of Beirut was forthwith presented to the old governor at the castle; and so well did the lieutenant urge his case, that in a short time four well-mounted soldiers, accompanied by the guide with refreshments, and a note for the sailors, were scouring the country in search of them. Meantime Lieutenant Molyneux rode over to Jerusalem, where, in company with the consul, he visited the pasha, and obtained from him letters to two other pashas, directing them to send out men to the search, besides ten soldiers to assist the officer in his own exploration, and accompany him afterwards to the Dead Sea. On returning to Jericho, the boat was found to have arrived; and the next day the district of country in which the outrage occurred was diligently explored, but without obtaining any tidings of the missing unfortunates; a result which, despite a hope that the men might have succeeded in reaching the coast, threw the lieutenant into 'a depressing and gloomy mood.'

He determined, however, on accomplishing, if possible, the grand object of the expedition; and the *agha* (leader of the soldiery) was requested to be in readiness with his men the following morning. 'At last,' pursues the lieutenant, 'we reached the mouth of the river, where I was glad to find the boat floating on the slug-



The servant withdrew, and Mr Jobson resumed his melancholy musings:—

'Man is a dissatisfied animal, there's no mistake about that! Here, now, is Charles Frampton, rolling in clover without ever having had the trouble of sowing it. His father, Old Timothy, must have left him at least, one way or another, eleven or twelve thousand pounds, besides the trade and clear stock; and though we have gone the pace, his fortune can't be much diminished with such a revenue coming in from the business! He is fond of the turf, the ring, sporting of all kinds; and, thanks to my experience and advice, he is enabled to cut a dashing figure in them all. I have been his bosom counsellor and friend these five years past; I have taken all trouble off his hands, arranged his betting-book, managed his stable, his table, and his cellar for him; and yet he's not contented! The perversity of human nature is really outrageous!'

He was interrupted by the hasty entrance of his very ungrateful friend Charles Frampton, a rather good-looking young man of about six or seven-and-twenty years of age, and, like his mentor, somewhat buckishly attired.

'Ah! Jobson, my old boy, how are you? Welcome back!'—and he shook hands pretty heartily with his philosopher and guide. 'But come, Hornsby has of course told you all about it. Mrs Herbert and her sister are down stairs, and I wish to introduce you.'

'Mrs Herbert!' gasped Jobson; 'a widow! an experience!'

'A widow! yes; and what of that? She is still two or three years my junior. But come along, and judge for yourself.' Mr Charles Frampton led the way out of the apartment, and Mr Jobson, groaning heavily in spirit, followed with reluctant steps.

The introduction over, the four sat down to tea, and Jobson had leisure to observe that Mrs Herbert—Maria, as Charles Frampton called her—was really an elegant, beautiful woman, certainly not more than three or four-and-twenty years of age. Her sister—also a youthful widow, a Mrs Miley—was, he saw, a merry, keen-looking, black-eyed person, about two years her senior. After tea, Mr Frampton and his *fiancée* went up stairs to look at the new piano, leaving Mr Jobson to entertain the sister, Caroline. She seemed in exceedingly good spirits, and displayed a vivacity and archness in her conversation that quite captivated her companion. He was graciously pleased to assure her, that not only should he interpose no obstacle to his friend's union with her sister, but that in fact he was rather pleased than otherwise he had made so judicious a choice. This assurance and encomium seemed to tickle the lady's fancy amazingly, and her merry eyes twinkled with roguish humour; but when Jobson, in pursuance of the patronising scheme he had mentally resolved upon since he had seen the bride, condescended to say that he should be pleased to see her very often of an evening, and that he would, moreover, use his influence with Charles to have her very frequently invited indeed, she burst into a laugh so loud and merry, that the room rang again with her exuberant mirth. She, however, qualified her apparent rudeness by exclaiming, as soon as she could sufficiently recover breath:—'Will you really, though? Why, what a dear, good-natured old soul you must be!' The carnation of Mr Jobson's cheeks deepened several shades, and at the same time a chilling doubt of ultimate success in the struggle in which he was so suddenly and calamitously involved swept over him. Had he not known himself to be a man of first-rate energy and resource, or if the stake at issue had been less enormous, he would—so rapidly did a sense of the difficulties of his position crowd upon his brain—have abandoned the field at once. Whilst he was still dubitating, the lovers returned; and one or two rubbers of whist, proposed by Mr Jobson, carried the party in a sufficiently satisfactory manner through the evening.

The ladies took their leave early. 'Charles,' said

Jobson solemnly, as the expectant bridegroom re-entered the room, after seeing them safely off in a cab; 'Charles, did my ears deceive me, or is there a family—babbies?'

'Oh yes, Jobson; didn't I mention it?' returned Mr Charles Frampton, whose flashing eyes and flushed cheek proclaimed that he was still in the seventh heaven. 'Maria has two, I think, perhaps three—if a dozen, it's of no consequence—pictures in little of her charming self. Beautiful as angels I have no doubt they are. Maria married very early, as I told you. Of course she did. How could it be otherwise?'

Jobson snatched up his chamber candlestick, and bolted out of the room. But compassion, either for himself or his friend, induced him to return, with a view possibly to a last effort. He opened the door, but a glance sufficed to convince him of the utter hopelessness of the attempt. His once docile pupil had seated himself in an easy-chair, and, with his legs stretched at full length, and his arms crossed on his breast, was apostrophising the lady's portrait—an admirable likeness by Chalon, brought home the day before. In the mellifluous words of Moore—

'Her floating eyes! oh they resemble  
Blue water-lilies!'

Jobson stayed to see no more, but slamming too the door, hastened off, and was soon in bed; for he was not only mind-harassed, but travel-wearied. 'Well,' thought he, as he laid his very uneasy head upon the pillow, 'this is going the pace—this is! Two widows, both of whom know how many beans make five, if ever woman did, and three small angels in petticoats, are pretty well to begin with at any rate! But never mind. That black-eyed divinity laughs gaily just now; but we have yet to see who will laugh last. Charles's tastes are fixed, I know. Habit with him is second nature; and when a honey-week or so has passed, "Richard will be himself again," or I am very much mistaken.' With this consolatory prophecy Mr Jobson fell asleep.

Meantime the ladies had safely arrived at their abode in Islington—a rather genteel-looking domicile, upon the outer door of which glittered a brass-plate, intimating to passers-by that the inmates kept 'a seminary for young ladies.' They had not long arrived when a visitor was announced—Mrs Barstowe, a young and rather interesting-looking person, who, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, hastened to exchange greetings with Mrs Miley.

'My dear Caroline, how well you are looking; and where's Maria?'

'In the next room with the milliner. But what brings you here at this time of night?'

'How can you ask me, when you are aware how much I am interested in the event of to-morrow, and that I know my brother's evil genius—that horrid Jobson—is returned home!'

'Well, if that be all, make your mind perfectly easy. Your brother is too much in love with Maria for that knave's influence to avail in preventing the match. I have told you so half-a-dozen times.'

'You have; but if you knew how constantly Charles has deferred to him for these five or six years past; that he has had sufficient influence to prevent a reconciliation between my brother and his own two sisters'—

'Well, but I do know all about it. I have heard the story over and over again, and can repeat it out of book. Miss Mary and Miss Jane Frampton—foolish girls both of them—married: one a young surgeon with scarcely any practice; the other, worse still, one of her father's shopmen: both very excellent persons, I dare say'—

'Oh yes; indeed they are.

'Which silly as undutiful conduct naturally greatly offended Mr Timothy Frampton, who had other views for them both. He, dying shortly afterwards, bequeathed the whole of his property to his son, which





this, I say, though not quite so soon. But a word in your ear, laughing Mrs Miley—the person who will have to leave this house is not Jeremiah Jobson! The habits of years, ma'am—the habits of years, I say'—

He could proceed no farther. The outbursting merriment of the apostrophised lady drowned his bellicose threatenings; and putting on his hat, and then so fiercely striking it on the crown that it came down over his eyes, and required to be pushed up again, he stalked furiously out of the room, a peal of merry laughter pursuing him to the bottom of the stairs.

A few hours afterwards Mr and Mrs Frampton returned from their brief bridal excursion; and of course the drunken uproar of the preceding evening, and the coarse insolence of Mr Jobson, were duly related and dilated upon. Mr Frampton, who had for some time been tired of a domination which long habit and indolence of temper alone caused him to endure, readily consented to his wife's proposal, that the said Jobson should forthwith be compelled to leave the house. He had previously solemnly promised her to give up associates who, if they had not materially damaged his fortune, had considerably tarnished his reputation in the eyes of sober-judging citizens, and here was an opportunity of putting his sincerity to the test, which she determined not to let slip. Mr Frampton agreed to leave the matter in her hands, not alone because she wished it to be so, though that would doubtless have more than sufficed, but because he was not only somewhat doubtful of his own resolution, but desirous of avoiding an angry encounter with a person with whom he had so long lived in terms of intimate fellowship.

'Mr Jobson is coming up, madam,' said Jones, an old gray-headed clerk, who had been in the firm since he was a boy. 'You will, I know, excuse my freedom, but I do hope the establishment will effectually get rid of the fellow at last. If you only knew the mischief he has made, the tyranny he has exercised! There are Mr Charles's two sisters, whom I have known from infancy'—

'Mrs Barstowe and her sister. They and their husbands will dine with us to-day.'

'Thank God! thank God!' exclaimed the old man fervently; and then in quite another tone he added, 'Oh, here's Mr Jobson!'

'Yes, here is Mr Jobson; and pray, old fellow, what have you to say to him, eh?' Mr Jobson had evidently been drinking to some excess.

'You had better address this lady, not me,' returned Jones quietly.

'Well, madam, and what have you to say to your husband's old friend?'

'I understand, Mr Jobson,' said that lady quite unmoved, 'that you refuse to leave this house?'

'You understand quite correctly, madam!'

'Then how do you propose to pay the debt you have already incurred for your board and lodging, which, at two guineas per week, the sum you signed a written agreement to pay when you came here, already amounts to—how much, Selina?'

'Five hundred and twelve pounds two shillings.'

'Pay? I don't mean to pay it at all!'

'And to meet this demand, to say nothing of money borrowed, there are—read the list, Mr Jones,' continued Mrs Frampton.

'One bay filly, one gray gelding, five bridles, and three saddles, in the stables. In the bedroom, two gold-mounted canes, one silver-mounted riding-whip, three greatcoats, four'—

'Fire and fagot! why, what do you mean?' roared Jobson in distracting perplexity. 'You don't mean to plunder me of my valuables?'

'Plunder you! Can you pay this debt?'

'No, I can't: no, I won't.'

'Then I have my husband's authority to say, this property of yours will be sold by auction as speedily as possible in discharge of the debt; and that whether he will sue you or not for the balance, which will be a

large one, depends entirely upon your future behaviour.'

'Why, you abominable woman, I haven't a change of linen, nor five pounds in my purse.'

'So much the better: the lesson will be the more exemplary. Now, sir, please to leave the house,' Jobson glared at her like a maniac, but seemed determined not to budge.

'Mr Jones, have the kindness to call in the porters Mr Frampton directed to remain in the passage. Now Thomas, Henry, or whatever your names are, show this gentleman out of the house.'

Infuriate but vain were the struggles of the doomed potentate. The hour of defeat had struck, his sceptre was broken, and he cast rudely and ignominiously forth, to reascend his throne no more for ever!

'My dear Mary—Jane too!' said Mrs Frampton, advancing to meet Mrs Barstowe, Mrs James, and their husbands. 'Didn't I tell you I would soon exorcise the evil spirit that so long exerted such baneful influence over your brother?'

'I couldn't have believed it,' said gentle Mrs Barstowe. 'You must be a witch, Maria.'

'To be sure she is,' said Mr James, with a significant glance at Mrs Frampton's really beautiful face and figure; 'and of the only potent species—that which operates by natural magic.'

'There—there—there; that will do,' replied the lady, smiling and blushing. 'I have, at all events, sufficient sense to know that if beauty may temporarily enslave a lover or a bridegroom, it is only kindness, gentleness, and respectful forbearance that can permanently attach a husband. They are our only lasting spells of power. I owe your brother much, my dear Mrs Barstowe; and I think, in restoring him his sisters, and ridding him of a knave, I have given a splendid earnest of my desire to repay him. But come; Charles is expecting us in the dining-room; and mind, all of you, not a word about "victory" or "triumph:" they are words which grate unpleasantly upon ears masculine. Come.'

Thus ended Mr Jeremiah Jobson's 'Three Days.' He has wisely wasted no time in foolish efforts to regain his vanished sceptre; and the last time I heard of him he was preparing to ship himself and very ragged fortunes to the brilliant Californian Land of 'Promise,' if naught else.

#### ROYAL AND NOBLE ECONOMISTS.

ROYAL and noble personages have not always considered it below their dignity to superintend personally their households; thus, by regulating their expenses, to prevent an undue waste and improvident expenditure. Perhaps our readers will be glad to have some illustrations of this point laid before them, which were collected during our literary peregrinations through some of the continental libraries.

Henry VII. kept memorandums, written in his own hand, of all his expenses; and the rapacious monarch maintained an economy in his palaces bordering on meanness. To quote Lord Bacon: 'In expending of treasure, Henry kept this rule, never to spare any charge his affairs required. In his buildings he was magnificent, in his rewards close-handed; so that his liberality extended rather to what regarded himself and his own memory, than to the rewarding of merit.'

Nor did the prodigal son who succeeded him, Henry VIII., fail in this respect to follow his father's example. In the great library at Paris may be seen a curious document in French, and in the handwriting of that sanguinary monarch, containing regulations for the use of the royal household. The extracts we have copied from the autograph manuscript are further interesting, as showing that our merchants' houses in the nineteenth century exhibit more elegance and comfort than was to be found in the royal palaces during the sixteenth:—

1. 'The barber must always keep himself clean, in order not to compromise his majesty's health.'



'that you are wealthy with such a sum, and ought to live like a princess.'

The expenses of housekeeping have, it is true, considerably augmented since 1679, when the above letter was dated; and we have transcribed it only as affording an example of a domestic budget in those days, and to prove that housekeeping may be allied to wit, grace, and high rank. The fascinating Marquise de Sevigné likewise managed her household, and numerous examples might be adduced from her letters showing that she knew how to regulate her expenses. Still more might be said upon this subject; but it is sufficiently shown that individuals of the highest birth, alike distinguished by their talents and position in society, have not thought it derogatory to superintend their own affairs, or, in homelier language, keep their houses in order.

#### PARADISE OF DEBTORS.

The number of debtors in the County Prison at York seems to be always very large: many remain a long time, evincing no disposition to leave the place; and when it is considered what a very comfortable life they pass, with large airy rooms to dwell in, no work to do, plenty of company to associate with, spacious grounds to walk in, and with the county funds ready to purchase food for them if they have not property of their own, all surprise on this score must cease, the wonder really being that there are not ten times as many debtors, which there probably would be were the attractions of the place generally known. In fact, this prison, like many other debtors' prisons, is a luxurious kind of poorhouse—*workhouse* would indeed be a misnomer—where the lazy and extravagant are maintained at other people's expense, and where the bare idea of being required by their labour to do something towards earning their own bread, would be looked upon as the herald of unheard-of oppression and cruelty. Of the debtors in York Castle, at the time of my visit, one had been there nearly eleven years, two more than eleven years, and one fifteen years. The governor said that he did not think these men had any wish to leave the prison. I sent for the men to have some talk with them; and the drift of their replies to my questions was, that they would not apply for their liberation, because in so doing they should have to surrender their property.—*Fourteenth Report of Prison-Inspectors.*

#### FROST-SLEEP—ITS CURE.

In an excursion made in the winter 1792-3, from St John's to the Bay of Bulls, North America, Captain (the late General) Skinner forming one of our party, we had on our return to cross a large lake over the ice some miles in extent. When about the middle, Captain Skinner informed me that he had long been severely pinched by the cold, and found an irresistible drowsy fit coming on. I urged him to exertions, representing the fatal consequences of giving way to this feeling, and pointing out the state in which his wife and family would be found should the party arrive at St John's without him. These thoughts roused him to exertion for some time; but when he had reached the margin of the lake he gave way, and declared he was utterly unable to struggle farther, delivering, at the same time, what he considered his dying message to his family. As there were some bushes near the spot I broke off a branch, and began to thrash my fellow-traveller with it; at first without much apparent effect, but at length I was delighted to find that my patient winced under my blows, and at length grew angry. I continued the application of the stick until he made an effort to get up and retaliate. He was soon relieved from the torpor, and as we were now but a few miles from St John's I pushed on before the party, leaving the captain under special care. I left also the stick, with strong injunctions that it should be smartly applied in the event of the drowsiness returning. I soon reached the town, and had some warm porter, with spice, prepared against the arrival of my friends; with this and considerable friction he was enabled to proceed home, where he arrived perfectly recovered. He himself related the story at the Earl of St Vincent's table, at Gibraltar, many years afterwards, expressing at the same time much gratitude for the beating he had received.—*Memoirs of Admiral Brenton.*

#### THE AULD MEAL MILL.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

THE auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,  
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;  
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,  
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

The stream frae the mountain, rock-ribbet and brown,  
Like a peal o' loud laughter, comes rattlin' doon.  
Take my word for't, my freen—'tis nae puny rill  
That ca's the big wheel o' the auld meal mill.

When flashin' and dashin' the paddles fee round,  
The miller's blithe whistle aye blends wi' the sound;  
The spray, like the bright draps whilk rainbows distill,  
Fa's in showers o' red gowd round the auld meal mill.

The wild Hielan' heather grows thick on its thack,  
The ivy and apple-tree creep up its back;  
The lightning-winged swallow, wi' nature's ain skill,  
Builds its nest 'neath the eaves o' the auld meal mill.

Keep your e'e on the watch-dog, for Cæsar kens woe!  
When the wild gipsy laddies are tryin' to steal;  
But he lies like a lamb, and licks wi' good-will  
The hard horny hand that brings griat to the mill.

There are many queer jokes 'bout the auld meal mill;  
They are noo sober folks 'bout the auld meal mill;  
But ance it was said that a het Hielan' still  
Was aften at wark near the auld meal mill.

When the plough's at its rest, the sheep i' the fauld,  
Sic gatherin's are there, baith o' young folk and auld;  
The herd blaws his horn, richt bauldly and shrill,  
A' to bring down his clan to the auld meal mill.

Then sic jumpin' o'er barrows, o'er hedges and harrows,  
The men o' the mill can scarce fin' their marrow;  
Their lang-barrelled guns wad an armoury fill—  
There's some capital shots near the auld meal mill.

At blithe penny-weddin', or christnin' a wee ane,  
Sic ribbons, sic ringlets, sic feathers are fleetin';  
Sic lauchin', sic daffin', sic dancin' untill  
The last near comes doon o' the auld meal mill.

I hae listened to music—ilk varying tone,  
Frae the harp's deen' fa' to the bagpipe's drone,  
But nae stirs my heart wi' sae happy a thrill  
As the sound o' the wheel o' the auld meal mill.

Success to the mill and the merry mill wheel!  
Lang, lang may it grind aye the wee bairn's meal!  
Bless the miller, wha aften, wi' heart and good-will,  
Fills the widow's toom pock at the auld meal mill.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,  
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;  
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,  
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

—*Scotman.*

#### ENGLAND THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.

If we divide the globe into two hemispheres, according to the maximum extent of land and water in each, we arrive at the curious result of designating England as the centre of the former, or terrene half; an antipodal point near New Zealand as the centre of the aqueous hemisphere. The exact position in England is not far from the Land's End; so that if an observer were there raised to such a height as to discern at once the half of the globe, he would see the greatest possible extent of land; if similarly elevated in New Zealand, the greatest possible surface of water.—*Quarterly Review.*

#### TO DETECT CHICORY IN COFFEE,

We have only to put gently into a tumbler of clear cold water a spoonful of coffee, which, if pure, will swim on the surface: if otherwise, the chicory will detach itself, discolouring the water as it sinks.

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A defect so remarkable in the character of a nation might very properly engage a degree of philosophical inquiry beyond the scope of these limited pages. In a glance merely at the subject, however, it could probably be shown that the recent and prospective misfortunes of the country are due to causes which lie on the very surface of history. It is fashionable to trace national idiosyncrasies to the effects of race. Essentially Celtic, the giddy impulsiveness of the French character is ascribed to something in the physical constitution. It might be improper to meet this species of allegation with a point-blank denial, though it is very evident that the pure descendants of French families in England are in no way distinguishable in regard to solidity of understanding from the oldest inhabitants of the country. Without venturing further into this delicate matter, I am inclined to impute the whole—or very nearly the whole—of the French incapacity for government to the plainly obvious reason, that they have never been taught. 'Tis education makes the man—not meaning by that merely school learning, but the rearing up of habits, through the daily influence of example, from generation to generation. When the Englishman sits down comfortably at his fireside, and congratulates himself on the steady working of the institutions which shelter his life, his liberties, and his property, he is, I fear, not sufficiently cognisant of the fact how all this was brought about. On comparing the course of events in English and French history, the source of our security and French insecurity is revealed. From the most remote times, self-government of some sort has been habitual to the Anglo-Saxon race. From the forests of Germany, they brought with them the practice of wardmotes and juries. This was but the A B C of their learning. Substantially, they owe their training in constitutional forms to their kings. Municipal privileges—that is, powers of local self-government by delegation—were communicated by the sovereign to bodies of traders in towns, as a make-weight against the encroachments of the barons; and it was this alliance of the people with their kings that is the fine feature alike in English and Scottish history. In France, on the contrary, the kings and the barons united to oppress the people, and keep them in a state of tutelage; even the church, usually favourable to popular claims, was in France, up till the period when repentance was too late, an arrogant, overbearing corporation. It is trite to remind the reader, that when the Revolution of 1789 broke out in France, all power whatsoever was in the hands of the crown, the nobility, and the clergy. The privileged orders, as they were called, ruled everything, but contributed nothing. The people, viewed as objects of taxation, alone furnished means to carry on the operations of government. The slightest concession of the nobility and clergy to pay a trifle towards the disembarassing of the finances, would have averted the Revolution. We all know what the privileged orders would have afterwards given to recall their fatal opposition. Have they not been punished?

Everybody likewise knows how the French people, suddenly and unpreparedly admitted to self-management, have gone on blunderingly till the present moment. Had Bonaparte been in all things an enlightened despot, he possessed the means, as he had the opportunity, of conferring charters of self-government on communities sufficiently enlightened to have merited the privilege. So far, however, from doing so, he strengthened and perfected the principle of centralised

government—put the whole nation under the supervision and control of the executive in Paris. No doubt it was an important object with the early revolutionary authorities, to unite the hitherto disjointed provinces and towns in the new and uniform departmental system; and yet in this by no means discreditably-executed arrangement, they only perpetuated the elements of social disorder. The people still remained pretty much in their ancient state of tutelage; were not taught to depend exclusively on themselves for local government; did not so much as learn how to meet, consult, and petition for a redress of general grievances. The successors of Napoleon continued the same deadening policy. Guizot, with all his philosophy, did nothing to temper or elevate the spirit of a democracy against which he is now pleased to declaim. He found the French people children in the art of constitutional government, and he left them so.

The pernicious principle which enables a minister in Paris—no matter how installed—to command a whole nation by telegraph, is aggravated by the passiveness, which has grown into a habit, under the process of property distribution. Abstractly, the law of equal inheritance may be just; but in France it has undeniably the effect of disposing of the vast body of peasant proprietors to take no deep interest in dynastic convulsions. What care they about 'rallying round the throne?' One throne to them is as good as another: their fields yield their produce as plentifully under a republic as a monarchy. Only when the screw of taxation receives an additional twist, do they begin to feel that King Log would, on the whole, have been preferable to President Stork. Whether arising from the same cause, or otherwise, it is certain that the French are the least inclined of any people in Western Europe to push abroad into the world with a view to bettering their circumstances. Kept at home by their ignorance of foreign languages, their love of country, or their comparative indifference to commercial gains beyond a limited point, they are further restrained from dispersal by the hopes of honours and place. The Legion of Honour is an exchequer as inexhaustible as the manufactory of ribbon from which it draws its supplies. Even youth owns the potency of decoration. A reasonable distribution of cocked-hats and swords is discovered to inspire flagging schoolboys with a love of France, glory, and grammar; and not to be behind in sentiment, criminals yield a becoming obedience, provided they are marched to work to the efficacious strains of a tambour. Place, however, is the solid material on which general subserviency is erected. The free resources of the country are literally eaten up by a host of functionaries decked out in every variety of uniform. The whole civil functionaries in Great Britain dependent on the state are under seventeen thousand in number: in France, the number is upwards of half a million, and as many more are looking for office. Demoralisation, by the dispensation of petty offices, is thus a powerful engine of authority. The French government maintains a vast variety of trading monopolies, not for purposes of revenue, but compensation and bribery. One of the ministers lately entertained the Assembly by a statement, that he had on his hands as many as twenty thousand applications for the privilege of retailing tobacco; each applicant putting forth some special claim for state favour! An eager pursuit of place among restless politicians and a redundant body of *littérateurs*, of course go far to explain the recurring phenomena of French revolutions.



arrived. Here they did wisely also, we think: they made no formal farewells; but having incidentally mentioned their intentions to each of their friends, so as to feel assured it would not be taken amiss, they quietly slipped away by themselves; and thus, as Marion said, when she stood on the vessel's deck, and looked her last on England, the gaze was not dimmed by friendship's tears, but the past looked bright, as did the future.

They had collected rather a formidable equipment of articles for personal and domestic comforts, as it was one of their aims to retain as many of the *agrémens* of the past as their future position would justify or admit of. In one particular they practised praiseworthy self-denial: they were both passionately fond of music, but, fearing lest this pursuit should tempt them to sacrifice to it too much of their time, after some consultation they agreed to take no musical instruments or music with them. We shall just add, that they had unitedly about two thousand pounds; a capital which would go but a little way in their rank in Britain, but which is ample for a settler in a colony who is contented to begin moderately.

After a pleasant voyage, George and Marion Hadley landed in New York. There they immediately sought, and soon obtained information, as to the best district to which to proceed. For the most part all things went favourably. They secured a farm, partially cleared, which the occupant, from various misfortunes, was obliged to resign, and which their romantic wish to be alone induced them to prefer to others, from its isolation, and being rather out of the track which the tide of immigration seemed likely to take. They had a fancy to keep their home retired amidst the wilds, even should townships arise at no great distance around them.

At the last place on the borders of civilisation, our emigrants provided supplies of such additional things as they seemed likely to want, with wagons and assistants to convey them to their destination. This was the most toilsome part of their long journey; still novelty, curiosity, the longings, and even the suspense of hope, made it pass gladly. But yet, hopeful and light-hearted as were Mr and Mrs Hadley, it was not in human nature, when their future resting-place was reached, not to exchange a look that seemed to say, 'Shall this desolate spot ever become the paradise we have dreamed of?' The fence, originally but partial, was now lying broken down and destroyed; the unsightly stumps and tangled ground, a half ruinous log-house, and the dark interminable forest, amidst whose gloomy recesses the strong breeze was sighing what sounded more like a melancholy dirge than a cheerful welcome—these were the dark features. But the summer sun shone gloriously; a cluster of majestic trees shaded and sheltered the dwelling; a few apple-trees were even now bending beneath their load of fruit, and some cultivated rose-bushes showed that here a garden once had smiled, and might smile again. The house was hardly fit to shelter the newly-arrived, with their goods and chattels; their first care, therefore, was to arrange for assistance in the erection of a new and more commodious dwelling. This, where wood was so plenty, and wood nearly all that was required, was soon accomplished. The walls were of rough logs, inside they were neatly boarded, and afterwards varnished: the roof was also of boards, with tar and bark instead of slate or tiling: there was a light and spacious kitchen, and above it a comfortable room, intended for guests: there was no hall, but directly opening from the kitchen was a good apartment, which might be called a parlour from its furniture and appointments; and still within, leading from it, was the chamber, or *sanctum sanctorum*—very snug, yet light and cheerful, its window looking to a pleasant glade in the solemn wood, where Marion felt sure they should find some agreeable walk; and in fact they did find so many, that on that side they allowed the stately trees to remain in their ancient majesty. Hardly was the house made

habitable, ere the team was at work for the autumn sowing; and then succeeded winter, with its fence-making, and almost equally important in-door employments, completing the domestic comforts; and then they called their home 'Young Hope Farm.'

But it is not our intention to follow these settlers through all the details of their transatlantic residence. Suffice it to say they prospered. Their moderate wants were soon abundantly supplied from their own farm, and chiefly by the work of their own hands; for, except in spring and harvest, one stout servant-girl was all their help. Marion had a small dairy, she had poultry of the finest kinds in abundance, and she raised in the garden the only ornaments they cared for—the flowers of their country. George cultivated excellent fruit; he followed his plough, and superintended in person every operation of the farm; while for healthful recreation, and a pleasant variety to their table, he had his gun and plenty of unrestricted game. In the evening they had a few well-chosen books, or, if busily engaged with their hands, they often joined their voices in some of the melodies of home, and concluded with a grateful hymn of praise. Happily passed their time, not a moment unemployed; and they cast not one 'longing, lingering look behind.' But, monotonous as to some this life might appear, unvaried by friendly greetings or pleasant reunions, and uncheered by Sabbath bell or social worship, yet one or two incidents befell Mr and Mrs Hadley of interest far surpassing the average of those in our every-day existence; and these it is our chief object to narrate, as tending to illustrate how a self-possessed demeanour and a generous heart will meet exigencies the most trying, and eventuate in results the most satisfactory.

The following, as the preceding incidents, are strictly true. One of them we should especially shrink from having the hardihood to invent; and it is another proof of the trite remark, that the romance of real life is often more highly wrought, and more deeply affecting than any fiction, however well drawn:—

One hot bright day in the early harvest of the year succeeding their arrival in America, Mrs Hadley was engaged in the cheerful, cleanly kitchen, making preparations for their mid-day meal, of which several labourers in the harvest-field had also to partake. Her husband, as usual, superintended his work, and even the servant-girl had gone out to assist. Mrs Hadley had her face turned from the window; but as she saw one shadow after another darken the opposite wall, she raised her head to glance at the wooden clock, to see if it were possible that the dinner-hour had brought her labourers from the field. What was her surprise and consternation to see the dark figures of several Indians walk into her presence with noiseless tread and in utter silence! She had always felt an undefined but extreme dread of these savages, often represented as so terrible, and had shudderingly imagined such a circumstance as now occurred; but hitherto she had never seen any of them, so that the novelty, the suspicion, and her unprotected situation, caused her heart to sink within her. It was only for a moment however.

When two men had entered, she was relieved to see them followed by a young woman, carrying on her shoulder a little child, and whose timid stealing steps formed a striking contrast to the bold and confident bearing of the men. Mrs Hadley, rallying her courage, and endeavouring to appear quite unmoved, courteously greeted the intruders. Though they could not understand the import of her words, her gesture and her smile were nature's well-understood telegraph of kindness and welcome. The men exchanged one syllable, it seemed to her of satisfaction, and continued to gaze earnestly at every object they saw around them. One of them was tall, and seemed advanced in years; the other was young, and was the husband of the female. Mrs Hadley, observing that the latter was almost sinking from heat and fatigue, took the child from her arms, caressed, and gave it a large piece of





broken and rugged; but the mare knew it pretty well, and after a short time Mrs Hadley proposed that her servant should try to ride behind her, thinking they would thereby get on more rapidly. This was done, and the strong sagacious animal stepped out more surely and swiftly, as if aware of the confidence and responsibility reposed in her. In fact, in a time which, even to their anxiety, seemed short, the good Samaritans reached Mr Oswald's dwelling.

Marion knew that there were none to receive or to greet her; but all the more eagerly she hastened into the house, leaving Betty to attend to their steed. The kitchen was in darkness; a large house-dog sprung growling to meet the guest, whose arrival would doubtless be so welcome; but almost immediately recognising the visitor, the animal retired to the cheerless hearth whining piteously. There was no other sound to be heard, and Mrs Hadley hoped her suffering neighbour might be asleep, as the children doubtless were; so she stepped softly into the family room. A light burned dimly near the uncurtained window: it had been placed there as a beacon to light the absent home. The wood-fire had sunk low, but the regular breathing of sleepers was distinctly heard. When Marion had snuffed the candle, she saw the eldest boy, who was eight years old, with his head laid down on the table before which he sat; another little fellow, stretched on the floor, carefully covered with a cloak; and the youngest on his mother's bed, which stood in a corner of the apartment—all fast asleep. No word, or whisper, or sigh came from the invalid. Marion held her breath while she stooped over to listen for her friend's, and only the increased throbbing of her own heart was audible. The stillness was oppressive. Alas, alas! it was that of death—the mother lay a corpse, surrounded by her sleeping children! Alone, unaided, she had perished in nature's extremity! The appalled gazer soon became too painfully convinced of this fact; and the pulses of her own life almost stood still, as she beheld the once lovely countenance distorted by pain and sorrow, and fixed in its last unconsciousness. Marion was a brave-hearted, but she was also a deeply-sensitive woman. Here was woe indeed! In the whirlwind agony of that moment she perceived all its bitterness; yet the lightning glance she permitted herself to take of the circumstances, also disclosed to her what was required of herself. She stooped over the dead, and closed the glazed eyes, and smoothed the convulsed muscles of the face; then with a heavy bursting sigh she took in her arms the hapless child that slumbered on its mother's deathbed, and tenderly kissing, she laid him in another and less sorrowful resting-place: his little brother she soon nestled beside him, and then she gently touched the sleeper at the table. The poor child started, as if distressed that wearied nature had overcome his intended and promised watchfulness.

'Has papa come back?' he asked. 'Is mamma better? I am so glad you are come, Mrs Hadley!'

'Go to bed beside your brothers, my dear boy—you must be sleepy,' said his sympathising friend, deeply affected to hear him name his mother, whom he idolised. 'Your papa will soon arrive now, I daresay; and in the meantime I will see to everything.'

The boy looked wistfully to his mother's bed, and whispered, 'Mamma is surely asleep—she was so ill, and groaned so sadly; but when Ann went for you, she was better, and I gave her a drink; and then she told me to sit down and watch the children, for they were so sleepy and cross they would not let me put them to bed; so they fell asleep, and I waited, and waited, and at last I could not keep awake, I believe; but I hope dear mamma did not want me.'

'I daresay she did not, my dear; so go to bed now.' And to bed he went.

Mrs Hadley had a severer task to restrain within bounds the expression of Betty's horror and dismay than her own feelings. She at length prevailed on her to assist in making the house more comfortable, for it

was too apparent that all that day's work had been left undone. A fire was made to blaze cheerfully, the rooms swept, the kettle boiled, and tea prepared to refresh the gentlemen, now momentarily expected, though one of them at least, both females thought, and Betty said, could hardly be expected to partake of it. All these cares were scarcely completed, when a horse's trampling was heard; and Marion was thankful the surgeon had first arrived, so that some preparation might be thought of for the husband, bereaved under such distressing circumstances.

The medical man attempted all he thought possible, in case the poor lady might yet revive. It proved unavailing, and the living now were first to be thought of. Mr Oswald, exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, hastened as fast as his jaded horse would carry him; yet dreamed not of the fearful blow awaiting him at that home where he had so often met his Lucy's smile of welcome. But we shall not attempt to paint the scene on his arrival. Henry Oswald, notwithstanding every tenderness of preparation that circumstances admitted of, was at first almost stunned into insensibility; and I am sorry to say, afterwards acted the part of an utterly distracted person. The warm-hearted, impulsive Irishman yielded to paroxysms of sorrow and despair unworthy of a brave or a Christian man, and subversive of his duty to his helpless children.

Almost as soon as the cheerless morning had dawned, Mrs Hadley was relieved by the appearance of her husband. She had done all that seemed immediately necessary; and thought it best to take the motherless little boys home with her till their father was more composed. Alas, that time came not! The kindly surgeon and George Hadley attended upon him through the ravings of a brain-fever—and ere the necessary arrangements for the wife's funeral could be completed, he had followed her to the other world.

In a few moments of composure preceding death he recognised his friend; and when his roving eye seemed to ask for his children, the other assured him they were with his Marion, and should be tenderly cared, and, if necessary, provided for. The exhausted father smiled as if satisfied, and closed his eyes in death. The pledge thus given to the dying parent was amply fulfilled. Mr Hadley endeavoured to let the Oswalds' farm, but did not succeed; therefore, as he was unable himself to attend to it, and part of the purchase-money remained unpaid, it relapsed almost into its pristine state. The relatives of the family in Europe were of course informed of what had occurred. Oswald's friends were unable, poor Lucy's were unwilling, to interfere or assist; and the children remained with the Hadleys, whom God continued to prosper and to bless. The two youngest required not long the cares of these compassionate strangers. Inheriting weakly frames, they soon sank to the grave, over which parental tears of anguish were shed by those whose sole original tie had been pity for the desolate and helpless Richard, the eldest boy, however, grew up a sedate and thoughtful lad; and very early became most helpful to his adopted parents. He was a few years older than their girls; and as Providence had given them no sons, Dick Oswald was to them instead of one. He was indeed even more; for to the wellings of devoted love and reverence were added in his breast a tide of overflowing gratitude, that one might soon foretell would probably influence all his future life; and though out of tender respect to the memory of his unfortunate parents he retained their name, yet by others he was much oftener called by that of his benefactors.

Richard had reached his sixteenth year, when, to his great surprise, a letter from his maternal grandfather called him to the country and estate of his ancestors. There appeared so much that was cold-hearted and selfish in this tardy acknowledgment of the orphan lad, that he at first spurned indignantly the unwelcome invitation. Accustomed, however, to school his inclinations to meet the paramount claims of duty a few days of



'Richard is come, never more to leave you. Oh mother, live to bless us!'

She looked at him with a sudden, yet faint gleam of intelligence, and then wearily turned her head, as if to rest.

The surgeon, who now entered, drew the young man and the agitated maidens from the room, which was instantly darkened; and the patient slept, happily to awake composed and sensible, the crisis past, and renewed life in prospect. And she has lived since then many happy years, the valued wife, the tender mother, to rejoice over her recovered treasure and reunited family.

The adopted son built a fair and graceful addition to the farm-house, and imparted many elegancies and useful appendages to it and to the flourishing gardens. There he married the eldest daughter, to whom his thoughts had long in secret involuntarily turned. A nephew of Mr Hadley's afterwards joined them from Scotland, and became the husband of the lovely second sister; while a third, yet in childhood, was the cherished darling and plaything of all. So the roof-tree of Young Hope—its owners delight to think that not one of their early hopes has really failed—promises fair to become a flourishing stock, adorned with numerous noble branches and rich fruit. At all events, the fair dwelling now stands in nestling loneliness and loveliness, a heart-stirring ornament of the majestic wilds, an oasis of happy rest, and of anticipations realised; demonstrating—how much more *breathingly* than our poor words may!—what skill and energy, when combined with upright intentions and good feeling, may accomplish amidst the boundless solitudes of the 'far west.'

#### FLOOR-CLOTH.

It has been remarked, that a people's progress in civilisation and refinement, may be ascertained from the state of their dwellings; and we have no doubt that in general it may. There is a commendable selfishness that prompts men to collect the fruits of their skill and enterprise around them, and make them subservient to their pleasure, so that domestic arrangements generally reflect not a little of individual character and resources. The history of household furniture in Scotland for the three last centuries, would present a pretty accurate picture of the national progress. In the single department of the floor, there has been a gradual ascent from plain mother earth to the elegant Brussels carpet, and scarcely less elegant fabric of which we purpose to speak. The making of *floor*, or, as it is sometimes improperly called, *wax-cloth*, is comparatively of modern date, and like most manufactures, has reached its present state by slow degrees. Of late years the growing demand for it as an elegant and fashionable article of household comfort, gave rise to a few large establishments in England; but the only one of the kind in Scotland, is the 'Scottish Floor-Cloth Manufactory,' of which we purpose giving some account. Beside the importance that attaches to it as a new branch of skill and industry, the operations carried on possess no little interest in themselves.

This work was erected in the summer of 1847, near the populous town of Kirkcaldy, and is by far the largest pile of masonry in the district, forming a conspicuous object from a distance, both to the traveller by railway, and the voyager by sea. It is 160 feet long, 87 feet wide, and 52 feet high, the walls being of corresponding thickness. There are four tiers of windows, 150 in all, mostly what are called 'flake-windows,' for the purpose of ventilation. The principal apartment, which is the drying-room, occupying the main body of the building, contains two rows of immense pillars, reaching from the ground to the roof, for the purpose of supporting cross beams, from which the cloth is suspended when drying. These pillars are entire pines, such as are used for masts, imported direct from Russia. Some idea may be formed of their strength when it is considered, that beside the support given to the roof,

they sustain the weight of 180 or 200 pieces of half a ton each. We were shown over the premises by the enterprising proprietor, Mr Nairn, who kindly explained all the different processes. The original fabric, which the English works mostly import from Scotland, but is here manufactured on the spot, is a coarse flaxen cloth, which is worked by two men in broad looms, being eight yards wide. The cuts of canvas, on being hoisted to an apartment called the 'frame-room,' are stretched on large vertical frames, for the purpose of receiving the ground-paint; but before describing this process, let us look at the preparation of the paint. The materials used are chiefly the ochres and leads, which are thoroughly pulverised by a crushing roller, and then mixed with linseed-oil, and other ingredients suitable to the purpose. To reduce them to a further degree of fineness, they are then poured into a 'hopper,' and ground by a pair of millstones, from which they flow into stone tubs, where they are kept for use. The cloth, having been stretched on the frames already mentioned, which reach from side to side of the building, receives on the back or floor side a coat of size-paint, and is thoroughly rubbed with a large piece of pumice-stone, in order to render it perfectly smooth. The paint is then applied from the tubs with a brush in large daubs, and afterwards spread over the cloth with a long narrow trowel. The process of rubbing with the pumice-stone is repeated, and when the coating is sufficiently dry, another and another is added, according to the desired thickness of the cloth. The consistence of the paint, which is about that of molasses, imparts great strength and durability to the fabric. On the back of the cloth being finished, the face undergoes three or four similar processes, and at last receives what is technically called the 'brush-coat,' to fit it for the ornamental prints of the blocks. As the former coating must be dry before another is applied, these operations usually occupy three or four months. The pieces are then taken down from the frames, and conveyed to the printing gallery, in the opposite end of the building. This is a narrow platform, placed near the roof, and the operations carried on in it are precisely similar to those of common block-printing. At one time a much ruder method was pursued: holes were cut in a piece of pasteboard, in shape of the intended pattern, and the paint applied through them, as is still done in stencilling the walls of rooms; but it always leaves the figure ill-defined, as well as deficient in paint. Blocks were introduced by the late ingenious Mr Nathan Smith of London, and have continued to be used ever since. In the establishment is a designer, whose business it is to devise patterns; and as every work of the kind has one or more of this profession, whose skill and genius are considered its peculiar property, it is always an object not to copy, but to combine as much as possible originality with elegance. The lately-instituted Schools of Design are doing much to supply and improve this department, in which we are still confessedly behind our neighbours across the Channel. The designs are transferred to blocks by the woodcutters of Glasgow; an art that has now attained a high state of perfection, many woodcuts being little inferior to engravings. There are always as many blocks used in printing a piece as there are colours, usually a few more; and as no one must interfere with another, the utmost nicety is required in adjusting them to each other, so as to bring out the pattern correct and entire. It is interesting to observe the printing process, how the design is transferred to the previously-prepared cloth in broken portions, till, from seeming irregularity and confusion, there results a beautiful and well-defined figure. As these operations are concluded, the cloth is drawn from the hands of the printers over the side of the gallery, and hung up in the immense drying-room, formerly described.

The choice of patterns, as in calico-printing, is purely a matter of taste. Each manufacturer exerts his own ingenuity, and avails himself, as far as it can be honour-







pholades, and its subsequent elevation above the surface, when these invaders perished. A similar occurrence appears to be testified by the present condition of the limestone rocks at Plymouth. Many of them are far above the highest tide-mark, yet are found penetrated by holes, undoubtedly the cells of former generations of pholades. Lower down, the shells of these creatures still remain; and at the water's edge are to be found the animals alive. Thus these perforations are often of the greatest value to the geologist, in enabling him to determine the former height of land. And, as was formerly mentioned, the inclination of the perforations, which are generally vertical, may afford him some clue as to whether any alterations have taken place, in the lapse of ages, in the arrangement and disposition of the strata. The destruction they cause is greatly accelerated by the large amount of surface these innumerable holes afford to the destructive energies of the atmosphere and water; and thus where the smooth surface of the rock might have suffered but little degradation by the lapse of a considerable space of time, these little excavators greatly help forward the process, and become most important agents in the formation of fresh strata out of the ruins of the old ones. Yet the creature means not so: in immuring itself in the rock, it is obeying the impulse of a Divinely-inspired instinct, which teaches it that its fragile and delicate shell is no sufficient protection against the fury of a boisterous element. Entering into the rock, it is safe alike from howling winds, thundering waters, and prowling enemies. Thus, in Goldsmith's smoothly-turned sentences, 'the pholas lives in darkness, indolence, and plenty. It never removes from the narrow mansion into which it has penetrated; and seems perfectly contented with being enclosed in its own sepulchre. The influx of sea-water that enters by its little gallery satisfies all its wants; and without any other food, it is found to grow from seven to eight inches long, and thick in proportion.'

It may be poetical to imagine the pholas thus spending a long existence in the obscurity of an undissipated night; but it is not so in reality. One of the most singular circumstances in their history, is their *phosphorescence*. This property has been long known; it is even mentioned by Pliny. The creature is said to secrete a certain luminiferous fluid, which causes everything on which it falls to shine with a pale phosphorescence. M. de Blainville says, that the pholades are the most luminous of all molluscous animals; and he even relates that those who eat the animal raw, in the dark appear in a most awe-inspiring fashion to be breathing flames! This phosphorescent quality is most powerful the fresher the animal is; disappearing if dried, and reviving, it is said, by the addition of a little salt water. The cheering beams of the solar ray cannot light this patient miner to its work, nor penetrate to the confines of its cell; but the Creator has given it a 'light in its dwelling,' wholly independent of the great source of light to the world around; and this pale, gentle, lambent flame makes, what otherwise would have been a dismal, gloomy cave, a light and cheerful home throughout the long years of the creature's existence.

We have mentioned the pholades as the enemies of man in some respects; we may, in conclusion, advert to a different and more agreeable relation in which they stand towards him. At the tables of some epicures these creatures are considered as a great delicacy. The Romans, who, as Dr Adam tells us, were particularly fond of shell-fish, bringing them all the way from Britain to the luxurious city, appear to have set an edible value upon the pholades. M. Desmarest, to the great annoyance of the geologists, has attempted to prove that the celebrated perforations in the temple of Serapis by the pholades, took place, not in consequence of the subsidence of the land, but of the conversion of the temple and its vicinity into a *fish-pond*! And M. de Blainville aggravates them still more by putting the question, 'Whether the pholades were not put there purposely for the supply of the table?' At the present day they are

largely used as an article of food in France and Italy, and on the coasts of the Mediterranean, where they abound. In the neighbourhood of Dieppe, Mr Stark tells us that bands of women and children, each armed with a pickaxe, make a formidable army against the unhappy pholades, who tremble in their rock-citadels as these besiegers approach. By means of the sharp point of this implement, they are able to detach considerable fragments of the rock, and a rich harvest of the molluscs ensues. They are then sent to market, or, deprived of their shells, are used as bait for other fish.

That gem-like phrase, 'sermons in stones,' to use the words of a living poet, has sparkled so long 'upon the finger of Time,' that its brilliance has become somewhat damaged for our purpose. But if inanimate creation can teach lessons of wisdom to man, few, we think, will be disposed to deny that a fragment of perforated rock is more forcibly eloquent upon the subject of perseverance under difficulties, than the most nervous appeals to the mind from the pen or lips of any human philosopher.

#### MOHAMMED ALI'S EXPEDITION UP THE WHITE NILE.\*

It is perhaps some reproach to European enterprise and skill, that one great quarter of the world should still remain in many parts unexplored. Mighty rivers rise we know not where, and flow for hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles, in we know not what direction; while on their banks, and in their vicinity, dwell numerous tribes of men whose very names have not yet met our ears. Long before the birth of history there was a city-building, mummy-making, and tomb-excavating people settled on the Lower Nile; and yet, after the lapse of four or five thousand years, we have not been able to follow up that stream to its source, or to decide whether it falls from the Mountains of the Moon or from the moon itself. Two travellers, penetrating into Africa from different points, are even now, it is said, engaged in attempting to solve the problem; and it cannot be doubted that, however unwilling Old Nile may be to show his head, the perseverance of man will be too strong for him, and dissipate every particle of the mystery in which he has so long delighted to involve his origin.

Once in Upper Nubia, we held a conversation with certain Arabs, who professed to have penetrated far into the interior, and to be well acquainted with the character of the tribes found there. They spoke of them as gentle and hospitable; and as a proof that they fully believed the truth of what they had advanced, offered to accompany us any distance up the river. Various obstacles then concurred to hinder our making the attempt: the Nile was too low to allow of our boats being dragged, without much difficulty, up the dreary length of the second cataract; the Strygians, almost in open revolt, barred the passage across the Desert; and Mohammed Ali's tyranny had irritated the black population, and rendered them inimical to all strangers proceeding under the protection of a firman from him. Still, had the season of the year been favourable, our persuasion is that the attempt, if then made, would have been crowned with success. Our Arabs were bound to us by strong personal attachment; and their natural courage and passion for adventure would have enabled us to face without flinching the dangers of the way.

Mr Werne proceeded up the White River under much more propitious auspices—as far, we mean, as regards safety. The expedition consisted of four *dahabies* from Kálura (vessels with two masts, and cabins about 100 feet long, and 12 to 15 broad, each with two cannon); three *dahabies* from Khartum, one of which had also two cannon; then two *kaiass* (ships of burthen with

\* Expedition to Discover the Sources of the White Nile in the Years 1840-1841. By Ferdinand Werne. From the German, by Charles William O'Reilly. In 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1849.





Werne, falling from Scylla into Charybdis, gets into awkward proximity to twenty crocodiles. He is ill and weak, and one should say, hardly worth eating; yet the crocodiles were of a different opinion; and no sooner scented his Teutonic flesh, than they began to put their noses and their tails in motion, each for the selfish purpose of taking the first bite. But we must allow him to tell the story in his own way:—'I have fortunately overcome a violent attack of illness which overtook me yesterday evening. Such a faintness seized me in my excursion yesterday that I was obliged to sit down. I slept or lay in a swoon, I know not which. I awoke when it was already dark. A shot was fired near me: I tried to answer; but my gun flashed in the pan; for I had fired it off in a half-unconscious state to call for assistance. I dragged myself in the direction of the spot, and worked through the bushes to the shore, in order to walk more comfortably on the sand. At last I had the stream before me. On my left I saw the fires near the ships; but I was suddenly struck with terror, for there was the horrible sight of more than twenty crocodiles a few paces before me on the light sand! I had really commenced to count the beasts; but did not, however, remain long in *biois herculis*, for they began to move, scenting human flesh. I hastened back into the bushes, plunged into the holes hollowed out by water which I had previously tried to avoid, and arrived without any accident close to the ships. I heard voices behind me, and recognised my servants, who were in search of me. They were mourning, and reproaching themselves for having left me. Sale set up a loud howl, because he thought I was devoured by the crocodiles. They found me on the ground; they had also been pursued by the beasts. What a poor creature a sick man is!'

Most persons who have ever known the Turks will read without surprise almost any illustration of their cool inhumanity; yet even these perhaps will experience some astonishment at reading how, without provocation, they shot down a number of the harmless natives: the sorrow of whose relatives is thus described by Werne:—'We sailed away with the wind favouring our criminal action, for our men had again come on board before the firing commenced. . . . The natives were hastening towards it; but they did not trust themselves near us. Yet they knew not the melancholy truth that our shots would hit at a distance. Hitherto they feared only the thunder and lightning of them, as we had seen several times. We halted a moment; the unhappy creatures or relatives of the slain came closer to the border of the shore, laid their hands flat together, raised them above their head, slid upon their knees nearer to us, and sprang again high in the air, with their compressed hands stretched aloft, as if to invoke the pity of Heaven, and to implore mercy of us. A slim young man was so conspicuous by his passionate grief that it cut to my heart; and our barbarians laughed with all their might. This unbounded attachment to one another, and the circumstance that that woman, in spite of the danger so close at hand, sought for the man of her heart among those who had perished, affected me exceedingly; because such moral intrinsic worth, flowing from pure natural hearts, is unfortunately more acquired than innate in civilised nations. We had only advanced a little on our way, when above thirty unarmed natives, who must yet at all events have been informed of the tragical incident that had just occurred, sat down on the sand directly close to the river, without suspicion, or designing any harm to us, as if nothing had taken place. And really I had enough to do to prevent their being shot at.'

After this incident, it was not unnatural that the Turks should entertain suspicions of the designs of the natives: they could not help feeling conscious that they deserved to be viewed with detestation, and looked for a display of treachery and cruelty similar to their own. Having reached a natural obstruction in the stream, which, however, would have been none at the period of the

inundation, they began seriously to think of their return; and Mr Werne describes the collected circumstances which determined them in the following passage:—'Nature has drawn here a real bar of rocks through the White Stream, which we dare not venture to surmount; for the water has fallen for some days, as is quite evident, and the vessels could only, by taking out all their freight, pass the defile near the large rocks, which is called on this account Bab-agate. The river-bed beginning from hence appears to be generally of a more rocky nature; for we perceive, even from the rocks on the island of Ishanker, breakers in the stream up the river. However, there is no doubt that we might sail away victoriously over these obstacles at the time of the inundation, for the river here rises to about eighteen feet high. The main thing would be, then, for north winds to blow exactly at this period strong enough to withstand the pressure of water rising in this mountain land; for I am still of opinion that the rapidity of the current increases from hence in such a manner, that we could not advance by the rope even with the best will. We have remained here at the island three entire days, and the *ne plus ultra* is not so much inscribed on the pillars of Hercules in the water, as desired in the hearts of the whole expedition.

'The war-dance which the blacks performed yesterday has contributed certainly to the final determination to return. Even I thought yesterday that I heard and saw in the fearful battle-song a declaration of war, and a challenge to the contest. It was almost impossible to persuade one's self that it was merely a mark of honour. The natives marched up and down the island in columns, brandishing their lances in the air; sung their war-songs with threatening countenances and dreadful gestures; then fell into still greater ecstacy, ran up and down, and roared their martial chant. Nevertheless I altered my opinion that this was done with hostile views, for the native interpreters remained quietly with us on board the vessel; and when we sent them to request that this honour might not be paid to us, they returned, though not having effected their object.

'It was thought advisable that we should leave the shore, for the natives had only need to have sprung down to be on board our vessels. There were certainly too many black people; and a warlike rapacious enthusiasm might easily, it was true, possess their minds, influenced as they were by the military manoeuvres. It was well, therefore, that a reiterated request on our side was answered, and an end put to the warlike ceremony without our having betrayed our fear by pushing off from the shore. . . . Selim Capitan was really inclined to explore the ascent; but this continuation of the voyage was not to last longer than a day. But when he knelt this morning on his carpet before sunrise, directing his face to the East for prayer, and discerned the numerous fires on the right shore, which he had not remarked during his ablutions, he looked at me so mournfully and suspiciously that I could scarcely restrain my laughter. He concluded his prayer; and now he saw also, on the island Ishanker near us, a number of such little straw fires, over which the naked people were warming themselves, whilst nearly every single man was stretching out his long legs over his own little fire. Then his courage sank anew, for there were still more blacks than yesterday.

'These men, however, did not come empty-handed, and barter rose to a pitch of greatness and variety such as we had not before seen: a quantity of fowls, goats, sheep, cows, and calves, wood, ferruginous sand, and iron dross, tobacco, pipes, sunsim durra, weapons, all kinds of ornaments for the body—everything for beads. Nevertheless the good Ethiopians did not show themselves to-day quite blameless, for they sold quivers full of arrows, many of which were without points. They delivered the wares while receiving the beads; or the seller ran hastily away, retaining the goods as well as the purchase-money. They cuffed and wrestled with







of everything that had passed, and indifferent to everything that was to come. 'You were drunk!' said I. 'No,' said he; 'I was enjoying my keyf.' Whereupon, being perfectly roused, he began to make the apology of this condition, and endeavoured to show that it was the only consolation which man possessed for the evils he suffered in this world. At my observation that most of those evils existed only by man's sufferance, he smiled in pity, and said that all was ordained from above; that we could not modify one tittle the course of events, and had nothing to do but to submit passively, and take every opportunity of relapsing into the unconsciousness of keyf.

The reader has now some idea of the state of mind which the Orientals regard as the highest happiness realisable upon earth. Their modes of producing it are various. Some resort to the dangerous but expeditious method of smoking or eating *hashish*—a preparation of hemp-seed. *Hashishin* (the origin of our word assassin)—that is to say, men who indulge in this practice—are indeed not uncommon in Egypt, where I have known even Europeans occasionally thus degrade themselves. Not long before I left the country, a horrible incident occurred. There had been a party of these unhappy wretches collected in a coffee-house during what is called a *Pantasia*, which may mean either any ordinary amusement, or an orgie. Next morning the shop remained closed after the usual hour. The neighbours assembled, and knocked loudly, but got no answer. At length they burst open the door, and saw twelve bodies stretched on the divans on the floor. Seven were ascertained to be quite dead; two or three more died in the course of the day; whilst the remainder recovered, and related how they had swallowed pastilles containing *hashish*, sold to them by a pedlar from Constantinople. The dose was unusually strong, but was such as the still more depraved Stambouli are accustomed to take.

Another and more vulgar class of men drink *arraki*—a spirit distilled from a variety of substances, but principally from dates. It is sometimes flavoured with mastic, and has not a very unpleasant taste. It is considered to be extremely prejudicial to the health, but is nevertheless swallowed in large quantities by the dancing-girls of all classes, as well as the dancing-boys and the dissipated frequenters of coffee-houses. The consumption of it must be great. It may be procured not only in the cities, but in almost every village of any importance. Almost all donkey-boys, many boatmen, and some servants, will drink spirits if offered to them by Europeans; and I remember a Sherif, or descendant of the Prophet, wearing a green turban, whom we met on the desert coast near the Maâdieh, and who, after refusing to partake of the cup with us before witnesses, came and begged some cognac on the sly, and tossed it off *neat* with great *gusto*. Good wines are enjoyed in private by some wealthy Turks; and Ibrahim Pasha, it is said, was once found dead-drunk with champagne one morning under the sycamore-tree in a public avenue through his own grounds.

The classes I have hitherto mentioned, however, are exceptions to the general rule. The Muslim is, on the whole, very sober, and contents himself with the gentle exhilaration caused by coffee and pipes. The universal use of these stimulants in Egypt becomes less remarkable when we find that, as far as has hitherto been ascertained, they are perfectly innocuous there. I never heard of tobacco producing sickness as in Europe. For my own part, although I could not smoke at all on my arrival, I adopted this necessary accomplishment without the slightest inconvenience. It is almost universal in all Mohammedan countries; although at Siwah, in the Libyan Desert, I found that nearly all the inhabitants abstained, as from a vice. The Wahabis, a fanatical sect of Arabian reformers, prohibit smoking among other luxuries; but I was assured by a native trader, who professed to be familiar with Arabia, that they indulge to excess in coffee, which they never sweeten. He told me that they ground it with stone pestles in large

rude mortars, made of a peculiarly hard stone, and that it often produces in them a complete state of intoxication. 'This is their keyf.' Some of them, he said, smoke in secret; but this was merely an opinion of his own, and indicated that his lax practice was offended by their austerity.

There is one fact connected with smoking which is worth mentioning—namely, that in Ramad'han time, when the whole population fasts from sunrise to sunset, the hoisting of the flag at evening no sooner announces that the fasting time is over, than the ready-filled pipe is snatched up, and a few whiffs are taken, before either hunger or thirst is satisfied. A small cup of coffee succeeds, and then the solid food is devoured. I find it difficult to explain this, because it would appear more natural that, after a long day of hard labour under such privation, an intolerable thirst should exist. Probably habit is more imperious always in its demands than ordinary appetite; and it is not impossible that this practice of smoking, instead of eating and drinking at once, may have some effect in counteracting the evil effects of long abstinence.

I have now mentioned the every-day methods which the Arabs have of obtaining keyf. Collected in groups of two or three, or even alone in a corner, they seem, under the influence of the above stimulant, to be capable of isolating themselves for a time in imagination from the world, and surrounding themselves with agreeable thoughts. There is no nation more prone than they to build castles in the air. They are always making extravagant suppositions—representing themselves, for example, in possession of wonderful wealth or marvellous supernatural powers, by the aid of which they sometimes do the most ordinary things possible.

We were once dropping down one of the placid reaches of the Nile, very indifferent whether our boat advanced or stood still. The sail, lazily swelling, urged us gently along the side of a little island fringed with reeds, that rattled against the panes of our cabin. Over the banks, that shut us in like huge hedges, a few palms rose here and there in the distance, flecking the sky with spots of dark green. The water was steeped in all the brilliance of the heavens; a few aquatic birds stooped gently sometimes along the surface. The crew seemed to feel a sense of inexpressible enjoyment, and one of them producing a *darabukkah* or Arab tambourine, began to beat a tune, whilst another chanted a plaintive love-song; and we listened under the influence of coffee and pipes, and allowed ourselves to be soothed into a perfect state of keyf. Ahmed, our servant, came and sat down on his heels near us with his cup in hand, and after listening devoutly to the end, could not contain his satisfaction. No pleasure, he said, was equal to being on the Nile; and 'if he had five millions of guineas,' he would buy a boat, and live for ever in it! We said he might do the thing for much less; but he would not abate one jot of his supposition, and we were obliged to admit the five millions. His plan, at first, was to carry about the whole sum in the hold; but he afterwards consented to invest half of it in some English commercial house of acknowledged stability. He then said that he would procure the most beautiful woman in Egypt as his wife, with an eunuch to watch over her. This addition to his family drew on the necessity of having a second boat as a *harim*; and Ahmed took terrible anticipatory vengeance on every audacious wight who attempted to gain a glimpse of his beloved. We were a long time settling all these matters; and the evening had come tranquilly on in the midst of our speculations. The state of keyf now grew too perfect to allow of our continuing the conference, and relapsing into silence, we watched the red streak, and the yellow streak, and the gray streak, successively disappear, and the stars unfold their petals, and the moon come peering over the bank, revealing five or six ghost-like sails, gliding slowly down in our wake. How long this state continued, and whether reverie was succeeded by slumber, I know not; but a









unanswerable; and the rebuked petitioner abandoned her bootless errand in despair. Messrs Roberts, I should have mentioned, had by some accident discovered the nature of the misfortune which had befallen their officer, and had already made urgent application to the Admiralty for his release.

The Old Bailey sessions did not come on for some time: I, however, took care to secure at once, as I did not myself practise in that court, the highest talent which its bar afforded. Willy, who had been placed in a workhouse by the authorities, we had properly taken care of till he could be restored to his mother; or, in the event of her conviction, to his relatives in Devonshire.

The sessions were at last on: a 'true bill' against Esther Mason for shoplifting, as it was popularly termed, was unhesitatingly found, and with a heavy heart I wended my way to the court to watch the proceedings. A few minutes after I entered, Mr Justice Le Blanc and Mr Baron Wood, who had assisted at an important case of stockjobbing conspiracy, just over, left the bench: the learned recorder being doubtless considered quite equal to the trial of a mere capital charge of theft.

The prisoner was placed in the dock; but try as I might, I could not look at her. It happened to be a calm bright summer day; the air, as if in mockery of those death-sessions, humming with busy, lusty life; so that, sitting with my back to the prisoner, I could, as it were, read her demeanour in the shadow thrown by her figure on the opposite sun-lighted wall. There she stood, during the brief moments which sealed her earthly doom, with downcast eyes and utterly dejected posture; her thin fingers playing mechanically with the flowers and sweet-scented herbs spread scantily before her. The trial was very brief: the evidence, emphatically conclusive, was confidently given, and vainly cross-examined. Nothing remained but an elaborate *ad misericordiam* excusative defence, which had been prepared by me, and which the prisoner begged her counsel might be allowed to read. This was of course refused; the recorder remarking, they might as well allow counsel for felons to address juries, as read defences; and *that*, as every practical man knew, would be utterly subversive of the due administration of justice. The clerk of the court would read the paper, if the prisoner felt too agitated to do so. This was done; and very vilely done. The clerk, I daresay, read as well as he was able; but old, near-sighted, and possessed of anything but a clear enunciation, what could be expected? The defence, so read, produced not the slightest effect either on the court or jury. The recorder briefly commented on the conclusiveness of the evidence for the prosecution; and the jury, in the same brief, business-like manner, returned a verdict of Guilty.

'What have you to say,' demanded the clerk, 'why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you, according to law?'

The shadow started convulsively as the terrible words fell from the man's lips; and I saw that the suddenly-upraised eyes of the prisoner were fastened on the face of the fearful questioner. The lips, too, appeared to move; but no sound reached my ears.

'Speak, woman,' said the recorder, 'if you have anything to urge before sentence is pronounced.'

I started up, and turning to the prisoner, besought her in hurried accents to speak. 'Remind them of the infant at your breast—your husband!'

'Who is that conferring with the prisoner?' demanded the judge in an angry voice.

I turned, and confronted him with a look as cold and haughty as his own. He did not think proper to pursue the inquiry further; and after muttering something about the necessity of not interrupting the proceedings of the court, again asked the prisoner if she had anything to urge.

'Not for myself—not for my sake,' at last faintly murmured the trembling woman; 'but for that of my

poor dear infant—my poor witless boy! I do not think, sir, I was in my right mind. I was starving. I was friendless. My husband, too, whom you have heard'—She stopped abruptly; a choking sob struggled in her throat; and but for the supporting arm of one of the turnkeys, she would have fallen to the ground.

'Unhappy, guilty woman,' said the recorder, with the coolness of a demon, 'the plea of insanity you would set up is utterly untenable. Your husband, it seems, is serving his majesty in the royal navy; defending his country, whilst his wife was breaking its laws, by the commission of a crime which, but for the stern repression of the law, would sap the foundations of the security of property, and'—

I could endure no more. The atmosphere of the court seemed to stifle me; and I rushed for relief into the open air. Before, however, I had reached the street, a long, piercing scream informed me that the learned judge *had done his duty*.

No effort was spared during the interval which elapsed previous to the recorder presenting his report to the privy-council—a peculiar privilege at that time attached to the office—to procure a mitigation of the sentence. A petition, setting forth the peculiar circumstances of the case, was carefully prepared; and by the indefatigable exertions of an excellent Quaker gentleman—whom, as he is still alive, and might not choose to have his name blazoned to the world, I will call William Friend—was soon very numerously signed. The prosecutor, however, obstinately refused to attach his name to the document; and the absence of his signature—so strangely did men reason on such matters in those days—would, it was feared, weigh heavily against the success of the petition. The amiable and enlightened Sir Samuel Romilly not only attached his name, but aided us zealously by his advice and influence. In short, nothing was omitted that appeared likely to attain the desired object.

Two days before the petition was to be forwarded to the proper quarter, Henry Mason arrived in England, the exertions of his employers having procured his discharge. The 'Active' was one of Captain Hoste's squadron, which obtained the celebrated victory off Lissa, over the Franco-Venetian fleet commanded by Admiral Dobourdieu. Henry Mason, it appeared by the testimonials of the captain and officers of his ship, had greatly distinguished himself in the action. We enclosed these papers with the petition; and then, having done all in our power, awaited with anxious impatience the result of the recorder's report. It was announced to me, as I was sitting somewhat later than usual at chambers, by Mr William Friend. The judgment to die was confirmed! All our representations had not sufficed to counterbalance the supposed necessity of exhibiting terrible examples of the fate awaiting the perpetrators of an offence said to be greatly on the increase. Excellent William Friend wept like a child as he made the announcement.

There are many persons alive who recollect this horrible tragedy—this national disgrace—this act of gross barbarity on the part of the great personage, who, first having carried off the poor woman's husband, left her to die for an act the very consequence of that robbery. Who among the spectators can ever forget that heartrending scene—the hangman taking the baby from the breast of the wretched creature just before he put her to death! But let us not rake up these terrible reminiscences. Let us hope that the *truly guilty* are forgiven. And let us take consolation from reflecting that this event led the great Romilly to enter on his celebrated career as a reformer of the criminal law.

The remains of Esther Mason were obtained from the Newgate officials, and quietly interred in St Sepulchre's churchyard. A plain slab, with her name only plainly chiselled upon it, was some time afterwards placed above the grave. A few years ago I attended a funeral in the same graveyard; and after a slight search, discovered



the lower extremity of the pile, whereby a sandbank may be penetrated, and the timber afterwards fixed in its place. The 'screw mooring' also exhibited is similar in construction: it may be twisted into any part of a shoal or bed of a river, where its powerful 'bite' affords secure hold for the attached buoy. In juxtaposition with such objects as these, you would see choice specimens of Daguerreotype; a triptych of the sixteenth century, dear to antiquaries; Varley's rotating-winch double-action air-pump; Clement's apparatus for making five hogs-heads of sugar per diem; or Hill's potato-crusher. Next in order are several beautiful designs intended to show the adaptability of iron to architectural purposes: the elegance and variety of the combinations are indisputable; but are iron arcades and houses suited to our English climate?

Gutta-percha again: specimens of wire coated with the Protean material, giving rise to projects for economical telegraphs. The wires raised on poles, as at present in use, are, as shown by experience, exposed to atmospheric disturbances and other casualties. You will remember the throwing down of miles of wire by the weight of accumulated snow, on the South-Eastern Railway at the beginning of this year. It is proposed to avoid such accidents, by burying a coated wire underground, carrying it across the country independent of lines of rail. This may be laid down for L.30 or L.60 per mile; in the latter case, the gutta-percha coating is in turn braided or 'served' with rope, and covered with marine glue. In Germany they content themselves by giving a coat of paint only to the gutta-percha; and according to the statements, there are 400 miles so prepared laid down on one of the lines in that country. If carried into execution as proposed, we shall be able to send you a message to Edinburgh at less than one-half of the present charges.

While on the subject of gutta-percha, a few words may very well be given to Mr Whishaw's inventions: among these are speaking-tubes, to supersede bells in private houses or offices. So extraordinary are the conducting powers of this new product, that a whisper can be conveyed to long distances; and it is obvious that much trouble will be saved by a person being able to state his wants without the preliminary delay of a bell-summons. The cost is not great; seeing that the tubes, with terminals or mouth-pieces, can be supplied at 8d. per foot. But we are, it seems, to be able to speak to a distance without any connecting tube at all; across the inner quadrangle of a building, for instance, by means of large concave gutta-percha reflectors, fixed, one opposite to the other, on each side of the court, at an upper window, if required, each having a short tube attached, through which the message is spoken. By experiment, the inventor has ascertained that a whisper can be heard at a distance of forty feet; and he anticipates hearing a loud-spoken tone from a quarter of a mile. Such an instrument has long been desiderated on railways during repairs, so as to avoid the delay which now occurs in sending a messenger from one gang of workmen to another. In this case each reflector would be mounted on a stand similar to that of a theodolite; and thus the portable *telephone* would be available where the *telegraph*, as at present arranged, does not admit of application. The instrument might be so fixed at each end of a tunnel, that the attendants at either extremity could communicate without leaving their boxes.

Perhaps you will say I am dwelling too long on these soirées; but I cannot leave the subject without noticing two other models, which you will very likely consider the most noteworthy of all. The first is Mr Appold's 'centrifugal pump for draining marshes,' &c.; and a most ingenious adaptation it is! You have heard of the turbine—a small box water-wheel possessing extraordinary capabilities for work. Well, Mr Appold's model contains such a wheel, made of tin, a little thicker, but not larger, than a halfpenny. This is fitted at the bottom of a square tube dipping into a small cistern

containing water, which may represent a lake, &c. The little wheel being made to rotate with great velocity, throws up water rapidly into the tube above itself, until it overflows in a continuous stream at the top, and the volume of this stream is such as to deliver eight gallons in a minute; and on applying a nozzle, the stream is driven to a distance of twenty feet. This, you will say, is a marvellous effect from so apparently insignificant a cause; but a wheel, about fifteen inches diameter, exhibited at the same time, will deliver 1800 gallons per minute: it requires, however, to be worked by an engine of four-horse power. Mr Appold has lately proposed to the engineer of the Dutch government to fix a similar wheel on the Haarlem Sea, now in process of being drained, by forty pumps driven by steam. A centrifugal pump of forty feet diameter would do more work than all the others put together, and would deliver—so the inventor asserts—1,500,000 gallons per minute. With such power at command, one would think we ought never more to hear of ships foundering at sea; and the emptying and reclamation of the Zuyder Zee resolves itself into a possibility.

Though last, not least, is the newly-invented machine for making *apptotypes*, which, to quote from the description, are—'Printing types manufactured by self-acting machinery, of copper or other hard metal, without the aid of heat.' It is the work of a Frenchman, Monsieur Pettit, expatriated by the unsettled state of affairs in his own country. Such a machine scarcely admits of being gossiped about, so I must just give you a summary of the inventor's own words. The essential principle of type-manufacture, he states, has remained the same since the invention of printing, more than 400 years ago; and, as is well known, the comparative softness of the metal employed is a defect. This defect is now overcome. 'The extreme durability of copper,' we are told, 'when employed as a printing surface, is fully admitted by all printers. A London firm, employed to print stamps for the government, is in the habit of using raised copper surfaces for this purpose. No less than 125,000,000 impressions have been taken from one of these plates! If this result has been arrived at with copper in its ordinary state, it must be evident that the durability of the apptotypes, formed of copper, hardened by the compression to which it is subject in the process of manufacture, will be almost infinite.' The first cost of 100 lbs. weight of the copper type exceeds that of ordinary type by more than L.20; but as it will last sixty times as long, there must be sixty renewals of the common type; so that ultimately there will be a saving in favour of copper of more than L.800: besides which, the production of bad work by the soft metal types at sixty different times in the same interval will have been avoided. The copper not only remains uniform, but effects an economy of ink in its greater power of resisting pressure.

M. Pettit informs me that he made three machines before he succeeded in reaching the present stage of perfection. The one exhibited is about four feet long and two feet wide, constructed entirely of iron or other metal, and is of enormous weight. There is a winch turned by hand, and a fly-wheel; on revolving this, fourteen different motions are produced, which, all combined, form the types from square strips of copper inserted in the proper place: so that the workman has nothing to do but turn the wheel, and types drop into a tray at the rate of thirty-two a minute! Many printers and scientific men have expressed their approval of the new machine; among the latter Professor Faraday, who explained its mode of action to the company assembled at Lord Rosse's soirée. The proposal is, to dispose of it in six shares of L.6000 each; two of these, it is said, are sold, one of the purchasers being an eminent London typefounder. And now, if all anticipations be realised, we shall from this time 'date a new epoch in the art of typography.'

Although I have done with the soirées, I must claim a letter-writer's privilege to discuss everything; and







creed from the time of the Albigenes. Their perpetual intermarriages have resulted in lowering their capacities, mental and bodily, to a very unfortunate degree. Slow, lazy, stunted in every way, many of them deformed, they have vegetated in the miserable discomfort consequent on their increasing inertness till this present time, when a possibility of improvement has presented itself in the form of an intelligent young man, sent from the Evangelical Normal School at Paris, where he was educated, to take charge of the rising generation. He is paid by the society; supplied by it with books and other school requisites; and he teaches much after our own improved methods—by the help of monitors, tablets on the walls, the black-board, and pictures, which last he told me had had the effect of wakening up the minds of very dull pupils. One cannot but painfully regret the degree of ignorance which has tended to degrade this unfortunate community. At the time of our visit, the pastor was a superannuated old man, more occupied with the means of supporting his family than zealous in his clerical duties. His house was the best in the village, yet was but a poor one. His kitchen, in which he seemed to live, was no better finished than any small farmer's in the district; it was, however, well filled with simple stores, implements of husbandry, bright pots and pans, and all the evidences of woman's thrift. His daughter or granddaughter was at her wheel within the large chimney, dressed like the peasants of a humble class, as was the old minister, who must 'rest in peace' ere the schoolmaster's labours can be fully rewarded. A young and better-instructed priest would much assist in the regeneration of this desolate place: but he would need to be an enthusiast in his holy calling; none else could endure so cheerless a situation among a degraded people, despised by their neighbours, and with no means of living on a sterile mountain amid rocks, and stones, and misery, but the poor pittance paid by the French government to the dissenting clergy.

Close to Bédous there is a column in the centre of a field raised to the memory of a Bernais poet, much admired by all classes of his countrymen: his verses are in all mouths, but being in the patois tongue, we could not comprehend their peculiar beauty. There is a Roman inscription on a rock near the first bridge we crossed on entering the valley, announcing the advance so far of a cohort more than a thousand years ago. Traces of the Romans abound in these parts, their love of mineral waters having led them to most of the health-restoring springs of these mountains. We stopped at Sarrance, a very pretty village, to see its very pretty church, much resorted to all through the summer by sick pilgrims, who come to beg the prayers of 'Our Lady,' represented here by a small stone image, which tradition reports to have fallen from heaven in a miraculous manner. Another tradition has it, that the Romans dropped this image in the river as they crossed, and that the legion long lamented its 'Minerva.' The fine bracing air of this sunny spot may have something to do with the cures certainly effected under the shadow of the shrine of our 'Lady of Sarrance,' who, like many other excellent objects, must have that within which passes show, for she can boast of little outward beauty. She is rudely hewn in black marble, her features much defaced, and her stature of the smallest, being but a foot and a-half in height. She is very finely dressed, and is enclosed in a box, with one side of it glass, which turns upon a pivot, so that she can either look out from the top of her altar upon the faithful kneeling below, or turn to a select few in her private chamber, whither we ascended by half-a-dozen steep steps to have a nearer view of her. The attendant priest quitted the confessional hurriedly upon our entrance, pushing aside with little ceremony his humble penitents, to do the honours of the shrine to a party of strangers. As we drove on towards Oleron, and again on driving from it, the scenery around reminded me of Kent—fine old wood, heights and hollows, hedges, corn-fields, and a great

many country-houses, and no water after leaving the two rivers at Oleron behind. It was all rich and lovely, but tame when compared with the wildness of the mountains towards which we returned, with the sort of joy that one feels on meeting old friends again; so surely do the more marked features of a rugged landscape impress the heart of a true lover of nature. The walks about the Eaux Bonnes were more attractive to us than ever; and in particular I took pleasure in wandering low down by the rocky banks of the stream, whose thunders we heard so plainly from our aerial dwelling, though we seldom saw much of it till we sought for its foaming waters among the trees which shrouded its course. This noisy torrent leaps, rather than flows, from one rock to another, forming a succession of rapids each more attractive than the last, till in some half-dozen places it meets with an obstruction of sufficient size to send it foaming down in what would be quite a cascade elsewhere.

The air, the pure water, the cleanliness, and the cheerfulness of this singular place, made us leave it with regret; but the proper time had been spent at these fountains, and we were ordered to Cauteretz. There is a bridle-road across the mountains between the two places, which we at one time thought of taking, sending the calèche with the luggage round by the public road; but on further consideration, we abandoned this excursion, on account of a fancy I or my son had taken to return to Pau. The company of actors appointed to this district had arrived there, and I had got it into my head that I should like to see them. I had not been at a play for years—at a French play never—and as the Toulouse theatre had a fair reputation, I wished to take advantage of this visit from part of the troop, to form my own judgment of French comedy. We took rather a large party with us, many of our Eaux Bonnes friends agreeing to accompany us. On our arrival at Pau, we found it necessary to take a whole box for the somewhat numerous party. The theatre is small: it was well, though not brilliantly lighted, and there was little scenery, and only three or four actors, yet I never was more diverted. They gave us two vaudevilles of one act each; five actors appeared in one, only four in the other. They were perfectly well dressed; there were no clap-traps, no hints to the galleries, no allusions to the politics of the day, and very little story; but that little was so well told, the actors were so completely the people they represented, they were so fully occupied with their parts, apparently so unconscious of an audience, the dialogue was so spirited, so well given, that we were carried away in earnest by the illusion. One young actress would have been quite a 'star' in England from her comic powers: she had a fine clear soprano voice too. Besides these little comedies, a young Spaniard played very brilliantly on the pianoforte between the pieces; music that was very agreeable to listen to, from the beauty of the several airs he introduced into his composition, and the style and the touch he was master of. There was also some very good dancing by three members of the *corps de ballet* at Madrid, who were making a little money on their return to Spain from Paris, where they had just concluded an engagement. They were handsome young people, very graceful, and very agile, and particularly happy in their costumes, which were varied to suit their dances. When they danced the 'fandango,' the girl wore a dress of white satin, flounced and trimmed with broad black lace, the effect of which was really elegant, though in description reminding us a little of the magpie. I daresay these active Spaniards were capable of performing all those astonishing whirls, and twirls, and flights, and contortions, so much in fashion at our own Opera; but they had the better taste to confine themselves to national dances of a lively character, during the evolutions of which they merely attitudinised a little more than unprofessional exhibitors would have considered seemly. Altogether, we passed a most agreeable evening; and





extreme. A little before three o'clock a slight shock of an earthquake was felt, accompanied with a noise resembling the distant discharge of artillery. It was now that the increasing gloom engrossed universal attention. At twenty minutes past three, when the darkness seemed to have reached its greatest depth, the whole city was instantaneously illuminated by the most vivid flash of lightning ever witnessed in Montreal, immediately followed by a peal of thunder, so loud and near, as to shake the strongest buildings to their foundation, which was followed by other peals, and accompanied by a heavy shower of rain of the colour above described. After 4 p.m. the heavens began to assume a brighter appearance, and fear gradually subsided."

Showers of sand and earth have been numerous; but showers of flesh, fish, frogs, &c. are worth noticing. The flesh 'was recognised as a distinct substance by Scheuchzer about the beginning of last century, and in 1747 its true animal nature was shown by Lemonnier. Since then, its properties have been investigated by Vauquelin and others. It bears a greater resemblance to mucus than to gelatine or tannin; but it does not exactly agree with any one of these: it is unctuous, grayish-white, and when cold, inodorous and tasteless: it is soluble in hot water, and then resembles thin beef-tea.' This substance has skin attached, and resembles human flesh! In South America, in 1698, an area of country forty-three miles square was strewn with fish; and in England, at a considerable distance from the sea, a pasture-field was found scattered over with about a bushel of small fish. A shower of herrings fell in 1825 in Kinross-shire; but instances of the same kind are numerous both in this country and elsewhere. At Ham, in France, M. Peltier, after a heavy rain had fallen, saw the square before him covered with toads. 'Astounded at this, I stretched out my hand, which was struck by many of these animals as they fell. The yard of the house was also full of them. I saw them fall on the roof of a house, and rebound from thence on the pavement. They all went off by the channels which the rain formed, and were carried out of the town.'

Blood spots have produced greater terror than even red rain. 'A widow chancing to be alone before her house in the village of Castelenschloss, suddenly beheld a frightful spectacle—blood springing from the earth all around her! She rushed in alarm into the cottage; but, oh horrible! blood is flowing everywhere—from the wainscot and from the stones—it falls in a stream from a basin on a shelf—and even the child's cradle overflows with it. The woman imagines that the invisible hand of an assassin has been at work, and rushes in distraction out of doors, crying murder! murder! The villagers and the monks of a neighbouring convent assemble at the noise; they succeed in partly effacing the bloody stains: but a little later in the day, the other inhabitants of the house, sitting down in terror to eat their evening meal under the projecting eaves, suddenly discover blood bubbling up in a pond—blood flowing from the loft—blood covering all the walls of the house. Blood—blood—everywhere blood!' These spots were merely mould; the remarkable, almost instantaneous growth of fungi in a humid atmosphere.

In Scripture we read of hailstones being miraculously showered down upon the Canaanites, and of the 'thunderings and hail' which struck the Egyptians with terror. In other countries there have been natural showers of the same kind. In England, in 1202, hailstones fell as large as eggs; at the end of the seventeenth century some were found measuring from eight to fourteen inches in circumference; and in Scotland, in 1269, 'there rose "great winds, with storms of such unmeasurable hailstones, that manie townes were thrown down" by their violence, and fires spread throughout the kingdom, "burning up steeples with such force of fire, that the belles were in diverse places melted."' In the Orkney Islands, in 1818, hailstones were gathered as large as a goose egg; and in 1822, men and animals

were killed by them on the banks of the Rhine. 'The most extraordinary hailstone on record is said by Heyne to have descended near Seringapatam towards the close of Tippoo Sultan's reign: it was as large as an elephant!'

The icebergs are immense glaciers which have tumbled from the mountains into the ocean. 'Frost,' says Penant, 'sports with these icebergs, and gives them majestic as well as singular forms. Masses have been seen assuming the shape of a Gothic church, with arched windows and doors, and all the rich drapery of that style, composed of what an Arabian tale would scarcely dare to relate, of crystals of the richest sapphire blue; tables with one or more feet; and often flat-roofed temples, like those of Luxor on the Nile, supported by transparent columns of cerulean hue, float by the spectator.' Icebergs have been seen in the form of church spires 300 feet high. Some have an area of six square miles, and are 600 feet high.

We now come to a different, and perhaps a more interesting class of phenomena. The glory surrounding the shadow of the observer in certain conditions of the atmosphere has frequently attracted attention. 'During the intense frost of January 1820, this beautiful meteor was seen at Perth, upon the fog which arose from evaporation from the ice upon the Tay. Looking from the bridge, the spectator beheld his shadow on the vapour, of gigantic size, surrounded by a halo, and throwing off prismatic radiations.' An analogous appearance was sometimes witnessed by Mr Green, the aeronaut, when about two miles above the earth. It was the shadow of his balloon thrown upon the upper surface of a cloud, and always surrounded by a triple iris. The parhelion, or mock-sun, is a more magnificent meteor, but it has been frequently described. The mirage is usually caused by 'the irregular refraction of light passing through strata of air of unequal density.' 'Dr Vince, when at Ramsgate, saw the whole of Dover Castle, as if upon the Ramsgate side of a hill which obscures the castle, excepting the turrets, from that town. Between Ramsgate and the land from which the hill rises, almost six miles of sea intervene, and about the same distance thence to the castle, which stands upon a cliff about 320 feet above the sea. During the continuance of this beautiful mirage, the castle was so vividly depicted, that the hill did not itself appear through the image.' On the beach at Hastings, the coast of France, from Calais to Dieppe, became distinctly visible; and the fishing-boats were seen with a glass lying at anchor. When human figures in motion, such as soldiers, are seen in this spectral manner, the picture becomes very exciting, and may account for some appearances described in history—such as the phantom-flight of Artaveid—and set down as preternatural. A phenomenon of this kind was seen on the Mendip Hills. 'It represented a large body of troops moving onwards with drawn swords; their position and space were often changed; and so distinctly were they visible, that the very trappings of the horses, and the several accoutrements of the soldiers, could be distinguished: the phenomenon lasted above an hour. It was afterwards ascertained that a body of yeomanry were practising about fifteen miles off.' The following is still more interesting, and is susceptible of a similar explanation. 'On a summer evening in the year 1743, when Daniel Stricket, a servant to John Wren of Wilton Hall, was sitting at the door along with his master, they saw the figure of a man with a dog pursuing some horses along Souterfell side, a place so extremely steep, that a horse could scarcely travel upon it at all. The figures appeared to run at an amazing pace, till they got out of sight at the lower end of the fell. On the following morning, Stricket and his master ascended the steep side of the mountain, in full expectation of finding the man dead, and of picking up some of the horses' shoes, which they thought must have been cast, while galloping at such a furious rate. Their expectations, however, were disappointed.' In the following



fire, brandy, and shoes; but in the meantime we were perishing in the ice, and perpetually harassed by bands of Cossack riders.

'We had marched for six hours, without pausing to draw breath, for we knew that repose was certain death. A bitter wind hurled snow-flakes against our faces, and now and then we stumbled over the frozen corpses of our comrades. No singing or talking then! Even the grumblers ceased to complain, and that was a bad sign. I walked behind my captain: he was a short man, strongly built, rugged and severe, but brave and true as his own sword-blade. We called him Captain Positive; for, once he said a thing, so it was—no appeal—he never changed his mind. He had been wounded at Wiazma, and his usually red face was now quite pale; while the pieces of an old white handkerchief which he had wrapped round his legs were soaked with blood. I saw him first move slowly, then stagger like a drunken man, and at last he fell down like a block.

"*Morbleu!* captain," said I, bending over him, "you can't lie there."

"You see that I can, because I *do*," replied he, pointing to his limbs.

"Captain," said I, "you mustn't die thus;" and raising him in my arms, I managed to place him on his feet. He leaned on me, and tried to walk; but in vain: he fell once more, dragging me with him.

"Jobin," said he, "'tis all over. Just leave me here, and join your column as quickly as you can. One word before you go:—at Voreppe, near Grenoble, lives a good woman, eighty-two years old, my—my mother. Go to see her, embrace her, and tell her that—that—tell her whatever you like, but give her this purse and my cross. That's all."

"Is that all, captain?"

"I said so. Good-by, and make haste."

"Boys, I don't know how it was, but I felt two tears freezing on my cheeks.

"No, captain," cried I, "I won't leave you: either you shall come with me, or I will stay with you."

"I forbid your staying."

"Captain, you might just as well forbid a woman talking."

"If I escape, I'll punish you severely."

"You may place me under arrest then, but just now, you must let me do as I please."

"You're an insolent fellow!"

"Very likely, captain; but you must come with me."

He bit his lips with anger, but said no more. I raised him, and placed his body across my shoulders like a sack. You may easily imagine that while bearing such a burthen I could not move as quickly as my comrades. Indeed I soon lost sight of their columns, and could perceive nothing but the white silent plain around me. I moved on, and presently there appeared a band of Cossacks galloping towards me, their lances in rest, and shouting their fiendish war-cry.

'The captain was by this time in a state of total unconsciousness, and I resolved, cost what it might, not to abandon him. I laid him on the ground, covered him with snow, and then crept under a heap of my dead comrades, leaving, however, my eyes at liberty. Soon the Cossacks reached us, and began striking with their lances right and left, while their horses trampled the bodies. Presently one of these rude beasts placed his hoof on my left arm and crushed it in pieces. Boys, I did not say a word; I did not move, save to thrust my right hand into my mouth to keep down the cry of torture; and in a few minutes the Cossacks dispersed.

'When the last of them had ridden off, I crept out and managed to disinter the captain. He showed few signs of life; nevertheless I contrived with my one hand to drag him towards a rock, which afforded a sort of shelter, and then lay down next him, wrapping my capote around us. Night was closing in, and the snow continued to fall. The last of the rearguard had long disappeared, and the only sounds that broke the silence were the whistling of distant bullets, and the nearer howling of the wolves, which were devouring the dead bodies. God knows what things were passing through my mind that night, which, I felt assured, would be my last on earth. But I remembered the prayer my mother had taught me long ago when I was a child by her side; and kneeling down, I said it fervently.

'Boys, it did me good; and always remember that sincere earnest prayer will do you good too. I felt wonderfully calm when I resumed my place next the captain. But time passed on, and I was becoming quite numbed, when I saw a party of French officers approaching. Before I had time to address them, the foremost—a low-sized man, dressed in a fur pelisse—stepped towards me, saying, "What are you doing here? Why did you stay behind your regiment?"

"For two good reasons," said I, pointing first to the captain, and then to my bleeding arm.

"The man speaks the truth, sire," said one of his followers. "I saw him marching behind the column carrying this officer on his back."

The Emperor—for, boys, it was he!—gave me one of those looks which only himself or an Alpine eagle could give, and said, "'Tis well. You have done very well." Then opening his pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his inside green coat, and gave it me. That moment I was no longer cold or hungry, and felt no more pain in my arm than if that ill-nurtured beast had never touched it.

"Davoust," added the Emperor, addressing the gentleman who had spoken, "cause this man and his captain to be placed on one of the ammunition-wagons. Adieu!" And waving his hand towards me, he passed on.

Here the veteran paused, and resumed his pipe.

'But tell us about the cross, and what became of Captain Positive,' cried several impatient voices.

'The captain still lives, and is now a retired general. But the best of it was, that as soon as he recovered, he placed me under arrest for fifteen days, as a punishment for my breach of discipline! The circumstance reached Napoleon's ears; and after laughing heartily, he not only released me, but promoted me to be a sergeant. As to the decoration, here is the ribbon, boys: I wear *that* in my button-hole, but the cross I carry next my heart!' And unbuttoning his coat, the veteran showed his young friends the precious relic, enveloped in a little satin bag suspended round his neck.

#### LEAF-GOLD AND PAPER-SHAVINGS.

Some idea may be formed of the extent of the London bookbinding trade in the nineteenth century, when we state that the weekly consumption of leaf-gold, enriching the exterior of books, amounts to about 3,600,000 square inches; and that the weight of paper-shavings sold annually by the London binders, cut off the edges of books, amounts to 350 tons!—*Illustrated Historic Times*.

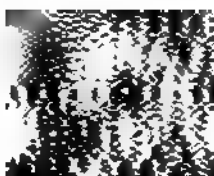
The present number of the Journal completes the eleventh volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

#### END OF ELEVENTH VOLUME.



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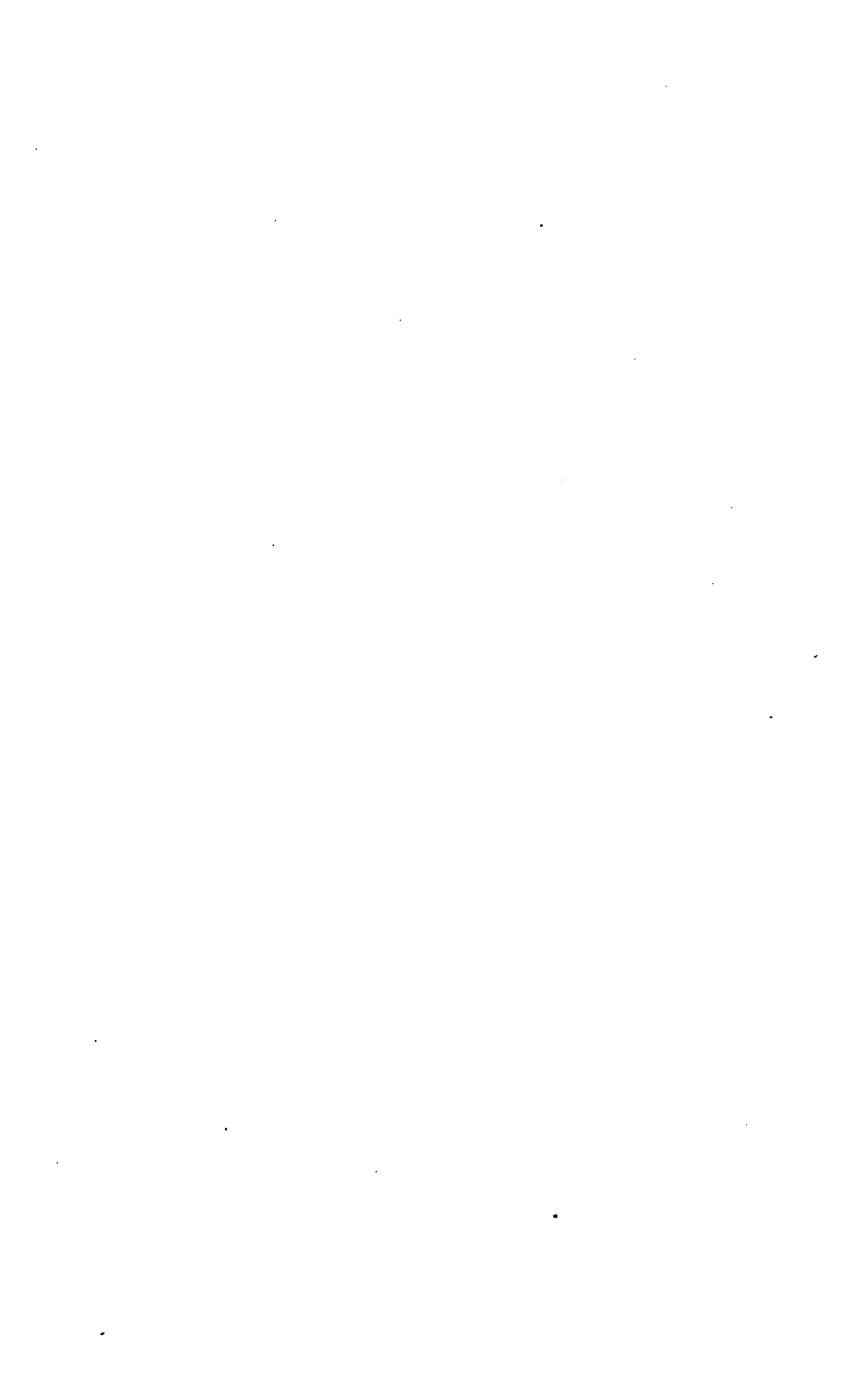
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Whether Johnson was aware of this enlarged meaning of his words, or had no apprehension that they could be so interpreted, is of little moment to the purpose now in hand. It is enough that this, or something like it, was probably the latent sense which he struggled to express. So considered, the words convey a measure of obvious, though not very striking truth; which, however, being once perceived and admitted, we can the more readily understand the actual deficiencies of the writer's insight. It is a clear case of limitation. It is true enough, as he apparently wished to say, that when men are immersed in purely frivolous pursuits, their minds may be enlightened and entertained by the act of bringing imaginatively before them the high accomplishments of earlier and better eras, or by prefiguring to themselves the ulterior developments of an advanced system of society; but it shows a very imperfect appreciation of the capabilities and needs of man to eject the present from our thoughts by a too habitual and exclusive veneration for the past and future, since over the first of these we can have no possible control, and can influence the other only by what we now actually perform.

A juster view of life would lead us to recognise the present as the sole possession of time with which we are practically and specially concerned. 'Work while it is called to-day' is one of the wisest of all possible injunctions. The past ought doubtless to be contemplated for the significant experiences it will yield us: the historical glories and catastrophes of the olden time, with whatsoever interest and warning they may have, need to be effectually studied by the living, inasmuch as they afford instructions for their own life-voage of discovery. The future, too, which for ever looms brilliantly, if often delusively, before us, has a perennial and inevitable charm for the imagination; and, as a land of perpetual promise, is linked intimately with our sympathies and hopes. The past and future have a historical and prophetic connection with the present, and therefore can never be severed from the regards and considerations of men. But the present alone is the available field and workshop of our actual performances. The hour that now is, is the element wherein we are ordained to live, and out of it we have to unfold the possibilities of our destination. It is the point which visibly connects us with the boundless contingencies of universal being. We build our fate out of the rough materials which every day hurls confusedly around us. From a rude unshapen mass of capability, it is our appointed task to rear the temple of a manful and worthy life. Time, thoughtfully considered, is as earnest and awful as eternity. It is indeed eternity in the vesture of an hour—a visible revelation of the infinite continuity, disclosed to us under finite limitations; a divergent ray of duration, under an aspect of mortal circumstance. Not lightly should a man esteem this fleeting phenomenon called to-day. Under the lowest consideration, it is the outcome of all preceding generations; and with its chequered sunshine and gloom it is ours even now to work in with faithfulness and courage. Gird well thy heart with integrity and strong endeavour, and put the stamp of an everlasting emphasis upon whatsoever duty thou canst find to do; for every act and effort of a man is charged with an abiding force whose vitality is never quenched, but visibly or imperceptibly circulates for evermore.

It is only by a constant faith in the sacredness of the present that life can be effectually ennobled. Let us understand the pre-eminent worth of the living time, and learn to solemnise our lives by large and universal aims, that shall embody the sublime suggestions which the future prefigures to our belief, in noble and commanding deeds and institutions, such as may be left, without apology or regret, to take their place hereafter among the memorials of the past. If men would take life earnestly, it would never appear mean. Could they sincerely believe themselves accountable to the universe for the fit employment of their powers, and that the

whole creation is wronged by any baseness or craven fear, and that it is blessed and benefited to the like extent by every stroke of rectitude, by every breath of love, they would deem their activity of some account, and regard the transient common moments as consecrated time. He who cannot, with a proud reliance on its sufficiency, accept the duty which the day brings to him, and throw some grace of truthfulness over the meanest occupation he may have, will never be qualified to perform successfully any greater or more honourable work. And never to any man shall time, under any of its remoter aspects, disclose its truly grand and complete significance, unless a sense of its present significance has been in him already consciously developed. Whoever would faithfully fulfil the measure of his destiny, let him dwell in the hour that now is, in the earnest experience of every day. Here let him cherish lofty and noble thoughts, and dare to perform great and magnanimous actions. If this hour suffice him not for all the purposes of manly and earnest living, there is small likelihood that any other hour would suit him better. Postpone not thy life. Stand where thou art, and work manfully towards thy end. So shall thy life be profitable to thee; so shall it be as a stream of welcome tendency, bearing thee bravely onwards to serenest satisfactions—to quiet and sufficing joys.

#### PADDY THE TINKER.

A VERY few years since a poor family residing in the suburbs of Omagh in the county of Tyrone attracted much notice. The adventure which caused it found its way to the local journals; and the details as repeated, though varying in some points, agreed in the main circumstances of the story. A friend, who spent some time in the neighbourhood, favoured us with such particulars as he could gather, and which probably comprise the true version of the affair.

The Callaghans—who are a large family—live in a cabin by the wayside at some distance from the town. People wondered how so many found room within its narrow walls; but they not only found room, but content and cheerfulness. And those who passed the door often heard the sound of pleasant voices and merry laughter, chiming in with the clatter of tins and the tinker's hammer: for it was the tinkering trade which gave support and occupation to those within. Those who were too young to be initiated into the mysteries of the craft, could at least wipe the dust from the pots and pans, and make them look bright and clean. The donkey, who drew these precious articles to distant parts of the neighbourhood and to country fairs, was an object of respect and love to the whole family. His lodgings were in the far corner of the cabin—which was portioned off by a ledge of wood—where he was duly cared for by the elders of the family, and fondly caressed by the youngsters. As he passed along on the winding road of a fine sunny morning, the glittering of the tins might be seen as they flashed through the green hedges. Sometimes his master walked by the side of the little cart, encouraging the patient beast with familiar words. When a shawl for herself, a cap for Micky or Jack, or any article of dress for some member of the family, was to be got in exchange for a kettle or a saucepan, Mrs Callaghan took her husband's place: nor did she ever forget in her mercantile transactions to secure some tobacco for her goodman. Paddy, their first-born, and his mother's special darling, was sometimes deputed to attend the fairs; and Mrs Callaghan declared that he made larger sales and better bargains than she or his father could. It was no wonder that Paddy got customers; for he was, as all the neighbours allowed, 'a likely boy, and had a pleasant word for every one; and so much fun, that he'd make a cat laugh.' Indeed frolic and laughter were always to be had in his company. Besides his convivial talents, Paddy had a decided genius for tinkering; and his copies of some of his father's



days' retirement in the black hole. To do him justice, after his probation he showed himself grateful for the lenity he had experienced; and by the strictest attention to his duty, proved how anxious he was to reinstate himself in the good opinion of his officers. After serving for another year, he got his discharge; and now he might go home with an easy conscience, and free from all anxiety. He took a kind farewell of the comrades whom he had before left with so little ceremony. His excitement and hurry to reach home were very great: he took passage in the first vessel which he found bound for Ireland. Unfortunately, she was not sea-worthy, and he narrowly escaped being wrecked. They found much difficulty in reaching the port; and poor Paddy was so worn out by his exertions in assisting at the pumps, that a little rest would have been necessary; but the moment he put his foot upon his native soil his heart got up, and slinging his worldly goods, which were tied up in a blue and white handkerchief, on his stick, which he rested on his shoulder in musket-fashion, he set out in double-quick time, singing and whistling snatches of merry songs for the first two or three miles, and thinking of the joy with which he would be greeted on his unexpected arrival, especially by his poor mother. But his limbs grew weary, and his hands and feet burned with heat; his head ached; and he was tormented with parching thirst. He put up on his way for the night at a little shebeen shop (so are the humble houses of entertainment designated); but he could partake of none of the good cheer spread before him; the smoking dish of potatoes, and the tempting rashers of bacon and fried eggs, utterly failing in provoking his appetite. The bed to which he retired was no resting-place to him, for he rose from it in the morning guiltless of a slumber. The people of the house saw that he was ill; but he said *the air would do him good*. So he paid his reckoning for the dinner which he had not tasted, and for the bed in which he had not slept, and pursued his way. He was indeed ill; and how he ever reached his uncle's house was wonderful.

The pleasure which his relations felt at seeing him come back his own master, was subdued when they saw how weak and ill he appeared. They, however, gave him a hearty welcome: he sat shivering and cowering over the fire, complaining of the cold, though his face was flushed, and his hand was burning. He lay upon the bed; but sleep would not come: the headache and thirst increased. His uncle and aunt whispered that it was the *sickness* which he had (the term always used to express fever). They imparted their fears to him in the morning; spoke of their dread of infection, and proposed his removal to the hospital of the workhouse. Paddy acquiesced in the propriety of the measure; and he was accordingly brought there, and instantly put to bed, which, from the crowded state of the establishment, was shared with another fever patient. The fever ran high, and bad symptoms came on. On the eighth day his case was pronounced to be hopeless; and at his earnest request a messenger was sent to tell his parents that he was in Clogher—ill, and in hospital. What would have been such joyful news to his family, who had no expectation of his coming back, was embittered by the account of his illness; but he was young, and had always been strong and healthy; so they hoped he would soon be well, and among them once more. It was resolved that his father and his favourite sister Peggy should go to see him, and bring him back on the donkey-car, if he could be removed with safety. The poor mother stayed at home, to take care of the cabin and of the children; she stayed at the door till the travellers were out of sight; she offered up an earnest prayer for Paddy's recovery, and safe return with his father and sister.

The way seemed long to them, who burned with impatience to see him. At length they arrived at the house of their relations: the accounts of poor Paddy were most disheartening; he was so much worse, that his death was every moment expected. His father and

sister gained admittance to the ward: he was ill indeed; and they wept bitterly when they looked at him. His eyes were directed towards the door; and, after a moment, he hid his face in the bedclothes, exclaiming, 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' His father and Peggy caressed him, and wept over him; but still he would interrupt their fond words with, 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' These were the last words they heard him speak, as they left the ward at the hour prescribed for visitors to take their leave. They were at the door at daybreak the next morning, when they learned, what they most dreaded to hear, that poor Paddy had died at twelve o'clock the night before. From the nature of the complaint—which made every precaution for the prevention of the spread of infection necessary—but a few hours had been allowed to pass till the remains were consigned to a coffin. The grief of the father and the girl affected those who witnessed it; and the earnest request, that they might be allowed to take poor Paddy's remains home to his own burying-place, was complied with; and the coffin was placed in the donkey-car. Bitter were the tears which Callaghan shed as he adjusted it, and covered it with straw, that it might not shock the eyes of the poor woman at home, till the sad news was broken to her.

In the meantime she had cleaned up the cabin, and put everything in order. She made the bed as comfortable as she could for her darling, having fixed on the snugest corner for his resting-place; 'for wake and weary my poor child will be,' she said, as she made all her little arrangements. She had made some purchases for the jubilee which she was determined to have to welcome him. The tea and sugar, and the bread and butter, were all ready on the shelf for a refreshing repast. The sound of every distant car, and the bark of every dog, brought her to the cabin door. At length, nearly at nightfall, she caught a glimpse of a car and persons walking by its side. She called to the children within to blow up the fire, and to make a good blaze. She soon ascertained that the travellers were her own people; but Paddy was not with them. She tried to comfort herself for the disappointment which she felt by saying, 'It was better not to bring the dear creature so far, till he gathers a little strength; and the night-air, sure enough, might give him *could*. But it won't be long till he comes to; for sickness never lay heavy upon him.' When they reached the door, she perceived by the face of her husband that something was amiss; and when she looked at Peggy, she saw that her eyes were red, as if she had been crying. She feared to ask what was the matter: but the sad tale was soon told; and the coffin was laid upon a table, and the poor mother knelt by it, wringing her hands, and calling Paddy by the fondest epithets; and telling the poor lifeless clay how she loved him; and asking why he had parted from her. Her husband tried to calm her; but the words of comfort which he spoke fell coldly on her ear, and did not reach her heart. Paddy, wild and thoughtless as he had been, had always been the joy of *that* heart. It was agony to think she was never to see him again who had been the very light of her eyes! She asked for any message he might have sent—for every word that he had spoken. They repeated his last words, 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' They cut her to the very heart, and seemed as if they would for ever mar any hope of peace; for, while they spoke of his love, they told too plainly that he had felt her neglect. Oh how she accused herself for having let anything on earth detain her away from him at such a time! 'Why didn't my mother come to see me?' seemed for ever to ring in her ears, and vibrate through her very heart—'Why didn't my mother come to see me?'

The remains were borne the next day to the quiet old churchyard about two miles off, and were followed by a great concourse of persons; for all the neighbours wished to pay the last mark of respect to



Paddy and his mother were in each other's arms crying for joy. His father was by his side, and the children gathered round him, laughing and crying by turns. An hour had scarcely passed, when Nancy, who had been on her way home with some purchases for her father and mother, heard the strange report, and rushed into the cabin in breathless haste. Paddy's arms and heart were open to receive her, and she wept for a moment in silence on his bosom; then looking up in his face, she said, 'I have got you back, Paddy, and you will never leave me again: never will a cross or contrary word pass my lips any more.'

'And as for myself,' said Paddy, 'I was all out too careless and too fond of rovin'; but I have more sense now; and now that I'm back with yees all again, I'll never leave you while the breath's in me.'

No friends ever came to look after the man who had been buried in Paddy's stead.

'We'll, let him stay where he is, the poor lonely stranger,' said Mrs Callaghan; 'for never again will I be the one to turn out livin' or dead. Wasn't I near turnin' out our darlint Paddy from his own natural home the night he came back to make us all so happy!'

### WHO ARE THE HUNGARIANS?

THIS is a question which has been frequently asked of late; and the present article—if so inspiring a subject may be handled with the due avoidance of political excitement, and matters of historical fact tolerated—is an attempt to answer it.\*

The inhabitants of Hungary—which term generally includes Transylvania and Croatia—comprise several distinct races: the central districts are occupied by the Magyars, with Wallacks to the east; Slovaks on the north; and Croats to the south. The two latter are Slavonians or Slaves by origin, being descendants of the Illyrians and Isheks, and, with the Pannonians, had cultivated the faithful soil from the earliest ages until the Magyar invasion. The Wallacks were a tribe that had replaced the Dacians, exterminated by Trajan in the days when Rome stretched her mighty arms to the remotest corners of Europe.

The Magyars, or Hungarians Proper, though of the same stock, are not the same barbarian Huns of whom we used to read in our schoolboy-days as issuing from their Mongolian wilds, devastating and terrorising in their march westwards, even to the very walls of Rome. This division wandered over various parts of Europe before approaching the Danube; and soon after the days of Attila, a colony distinguished for bravery established themselves at the eastern extremity of the Carpathians, under the name of Szeklers (petty Scythians). They were followed by others under Arpad—a chief still famous in the national annals, from the sixth to the ninth centuries—until the whole territory was subjugated; and afterwards consolidated by the wise policy of King Stephen, whose crown is regarded by Hungarians of all classes, even at the present day, with the most fervid reverence. Animated by a restless warlike spirit, the Magyars were continually making inroads on the lands of their neighbours: but not with impunity; for in the sixteenth century they were totally defeated in a tremendous battle at Mohacs by Sultan Soliman, a reverse of which no Magyar can speak without mingled feelings of grief and shame. So disastrous was the result, that partly by constraint, and partly by treachery, they were led to place themselves under the protection of Austria—a proceeding more fatal to their liberties and welfare than the Turkish victory. The emperors of Austria became kings of Hungary, but with no other legal powers than those recognised by the constitution of the kingdom. The

great object, however, of the government at Vienna was to Germanise the Magyars as much as possible; and for a time the result proved according to wish. By an edict of the Emperor Joseph II., German was substituted for Latin—which had been, and still was, until recently, the political language of Hungary. The Magyars resisted this encroachment, and made an attempt to found the Hungarian Academy, for the cultivation and diffusion of their native tongue, which, they contended, was as well adapted for all purposes of literature and polity as that forced on them by authority. They would speak neither Latin nor German, but Magyar; and the Latin name of their country—now inapplicable—should be changed to *Magyarie*. But Joseph pushed his reforms with a high hand: he even caused the national stamp to be disused—an apparently insignificant act, but one which had the effect of strengthening the resistance opposed to him. Hence the origin of the Magyar movement, which has continued down to our own days, and whose aim is to give a unity of action to the different races by whom the soil of Hungary is occupied.

After Joseph's death, when a new generation of Magyars had arisen, they pushed their claims with so much energy, as to regain a portion of the constitutional rights of which they had too long been deprived. Their views comprehended no throwing off of allegiance with regard to Austria: they desired only that old-standing treaties should be adhered to; that as a limited monarchy theirs should be a free nationality under the crown of St Stephen worn by the emperor. But their demands or remonstrances were systematically evaded; messages from the Diet were either not answered, or treated as the communications of rebels. They had nothing for it but to oppose a persevering aim to the caprices of a government which sought to overcome practical difficulties by fanciful theories—to coerce mind as the best mode of satisfying its aspirations.

The national pride of the Magyar is extraordinary—surpassing that of the Spaniard or the Scottish Highlander of olden time. A peasant clad in a greasy sheepskin will tell you the Magyars are the greatest among nations; their language the most harmonious, being, in fact, the medium through which Divine revelation was vouchsafed to mortals; and that the national costume is perpetually worn in heaven. Yet the condition of these peasants is almost identical with that of the Anglo-Saxon serfs in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

The population was divided into three classes—we say *was*, for reasons which will presently appear: the magnates, or chief nobles, who, among other privileges, were exempt from all payment of taxes; the *bocskoros nemesek*, sandalled or peasant nobles, a class which in intelligence and education scarcely differed from other cultivators of the soil, yet they had a share in the representation of the country, besides certain immunities, one of which was, as stated by Mr Köhl, that 'they could not be hanged like other people for any crime they might commit, for it is their privilege to be beheaded, and to have their hands tied before instead of behind the back.' In common with the magnates, too, a peasant noble could walk across the magnificent suspension-bridge at Pesth, or any other taxed thoroughfare, without paying the toll; while his less fortunate neighbour, between whose appearance and his own scarce a difference could be detected, would be compelled to pay the charge. Last came the peasants, designated *corvéable*, which means that whether they pleased or no, they had to bear all sorts of burthens for everybody else: they had first to work for the support of themselves and families, then to pay all the taxes and tolls, to keep the roads and bridges in repair all over the kingdom, to furnish the nobles and other travellers with horses for their vehicles when travelling, and to forego the enjoyment of all political rights. It is difficult to believe in the existence of such a state of things, the evils of which must always be painfully

\* The Editors, being unable to pronounce any opinion of their own on the question between Hungary and Austria, desire that the present article, which they insert on account of its information, should be regarded as representing only the views of its author.





so weakened him, that on his release he was unable, as before, to take an active part in public life.

But if the *hour* be come, the *man* is there: Ludwig Kossuth\* has proved himself no unworthy leader. He began life as an attorney, and first came into collision with the government by publishing reports of the proceedings of the Diet in defiance of the law. Mr Köhl thus speaks of the 'noble deputy.' 'He was imprisoned for a considerable time for having made public some discussions of the Diet, which were forbidden to be printed, by distributing a considerable number of manuscript copies. He was subsequently liberated, and is now editor of the "Pesti Hirlap" ("Pesth Journal"), the most popular Hungarian paper, and the most fearless and untiring advocate of all that tends to the amelioration and advancement of his country; the boldest and most unsparing denouncer of the errors and abuses in the constitution and government. He has made it his especial care to keep guard over what he considers the weak side of his countrymen—namely, the liability of the judges and other officers to corruption and irregular influences, and never fails to discover and expose offences of this description. Under these circumstances, it cannot be but that Mr Kossuth should have many enemies; but he counts a far greater number of friends—the whole public of Hungary being on his side—and he is the favourite and political hero of the day. His "Hirlap" is the oracle on all occasions; and during my stay in Pesth, whenever any public matter was discussed, I continually heard the eager inquiry—"What does Kossuth say of it?"

'I looked with much interest at this man, on whom the eyes of all Hungary may be said to be fixed. He is of middle size, and very agreeable exterior; his features are regular, and decidedly handsome, but strongly-marked and manly. He is in the prime of life, with rather redundant hair and whiskers, but a mild and modest expression of countenance. He was rather pale when I saw him, and his features wore an air of earnestness, slightly tinged by melancholy, though lighted up by his fine flashing eyes. He spoke for full half an hour without a moment's hesitation, and his mode of delivery appeared to me extremely agreeable. His voice is as fine as might be expected from so handsome a person; and the sounds of the Hungarian language, powerful and energetic, seemed, from his lips, I might almost say warlike, although they come hard and harsh from the mouth of an uncultivated speaker.'

The above description was written six years ago, since which time Kossuth—the Magyar Cobden—has risen higher in popularity and usefulness. He is now 'Governor-Protector' of Hungary; and should his life be spared, there is every reason to hope that the exercise of his noble talents will prove a lasting benefit to his country. The difficulties of the position are great, but not greater than may be overcome, and the elements of success are not lacking. Hungary possesses a soil of unrivalled fertility, producing an almost tropical vegetation, teeming with grain and fruit. The Banat alone will grow ten times as much corn as is needed for her whole population; and beneath the surface the mineral treasures are inexhaustible. There are mining and other schools, and libraries and learned societies in her towns; her press sends forth numerous works annually, and the spirit of improvement animates the people. Much may be done by the application and development of such resources as these. Instead of being pitted against neighbouring states, their entire strength may now be devoted to the social wants of their own country, and the amelioration of its condition. The bulk of the population is Protestant: they embraced the doctrines of Calvin at an early period; and their manifold struggles against persecution, and their valiant efforts in behalf of the Empress Maria Louisa, are noble chapters of history.

During their present struggle for constitutional rights,

the savagery of surrounding races has been let loose upon them with a vindictiveness which we could only expect from a Tamerlane or Nadir Shah; but which, to present notions, savours more of a desire to exterminate than to conciliate. Ever since 1835, the party which sought to modify the relation between noble and peasant has been gathering strength. By and by came the outbreak in Galicia, which alarmed the one and excited the other. The Diet of 1847 drew up a series of resolutions embodying certain reforms: no class was to be exempt from taxation, but all were to pay in proportion to their means; civil equality was declared; the peasant relieved from his *corvées*; the old exactions were altogether abolished; and a large extension of the suffrage granted. But to accomplish all this, it was necessary that Austria should no longer have uncontrolled power over the public purse of Hungary, and that her demoralising efforts to bend every community to her deadening policy should cease.

The Diet proved itself in earnest, for every religion was tolerated, and the peasants were not only released from feudal servitude, but the nobles gave up to them more than two-thirds of the cultivated lands throughout the kingdom. Twenty millions of acres have been divided into thirty or sixty-acre lots, and apportioned among five hundred thousand peasants, now invested with all the rights of ownership. Every person is entitled to vote who pays a yearly rent of L.10, or whose property amounts to an annual value of L.30: a mechanic who keeps an apprentice, and individuals holding university diplomas, may also vote. Croatia was pacified, the Diets of Hungary and Transylvania united, and the whole of the proceedings signed and confirmed, by the emperor at Vienna in April 1848; but while the rejoicings were still going on throughout the newly-regenerated kingdom, the central government commenced its schemes for deliberately nullifying what, through its sanction, had become the law of the land. A revolt was excited in Croatia, and a Croat colonel, Baron Joseph Jellachich, appointed Ban, or ruler; and at the same time the frontier tribes were everywhere instigated to attack the Hungarians. At last Austria threw off the mask, and sided openly with the Croats, and then the Magyars became aware of the duplicity of which they had been the victims. Still they did not wish to renounce their fealty; and the documents authorising levies of troops, and an issue of paper money, were sent, as usual, to be countersigned by the emperor. For a time circumstances appeared to favour the Austrian cause; the rebel kingdom was overrun with marvellous rapidity, and encountering but few enemies. But the roads were broken up and barricaded, ditches dug, and filled with water, bridges broken down, streams of water made to flood the lowlands, everything in the shape of food was destroyed; so that by the time the conqueror reached Pesth, he had lost ingloriously thousands of men. It was now the Magyars' turn; under the brave generals Georgey, Bem, and Dembinski, they came up from the interior of their land, and before many weeks were over, a series of splendid victories had crippled the invaders, and driven them clean out of the country. A provisional government was formed, which hitherto has successfully provided against all contingencies. Russian troops are now called in to assist in extinguishing this newly-kindled spark of freedom: should the Magyars succeed in beating them also, Eastern Europe will have scope to march on its noble career of civilisation.

Hungary and Transylvania united present an area a little larger than that of Great Britain and Ireland, being 125,000 square miles. The population is 14,000,000, of which 5,000,000 are Magyars, the remainder being Slaves, Wallacks, Jews, and Germans. Now that they are freed from the oppressive burthen of Austrian duties, their internal and foreign trade may be largely extended. The vast body of new enfranchised proprietors will pour supplies into the market, and may obtain manufactured articles in exchange by other

\* Pronounced *Kossoul*.



*Children.*

Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,  
To see the poor beggars go through the town.

*Mary.*

I will not stand up upon my feet,  
To see the poor beggars go through the street.

After a protracted dialogue, in which gentlemen and ladies are successively introduced without having any effect on Miss Brown, the following occurs:—

Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,  
And see your poor sweetheart go through the town.

The chord is at last touched; and Mary, frantically replying—

I will get up upon my feet,  
To see my sweetheart go through the street,

rushes with impetuosity to break the ring, and generally succeeds in escaping the bonds that detain her from her imaginary love. Now it appears there is a similar ring-dance song in Sweden. 'A girl sits on a stool or chair within a ring of dancers, and, with something in her hands, imitates the action of rowing. She should have a veil on her head, and at the news of her sweetheart's death, let it fall over her face, and sink down, overwhelmed with sorrow. The ring of girls dance round her, singing and pausing, and she sings in reply. The dialogue is conducted in the following manner:—

*The Ring.*

Why row ye so, why row ye so?  
Fair Gundela!

*Gundela.*

Sure I may row, ay sure may I row,  
While growth the grass,  
All summer through.

*The Ring.*

But now I've speired that your father's dead,  
Fair Gundela!

*Gundela.*

What matters my father? My mother lives still.  
Ah, thank heaven for that!

*The Ring.*

But now I've speired that your mother's dead,  
Fair Gundela!

*Gundela.*

What matters my mother? My brother lives still.  
Ah, thank heaven for that!

*The Ring.*

But now I've speired that your brother's dead,  
Fair Gundela!

*Gundela.*

What matters my brother? My sister lives still.  
Ah, thank heaven for that!

*The Ring.*

But now I've speired that your sister's dead,  
Fair Gundela!

*Gundela.*

What matters my sister? My sweetheart lives still.  
Ah, thank heaven for that!

*The Ring.*

But now I've speired that your sweetheart's dead,  
Fair Gundela!

[Here she sinks down, overwhelmed with grief.]

*Gundela.*

Say, can it be true  
Which ye tell now to me,  
That my sweetheart's no more?  
Ah, God pity me!

*The Ring.*

But now I've speired that your father lives still,  
Fair Gundela!

*Gundela.*

What matters my father? My sweetheart's no more!  
Ah, God pity me!

*The Ring.*

But now I've speired that your mother lives still,  
Fair Gundela!

*Gundela.*

What matters my mother? My sweetheart's no more!  
Ah, God pity me!

*The Ring.*

But now I've speired that your brother lives still,  
Fair Gundela!

*Gundela.*

What matters my brother? My sweetheart's no more!  
Ah, God pity me!

*The Ring.*

But now I've speired that your sister lives still,  
Fair Gundela!

*Gundela.*

What matters my sister? My sweetheart's no more!  
Ah, God pity me!

*The Ring.*

But now I've speired that your sweetheart lives still,  
Fair Gundela!

*Gundela.*

Say, can it be true  
Which ye tell now to me,  
That my sweetheart lives still?  
Thank God, thank God for that!

The veil is thrown on one side, her face beams with joy, the circle is broken, and the juvenile drama concludes with merriment and noise. It is difficult to say whether this is the real prototype of the English game, or whether they are both indebted to a still more primitive original. There is, pursues Mr Halliwell, 'a poetical sweetness and absolute dramatic fervour in the Swedish ballad, we vainly try to discover in the English version. In the latter all is vulgar, commonplace, and phlegmatic. Cannot we trace in both the national character? Do we not see in the last that poetic simplicity which has made the works of Andersen so popular and irresistibly charming? It may be that the style pleases by contrast, and that we appreciate its genuine chasteness the more because we have nothing similar to it in our own vernacular literature.'

Of the antiquity of the popular rhymes of England Mr Halliwell adduces some special illustrations of a remarkable character, though not always, we think, with the effect of convincing a cautious reader. We overlook for the present the more problematical cases, and would merely remark that it is interesting even to learn that 'A was an apple-pie, B bit it, C cut it,' &c. is used as an illustration in a work on preaching, published by Eachard in 1671; or that 'Nanty Panty, Jack-a-Dandy, loved a piece of sugar-candy,' &c. besides many of the like rhymes, is referred to in a satirical poem written about 1720, it is supposed, on a popular bard of that day: thus—

' Namby Pamby's double mild,  
Once a man, and twice a child;  
To his hanging sleeves restored,  
Now he fools it like a lord;  
Now he pumps his little wits  
All by little tiny bits.  
Now, methinks, I hear him say,  
Boys and girls come out to play;  
Moon does shine as bright as day:  
Now my Namby Pamby's\* found  
Sitting on the Friar's ground,  
Picking silver, picking gold—  
Namby Pamby's never old:  
Bally-cally they begin,  
Namby Pamby still keeps in.  
Namby Pamby is no clown—  
London Bridge is broken down;  
Now he courts the gay ladee,  
Dancing o'er the Lady Lee:  
Now he sings of Licksplit Liar,  
Burning in the brimstone fire;

\* Namby Pamby is said to have been a nickname for Ambrose Phillips. Another ballad, written about the same time as the above, alludes to the rhyme of "Goosey Goosey, Gander."



stairs in Scotland. Each stair is lighted by a skylight. On every landing there are three, sometimes four doors, of as many distinct dwellings. When we enter one of these house-doors, we find ourselves at once in an apartment seemingly half-kitchen, half-room. I did not observe that any houses had inner porches, though in some a short passage leads to the first apartment. The apartments in a dwelling always lead from each other: you go through the kitchen to the bedrooms. From a plan furnished by the resident collector of rents, I observe that in one class of houses the sitting-room, which is used also as kitchen, measures 14 feet by 10 feet 6 inches, the bedroom 12 feet 11 inches by 6 feet 10 inches, and the bed-closet 12 feet 11 inches by 9 feet 7 inches. The kitchen is provided with a range, which contains a small boiler and oven. Entering from the kitchen or sitting-room, there is a small light closet, provided with every suitable accommodation—water, sink, &c.; in one corner is a shaft, down which dust may be poured. The various shafts communicate with dust-holes beneath the ground-floor, which are cleared out at short intervals. The entering of the closet from the sitting-room, which is not unusual, must appear to every one as an objectionable arrangement: the superiority of an entrance from a porch between an outer and inner door on the landing is obvious. Another structural defect is the want of accommodation for coal. In one of the houses I examined there was only the bottom of a cupboard, which would hold perhaps one or two hundredweights of this much-used article. As the working-classes are held down not less by their general improvidence than a habit of buying all articles in small parcels, it should be an important object to encourage them, by all suitable appliances, to purchase everything, coal particularly, in a reasonably large quantity: all Scottish dwellings on floors, except the very meanest, have accommodation for at least a ton of coal. In looking round the interior of these houses at St Pancras, I was again struck with the plain style of finish. There is not a bit of cornice, and the make of the windows and doors is far from creditable—contract work, it may be presumed, jobbed, relatively dear, and unsatisfactory. It is right to add that every house I entered possessed the usually tidy and comfortable look of English dwellings, however humble. Many windows had neat curtains; some rooms were prettily papered, and had prints in frames: all were less or more carpeted. But who can do anything but praise the love of order and decency which signalises the English, wherever found in an ungraded state? At one stair-head an inhabitant had railed in a little space on the landing for flowers in pots, a circumstance suggestive of pleasing reflections. What dwelling may not be adorned and rendered more loveable by a few flowering-plants?

The number of distinct houses in the building is 110, or at the rate of 13 to 15 houses in each of the eight stairs. The rents vary according to size. Houses of two rooms are from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per week; and of three rooms, from 4s. 9d. to 6s. 3d. per week. These charges include water and all taxes and rates. The rents are no doubt low in comparison with those payable for floors or portions of floors by many families of a humble class in the densely-crowded parts of London; but I am disposed to consider them high in relation to what ought to have been, by prudent management, the outlay on their construction in such a situation. The sum of 6s. 3d. per week, or £16. 5s. per annum, seems no light charge for a house of three small apartments up a stair, when compared with the rents at which independent dwellings of five or six rooms can be obtained within three miles of the Exchange. And yet, all things considered, they are a decided improvement on the houses of a small size usually rented in crowded neighbourhoods.

The building, it may be known, is the property of the 'Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes,' incorporated in 1845.

The capital of the Association was raised by shares, on what we consider the only sound principle in such undertakings—the profitable investment of money. As yet, the return has not come up to the expectation of realising 5 per cent. interest. The speculation, however, is not a failure. The object of providing houses of a decent and wholesome kind to the industrious classes has been satisfactorily realised. Having seen it somewhere mentioned that these classes had not taken advantage of the opportunity here presented to them, I was at some pains to inquire into this allegation, and have pleasure in stating that it is entirely groundless, as the following list of inhabitants will demonstrate:—13 printers and compositors, 7 pianoforte-makers, 7 clerks, 5 working-jewellers, 3 engravers, 2 porters, 2 railway police, 5 chasers, workers, and polishers of silver, 3 artists, 1 usher, 3 engine-makers, 4 tailors, 2 missionaries, 3 coach-makers, 3 painters, 3 journeymen stationers, 2 pattern-designers, 1, each, whip-maker, cutler, grainer, cabman, cabinet-maker, copperplate-printer, blind-maker, typesetter, &c. Whatever, therefore, may be said with regard to the better construction and arrangement of buildings of this nature, it is an undoubted fact that the working-classes, as they are called, do in sufficient numbers take advantage of them.

From a report read at a late annual meeting of the Associated Proprietary, we transcribe the following passages:—'All the dwellings have been occupied, and almost without intermission, from the date of their completion; and several applicants have been, and are still, waiting for vacancies. Fifty-nine families have continued tenants since their respective dwellings were ready for occupation in January, February, March, and April 1848. The total number of tenants has been 173, several of whom, having left their apartments, have subsequently wished to return. It is gratifying to the directors to make this statement; and they have pleasure in being able to add, that not only have the tenants expressed themselves pleased with the superior comforts and accommodation afforded them, but have also proved, by regularly paying their rents, and their general strict observance of such rules as your directors have thought proper to lay down for the management of so large a building, that they are desirous of assisting them in preserving a high character for respectability in its occupants. The strongest fact, however, which the directors can advance to prove the healthy condition of this first investment of the Association, is, that out of £1390. 1s. 3d. of rents accrued due, £1382. 12s. 4d. have been paid, leaving only £7. 8s. 11d. in arrear; the whole of which, within a few shillings, will be ultimately received, the prospects of the artisan being better at the present time than at the period of the actual receipts. It may be remarked that, of 173 tenants who have occupied the buildings, on two only has it been found necessary to distrain, both of whom have since paid their arrears. Nine deaths only have taken place in the building, eight of which were children. There are now 351 children on the premises, and 29 have been born there.'

On the same occasion the Earl of Carlisle observed, that 'even in a commercial point of view, the success of the Association could no longer be doubted; but were they to look at the case in a moral point of view, all doubts and misgivings as to success must vanish from their minds, and their language and feelings must be those of congratulation and assurance. To enable them fully to participate in these feelings and sentiments, he would only advise them—such as had not done so—to pay a visit to the dwellings. It was that which would, more than anything else, excite them to vigorous action in behalf of the objects of the Association. When they saw the neatness and the cleanliness of the apartments in those dwellings, and thought of the miserable hovels in which the majority of the industrious classes had been hitherto crammed, and from which those who inhabited those apartments had been transferred—in



the habit of being guided by them; and as soon as this is accomplished, he is taken out to stalk, and in a short time follows the amusement with all the keenness of a sportsman. 'It is really curious to watch the scientific mode in which an experienced ox conducts the operation on an open plain; he must take a pleasure in it, or else acts the part to perfection. No sooner does he perceive a deer on the open plain, than down goes his head, and he nibbles, or pretends to nibble, the grass, walking in a circular direction, as if he were going round and round the deer; but the cunning file always takes a step sideways for every one he takes in front, so as to be constantly approaching his victim, but in such a manner as to excite no alarm. In a large open plain the ox will make two entire circles, or more, round the game, before he has narrowed the inner one sufficiently to enable the hunter to take aim within proper distance; and the first notice the unsuspecting stag receives is an arrow, generally behind the shoulders—a gun-shot is best directed at the neck, but an arrow as above, for it impedes more the movement of the deer. An experienced hunting-ox is best left alone, as he is far more cunning than any hunter, and always keeps his master well hidden; he is only checked by a small pull when within shooting distance.'

Another way of hunting deer would seem to be very barbarous, but for the necessity the poor Indians are under of preventing depredations which, when successful, reduce their families to starvation. They observe the part of the fence which the deer leap over into their maize fields, and fix some sharp-pointed stakes in the earth for their reception. The marauders come bounding down after dark, and having no suspicion of a place they had passed in safety the night before, do not take the precaution to look before they leap. They are transfixed on the stakes, and an Indian watching at a distance runs up and destroys the victims.

The ox is not the only animal distinguished for his sporting propensities. The cuयोte, supposed to be a large breed of dog run wild, hunts the panther in packs, but only when the latter has by some aggression aroused his vengeance. When the panther, for instance, in the course of his travels, finds himself suddenly in the midst of an assembly of cuyotes, he can rarely withstand the temptation to knock some of them over before taking to flight. The *esprit de corps* is immediately on fire at the insult, and the fugitive is followed by the dogs one and all. Tired out with the pertinacity of the pursuit, he at length takes to a tree, and perches himself on a branch high enough to be out of the reach of his enemies. But this does not dishearten them: the contest merely turns to a blockade, and assembling round the trunk, they wait patiently till their enemy descends, well knowing that he cannot remain there for ever. The conclusion of one of the odd hunts we give in the words of an Indian, Mr Byam's authority, only premising that by the word 'tigre' he means a panther:—"The tigre was tree'd, Don Jorge, and the cuyotes were about fifty in number, and they kept continually walking round and round the tree where the panther was sitting, uttering now and then a fierce growl. I saw this in the forenoon," said the Indian, "from a high tree which I had climbed up in search of honey; and towards sunset I mounted the same tree, and the tigre was still there, with the cuyotes under the tree; but only about half the number, as the others had most likely gone in search of food; but at sunset they returned and took the others' places, who then took their departure. I went to my rancho, and at sunrise was again at my post, for I was very curious to see how it would all terminate: the tigre and the cuyotes were still there, but the smell even where I was was horrible; and if I could smell it so strong, what must the tigre have done, who was only a few feet above it! At last he took a leap into the middle of the pack, and though he killed and disabled a few, he was soon pulled to pieces."

The cuyotes hunt the deer likewise as regularly as

a pack of hounds. When they lose the scent, they separate in all directions; and when it is recovered, the successful individual announces the fact by a peculiar howl. These dogs never bark even when tamed, which, the Indians say, is a proof of their being of a dishonest breed: a dog of honour, according to them, barks in imitation of his master's shouts when driving cattle; but a cuयोte has no sense of fidelity, and will not take the trouble to learn.

The racoon is another odd fellow. He usually lives in communities of fifty and upwards; but occasionally, for some inexplicable reason, he separates from his comrades, and takes to the life of a hermit. This life agrees with him exceedingly well, and he grows sleek and oily. The beavers in North America who live out of their village have probably been expelled for their misdeeds, for they grow thin and shabby, and have a careworn, neglected look, like so many old bachelors. But the solitary racoon is probably influenced by some virtuous motive. He soon ceases to be lean and dry, as are all the comrades he has left; and instead of playing the ascetic, he gets all his little comforts about him, and eats, drinks, sleeps, and grows fat, like a racoon whose conscience is at rest. A hermit of this kind is rarely met with. Our author never saw more than one, and 'he was far heavier than his livelier brethren; also, when the skin was off, the fat was half an inch deep on his back, and half of him roasted the same day proved a most excellent feast for several persons: the weather would not allow of its being hung up for a few days, which no doubt would have improved it. The meat was like excellent roe venison with plenty of fat, which that sort of venison does not possess.'

There is a monkey in the forests surrounding the lake of Nicaragua which attaches himself to a particular locality, and even a particular tree. 'They generally appear to choose trees about a hundred yards apart, and there the great red-bearded monkey sits, making what seemed to me a booming noise, but very horrible, and without much variation. The cry is responded to by others, and taken up again by those more distant, and the forest resounds and echoes with the most unearthly sounds.' This monkey is himself an oddity, for the rest of the tribe wander about from place to place—'come like shadows, so depart'—and as they never travel but at night, have something mystical both in their appearance and disappearance. Here is an instance of the affection they show for their young:—"A person with me wishing to secure a young monkey alive, fired at the mother in whose arms it was, thinking she would fall, and the baby be unhurt;\* however, the fall only broke her arm, when she shifted her child to the other arm, and tried to climb, but could not. She then placed the little one on her back, and with the assistance of another monkey, who was also wounded, raised herself from branch to branch of the surrounding trees, and, I was very glad to see, escaped.' To shoot wantonly such creatures!—"I have never but once," says our traveller, "fired at a monkey, and would never do it again, except at a troop of plunderers—and then a good example is not lost on their little community. Wantonly shooting them is cruel and useless; but let us always except from the list of the cruel those who are making collections of skins for stuffing; those who have fruit-grounds, and wish to keep them far away; and, above all, those who are hungry, and like a tender roasted monkey, which, setting prejudice aside, is as good a dish as it is possible to eat. But if a sportsman, for mere sport's sake, could see, as I have seen, a monkey with a rifle-ball through him, lying on his back on the ground, putting his hand upon the wound, and then raising the hand to the glazing eye to look at the blood, together with the anguish plainly shown by the almost human distortions of the face, he would never fire at one a

\* 'The easiest way to procure a young monkey is to look out for a she monkey, with a young one in her arms; if she falls down, she is generally between the ground and the young one, who is seldom hurt.'













semi-detached cottages that, with their own, constituted the chief street of that young locality, were occupied by two staid widowers; with whom, since the death and burial of their wives, whist seemed the one-cherished object of existence; and hundreds of rubbers were valiantly fought out in that pleasantest of pleasant parlours between the mature maidens and their somewhat ancient neighbours—Mr Peter Danby, and Mr John Dusatoy.

Yes, Peter Danby and John Dusatoy are the names of the gentlemen; but if the reader is to understand clearly this charming little 'histoiette'—that is, if I do not mar it in the telling—something more of introduction than the mere announcement of their names is essentially necessary. Mr Peter Danby—a man of singularly-expressive silence—may be dismissed after his own manner in a very few words. He is a retired drysalter, living physically and morally upon the accumulations, material and mental, of former exertions. The first—the material—are decidedly the most tangible, consisting as they do of between five and six thousand pounds in sundry solid securities, national and joint-stock. The mental capital, though not perhaps so accurately set down, nor so easily reckoned up as consols and debentures, must necessarily be considerable; as, without having added one single item to it within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the street—who is unquestionably the old lady yonder, nodding so comfortably in her arm-chair over her knitting—he has for many years enjoyed, and still continues to enjoy, a daily reputation from it: a man of powerful action I have no doubt, but of marvellous few words. Many a brave talker, I am told, he has in his time listened down: kept steadily at it, in fact, till the fountain was thoroughly run out. Shortly, to sum him up, and give his brief-total, he is a kind of drysalter-illustration of Mr Carlyle's somewhat paradoxical apothegm in his *Hero as Poet*: 'speech is great, but silence is greater.' His tremendous superiority at whist may be imagined.

Mr John Dusatoy, on the other hand, is essentially a man of words; but unfortunately of such small ones, that a shower of them produces the faintest imaginable impression. A decent, quiet, well-meaning little man, nevertheless, is John Dusatoy. Dusatoy, I repeat, is a very quiet, respectable person; wears a carefully-kept flaxen wig, and has everything handsome and comfortable about him; and, to crown all, a daughter, who—

Yes, sir; positively the young lady seated at the rose-wood work-table, with the beautifully-moulded Grecian head, raven tresses, dark full brilliant eyes—and now, as she rises to snuff the candles for the absorbed whist-players, you perceive, of queenly figure and graceful, elastic carriage—is the little flaxen wig's heiress and only daughter, Geraldine Dusatoy. . . . Well, sir, what of that? I maintain that it is a soap and candle dealer's birthright—his and every man's inalienable, constitutional privilege—to have his daughter christened by any name he pleases. You admit it? That being the case, I don't mind still farther enlightening you. But in order that I should be enabled to do so, you must, if you please, step back with me to just seventeen years ago last Monday evening. A long distance! And now we have got to it, only look what a dark, gusty, sleety, plashy, disagreeable evening it is! Well, on this very evening Mr John Dusatoy was belated at a distance of something more than six miles from his lawful home and wife, situated both of them in one of the large manufacturing towns of the north of England. It was entirely his own fault, I must tell you, that he was thus belated. He might have been home hours before, had he not been fascinated, juggled out of his usual prudence, by a troop of spangled vagabonds, with a black-eyed gipsy girl for their prima donna, who were exhibiting their tricks and tumblings at the 'Golden Fleece,' whither Mr John Dusatoy had betaken himself by appointment early in the afternoon, for the settlement of a rather heavy account. When he at last

rose to depart, he found that he had awfully overstayed his time; and direful were the forebodings which filled his mind as to the reception he should meet with from Mrs Dusatoy—a respectable, but altogether over-eloquent lady, who, John instinctively felt, as he glanced at the hands of his watch, had already heaped up abundant treasures for him. 'Nearly seven miles by the road,' soliloquised the repentant, self-accusing soap-dealer: 'bless me, I shall be two hours or more getting home that way. Through the wood saves nearly three miles; but then it is so plaguy dark, I might miss my way.' He nevertheless resolved to venture. The brandy and water he had swallowed rendered him unusually valiant; and on he desperately staggered, through marsh, and brake, and brier. Rash, rarely successful men are they who wander from beaten paths in search of short cuts to desired havens; and honest Dusatoy proved no exception to the rule. For more than two mortal hours did he wander to and fro in the dark, marshy, perplexing wood; till, worn out, bewildered, terrified almost to death, he sat down upon a damp, uncomfortable stump, fairly overcome with fright and vexation. The imminence of the peril roused him to renewed exertion. 'Man lost!—man lost!—man lost!' he shouted, jumping up, and raising his voice to a dreadfully-cracked pitch, in the desperate hope of attracting assistance. The strange sounds echoed through the stillness of the forest; but no sympathising voice responded to the agonised appeal. 'Man lost!—man lost!' reiterated the perturbed but persistent oil-man with quivering vehemence. This time there was an answer. 'Who—o—o—o?' came distinctly down the wind. 'Poor Johnny Dusatoy!' he replied with deprecatory supplication: 'as honest a man as ever broke a bit of bread!' 'Who—o—o—o?' again returned the sympathising stranger. Johnny eagerly repeated his description, baptismal, patronymic, and moral, and still the same query replied to his frantic asseverations. On, however, he pressed in the direction of the voice; and, as he conjectured, was not more than a quarter of a mile from the cold-blooded questioner, when, emerging from the tangled darkness into a somewhat clear opening in the wood, he was startled out of his few remaining wits by the apparition of an enormous gipsy suddenly confronting and striding towards him. No wonder his jaws rattled like a pair of castanets, and that he shook in every fibre of his little body: it was—no doubt about it, considering the hour and the locality—a most unpleasant meeting.

'Who is that?' demanded the grim vagabond; 'who is that dialoguing with the owls at this time of night?'

'I—I—I, p-o-o-o-r Jo-ohnny Du-u-u-satoy, as ho-o-o-neat a—'

'Oh, it's you, is it? I'm glad of it, for I thought I had missed you. You are the very man I want.'

'A-a-a-am I?'

'Yes: you are rich and childless; and you must take this one, and bring it up as your own. The girl you saw at the inn has preserved it during the last five or six days at the hazard of her life. The band, for various reasons best known to themselves, will have it destroyed and buried snugly out of the way. I have undertaken the job; but at the request of that girl have promised to deliver it to you; with this distinct understanding, that you bring it up as your own; and above and before all, that you never breathe a word to one living soul as to how you came by it.'

'Ye-e-es.'

'You consent: I am glad of it, as it may save trouble. Now, then, here's a Bible: look and see that it is a real one. Good. Now place your hand upon it, and repeat after me.' Mr John Dusatoy stretched forth his hand, and mechanically repeated the words of an awful oath binding him to secrecy. He then, at the command of the gipsy, kissed the book.

'It is well. Now mark: if ever you reveal to a single human being what has passed to-night, you will be a



Mr Dusatoy and his adopted daughter departed half an hour later.

Alas, there was more, much more in danger than the whist-table! Pope was quite right: in these days the Evil One tempts, not by poverty, but riches. For the first time Tabby remembered with bitter malevolence that Debby was three years her junior; and Debby, for the same reason, exulted ungenerously over her sister. Twelve hours before, neither of them would have believed in the possibility of such feelings arising within their gentle bosoms; so sad was the change wrought by the glittering bait, present and prospective, set before them by their crafty uncle the lieutenant-general.

The general arrived the next morning in great state. He was a fine military-looking man, and was indeed possessed of many admirable qualities; but all dimmed and obscured, to the superficial observer at least, by overweening pride of birth and lineage, and haughty superciliousness of manner. He was ushered into the front parlour by the awe-struck maid-servant; and a minute afterwards, Geraldine Dusatoy, blushing, and somewhat embarrassed, but losing nothing of her native grace and dignity of manner, entered to apologise for the momentary absence of Sir Frederick's nieces.

The instant the general's eye fell upon the form of the beautiful girl, he started from his chair with strange emotion; and advancing rapidly towards her with extended hands, exclaimed in a tone of joyful surprise, 'My niece!' Geraldine explained, and Sir Frederick's countenance immediately fell. He did not, however, relinquish her hand, and continued to gaze at her with a troubled, inquisitive glance. Presently the door opened: 'Miss Deborah D'Harville,' said Geraldine, very much embarrassed, and anxious to divert the general's attention from herself.

'It is very strange,' muttered Sir Frederick, gently yielding Geraldine's hand, and turning mechanically towards Deborah: 'Who is this young lady?'

'Geraldine Dusatoy—a neighbour.'

Tabitha now entered; and Sir Frederick's attention being necessarily given to the sisters, Geraldine Dusatoy adroitly slipped away, much wondering at the general's strange behaviour.

General D'Harville's reception of his nieces, as soon as he recovered his rarely-disturbed self-possession, was kind and courteous. It was soon arranged that Deborah, as the youngest, should succeed to the vacant niche of heiress to the House of D'Harville; and preparations for immediate departure were at once commanded. I will not say that the general's hopes and anticipations were not somewhat damped by the perusal of the record of mature age stamped upon the countenance even of his youngest niece; but he by no means despaired of the stability of his ancient House. He was a man of singularly sanguine temperament, and had in his youth led two forlorn-hopes.

Arrived at Maida Hall, Deborah was introduced to her stately aunt, Lady D'Harville—a tall, splendid, but apparently a grief-stricken woman. 'Surely,' thought Deborah, 'I have seen that face before. Oh, to be sure. If she were twenty years younger, and happier looking, she would be the very image of Geraldine.'

Lady D'Harville received her niece with a cold, sad smile; and Deborah, after a few frigid words of course, was consigned to the care of her appointed attendants.

'Your niece's education, Sir Frederick,' said Lady D'Harville as soon as Deborah had left the apartment, 'has, I fear, been sadly neglected. You will have enough to do to render her presentable at the next drawing-room.'

'Yes: there is no time to spare neither. At all events, she has good blood in her veins. We must make up for lost time as well as we can.'

The result of the general's resolution to make up for lost time is very clearly set forth in the following epistle received by Miss Tabitha about a fortnight after her sister's departure:—

'MAIDA HALL.

DEAR TAB.—If you still feel any desire to be a great heiress, and live in state, get your things packed up ready; for, please goodness, I'll put up with the life I'm leading here no longer; no, not to be cadet branch to Queen Victoria! The general comes home to-morrow evening; and if he wont take me back in the carriage, I'll run away! Why, Tabby dear, you can have no conception of the torments and martyrdoms I have been made to endure, in the hope of transmogrifying me into a fine lady. But it's no use, Tabby dear—not the slightest: it's not in me, and that's the honest truth. First of all, as early as seven in the morning, I'm drilled for three-quarters of an hour by Sergeant Pike, in order to make me keep my shoulders back: after breakfast, my French and Italian masters take me in hand for an hour each: then come the piano and harp professors, and I am made to thump and twang away till luncheon-time: directly that is over, Monsieur Piourette, the dancing-master, exercises me for two mortal hours: and when he has concluded, it is time to surrender myself into the hands of Mademoiselle Angélique, to be screwed up, frizzed, and plaited for dinner. Ah, Tabby, if I could once see that dear Angélique upon the bare back of our donkey, and I behind with a good switch in my hand, *wouldn't* I— But no matter, here I wont stop, that's poz! The cadet branch and posterity may shift for themselves for what I care; I'll have no more of it, and so you may tell dear mother; and believe me, Tabby, your affectionate sister in affliction, DEBORAH DARVILL.

'Yes, Darvill! good, honest, downright Darvill! The deuce take their H's, and their E's, and their apostrophes, say I, for ever and amen!'

Tabitha and Geraldine Dusatoy were still occupied on the following morning commenting upon this portentous letter, when the general's carriage was seen to drive furiously up to the garden gate, and presently out sprang Deborah, before the door was well opened, and came running frantically up the gravelled path towards the cottage. In she burst, hot, panting, and impatient.

'God bless you, Tabby; here's an uproar, and all of my making! Geraldine, don't be frightened; there's a dear: but as sure as you're alive, you are an elder branch, or worse. Turn down your left shoulder, and you'll see. The general had been talking to his lady about your uncommon likeness; but there, poor soul, you don't know anything about it; and I happened to let out that you were a "babe in the wood," suckled by gipsies seventeen years ago, and that your name was Geraldine; and if Lady D'Harville hasn't been going on distractedly ever since, wringing her hands, and walking in her sleep like the lady in the play. Oh, here she is.'

Lady D'Harville, supported by her husband, here entered the room in a terrible state of agitation. The instant she saw Geraldine she sprang wildly towards her, and clasping her in her arms, exclaimed in a choking voice, and with frenzied eagerness, 'It is she! I know it—feel it! Oh, God would not so deceive a mother! Quick—quick, if you would not see me die! Her left shoulder—three moles triangularly placed!'

'It is she!—look here!' shrieked Sir Frederick with wild excitement, and at the same time seizing the astonished Geraldine in his arms. Lady D'Harville slid down on her knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes raised towards Heaven, ejaculated in broken accents, 'Thanks, Father of Mercies, thanks!'

The explanation which, as soon as the excitement had in some degree subsided, was gone into, proved perfectly satisfactory. Maida Hall had been broken into and plundered a few days previous to the night on which John Dusatoy had duetted with the owls, by a band of gipsies, and the child carried off, in the expectation, it was conjectured, of obtaining a reward for its restoration. The pursuit, however, was so hot, that the band must have feared to afford any clue to the





lays the foundation in the fork of the branches, and there he brings moss, leaves, and twigs, with which to make a structure which will resist the most violent storms: he makes it with a dome, as the wren forms hers, and leaves only a small aperture near the top for ingress and egress. And if not more interesting, it is at least more amusing to watch him (or we should say her) during the time of building; for she well knows that no bird's patience will be required for the purpose of sitting on eggs, and the labour, though not one of greater love, is one of more careless glee: and the little animal becomes so buoyant with delight at each addition to the nest, that it would appear as if no gambols were sufficiently eccentric to express her joy. We, not having been born in the days when evil spirits roamed at large upon the earth, have a great partiality for bats; but it is a grave and staid fondness—a regard associated with lonesome caverns and ruined buildings, with tombs and spirits—a feeling which makes us sad, yet most calm. Not like this is our love for the bright and joyous squirrel—a love which calls back childish thoughts and feelings, and makes the very throbbing of our hearts imitate the antics of the exulting animal. And then what intense pleasure it gives us to see the little creature sitting with a fir-cone between its paws, picking out the seeds with his long front teeth, and eyeing us sideways all the time with an expression of the utmost roguery and fun; or perhaps, as we approach a little nearer, chattering and scolding in the fiercest manner possible: for he is a courageous little fellow, and very daring when he knows that we only are near; as if persuaded that he had discovered our nature, and knew that we would not hurt him, and therefore he defies us. But only let a gun appear, or a schoolboy approach within a stone's-throw of the tree, and down goes the hero: the hitherto pert tail is extended as flatly on the bough as the trembling body, and there he crouches, close and motionless, until the danger is past.

But the fir-cone is not his only food: the nut, the acorn, the beech-mast, and a variety of similar fruits, are devoured by him, as well as the young buds of trees, with occasionally a few grains of corn, or a blade or two of grass. Jesse has stated that squirrels catch and devour birds, but this appears to have proceeded from some unaccountable mistake, which a glance at the teeth of this rodent animal will at once disprove. That squirrels will pursue birds with great vehemence, we are perfectly aware, for we have seen them so engaged, more especially in the building season; but this is caused merely by some little passing jealousy or annoyance; and it is quite as common to see the squirrel chased by the bird. Notwithstanding the fun and frolics of the squirrel, it is a provident and careful little creature, which lays up in a hollow tree, or some similar cavity, a store of nuts, acorns, &c. for the dreary days of winter, or rather for the bright sunny days with which the winter is occasionally enlivened; for on such days the mild air partially rouses the little sleeper, who peeps out to see if the glad spring is near, nibbles a nut or two, and goes to sleep again. Somewhat allied to the squirrel is the dormouse, the soft-furred little emblem of sleepiness. It is of the same family, and resembles it in the length of its tail, its colour, the agility of its movements, and the brightness of its eyes; though the form of its teeth appears to connect it more closely with the mouse family (*muride*). It also, like the squirrel, lays up acorns, nuts, and other fruits of this description for the winter, on the approach of which it rolls itself in a warm ball of moss, from which it emerges occasionally to take a little food, and then rolls itself up again. The nest of this pretty little animal is formed in the hollow of a tree, or in the roots of a bushy shrub, and is thickly lined with moss and leaves. There are few animals which are so easily tamed, or which appear to be so completely happy in confinement. Accustomed, when in a state of nature, to the most secluded and most beautiful forest coverts, it appears, when in captivity, as if it knew not a thought or wish beyond its cage, felt not a want, except for food and materials for its hybernaculum, and experienced not a regret for its free birthplace. And it soon becomes so sophisticated,

as to find a piece of lace or a handkerchief quite as convenient a substance to be nibbled up for a winter coat as the freshest, greenest moss.

The harvest-mouse (*Mus messorius*) is the smallest of our British quadrupeds; measuring from nose to tail two inches and a-quarter, four-fifths of which measurement is occupied by the tail. It was first brought into notice by White, the Selborne naturalist, who thus describes its nest:—'They breed as many as eight at a litter, in a little round nest composed of the blades of grass or wheat. One of these nests I procured this autumn, most artificially platted, and composed of the blades of wheat; perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball; with the aperture so ingeniously closed, that there was no discovering to what part it belonged. It was so compact and well filled, that it would roll across the table without being discomposed, though it contained eight little mice that were naked and blind. This elegant instance of the efforts of instinct was found in a wheat-field, suspended in the head of a thistle.' It also builds in the stalks of the growing wheat. The nest—

'A wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,  
That costs it mony a weary nibble'—

is nicely lined with delicate fibres, and the young are ready to leave it by the time the corn is ripe and the straw is cut down. In the winter, the harvest-mouse, if not comfortably located in a corn stack, retires into the ground, where it forms a bed of dry grass and leaves. It is one of the prettiest little creatures possible. It is very slender, and most graceful in its movements, running up and down the blades of wheat with the utmost agility and lightness. Professor Henslow particularly notices the prehensile properties of its tail, which is servicable to it when climbing. He says that he kept one of these little animals in a large deep earthenware pan for more than a year. In the centre of this pan was fixed a perpendicular stick, up which the mice would run, and then slightly bending the tip of the tail round it, they would slide down with great rapidity. When they reached a knob in the stick, they would quickly untwist the tail, and immediately coil it round again. It is a most cleanly creature, and spends much time in brushing its face, ears, &c. with its paws.

The water-rat (*Arvicola amphibus*), or vole, as it is sometimes called, is certainly the most unconquerably shy of all our native quadrupeds; yet if we can sufficiently accustom it to our presence, it is a most entertaining little animal: now darting from beneath the broad leaf of the water-lily, and swimming a little way down the stream; now concealing all but its head under water, while it fixes its sharp eye on us, and nibbles a few blades of river-grass; now ascending the bank, and indulging in a few gambols

'On the happy autumn fields;'

and finally, on the slightest alarm, disappearing with the rapidity of lightning into the matted roots which hang over the stream, or diving until the danger is overpast. In form it is allied to the common rat; but the structure of its teeth places it amongst the family of beavers; its fur, which is of a dark red-brown, is very thick and warm. It makes its nest, in which it also sleeps through the winter, in the holes and interstices of the river bank, where it frequently brings up six or eight young ones. It is extremely expert in diving for minnows and other small fish, as well as in catching frogs, for the spawn of which it seems to have a great liking.

Perhaps few animals have in all ages been greater objects of superstition than the shrew (*Sorex*). The Egyptians paid it divine honours; and the mummies of two distinct species have been discovered, in a state of perfect preservation, in the crypts of Thebes and Memphis. Of these there are twenty specimens in the collection of Egyptian antiquities in Paris, belonging to *M. Passalagna*. It was worshipped in the Athribitic district of Egypt, and was sacred to Latona. The extreme smallness of its eyes caused its dedication to one of the gods of darkness and concealment. Aristotle, Pliny, and







which it has lent its name. There are two churches in the street—*St Dunstan's-in-the-West* and *St Bride's*. The following places of interest are described under their respective titles:—*South or Thames Side*—Middle Temple Gate; Inner Temple Gate; Falcon Court; Mitre Court; Ram Alley, now Hare Place; Sergeants' Inn; Water Lane; Whitefriars; Salisbury Court. *North Side*—Shoe Lane; Peterborough Court; Bolt Court; Johnson's Court; Crane Court; Fetter Lane; Chancery Lane; Apollo Court; Bell Yard; Shire Lane. The Fire of London stopped at the church of *St Dunstan's-in-the-West* on the one side, and within a few houses of the Inner Temple Gate on the other. Fleet Street has been famous for its waxwork and moving exhibitions since Queen Elizabeth's time, "probably," says Gifford, "from its being the great thoroughfare of the City." It has only recently lost its character for waxwork exhibitions.

"*Sogliardo*. They say there's a new motion of the city of Nineveh, with Jonas and the whale, to be seen at Fleet Bridge. You can tell, cousin?"

*Pungoso*. Yes, I think there be such a thing: I saw the picture. Ben Jonson, *Every Man out of his Humour*.

"And now at length he's brought Unto fair London city, Where, in Fleet Street, All those may see't That will not believe my ditty."—*Butler*.

"I design to expose it to the public view at my secretary, Mr Lillie's, who shall have an explication of all the terms of art; and I doubt not but it will give as good content as the Moving Picture in Fleet Street."—*The Tatler*, No. 129.

Mrs Salmon's celebrated waxwork exhibition (a permanent exhibition like Madame Tussaud's) was shown "near the Horn Tavern in Fleet Street." The house was distinguished by the sign of the Salmon, and has been engraved by J. T. Smith.

"It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs Salmon to have lived at the sign of the Trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of a fish that is her namesake."—*The Spectator*, No. 28.

"The tent of Darius is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs Salmon, where Alexander is to fall in love with a piece of wax-work, that represents the beautiful Statira."—*The Spectator*, No. 31.

*Eminent Inhabitants*.—Sir Symond D'Ewes.

"Sir Henry Spelman, an aged and learned antiquary, came to visit me at my lodgings near the Inner Temple Gate in Fleet Street, where I had lain since my coming to town, who dining with me, we spent a great part of the day in solid and fruitful discourse."—*D'Ewes's Journal*, vol. ii. p. 97.

Michael Drayton, the poet,

"lived at the bay-windowed house, next the east end of *St Dunstan's* ch: in Fleet Street."—*Aubrey's Lives*, ii. 335.

Cowley, the poet.

"He was born in Fleet Street, London, near Chancery Lane. His father was a grocer, at the sign of . . ."—*Aubrey's Lives*, ii. 295.

Praise-God-Barebones. He was a leather-seller in Fleet Street, and owner of a house called "The Lock and Key," in the parish of *St Dunstan-in-the-West*, let to a family of the name of Speight, in whose occupation it was when it was consumed in the Great Fire of London. It was rebuilt by Barebones.—T. Snelling, known by his works on coins. One now before me has this imprint, "London: printed for T. Snelling, next the Horn Tavern in Fleet Street, 1766, who buys and sells all sorts of coins and medals." The Horn Tavern is now "Anderson's Hotel," No. 164 Fleet Street. *Eminent Printers, Stationers, and Booksellers*.—Wynkyn de Worde, "at the sign of the Sonne." Richard Pynson, "emprynted by me Rycharde Pynson, at the temple barre of London, 1493." Rastell, "at the sign of the Star." Richard Tottel, "within Temple Bar, at the sign of the Hande and Starre;" now the shop and property of Mr Butterworth, the law bookseller, who possesses the original leases from the earliest grant in the reign of Henry VIII. down to the period of his own purchase.

John Jaggard, in the reign of James I., and Joel Stephens, in the reign of George I., were law stationers in Fleet Street, using Tottel's old sign of the Hand and Star. W. Copeland, "at the sign of the Rose Garland." Bernard Lintot, at "the Cross Keys," "between the Temple-gates," and next door to *Nando's*. Edmund Curll, "at the Dial and Bible against *St Dunstan's Church*." Lawton Gilliver, "at Homer's Head against *St Dunstan's Church*." Jacob Robinson, "on the west side of the gateway leading down the Inner Temple Lane;" now Groom the confectioner's.

"The friendship of Pope and Warburton had its commencement in that bookseller's shop which is situate on the way-side of the gateway leading down the Inner Temple Lane. Warburton had some dealings with Jacob Robinson the publisher, to whom the shop belonged, and may be supposed to have been drawn there on business; Pope might have a call of the like kind: however that may be, there they met, and entering into a conversation which was not soon ended, conceived a mutual liking, and, as we may suppose, plighted their faith to each other. The fruit of this interview, and the subsequent communications of the parties, was the publication, in November 1739, of a pamphlet with this title—'A Vindication of Mr Pope's Essay on Man. By the Author of the Divine Legation of Moses. Printed for J. Robinson.'—*Hanckins's Life of Johnson*, p. 69.

Arthur Collins, "at the Black Boy in Fleet Street;" here, in 1709, he published the first edition of his excellent *Peerage*. T. White, at No. 63. H. Lowndes, at No. 77. John Murray, at No. 32. [See Falcon Court.] *Eminent Bankers*.—Child's, at Temple Bar Within, the oldest existing banking-house in London; "Richard Blanchard and Francis Child, at the Marygold in Fleet Street," were goldsmiths with "running cashes" in the reign of Charles II. The old sign of the house, the Marygold, is still preserved. Alderman Backwell, who was ruined by the shutting up of the Exchequer in the reign of Charles II., was for some time a partner with Blanchard and Child; his accounts for the sale of Dunkirk to the French are among the records of the firm. The chief proprietor in the house is the present Countess of Jersey, wife of George Child Villiers, Earl of Jersey. "In the hands of Mr Blanchard, goldsmith, next door to Temple Bar," Dryden deposited his L.50 for the discovery of Lord Rochester's bullies, by whom he was barbarously assaulted and wounded in Rose Street, Covent Garden.—Hoare's; "James Hore, at the Golden Bottle in Cheapside," was a goldsmith, with a "running cash" in 1677; and Mr Richard Hoare, a goldsmith, "at the Golden Bottle in Fleet Street," in 1693. Among the debts of the great Lord Clarendon occurs, "To Mr Hore for plate, L.27, 10s. 3d."—Gosling's, at "The Three Squirrels," over against *St Dunstan's*; Major Pinckney, a goldsmith, lived, in 1673–4, at "The Three Squirrels, over against *St Dunstan's Church* in Fleet Street." *Celebrated Taverns and Coffee-Houses*.—The Devil Tavern; the King's Head Tavern, "at the corner of Chancery Lane;" the Bolt-in-Tun; the Horn Tavern; the Mitre; the Cock; the Rainbow; Dick's; Nando's; Peele's, at the corner of Fetter Lane (in existence as early as 1722). Chaucer is said to have beaten a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street, and to have been fined two shillings for the offence, by the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple; so Speight had heard from Master Barkly, who had seen the entry in the records of the Inner Temple.

Here all that the inquirer wishes to know about this celebrated thoroughfare is compressed into three pages. Mr Cunningham doubtless had not room for Boswell's and Dr Johnson's opinion of the charms of Fleet Street, as reported by the former:—"We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He (Johnson) asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish for the beauties of nature, and being more delighted with the busy hum of men, I answered, 'Yes, sir; but not equal to Fleet Street.' Johnson: 'You are right, sir.'"

Fleet Street naturally recalls to the reader's recollection its neighbouring Alsatia; and with the burst of Jeremy, in Congreve's 'Love for Love,' on his lips, 'Please your honour, liberty and Fleet Street for ever!'



severe shock to me, and the parting with them was the greatest trial I had as yet experienced. My father, before leaving, gave me some good soldierly advice, and faintly encouraged a hope that he would 'buy me off.' He went to Perth, where, by dint of telling wonderful stories and selling good whisky, he manages to drive a brisk business as a vintner. My wife's parents took an affectionate leave of us, and many were the 'salt tears' all of us shed. They retired to their native town, Inverness, where they live in comparative comfort; but from some unknown cause, they have never, since the day they left the regiment, recognised me.

After we had been about two years in England, we were sent to Edinburgh Castle, and here an accident occurred that changed the whole current of my after-life. One warm day in the month of June, our bandmaster, with whom I was a great favourite, went to the Forth to bathe, and when at a considerable distance from shore, he was seized with the cramp, and was drowned. The death of this man snapped the cord that bound me to military life; I never enjoyed a day's happiness in the army after I lost him. An ignorant person, who disliked me, was promoted to his situation; and after he was made my master, he delighted in tormenting me. To such a length did he carry his vexatious annoyances, that they became unbearable. There is no redress for such sufferings. On review day, the general asks if the men have any complaints against their officers; but this is a mere farce—no complaints could be made with safety, or the after-consequences would be indeed galling and bitter. From the circumstance mentioned, and other causes, I took an insuperable dislike to the military profession; and without calculating the cost, I decided on deserting.

When I had formed that resolution, I kept as much aloof from my former companions as possible: the thought of what I was to do made me melancholy, and my comrades tormented me with questions; and advised me, if I was ill, to go to the hospital. My wife, who was an affectionate creature, was unceasing in her efforts to cheer my drooping spirits. She saw I was unhappy, and longed to impart a healing balm to my soul. She was indeed a sweet, lovely creature. Well, one day I announced to her my resolution to desert; and although she burst into tears with the surprise and terror, she made no opposition. With a few shillings which I had saved, I purchased a suit of old moleskins from a broker in St Mary's Wynd, and told my wife to stop for two days after I had gone, as this would lull suspicion. On the 1st September 18—, all my plans being completed, I decamped. I bivouacked for the first night in the woods adjoining Craigmillar Castle, a few miles south from Edinburgh. I here took off my regimentals, and hid them in the branches of a dark, thick-set Scotch fir-tree, where they possibly are to this day. On the following morning I set out, by way of Alloa, Dollar, and Milnathort, for Perth, which I had appointed as the meeting-place of myself and wife.

On arriving in Perth, I went straight to my father's, and asked for refuge until I had arranged plans for my future guidance; but he would not listen to me, and ordered me out of his house, as the harbouring of a deserter would cause him to lose his pension. I was stunned by this unexpected blow: I slowly withdrew; and after I reached the door, I burst into tears. I stood on the opposite side of the street nearly two hours watching the expected arrival of my wife. When she did arrive, the news of my father's reception completely unnerved her, and I was obliged to carry her in my arms to a small public-house in the Watergate, where we got refreshments and lodgings. We settled that, on the following morning, we would proceed to Aberdeen, from whence she would go on to Inverness to her father's.

After much toil and trouble we reached Aberdeen, where we separated, not without mutual anguish and loving protestations. I obtained employment at Devanah Brewery, where I continued for three months in comparative comfort, if I except the slavish fear and jealousy

that always hovered o'er my mind. It was certainly wrong in the first place to desert; for it was a base breach of promise to be faithful to my duty. But it was not less foolish for me to think of escaping detection and capture. Till this day, I am unable to explain my conduct in this respect, unless by a candid allowance for stupidity. Detection, as a matter of course, came. One day I was wheeling a barrow along Union Street, when I was suddenly arrested by two policemen, and thrown into jail as a deserter. On the following morning I was marched off to Perth between two soldiers, fully armed, who had the usual instructions in such cases. Nothing occurred worth mentioning until we arrived at Cupar-Angus, where the people appeared to sympathise with me in my unfortunate condition. We entered a public-house there to get dinner, and were ushered into a large room in the second floor. The servant who attended us upbraided the men for not removing my handcuffs, and ultimately they yielded to her solicitations. We began dinner, and silently despatched a plate of broth each. While one of my guards was filling the plates a second time, I seized the basin of warm soup, and dashed it in his face. In a moment I felled the other to the ground with the wooden ladle; and before they could recover, I was on the street.

I ran in as zig-zag a direction as possible. On reaching the outskirts of the town, I held right east for about a mile, when I came to a wall of great height, which apparently enclosed a gentleman's garden. As I was anxious to see about me, by the assistance of a young tree which was close to the wall, I climbed to the top of it, and stood up to look for my pursuers: in a moment I lost my balance, fell to the ground, and became insensible. When I awoke to consciousness, I found myself stretched on a sofa, and an old lady bathing my temples with cold water. I told her the whole truth; and when I spoke of my poor wife, she feelingly pitied me, and the tears ran down her cheeks. I was invited to stay all night, and next morning she presented me with five shillings and a packet of bread and cheese, and wished me God-speed. I left her with a heavy heart, and made my way to Errol, a small town in the Carse of Gowrie, and situated close to the banks of the Tay. On arriving there, I felt completely prostrated in mind and body. I entered a small shop, and purchased a penny roll, which I ate, seasoning it only with a drink of water. When evening came, I tried to find lodgings, but failed; and I entered a farmer's shed close by the town, and slept amongst the straw.

Next morning I crossed the Tay to Newburgh, from thence I proceeded to Dunfermline, where I got work at a bleachfield in the neighbourhood of the town. Feeling myself pretty secure here, I sent to Inverness for my wife, and on her arrival, we took up house in Dunfermline. Here I suffered severely from the effects of my fall in the garden at Cupar; and for a long time I was very unhappy in my mind. I started at every knock, and my sleep was disturbed by visions of handcuffs, jails, and halberds.

I had continued here fully two years, and amongst the young men of the work I had organized a musical 'band,' and devoted all my leisure hours to instructing them; and by my diligence and knowledge of music, made the 'Dunfermline Band' famous in Fife-shire. One day I was busy at work preparing liquor, when two soldiers entered, and asked me where they could find Norman McLeod. I politely informed them I had not been long about the work, but directed them to the manager's house, that was some distance off, and I had no doubt he could tell them where they would find Norman. They had no sooner turned their backs than I hastened into town, changed my dress, put a few shillings in my pocket, tore myself from my wife, and fled, never stopping till I reached Dundee. I wrote to my wife, requesting her to sell our furniture, and proceed to Liverpool to her brother's, where I would join her; as from thence, by his assistance, we might get out to America. She did as I directed, and I never





may be cherished and venerated in the highest degree by one animated by the love of wisdom. In an academy founded by him at Bologna, and named after him the Benedictine, Laura held an appointment, and exacted the usual admiration of her auditors whenever she addressed them. She formed a valuable collection of philosophical instruments, and took great pleasure in making experiments, and in observing natural phenomena.

Those engaged in the pursuit of truth regard the cultivation of literature as an agreeable relaxation; and Laura considered such studies as not only useful, but necessary; and doubtless, had she been a stranger to them, she never could have expounded her theories so eloquently; for it is in vain that we may be endowed with a lofty and fertile understanding if we are ignorant of the art which teaches the expression of the thoughts with grace and dignity, and enables us to render the approaches to science both easy and agreeable. This art can never be acquired if the divine productions of poets and orators are neglected.

In the letters which Laura wrote to her friends, or to the most celebrated personages of her times, we clearly discern the care she took to attain a purity of style, and the great skill with which she expressed her noble thoughts. She made some attempts in poetry, and acquired enough of the Greek language to earn the praises of the erudite. Two treatises which she wrote on the laws of hydraulics and mechanical powers, and which are found in the 'Memoirs of the Institute of Bologna,' exhibit sufficiently her scientific acquirements; and it is to be regretted that she did not publish more of the results of her prolonged studies. From this she was in part deterred by that modesty which continued so remarkable in her, and in part by the cares of her family. Having married Dr Veratti, she fulfilled admirably all the duties of wife, mother, and mistress of a household. Her twelve sons were brought up and educated by herself; and it was indeed as honourable to her as the distinguished renown she had gained, that she never forgot the obligations upon her as a woman and the labours of her sex, and that she never trusted her young children to mercenary hands. To compass her various duties, she guarded, above all things, against indolence—that mortal enemy to every good habit and worthy occupation: she only allowed herself sufficient sleep to recruit her powers, and abstained from all frivolous amusements. The constant and respectful affection of her husband and children amply repaid her. Even in advanced life, though of infirm health, she never abandoned her habitual labours—regarding inactivity of body and mind but as an anticipated and prolonged death; and only a few hours before Bologna had to deplore the loss of one of its brightest ornaments, she took part in a long and learned discussion at the Benedictine Academy. She died 20th February 1778; and although somewhat advanced in years, every one felt that her career had been too short. The ladies of the city erected a monument to her memory.

#### INODOROUS TURPENTINE.

A most important chemical discovery has been recently made, by means of which oil of turpentine can be freed from its peculiar smell so completely, that not only is it inodorous, but it can be impregnated with any desired perfume, without at all deteriorating from its useful properties. The eminent chemist, Dr Sorny, who has analysed the sweet oil of turpentine, states that while all the useful properties of oil of turpentine are preserved intact, all deleterious qualities are completely obliterated. The doctor also states that paint, when mixed with sweet oil of turpentine, is free from smell, and does not emit those noxious vapours which are so prejudicial to health: and that, in short, the use of sweet oil of turpentine is a certain preventive of painter's colic, and by its use house-painting becomes a perfectly inodorous process.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

#### EYE-DRINK.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

With spirit-thirst I wander forth  
From towns, with right good-will;  
And marvel if on all the earth,  
Down dell and over hill,  
A brother-spirit pines like mine  
For want of rock and rill.  
Week after week, month after month,  
'Mid crowded streets to live,  
Imparts that fever to the blood  
Which fatal vapours give;  
And life ebbs from us, in a flood,  
Like water from a sieve.  
The ocean and its margins, then,  
They are a pleasant sight;  
And heated, from the haunts of men,  
The eyes upon them light—  
Like birds sun-parched and weary, when  
They rest near waters bright!  
The fields, all green with grass, all red  
And yellow with wild flowers—  
The hedges, whence comes fragrance, shed  
By blossoms from bird-bowers—  
The gardens, near trim cottage-homes,  
Refreshed by short soft showers:  
The lanes, old lanes near hamlets neat,  
Lanes rich in leaf and bloom—  
The avenues of elm, where feet  
May saunter in cool gloom  
When July is at mid-day heat,  
As in some quiet room:  
And, more than all, the shady woods  
Where mossy banks abound;  
And dingles, where the painted hoods  
Of foxgloves still are found,  
Though summer drought hath dried the buds  
Of many a plant around:  
Where here a glade, and there a glen,  
And up and down them twin,  
Quaint little brooks run out and in,  
As if they tried to gain  
The secret life of leafiness  
By dint of questings vain!  
Woods, where the dove is heard all day,  
The nightingale all night;  
Where Summer shines a goddess gay,  
And Winter, clothed in white,  
A coole carl, with fagots gray  
To make his fireside bright!  
And mountains, brown with heath—and cliffs  
That overtop the sea,  
Covered by sea-gulls, ships, and skiffs,  
That seem intent to be  
Each on its separate track of life,  
And each a mystery!  
And purple moorlands—yellow tracts  
Of golden furze and broom;  
And rushy marsh, where music harsh  
Swells in the bittern's boom;  
And ancient cairn, near wayside barn,  
Where gipsy tents find room!  
All these make Eye-drink; and the thirst  
Of spirits worn and hot,  
Assuaged by the delicious burst  
Of waters, that flow not  
From source impure, here finds a cure  
That sweetens nature's lot.  
But though I prize the forest best  
Which quiet shelter gives,  
And wonder how from sun and bough  
Such bliss the soul receives,  
I love it not for all its wood,  
But for its wealth of leaves.  
The path of life seems only green  
When we ascend the hill;  
But though gray shades are on it seen,  
Its downward course to fill,  
In nature we may sometimes see  
A pleasant prospect still.  
And so from crowded cities we  
Do well, at times, to go;  
And when athirst, all heavily  
We feel our spirits grow,  
'Tis wise to think such sweet Eye-drink  
From country sights may flow!

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although we are unconscious of its operations; and its demand, therefore, is not for cessation, but merely change of occupation. The connection, however, is so close between the mind and body, that it would be unwise to carry this theory too far into practice. The body demands periodical rest, even to unconsciousness; and the mind, whose workings conduce in a still higher degree to the wear and tear of mortal life, must be treated not only with as much, but with greater tenderness. There is no doubt that in this instance of authorship, the intellectual power would depend upon the contrast in the two kinds of composition being sufficiently great to urge the mind into new trains of thought: but still, there is so much general similarity in literary brain-work, that conversation, music, or other social amusements, would be a far better alternation than mere change of labour.

Amusement, in fact, is change of air for the mind; but, in spite of the every-day experience of mankind, its necessity is not recognised by modern legislators. Among the ancients, and up to the close of the middle ages, it was a matter of grave consideration how to entertain the people; but in the present new Iron Age, we act upon the principle that amusement—except in the case of those who want it least—is mere waste of time. The sovereign patronises the Opera, and sets the good example to her well-bred subjects of dancing, and fête-making, and travelling for change of air; but her Majesty, we fear, has never been taught to consider that something analogous is still more necessary for the masses of the people. The efforts of parliament and of the moralists are directed, and very properly so, against such popular recreations as are inconsistent with the comparative refinement of the time. They give no quarter to boxing, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and other barbarities; but while saving human and animal life, they have depressed the tone of the national mind, for they have provided no substitute for these sports of a ruder age—no change of air. Under the influence of their well-meant crusade against barbarism, the knife has now taken the place of the fist in the decision of vulgar quarrels; poison, the most dastardly, as well as the most atrocious of all weapons, has come in to the assistance of the knife; and the instances of crime given by our historian Hume, in proof of the barbarism of the epochs he describes, seem positive virtue when compared with the gigantic horrors of the passing day. This is the result of a disease, a moral typhus, occasioned simply by the want of change of air. The popular amusements we have referred to were brutal and abominable; but we are clearly of opinion that they were less hurtful than no amusement at all.

We may be told that in mechanics' institutions, lectures, and cheap reading-rooms, we have both the substitute and the contrast sought for: but this is a mistake. The province of these excellent novelties is to rival the taproom. Like it, they offer sedentary occupation, but of a totally different nature. They elevate the mind, and not merely the spirits, with an excitement which is followed by no reaction; and they inspire a sacred thirst which is more reviving, and yet more eager, after every draught. They are the natural combatants of low desires and mean indulgences, and transport the liberated soul from a poisonous to a wholesome atmosphere. But they are not, in the popular sense of the word, amusement, which can only contrast with work. The artisan can be expected neither to perform his duties nor enjoy his book without a frequent release from thought and care, such as his ruder ancestors sought in games of

blood. We ask too much of him, and give too little. We demand that he will lay aside his ancestral tastes, but never think of providing him with the means of gratifying the new ones we would substitute. We restrain him from unwholesome amusements, but take no care to provide him with others. We surround him with personal restrictions, and congratulate him on his intellectual emancipation. Read the commentary in this voice from the workshops of our country:—

'Air! air! We are sick with the breath of this iron civilisation: we are faint for want of air. Give us parks and promenades instead of enclosed fields, which we can only look at over the wall. Throw wide open to us your miscalled public gardens, and let us sit on the grass with our wives and children, and watch the flitting figures of the picture, and listen to the music till our souls comprehend it. Refinement! approximation of character! What refinement, what approximation can you expect from us with these iron rails between? You have taken from us our rudeness, and will you not give us something better in its stead? You have touched our imaginations, you have roused our longings, you have troubled our spirits with gleams and visions, and will you keep us panting and gasping here for ever? Give space to the limbs you have set free, and freedom to the souls you have made too big for their habitation. Air! air!' And these are not the humble longings the unreflecting imagine; for in the wholesome exhilaration of such amusements, contrasting with the monotony of daily toil, there resides an influence more powerful than that of all the moral lectures in the world. If our governors studied political philosophy as much as politics, they would know that to open places of harmless recreation to the people is to shut jails and work-houses. Nay, the very desire to enter the former argues an advance in refinement; there is something tranquillising even in the restlessness of this aspiration, like the murmuring motion of a stream; and though it be but a day-dream, yet doth it—in the words of Rare Old Ben—

'Yet doth it like an odour rise  
On all the senses here,  
And fall like sleep upon the eyes,  
And music on the ear!'

But change in this respect being necessary for the moral health of the people, it is sure to come. History does not flow in England in the spasmodic gushes that make France a marvel. Change, whether social or political, is slow with us, but it is certain and effectual; and already we can see the dawn of a coming time when we shall all, now and then, set to play together like philosophers. The Scottish games in London, for instance, were a good omen; but independently of individual facts, there is on all sides a growing tone of good-humour. Even in those parts of the country where the Reformation confounded vice with gaiety, and recreation with irreligion, we can see the brow of orthodoxy begin to smooth its wrinkles. It is fully time for this, for we have now had leisure to separate things essentially distinct, though accidentally grouped together. We are weary of restrictions no longer necessary, and want change of air.

Is it not to the desire of change, intuitive in human bosoms, that we owe nearly everything that is great or good? Is it not this which has in all ages lighted the torch of discovery, and sent forth the pilgrims of science to the ends of the earth? Is it not this which has built up the civilisation of the present world into a form so peculiar? And is it not this principle in our being on



'I daresay that the Duke de Chartres has a pile of snowballs as high as this ready by this time.'

'If you do not pay more attention, sire,' said Marshal de Villeroy in a tone of severity, 'you will never learn your speech.'

'But I should much rather play in the park with the other children,' replied Louis petulantly.

'You shall go there, sire, after the ceremony.'

'But the snow will be melted, sir, by that time.'

'Well, sire, then it *must* be melted.'

'But then I shall not be able to make snowballs.'

'Well, then, you must do without them, sire.'

'And my battle, and my warriors, and all the other children who will be amusing themselves, while I am here shut up in my room!'

'Kings, sire, are not like other children; they cannot be allowed to be always running about and amusing themselves.'

'Then if so, it is not at all an amusing thing to be a king, Marshal de Villeroy.'

'I must really insist, sire, upon your learning this speech: you ought to have known it an hour ago.'

'Well, I *will* listen now,' said Louis.

The marshal, somewhat softened by this promise of docility on the part of his pupil, seated himself by the bedside, and repeated, word by word, a very short speech, which his pupil recited after him with great exactness. He then retired, feeling fully assured that the young Louis was well prepared to perform his part in the approaching ceremony.

Louis bounded with joy when he saw the door close upon his governor. 'Now, then, for the park!' he exclaimed.

'Here is Madame de Ventadour, and your tutor Monsieur de Fleury,' said Comtois, as he ushered in these two new personages, followed by some domestics belonging to the palace, who carried a complete suit of clothes fitted for the royal child. When the divers articles which composed it were spread upon the table, the sight of so brilliant a costume helped to divert the mind of the young king for a moment from the fixed idea which had hitherto occupied his thoughts. But suddenly the idea seemed to strike him that this equipment was just the thing which would do to wear on the field of his intended battle.

'How beautiful it is—how very beautiful! Are you going to dress me in all these pretty things, dear mamma?' said he to his governess, of whom he was very fond, and whom he always called by the sweet name of mother.

'Certainly, my dear king,' she replied, as she began to perform his toilet. 'It is a pretty costume; is it not?'

'Oh how pleased my comrades will be to serve under my orders!' said Louis, as he examined separately each article.

First, there was a little jacket with falling sleeves of violet-coloured cloth (*violet* being the colour appropriated to royal mourning, and the little Louis having only lately lost his grandfather, Louis XIV.); then there was placed upon his head a cap of violet *crêpe*, lined with cloth of gold; and finally a blue ribbon was passed around his neck, to which hung suspended the Cross of the Order of St Louis, and that of the Order of the St Esprit. Up to this point everything went on as smoothly as possible; the child, absorbed in the contemplation of this rich and brilliant costume, was beginning to forget his morning vexations: he longed to be dressed, in order that he might escape from the hands of his governess; and he was just on the point of asking Comtois to hand him his miniature weapons, in order to be ready for the battle, when, to his great surprise, Madame de Ventadour handed him a pair of splendid leading-strings in cloth of gold.

'What are these for, mamma?' said he.

'They are leading-strings, sire,' she replied.

'And what are you going to do with them?'

'To put them on you, sire.'

'On me! leading-strings! You are joking, mamma?'

'They complete your costume, sire: they must be put on.'

'I cannot put them on, mamma: I really *will* not!'

'I am very sorry to be obliged to do anything which annoys you, my dear king; but it has been decided that, in order to mark your age, leading-strings should form a part of your costume.'

'But I do not choose to have them on, dear mamma. I do not want them, and I will not put them on!'

'But they cannot be dispensed with, sire.'

'Not dispense with leading-strings! Indeed I can, dear mamma. What is the use of putting them on me? Do you ever see me tumble when I am walking? How long is it since I have given myself a bruise on my forehead? You do not put leading-strings on me to run all day in the woods, to go up and down stairs, to skip over the trenches, and now you want to put them on me when I am only going to ride in a carriage, and then to sit in an arm-chair. Indeed, mamma, you are not reasonable: leading-strings are only put on *little* children.'

'Every one knows, sire, that you are not a little child; certainly one is no longer a child at five years and a-half; but still it cannot be helped—etiquette requires that on grand occasions you should wear leading-strings until your education is confided to the care of men.'

'Etiquette, custom! You say that every minute, dear mamma. The custom *ought* to be only to put leading-strings on little children who do not know how to walk. But if people are so anxious to use leading-strings, why not put them on all those old seigneurs we have here—on the Duke de Bourbon, who can hardly stand; or on the old Bishop de Troyes, who stumbles at every step: they, indeed, may be in want of them: but as for me, it is quite decided—I will not have them!'

'I intreat you, sire, to comply.'

'Do not talk to me any more about it, dear mamma. The sun is already risen; I have a battle to fight this morning, and my munition of war is not yet prepared; so pray do not keep me any longer.'

'Your leading-strings will not be the least in your way, sire. Pray put them on.'

'And how my companions would laugh at me, especially the Duke de Chartres!'

'They would not dare to do so, sire. Indeed it is not well done of you to require so much pressing about such a trifle. You ought to show yourself a little more ready to obey one whom you honour with the title of mother.'

'If the other children had them too, mamma, then I should not mind; but look at the Duke de Nangis, the little Marquis de Neale, &c.: did you ever see them in leading-strings?'

'But they are not kings, sire, as you are.'

'And I am sure, then, it is very tiresome to be a king. How I have been teased ever since I got up this morning on account of my kingdom! My battle has been delayed; I have had a long speech to learn by heart; and now you want to put on these ugly leading-strings. But it is of no use talking to me: I will not do it!'

'Monsieur de Fleury,' said Madame de Ventadour to the king's tutor, who stood in the window reading his breviary, 'will you have the kindness to come here and make the king listen to reason?'

'Monsieur de Fleury,' said the child, 'as you are at the window, will you be so good as to tell me whether the snow is beginning to melt?'

'Not yet, sire,' replied M. de Fleury, approaching the fire, in front of which stood Madame de Ventadour with the leading-strings in her hand, whilst the young king kept his hands clasped behind him, to prevent her from taking him by surprise, and slipping them on.

'Why are you so obstinate, sire? Give me your hand, and let me see you do cheerfully, and for the sake of pleasing Madame de Ventadour, that which, sooner or later, must be done.'



'So much the worse,' said the king.  
 'But it is very wrong of you, sire.'  
 'I am sorry for it; but it amuses me.'  
 'Listen to this gentleman who is making you a speech, instead of looking about you.'  
 'I am very tired of hearing him,' replied Louis.  
 'I beg of you, sire—sire—sire—pray attend to me.'  
 'Leave me alone,' said Louis impatiently, quite wearied out by the admonitions of his governor and the interminable speeches of his courtiers.  
 'But, sire, I cannot leave you alone,' replied the marshal: 'you are not here for the purpose of being amused.'  
 'Ah, my snow, my beautiful snow!' said the king, to whose mind the word *amusement* recalled with vividness his morning disappointment.  
 'You must not think about that now, sire, but attend to what is going on here.'  
 'Oh, do leave me alone!' said the king, bursting into tears.

'Sire, sire; pray hold up your head, and do not disgrace yourself in this way.'

The poor little king's tears were, however, unheeded; the wearisome ceremony lasted till the close of the day; and when poor Louis passed the park on his way back to Versailles, the finishing stroke was put to his sorrows, for—the snow had melted!

'Oh, my battle, my snowballs!' he exclaimed, weeping bitterly. To add to his mortification, as he mounted the stairs of his palace of Versailles, he met all his young playmates talking and laughing over the divers feats of prowess which had been performed during the day. They were all glowing with health and animation; and as the pale, wearied Louis passed the merry group, there was not one of them who envied his royal lot.

'Who gained the day?' inquired Louis mournfully.  
 'The Duke de Chartres,' was the reply; 'but the Marquis de Neale fought very well too.'

'Come, then, at least, and tell me all about it,' said the little king.

'Sire,' interposed Madame de Ventadour, 'this is the hour for you to retire to rest.'

'Well, then, the hour must be put off,' said Louis pettishly.

'That, sire, is impossible; your gentlemen of the bed-chamber are in waiting.'

'Oh how tiresome it is to be a king!' said Louis XV., his tears commencing to flow afresh as his governess led him to the bedchamber. 'I am always unfortunate: in the winter, I am not allowed to make snowballs; and in the summer, when it is so fine, and everybody walks out, I am kept at home in the palace.'

'Oh, sire,' said his governess, as she began to undress him, 'are you not taken out whenever you please?'

'Am I indeed? And do you think I have forgotten the day of the fête of St Germaine, when I was at the window, and saw such numbers of children passing by, and they all looked so happy? I asked you where they were going, and you told me to the fair; and when I asked what this fair was, you told me it was a place where they amused themselves under the trees, and bought toys and sweetmeats; and that in the evening I should see all these children returning with their playthings and their cakes. Oh, how I did long to go! But you were sick, mamma, and so I was obliged to stay at home.'

'You shall go, sire, next year.'

'And in the winter,' resumed the king, 'it is so pleasant to run upon the snow, to make snowballs, to throw them at one's companions, and have them thrown at one's self in return; and now, to-day, they have made me miss the finest battle in the world! When will some snow fall again!'

'Come, sire, you must not think any more of that now, but try to go to sleep.'

'I can't go to sleep: I suppose I shall be told presently that this is the hour at which I must go to sleep, because I am a king!'

'Console yourself, sire,' replied his governess; 'when

you are a man, you will be happier.' As Madame de Ventadour said this, she sighed, for she knew but too well that the *future* happiness of her little pupil was, if possible, even still more uncertain than the *present*.

## LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

Four years ago, we had occasion to notice the 'Travels of Sir Charles Lyell in the United States,' chiefly in relation to the geological explorations of the author. A 'Second Visit' to the States by the same writer having just made its appearance,\* we are enabled to revert to this deeply-interesting subject. On the present, as on the previous occasion, Sir Charles travelled with a special view to the investigation of natural phenomena; but we can assure all who feel inclined to peruse his second production, that it abounds likewise with observations on matters of social concern, and is, on the whole, one of the most amusing works which has for some years appeared on the United States. Having travelled with his wife, the author possessed more than the usual means of acquiring a knowledge of the people among whom he travelled.

Passing over one or two of the earliest chapters, we take up Sir Charles as he journeys through the New England States. Here he has occasion to refer to that very curious phenomenon, the discovery of organic remains in ice. How the bodies of animals become so imbedded, is a question of much interest. It appears that in extreme northern and southern parts of the world, the ground is a mixture of rock and ice, the ice lying in strata below the general surface. In 1821, when the captain of a merchant ship wished to enter the body of a sailor in one of the South Shetland Islands, he set a party 'to dig a grave in the blue sand and gravel; but after penetrating in nearly a hundred places through six or eight inches of sand, they came down everywhere upon solid blue ice. At last he determined to have a hole cut in the ice, of which the island principally consisted, and the body of the man was placed in it.' This body was afterwards found as fresh as when buried. The bodies of whales and other creatures often get imbedded in icebergs, and it is then discovered after the ice has become partially mixed with sand and gravel, that has led to so much learned investigation. The rise and fall of masses of ice, according to the action of the tides, when in contiguity with land, accounts for no small part of the phenomenon.

Talking of icebergs, we are led to remark, that to these floating masses in the Northern Atlantic much of the irregularity of our summer climate may be imputed. Icebergs are occasionally seen as far south as the 36th degree of north latitude, and of immense size. 'Sir James Ross saw icebergs which had run aground in Baffin's Bay in water 1500 feet deep.' An iceberg of much less dimensions than this turns the climate to winter wherever it goes, and its approach to any coast is a terrific visitation. A military officer told our author 'that last year, when he was in garrison in Newfoundland, an iceberg continued aground in the harbour of St John's for a year, and they used to fire cannon-balls at it from a battery.' We have heard of more ridiculous projects than would be the fitting out of an expedition to clear the Atlantic of icebergs by bombardment.

Sir Charles made a pilgrimage to the top of Mount Washington (one of the White Mountains), which reaches to a height of 6225 feet above the level of the sea. Here a Flora was observed similar to that of lands bordering on the sea in the extreme north of America, Europe, and Asia. How did these plants attain this height in an inland mountain in a comparatively southern latitude? 'Geology,' says our author, 'teaches us that the species living at present on the earth are older than many parts of our existing continents—that is to say, they were created before a large part of the





and to the intense heat of the summer's sun. An Englishman is usually recognised at once in a party by a more robust look, and greater clearness and ruddiness of complexion; and it is surprising how distinguishable he is even from persons born of English parents in the United States. It is also a curious fact, which seems generally admitted, that the native Anglo-Australians bear a considerable resemblance to the Anglo-Americans in look and manner of speaking, which is a mystery, for there is certainly in that case no analogy between the climates of the two countries.

New England, as every one knows, is greatly in advance of Great Britain with respect to national education; and on this subject the author speaks of the Americans in language of just commendation. Where all are called on to take part in the action of government, it is felt that the safety of society depends on all being educated. The education imparted is under a general, not party or sectarian management; and every attempt made by religious denominations to acquire a special control over the public schools has been promptly checked. The affected belief that this unsectarian education would lead to irreligion and discontent has been completely falsified. Nowhere are the people more religious or better citizens. 'It is acknowledged by the rich, that when the free schools have been most improved, the people are least addicted to intemperance, are more provident, have more respect for property and the laws, are more conservative, and less led away by Socialist or other revolutionary doctrines. So far from indolence being the characteristic of the labouring-classes, where they are best informed, the New Englanders are rather too much given to overwork both body and brain. They make better pioneers when roughing it in a log-house in the backwoods, than the uneducated Highlander or Irishman; and the factory girls of Lowell, who publish their "Offering," containing their own original poems and essays, work twelve hours a day, and have not yet petitioned for a ten-hour bill.' Further on, the author observes, in reference to the independent position which schools and teachers have attained:—'There is in no state any dominant ecclesiastical body sufficiently powerful to thwart the maxims of those statesmen who maintain that as the people are determined to govern themselves, they must be carefully taught and fitted for self-government, and receive secular instruction in common schools open to all. The Roman Catholic priests, it is true, in the state of New York, where there are now 11,000 schools in a population of 2,500,000, have made some vigorous efforts to get the exclusive management of a portion of the school fund into their own hands, and one at least of the Protestant sects has openly avowed its sympathy in the movement. But they have failed, from the extreme difficulty of organizing a combined effort, where the leaders of a great variety of rival denominations are jealous of one another; and fortunately the clergy are becoming more and more convinced that, where the education of the million has been carried farthest, the people are most regular in their attendance on public worship, most zealous in the defence of their theological opinions, and most liberal in contributing funds for the support of their pastors and the building of churches.'

Sir Charles speaks regretfully of the tendency in New England to cultivate a sour conventional spirit, which discourages innocent recreation, without finding a suitable substitute. The injury arising from this social defect is only in part remedied by the growing taste for reading. In every district there are lending libraries, which prove of great use. 'Towards the purchase of books for these libraries the State grants a certain sum, if an equal amount be subscribed by the inhabitants. They are left to their own choice in the purchase of books; and the best English poets and novelists are almost always to be met with in each collection, and works of biography, history, travels, natural history, and science. The selection is carefully made with reference to what the people will read, and not what men of higher educa-

tion or station think they ought to read.' When will our own legislature vote sums in aid of public district-libraries? Not, it may be supposed, till something less is spent in the apparatus of naval and military armament.

As a matter of course, the author, in travelling, was exposed to the usual amount of questioning as to his age, family, and objects of pursuit; but though annoying, this enabled him to question in return, and by that means to procure valuable information. An American related to him many diverting anecdotes to illustrate the inquisitive turn of his countrymen. Among other stories he gave a lively description of a New Englander, who was seated by a reserved companion in a railway car, and who, by way of beginning a conversation, said, 'Are you a bachelor?' To which the other replied dryly—'No; I'm not.' 'You are a married man?' continued he. 'No; I'm not.' 'Then you must be a widower?' 'No; I'm not.' Here there was a short pause; but the undaunted querist returned to the charge, observing—'If you are neither a bachelor, nor a married man, nor a widower, what in the world can you be?' 'If you must know,' said the other, 'I'm a divorced man!'

### INCONSTANCY OF THE DOVE.

IN a paper in No. 280, we referred to the unpleasant ideas associated by the Hindoos with the cooing of the dove; a sound which, however sweet and loving to us, seems to them like the wail of a doomed creature commemorating the cruelties it committed in a former state of existence. We still cling, notwithstanding, to the constancy of the dove. We might abandon the minor graces of gentleness, innocence, and timidity; but fidelity in love it still retained in our imagination—

—'all other virtues gone,  
Not guilt itself could quench that loveliest one!'

Philosophy, however, is always bursting bubbles, or blowing up steamboats, and Poetry is ruined in breakage by her awkward or malicious handmaid Science. Here is a letter stripping our favourite dove of the last of its fine feathers!

The letter has been presented to us by the courtesy of Mr Waterton, the well-known naturalist; and it is addressed to himself by Mr Ord of Philadelphia, to whom the scientific world is indebted for various contributions to natural history, and for a life of Wilson the ornithologist:—

'I promised you, in one of my late letters, an anecdote concerning the common pigeon, tending to show that inconstancy in conjugal affection is a failing by no means peculiar to the human kind, but may be discerned in the inferior animals. My dovecot, from its position and economy, is an attractive object for the pigeon: hence every apartment is occupied; and when a male disappears, even for a single day—an occurrence by no means unfrequent—an adventurer, always on the look-out for advantages, steps into the vacant domicile, and asserts his right of possession on the principle of pre-emption. A poor little vagrant pigeon, driven from its natal home, sought refuge on my premises. Its flagging wing and simple countenance denoted its youth and its poverty. I enticed it by food: daily acts of kindness produced familiarity. It proved to be a male of uncommon docility and sprightliness; and it soon became a favourite of the whole family. The period of connubial attachment arrived, and my little stranger soon felt the influence of the universal passion. A wandering female responded to his vows of affection; and their union, after the usual ceremonies, was duly consummated.

'The first care of our youthful couple was to procure a dwelling. Day after day did they endeavour to secure some comfortable quarters: even attempts at encroachment upon the rights of others were made; but all in vain. At length one of the residents of the columbarry, a fine old male, disappeared: his home-



decree should be engraved on a tablet of hard stone, in hieroglyphical, enchorial, and Greek characters, and should be set up in first, second, and third-rate temples, before the statue of the ever-living king.'

The inscriptions being identical, would of course repeat the name the same number of times; and the word Ptolemy, in its various inflections, being found in the Greek eleven times, the first business was to look for a corresponding word in the Demotic character. In this inscription a group of seven letters was found repeated eleven times; and these were discovered to compose the word Ptolmis, thus giving seven letters of the alphabet, from which the whole was afterwards deduced. But the hieroglyphic inscription? How was it possible to interpret those representations of animals and things, intended though they must be for the symbols of a language? Here and there some of them were enclosed in an oval. This was repeated again and again, and must no doubt be the name sought for. The middle figure was a recumbent lioness, the Coptic name of which is *laboi*. Might not the lioness represent the sound of the initial letter of her own name? It was a wild and fantastic conjecture, to which the explorer was no doubt driven by mere despair: but it was inspiration. The moment it was taken for granted that this was one letter of the name, the others were read with comparative ease; and thus were obtained to begin with the signs of seven hieroglyphical letters, P T O L M I S.

We of course cannot pretend to follow here the course of the discovery; but Mr Gliddon declares, that with the aid of the published literary resources, any intelligent person may at this day read into English, direct from the hieroglyphics, words, phrases, and consecutive sentences, as easily as he would acquire any other Oriental tongue. The revelations thus made have released Egypt from the plague of darkness. She is no longer a land of sorcery and mysticism, such as she appeared to the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans; but thousands of years ago, her every-day life appears a prototype of our own. The hieroglyphics are at once manuscripts and pictures—illustrated books, speaking at once to the eye and the mind; and the genius of the people seems to have delighted in perpetuating themselves in their records. 'If we enter a tomb,' says Mr Gliddon, 'we see the deceased surrounded by his family, who offer him their remembrances. The—I had almost said Christian—name, the profession, rank, and blood-relationship of each member of the family, are written against him or her. The scenes of ordinary life are painted on the walls. Study, gymnastics, feasts, banquets, wars, sacrifices, death, and funeral, are all faithfully delineated in these sepulchral illustrations of manners, which are often epic in their character. You have the song with which the Egyptian enlivened his labour in the field; the anthem that, when living, he offered to his Creator; and the death-wail that accompanied his body to the grave. Every condition, every art, every trade figures in this picturesque encyclopædia—from the monarch, priest, and warrior, to the artisan and herdsman. Then these tombs are real museums of antiquities—utensils, toilet-tables, inkstands, pens, books, the incense-bearer, and smelling-bottle, are found in them. The wheat which the Egyptian ate, the fruit that adorned his dessert-table, peas, beans, and barley, which still germinate when replanted, are also discovered. The eggs, the desiccated remains of the very milk he had once used for his breakfast, even the trussed and roasted goose, of which the guests at his wake had partaken—all these evidences of his humanity, and a myriad more, exist, in kind, in the museums of Europe, to attest their former owner's declaration to us, modern occidentals, athwart the oceans of time and the Atlantic, *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*. But not only do the scenes sculptured or painted on the temples or in the sepulchres furnish every detail concerning the Egyptians; they give us the portraits, history, geographical names, and characteristics of an infinitude of Asiatic and African nations existing in days long anterior to the

Exode—many of whom have left no other record of their presence on earth, and others again whose names are preserved in the Hebrew Scriptures.'

Not the least curious and important of the hieroglyphical revelations, is the synchronism which exists between the Scriptural annals and the monuments of Egypt. The names of some of the Pharaohs are not only the same, but they are identified in particulars of their history; and authenticated portraits of sovereigns incidentally referred to in the Bible are now exhibited in engravings throughout the Christian world. These portraits are carried back to 3500 years ago (about the time of Joseph), but the synchronism cannot be traced earlier than 971 B.C. This is unfortunate, as it would be very interesting to identify in their monuments the Pharaohs who were contemporary with Solomon, Moses, Joseph, and Abraham. The earliest, however, as yet reached is Shishak, the conqueror of Rehoboth, son of Solomon; and indeed, as the Bible does not mention by name the earlier sovereigns of Egypt, there is little probability of farther advance in this interesting study. As for the supposed death of the Mosaic Pharaoh in the Red Sea, it is neither countenanced by the text of the Pentateuch—which merely relates the destruction of Pharaoh's host, chariots, and chosen captains—nor by the traditions of the Talmud, which expressly state that the king returned and reported the loss of his army. The hieroglyphics, however, are silent on both points. Neither has any trace at all been found in them of the patriarchal relations with Egypt. We may add that Mr Gliddon makes the pertinent remark, that if the validity of hieroglyphical history be proved 'from the Scriptures for the times succeeding Moses, in all those cases where either record refers to the events mentioned in the other, the authenticity of hieroglyphical monuments in affairs whereon the Bible is silent, and which antedate Moses by twenty centuries, cannot fairly be called in question.' While mentioning portraits, let us descend to later times, and say that the portrait of Cleopatra, taken from the temple of Dendera, by no means establishes the Shakespearean authority with regard to the personal beauty of that 'serpent of old Nile.' The Cleopatra of history appears to have been celebrated only for her powers of fascination and the splendour of her court.

The earliest date of the sacred language is not known; but if the antiquaries are correct, there must be an error in the commonly-received interpretation of Bible chronology, the original fifteen hieroglyphic letters having been in common use only 250 years after Menes the first Pharaoh. This would carry back the origin of hieroglyphics to near the time commonly assigned to Cain and Abel! The emblem of the scribe's palette, reed-pen, and ink-bottle, is found about 3400 years B.C.; and books, indicated by the sign of the papyrus or scroll, are long antecedent to the time of Abraham. This language received afterwards some change, and in that form became more current as the hieratic or sacerdotal. About 700 years B.C. there was introduced an alphabetic kind of writing called the Demotic, Enchorial, or Epistolographic; and this remained in popular use till it was suppressed by Roman imperial authority, and replaced by the Coptic alphabet, formed of Greek and Egyptian letters intermixed.

The prayer-book of the Egyptians, called the Book of the Dead, is traced as far back as 3200 B.C. It was a collection of hymns and liturgical prayers offered by and for the departed Egyptians; and extracts from it are met with on mummy cases, and every other object connected with death or religion. In this antique ritual are taught the doctrines of the soul's immortality and resurrection of the body; but instead of the Jewish commandments, and the Christian petitions for Divine aid to observe them, they present only a series of self-righteous assertions of innocence, supposed to be made by the departed spirit. In these, however, which are forty-two in number, is found the whole, and more than the whole, decalogue.







Nevertheless both hands remained perfectly unscathed; and at the present moment, if anything give me cause for astonishment, it is that such experiments are not altogether common and every-day matters.

It will probably be demanded of me, what precautions are necessary to preserve one's-self from the destructive action of incandescent matter! I reply, *None!* Have no fear, but make the experiment with confidence, and pass the hand rapidly, yet not too much so, through the liquid brass: otherwise, if the trial be made timidly, and the action be too rapid, the resisting power possessed by all incandescent bodies will exhibit itself at the cost of the experimentalist.

The experiment succeeds best when the skin is in a state of perspiration; and the trepidation occasioned by the vicinity of such masses of fire is highly conducive to placing the body in the state of moisture necessary for its proper performance: but on taking certain precautions we become absolutely invulnerable. I have found the following mode to answer best:—After rubbing my hands with soap, so as to give to them a polished surface, I at the moment of making the experiment steep the one I am about to employ in a cold solution of sal-ammoniac, impregnated with sulphuric acid; or, in place of that, fresh water. Regnault, who is engaged on this subject, says, 'Those whose profession is the handling and eating of fire, sometimes employ a mixture composed in equal parts of spirit of sulphur, sal-ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and onion juice.'

M. Bouligny concludes by saying that the experiment, so formidable in appearance, is almost insignificant in reality, and that he has frequently repeated it with lead, brouze, &c. and invariably with like success.

#### THE SHORT-TIME AND RELAY SYSTEMS IN FACTORIES.

A QUESTION affecting the wellbeing of a large class of operatives, and the prosperity of their employers, is now agitating the manufacturing districts. It relates to the duration of daily labour in factories, and may be called the 'Long-Time Question,' in opposition to the 'Short-Time Discussion,' till that was resolved by the Ten Hours' Act passed in 1847.

This measure having come into operation about a year since, we are now able, from data supplied from authentic sources, to judge of its effects in connection with what the other factory acts have done for women and children,\* and to remark upon a means of evading these acts, which the masters have recently adopted by what is called the 'Shift and Relay System.'

It would appear that, on the whole, the Short-Time System has worked well. It was at first feared that the reduction in the hours of labour, necessarily lessening the amount of wages, would diminish the personal comforts of the operatives, and that they—for whose especial benefit the act was passed—would be eager to have it rescinded; that, moreover, their spare time would be spent in idleness and profligacy.

Happily these fears have not been realised. There has been no diminution of wages that has not been practically made up by equivalent advantages. It has been found that the lessened amount of money received at the end of the week or fortnight is by no means in proportion to the reduction in the number of hours, except in Scotland, where it is precisely the same—namely, one-sixth. In England, under the old system, the two last hours of the twelve were not those in which the greatest energy and vigilance were shown; while under the new, the hands are enabled in ten hours to do more work, and in a better style, than they could in the first ten hours of a working-day; hence their wages are not so liable to abatements for bad work, and to fines for negligence. The masters have also found it necessary to accelerate the speed of the machinery, so that a

greater amount of work is turned out in the shorter time. The reports of the English factory inspectors inform us that the operatives get through their tasks with more hearty good-will, with greater care and attention, and in better spirits, than heretofore. We are also told that the spare hours have been employed profitably and well; so much so, as to aid materially in counterbalancing any pecuniary loss sustained by the daily loss of two hours' pay. The females are able to attend to their household duties themselves, instead, as under the old system, of being obliged to employ hirelings; and, in consequence, their households are better and more frugally kept. The factory children have now time to acquire some education; for one clause in the act of 1844, provides that where there is a good school in the neighbourhood, children from eight to thirteen years of age shall attend them half the day, and work the other half. 'A combination of trade and school for such young persons,' says Mr Leonard Horner, one of the factory inspectors, 'is attended with great advantages. Their intelligence and powers of observation are quickened by their employment, and by living more amongst older people; school is made less wearisome; and their wages, small though they be, are more than sufficient to clothe them, and to pay for their education.' It would appear, indeed, that, with few exceptions, all the educational clauses of the Factories' Acts relating to children and young persons have worked well.

The effects of the new system upon the adult males have been equally beneficial. The strict enforcement of the former acts applicable to women and young persons employed in factories has had a tendency to increase the demand for the labour of men, and to keep up their wages. Neither has their spare time been misapplied. 'I find much more garden ground is cultivated in the suburbs of large towns than formerly,' writes the inspector over one-third of the manufacturing districts of England. 'It is no uncommon occurrence for hands who are employed at a factory to be residing in surrounding villages at a distance of four and sometimes five miles from their work. This reminds me not to pass over unnoticed a remark made to me by a medical practitioner of much experience—"That the hands under the Ten Hours' system enjoy an advantage which you cannot appreciate in money, but to the value of which they are keenly alive—improved health." In truth, it needs not medical authority to prove that all, especially young girls and boys, must be benefited by walking long distances to and from their work, which, if not always sedentary, is often performed in close apartments. The benefits of the Short-Time movement are, it would seem, fully and extensively appreciated by the operatives themselves: there is a common expression among them, 'I would rather give up a meal a day than go back to long hours.'

To the workpeople, therefore, it would appear that the Short-Time Acts have been generally, though not universally, acceptable. The exception is Scotland; and it may be noticed as characteristic, that the operatives here so much prefer, if not performing the maximum amount of work, receiving the maximum amount of wages, that many of them have struck in consequence of the reduction of hours and pay. Mr Stuart, the Inspector of Factories for Scotland, reports as follows:—'Very many of the persons employed seem to have taken it for granted that when trade revived, as it has done, they would be able to prevail on their employers to pay them twelve hours' wages for ten hours' work: and their disappointment that wages are not raised to the old standard is such, that while I was in Glasgow for a fortnight in the month of April, several thousands of them discontinued to work, and about 4000 I hear still (1st May) hold out, refusing to receive less than their old wages. I had frequent opportunities at Glasgow of communicating with the employers and employed of all classes; and I am very much inclined to think, from all I heard or observed, that the latter, with the excep-

\* The 'Factories' Act, passed in 1844 (7th Vic. c. 18), and the 7th and 8th Vic. c. 29, solely applicable to print-works.



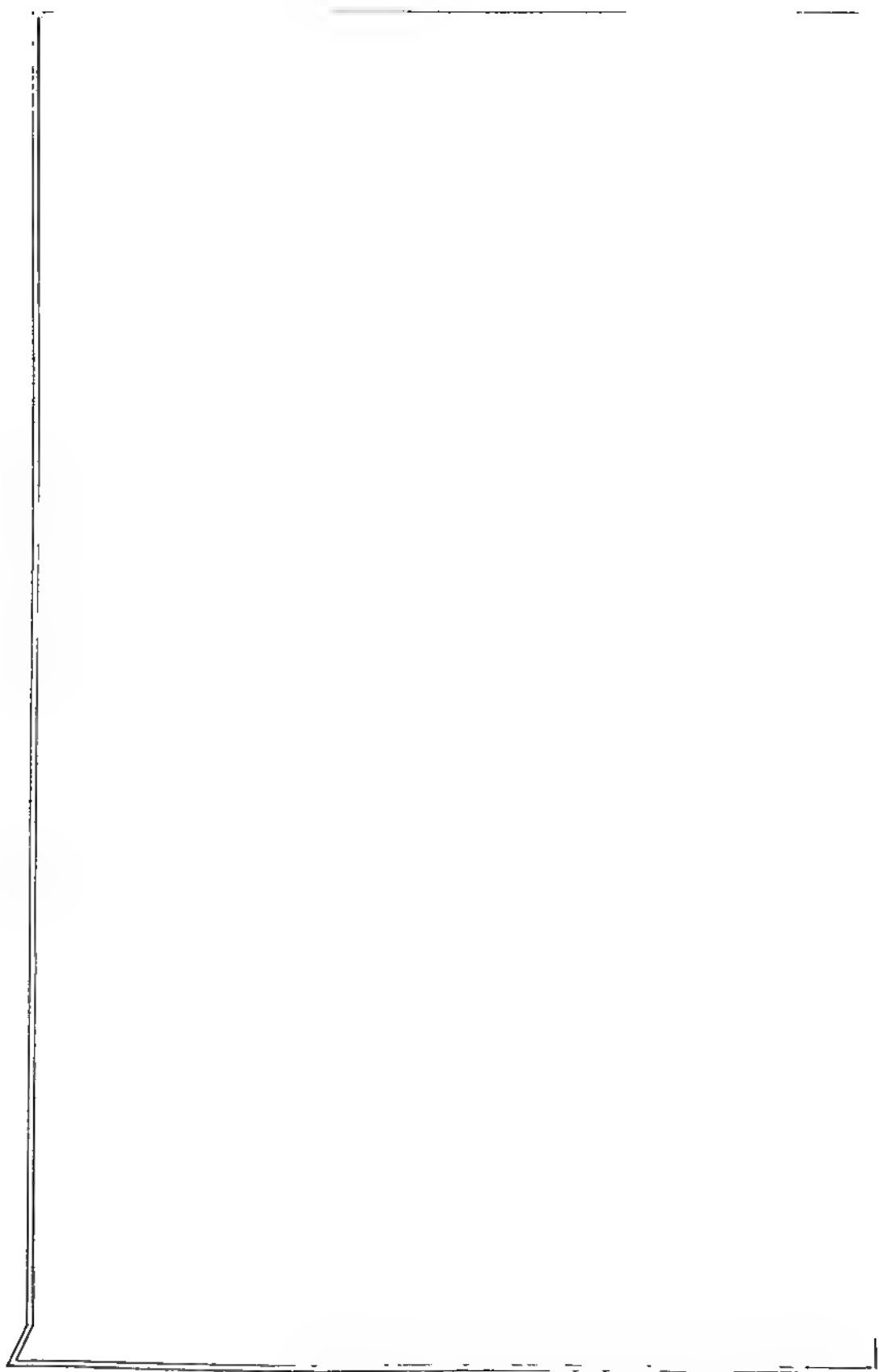
























Sandford, resolved, instead of cancelling the bonds and obligations held by the conspirators, to redeem his losses by staking on that game his ready money against those liabilities. This was at first demurred to with much apparent earnestness by the winners; but Mr Merton, warmly seconded by Sandford, insisting upon the concession, as he deemed it, it was finally agreed that *carté* should be the game by which he might hope to regain the fortune and the peace of mind he had so rashly squandered: the last time, should he be successful—and was he not sure of success?—he assured Sandford, that he would ever handle cards or dice. He should have heard the mocking merriment with which the gang heard Sandford repeat this resolution to amend his ways—when he had recovered back his wealth!

The day so eagerly longed for by Merton and the confederates—by the spoilers and their prey—arrived; and I awaited with feverish anxiety the coming on of night. Only the chief conspirators—eight in number—were to be present; and no stranger except myself—a privilege I owed to the moonshine legacy I had just received—was to be admitted to this crowning triumph of successful fraud. One only hint I had ventured to give Mr Merton, and that under a promise, 'on his honour as a gentleman,' of inviolable secrecy. It was this: 'Be sure, before commencing play to-morrow night, that the bonds and obligations you have signed, the jewels you have lost, with a sum in notes or gold to make up an equal amount to that which you mean to risk, is actually deposited on the table.' He promised to insist on this condition. It involved much more than he dreamt of.

My arrangements were at length thoroughly complete; and a few minutes past twelve o'clock the whispered password admitted me into the house. An angry altercation was going on. Mr Merton was insisting, as I had advised, upon the exhibition of a sum equal to that which he had brought with him—for, confident of winning, he was determined to recover his losses to the last farthing; and although his bonds, bills, obligations, his sister's jewels, and a large amount in gold and genuine notes, were produced, there was still a heavy sum deficient. 'Ah, by the by,' exclaimed Sandford as I entered, 'Waters can lend you the sum for an hour or two—for a *consideration*,' he added in a whisper. 'It will soon be returned.'

'No, thank you,' I answered coldly. 'I never part with my money till I have lost it.'

A malignant scowl passed over the scoundrel's features; but he made no reply. Ultimately it was decided that one of the fraternity should be despatched in search of the required amount. He was gone about half an hour, and returned with a bundle of notes. They were, as I hoped and expected, forgeries on foreign banks. Mr Merton looked at and counted them; and play commenced.

As it went on, so vividly did the scene recall the evening that had sealed my own ruin, that I grew dizzy with excitement, and drained tumbler after tumbler of water to allay the fevered throbbing of my veins. The gamblers were fortunately too much absorbed to heed my agitation. Merton lost continuously—without pause or intermission. The stakes were doubled—trebled—quadrupled! His brain was on fire; and he played, or rather lost, with the recklessness of a madman.

'Hark! what's that?' suddenly exclaimed Sandford, from whose Satanic features the mask he had so long worn before Merton had been gradually slipping. 'Did you not hear a noise below?'

My ear had caught the sound; and I could better interpret it than he. It ceased.

'Touch the signal-bell, Adolphe,' added Sandford.

Not only the play, but the very breathing of the villains, was suspended as they listened for the reply.

It came. The answering tinkle sounded once—twice—thrice. 'All right!' shouted Sandford. 'Proceed! The farce is nearly played out.'

I had instructed the officers that two of them in

plain clothes should present themselves at the front door, obtain admission by means of the password I had given them, and immediately seize and gag the door-keeper. I had also acquainted them with the proper answer to the signal-ring—three distinct pulls at the bell-handle communicating with the first floor. Their comrades were then to be admitted, and they were all to silently ascend the stairs, and wait on the landing till summoned by me to enter and seize the gamblers. The back entrance to the house was also securely but unobtrusively watched.

One only fear disturbed me: it was lest the scoundrels should take alarm in sufficient time to extinguish the lights, destroy the forged papers, and possibly escape by some private passage which might, unknown to me, exist.

Rousing myself, as soon as the play was resumed, from the trance of memory by which I had been in some sort absorbed, and first ascertaining that the handles of my pistols were within easy reach—for I knew I was playing a desperate game with desperate men—I rose, stepped carelessly to the door, partially opened it, and bent forward, as if listening for a repetition of the sound which had so alarmed the company. To my great delight the landing and stairs were filled with police-officers—silent and stern as death. I drew back, and walked towards the table at which Mr Merton was seated. The last stake—an enormous one—was being played for. Merton lost. He sprang upon his feet, death-pale, despairing, overwhelmed, and a hoarse execration surged through his clenched teeth. Sandford and his associates coolly raked the plunder together, their features lighted up with fiendish glee.

'Villain!—traitor!—miscreant!' shrieked Mr Merton, as if smitten with sudden frenzy, and darting at Sandford's throat: 'you, devil that you are, have undone, destroyed me!'

'No doubt of it,' calmly replied Sandford, shaking off his victim's grasp; 'and I think it has been very artistically and effectually done too. Snivelling, my fine fellow, will scarcely help you much.'

Mr Merton glared upon the taunting villain in speechless agony and rage.

'Not quite so fast, Cardon, if you please,' I exclaimed, at the same time taking up a bundle of forged notes. 'It does not appear to me that Mr Merton has played against equal stakes, for unquestionably this paper is not genuine.'

'Dog!' roared Sandford, 'do you hold your life so cheap?' and he rushed towards me, as if to seize the forged notes.

I was as quick as he, and the levelled tube of a pistol sharply arrested his eager onslaught. The entire gang gathered near us, flaming with excitement. Mr Merton looked bewilderedly from one to another, apparently scarcely conscious of what was passing around him.

'Wrench the papers from him!' screamed Sandford, recovering his energy. 'Seize him—stab, strangle him!'

'Look to yourself, scoundrel!' I shouted with equal vehemence. 'Your hour is come! Officers, enter and do your duty!'

In an instant the room was filled with police; and surprised, panic-stricken, paralysed by the suddenness of the catastrophe, the gang were all secured without the slightest resistance, though most of them were armed, and marched off in custody.

Three—Sandford, or Cardon; but he had half-a-dozen aliases, one of them—were transported for life: the rest were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. My task was effectually accomplished. My superiors were pleased to express very warm commendation of the manner in which I had acquitted myself; and the first step in the promotion which ultimately led to my present position in another branch of the public service was soon afterwards conferred upon me. Mr Merton had his bonds, obligations, jewels, and money, restored to him; and, taught wisdom by terrible experience,



cunning. To accuse a statesman of *Machiavellism*, has been to exalt his intellect at the expense of his honesty and virtue—to exonerate him from the imputation of lack of brains, only to brand him as possessing too much for the welfare of his species. 'Il Principe' ('The Prince'), his famous treatise, long considered infamous, brought all this obloquy upon him. In that much-spoken-of, but little known work, he drew up the code of despotism, concealing his satire so well, that the world mistook the hater for a friend of tyranny, and the denouncer of crimes against the people for their apologist. Machiavelli suffered in the cause of freedom; he was put to the torture by a despot, and endured sorrows of many kinds for his devotion to his country. Disgusted with princes, and with the people too, he wrote his celebrated work, intending a satire upon the crimes of rulers. The obstinate world insisted upon receiving this satire in a spirit the very reverse of that which animated its author, with about as little justice as we should exhibit were we to accuse Henry Fielding of preaching up robbery and murder for his 'Life of Jonathan Wild the Great.' Machiavelli's object, it is true, was not quite so apparent as that of the novelist. The people, moreover, were not aware of the friend they had in this illustrious diplomatist. They considered the hard words he employed against men in general as the outpourings of a demoniac hatred. They could not see that the severe satire was intended for their benefit, or make any allowance for the bitterness of feeling with which unmerited suffering had imbued one of the ablest men of his time. Machiavelli dedicated his treatise of 'The Prince' to Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, the usurper of the liberties of Florence; a man whom he hated, against whose government he had conspired, and who had caused him to be put upon the rack to extort from his agony the names of his confederates. This circumstance might have served to open the eyes of the herd of men and of writers to the real purpose of the author; but it did not. Treatise after treatise was written to refute doctrines which Machiavelli detested; and his name became the synonyme for the political criminality and astuteness which it was his real object to hold up to the abhorrence of mankind. Amongst others who employed their pens in this cause was Frederick the Great of Prussia, who wrote in his youth a tract entitled 'Anti-Machiavel.' 'This military genius,' says D'Israeli, 'protested against those political arts which he afterwards adroitly practised; and realised in his own character the political monster which Machiavelli had drawn.' The tide against Machiavelli has long since begun to turn; and though his unfortunate name will, in all probability, survive to designate a species of depravity for which modern languages offer no other, the memory of the man has already received justice from all the impartial students of history, and will doubtless receive justice in due time from a still wider audience.

We need not extend the list, though it were easy to do so. Other names will suggest themselves to the reader, all showing in like manner the certainty of reactions in the moral as in the physical world, whenever there is sufficient strength in the original impetus to produce the inevitable result; and to prove in the long-run, in great matters as well as in small, the truth of the dictum—

'That ever the right comes uppermost,  
And ever is justice done.'

#### MISSION TO ASHANTEE.

A PARLIAMENTARY paper, purporting to be a report from Lieutenant-Governor Winniett respecting his journey from Cape Coast Castle to Ashantee, having just been laid before the House of Commons, we are enabled to present our readers with some particulars of not an uninteresting kind on the condition of an African nation. The object of Governor Winniett's journey was to visit the king of Ashantee, and persuade him, if possible, to abandon the ancient practice

of human sacrifice. How he sped in this mission, undertaken by order of the British government, will afterwards appear. The narration of proceedings, which is in the form of a journal, commences by stating that the travelling party consisted, besides the governor, of Captain Powell, commanding a detachment of forty-eight of his men as a guard of honour; the Rev. Mr Freeman of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who acted as secretary; and about one hundred and fifty men, consisting of the band, hammock-bearers, carriers of luggage, and servants—altogether upwards of two hundred persons. The route was through a rough country, and the distance travelled daily appears to have been from twelve to twenty-five miles. The weather was unfortunately rainy, and therefore camping out at night must have been anything but pleasant. With these preliminary observations, we offer the following condensed and connected string of extracts from Governor Winniett's clearly-written journal:—

Started from Cape Coast Castle on the afternoon of Thursday, September 28 (1848), and stopped for the night at Yaminansah. Next day, at 6. 15. A.M. 'we resumed our journey, and travelled through a fine tract of fertile country, studded with silk-cotton-trees, palms, and plantations of the plantain and banana. At 8. 15. A.M. we stopped to take breakfast at the village of Assaybu, and after refreshing ourselves, and giving the soldiers and people a little time to rest, we proceeded to Akroful, a village several miles distant from Assaybu; and on entering it, a party of men came out to welcome me by firing a salute with muskets: I was much gratified with the friendly and loyal disposition manifested by the people. While we rested a short time in this village, the head men came to visit me, and present me some palm wine. In this place there is a small Christian society of the natives, under the care of the Wesleyan missionaries; and I was pleased to observe a small chapel in the course of erection, and nearly finished, chiefly by the personal labours of this little band of native Christians. At 45 minutes after noon we reached Dunkwa, and took quarters for the night in the school-house occupied by the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Here I was received by Otu—a Fanti chief, and the successor of Payntree—mentioned so honourably by Bowditch in his account of his journey to Kumasi in 1817. He (Otu) had come over from Abakrampa, the place of his residence, distant about ten miles from Dunkwa, accompanied by many of his captains and people, to meet me, and bid me welcome to that part of the Fanti country which is under his control. After resting a little from the fatigues of my journey, I spent some time in conversation with Otu and his captains.

'Shortly after our arrival, I received from Otu a present, consisting of two sheep, some yams and bunches of plantain, with which token of good-feeling and attachment I felt much gratified. Dunkwa is well situated on high ground, near to a good supply of water at all seasons of the year, and surrounded by fine plantations of plantain and banana. It is one of the largest of the Fanti krums, or villages, and has a population of about 1200 souls. The Wesleyan school here is of recent establishment; but it contains thirty-eight children, and promises well.'

On the ensuing three days passed through a number of populous villages; stopping on Sunday, and attending divine service at a place where there was a chapel and mission-house.

'October 4, Wednesday.—At 6 A.M. we commenced crossing the river, and in about an hour, the people having all passed over by several trips of a large canoe, we began our journey in the territories of the king of Ashantee. The width of the Prah, at its ordinary height, may be about 80 yards at the ferry, and from one extreme bank to the other about 100 yards. The progress of the current seemed to be about three miles an hour. The forest scenery on the banks of the river is exquisitely beautiful, arising from the elegant and varied



'As I sat down in the airy spacious hall in the cool of the evening, after all the toils and excitement of the day, and contemplated this little European establishment, planted in the midst of barbarism 200 miles into the interior of Africa, exhibiting to thousands of untutored pagans the comforts and conveniences of civilised life, and the worship of the true God, I could not but think deeply and feelingly on the great triumph thus achieved by Christianity and civilisation.'

Nine days were now consumed in the ceremonial of exchanging presents. Desirous of seeing the king, but found that he was unavoidably occupied with superstitious observances. A private and preliminary interview only permitted.

'October 19, Thursday.—At 3 P.M. I went to the palace, attended by Captain Powell and the Rev. Messrs. Freeman and Hillard, to have an interview with the king, for the transaction of business.

'The apartments of the royal premises are of the same order and style as those of the native dwellings generally—consisting of a number of square courtyards, connected with each other by doors at the corners, and having on one, two, three, or all sides, a room entirely open on the side looking into the yard, raised from one to four feet above the level of the yard, and communicating with it by steps made with clay, and like the public rooms in the streets already described; but the royal apartments are of much larger dimensions than those of the people, and are kept exquisitely clean. The king's residence in Kumasi, with its numerous attached buildings, covers a space of ground not less perhaps than five acres.

'On our arrival, we found the king seated in one of the squares of the palace, surrounded by many chiefs and officers of his household. We soon entered into conversation; and I told him that my visit was one of pure friendship, for the purpose of promoting good intelligence betwixt him and her Majesty's government. On this head I made many remarks, with which he seemed much pleased, and expressed his great satisfaction at the kind feelings manifested by her Majesty in authorising me to visit, and in sending him so valuable a present as that which had been delivered to him. Another subject which occupied us for some little time was, the best means of communication betwixt his and my government; and I embraced the opportunity of thanking him for the kind protection which he had afforded the Christian missionaries who had visited his country, and also of expressing my hopes that he would still continue to do so. The interview lasted about an hour.'

The next day the king paid a visit to the Mission-House, attended by his officers of the household, and many of his children. He stayed about an hour, conversing freely; inquired how many queens had ever occupied the British throne; the age of her present Majesty; and whether the Prince of Wales was heir to the crown; and was much gratified and amused when Captain Powell drew up his men and fired a salute.

On Saturday the 21st his majesty again made his appearance in front of the Mission-House, whither he came to drink palm wine, as a mark of respect to his guests. He came to the spot in a beautiful little phaeton, presented to him by the Missionary Society in 1841, and which he valued highly, and had kept in excellent condition. The English party joined him, and the band was ordered out to play, by way of returning the courtesy. While they were sitting in the street, one of the chiefs entertained them with a dance: this scene was prolonged for nearly two hours with much merriment and pleasantry. During this singular visit, from 5000 to 6000 of the populace were present, yet there was ample room for all, and no crowding, the street being nearly 200 yards in width. The city itself is about two miles in length, and a mile wide. They received an invitation to dine with the king at Eburasu, his country-seat.

'October 24, Tuesday.—At 2 P.M. we started for

Eburasu, distant about 3½ miles from Kumasi. On our arrival we took our seat under the shade of a large silk-cotton-tree opposite the palace, and the king, in a few minutes, came over to us, took me cordially by the hand, and bade me welcome: we then proceeded to look over the premises, conducted by one of the officers of the household; while the king delicately took his seat under a tree near the spot where we had been sitting. I have already described the character of the native dwellings, and observed that the royal premises are kept more clean, and are of larger dimensions, than those of the people: these distinctions are very striking in the aspect of Eburasu.

'Many of the rooms around the squares were occupied with neat bedsteads of European manufacture, dressed with silk hangings, and decorated with mirrors, pictures, time-pieces, fancy boxes, chandeliers, and many other articles of European manufacture.

'After passing through and examining the principal apartments, we entered a square where the table was set for dinner, under the shade of some large umbrellas, about 10 feet in diameter, and the king immediately entered, and engaged freely in conversation with us; in a short time dinner was placed on the table, in a manner quite consistent with English taste, and it was really very nicely served up: it consisted of soup, a sheep roasted whole, a sheep dressed in joints, a turkey, fowls, a variety of vegetables, plumpudding, oranges, ground-nuts, &c. ale, wine, and *liqueurs*.

'The king excused himself from actually sitting and eating at table, on the ground of his inability to use with ease a knife and fork like a European; but he sat opposite me, and looked on with great interest, took wine with me and the gentlemen of my suite, and talked with great freedom on ordinary topics of conversation.

'At all our previous interviews he has generally been dressed in a rich cloth, but on this occasion he wore an officer's uniform.

'After dinner the king took us to the apartments of the ladies of the court, and introduced me to them, declaring that no Ashantee, not even a favourite chieftain, had ever been introduced to that part of the palace, or to the ladies occupying it.

'On leaving this part of the palace, we went out and sat down with the king under the shade of a large tree for about twenty minutes, and then, as evening was advancing, we turned our faces towards Kumasi: the king accompanied us in his palanquin about two miles on the road, and then we took our leave of him.

'The conduct of the king throughout the day was extremely gratifying, and I greatly enjoyed the privacy in which we had dined with him: no chiefs were present; there were only two persons of distinction present connected with the household, and they were merely in attendance on the king, and not taking any part in the affairs connected with the dinner.

'The remains of the dinner, together with some large pots of soup prepared for the occasion, were sent into the Mission-House for the soldiers and people.

'The situation of Eburasu appears to be well chosen: the ground is high, the country open, and the distance from Kumasi very convenient; and it is approached by an excellent road, founded with care, and kept clean and in good order.

'The extent of the royal premises is very considerable, covering perhaps four acres of ground.

'At 8 P.M. the king sent messengers to the Mission-House to acquaint me that he had returned to town, and to request that we would go down to the palace and spend an hour with him: to this I readily consented, and was much gratified, on our arrival at the palace, to find him almost alone, and quite disposed for friendly conversation. Osai Kujo, the heir-apparent to the throne, and three or four of the king's principal linguists, were the only persons present.

'We immediately entered into conversation, and after briefly adverting to the kindly feelings of her Majesty's









identity is thereby diverted into a foreign shape, will result in distortion and disarrangement of his integrity. Imitation is fatal, is a violation of that sacred personality which has been intrusted to his keeping, and whose entirety it is enjoined him to preserve as the foundation of his welfare. He shall not import into his constitution any irrelevant or adventitious elements, but diligently weed the garden of his mind of everything that does not properly consort with its free and graceful cultivation and adornment. Whatsoever he may receive from books, or draw out of the experiences of other men, he must digestively assimilate and incorporate it with the action of his own faculties. Nothing that he cannot transform into a personal power, or susceptively accommodate to the enlargement of his original resources, can be rightly considered to belong to him, but, as far as he is interested, is unimportant and extraneous. Certain facts and images make a more resolute impression upon one man than upon another: these, if he will take thought of it, have a reference to his endowments, and exert a special influence over his education. They are the hints which Nature offers for the acceptance of his intellect, that he may the more perfectly fulfil the destination whereof he is inwardly advertised, and which, being successfully attained, will be seen to be the appropriate outcome of his inherent qualities.

A strict conformity to the pure idea which he personally represents would render every man a unique character. Men would see in him a clearly-defined and self-subsistent nature; one whose life was the growth of principles within his soul—the natural embodiment of his intuitions—and not a loose and perverted incoherency, such as results when a man submits himself to be fashioned merely or principally by circumstances. That want of a definite character which is so commonly observable in the generality, follows from a prior want of truthfulness in themselves. What Pope said sarcastically of women—that for the most part they had no character at all—seems to be true to a large extent of men. But there is no deep-laid necessity for this; for if a man would abide steadily by his instincts, and trust to the spontaneous action of his mind, his character would inevitably grow out of the laws of his being, even as the branches and foliage of a tree proceed out of its natural vitality. A man needs only to be strictly and emphatically himself, and he will not want character. By truly unfolding his latent capabilities, by wisely asserting through word and deed whatsoever his pure reason shall command, by so exercising his powers as to reflect faithfully his individual nature, he shall not fail to exhibit traits of originality, and show forth to the world what manner of man he is. If he will but think of it, he is verily here to do that. Why should he cramp his energies into a foreign shape when the authentic type of his existence is in himself? All this painful striving to appropriate the supposed graces and characteristics of another—this restless ridiculous ambition to be anything but what we are—serves only to pervert and dissipate the native force whereon all manful integrity is dependent. Let the private thought be trusted, follow the honest suggestions of your conscience, and earnestly endeavour to be what your best insight tends to make you. All great men have accepted the admonitions of their genius, and heedless of the suffrages or clamours of the inconsiderate, have unhesitatingly relied upon their inward sense of what was right and fitting to be by them spoken or performed. By no other method can any man attain to that noble unity of life and purpose which is ever his highest and worthiest distinction. He must be a faithful representative to the world of that inmost form of being which is centered in his consciousness, nor aspire after aught that is not natu-

ral to his faculties; for thus only can he testify of the Supreme intentions in creating him, and adequately fulfil his true relations to the universe.

Unfortunately all this may be admitted, and yet it will be felt that there are practical difficulties which oppose the aspirations we are enforcing. In society every man is but a part, not a whole: in youth his destiny has sent him into a career possibly not congenial with his faculties and tastes: and worse than this, considerations of self-interest—absolute means of existence—may oblige the most noble-minded to assume the tone and position of subserviency. We cannot legislate for exceptions to great rules. Our belief is, that, all things considered, there is infinitely greater scope for acting on native motives and self-original principles than the world usually gets credit for. At all events, let each person ask himself this—Shall I be a mere imitator, the slavish follower of the herd in all things, or shall I try to work out opinions and views of my own? With candid self-examination, how many might not attain distinction, or at least be greatly useful in their generation, instead of sinking into the nothingness, and it may be the vice, of imitation. What we want to see is effort—effort to inquire, and to act on the inquiry, 'What am I most competent to do?' Let us be fully assured, all exceptions to the contrary, that each man's vocation is prescribed and indicated by the nature of his talent. Endless, truly, are the obstructions whereby a man is hindered from adjusting himself rightfully to his work. Nevertheless, a certain work always belongs to him: namely, that which he can best do—that which affords him the highest and purest satisfaction when it is done. If any man is unconscious of a definite inclination towards any particular species of activity, but finds all, or nearly all, indifferent, it becomes him at least to do *well* that which falls at any time in his way. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do in the way of duty, do it with thy might.' By putting heart and conscience into his work, there is no labour which a man may not ennoble. But the channel through which he can most admirably communicate himself, by a successful use of his special aptitudes and powers, is the one to which he should boldly commit himself, and esteem as the course which will most effectually conduct him to highest welfare. Working thus in alliance and companionship with Nature, he is strong through the virtue of her strength, and is fortified by her invincibility: no honest effort of his can fail; but every stroke which he strikes manfully on the anvil of his fate shall weld his life in closer union with the life which is divine.

Let a man, then, take counsel of his own soul, and justify his appearance in the world by an austere reliance on his own character. Let him have due assurance that since he is born into the midst of things, and partakes of the breath of his generation, he has not been flung superfluously into time, but that the universe had need of him; since to him also a special work has been assigned,—namely, a new and original life to live. He shall not bend or cringe to any existing institution, or pay needless idolatry to any venerated name, but shall greet with a sovereign independence all accredited establishments and reputations, and by thought and act announce that here is a man who will summon all things to the bar of his own judgment. The pomps and solemnities of history and tradition must not be suffered to hide from him the fact of his inherent significance in the creation, nor shake his sublime conviction that, in every worthy and right endeavour, the Omnipotent effort worketh covertly through his hands. By stationing himself steadfastly upon his manhood, and maintaining inviolate



rarely lapsed into a smile; but ever bore about with him the conscious dignity of his high calling. Devout meditation was stamped on his fine brow: he was a profound scholar, and a finished gentleman; but though uniformly courteous and benevolent, I never felt at ease in his presence. It seemed as if he could have no sympathies in common with me; and my silly prattle ceased when Mr Evelyn's clear blue eye, so serenely cold, spoke, as I fancied, reproof to all levity. He was a faithful pastor, equally beloved by the poor and rich: to the former he proved a valuable 'friend in need' at all times, while the latter eagerly courted his society and advice.

During that long happy summer I was a continual source of annoyance and anxiety to Miss Bridget; for as health and strength returned, so did hoyden propensities and outrageous spirits: besides, the novelty of a country life excited my wildest delight, and I rushed about more like a young savage than a young lady. Torn frocks scrambling for wild flowers, torn hands plucking them, wet shoes and mudded stockings, were among the least of my mishaps; and had matters been no worse, and rested here, many months of suffering for myself, and anxiety for my kind friends, had been avoided. But despite admonitions and gentle warnings, received with derisive laughter on my part, and an obstinate determination to persevere in a wrong-headed course, I persisted in entering a meadow where a dangerous white bull grazed, to show my 'superiority to cowardice,' as I said. Once too often I ventured; the infuriated animal tossed me to the other side of the hedge, where I was found bleeding and insensible, one leg broken, and a deep gash over my left eyebrow. How tenderly I was nursed by Miss Bridget and Dame Folliman, and how bitterly did I reprove myself! During convalescence I was haunted by a nervous anxiety to hear the worst—to have the *lecture over*, which I knew was deserved, and I thought was in reservation for me. Repentant and humbled, I earnestly desired to obtain the pardon of Mr Evelyn and Miss Bridget; and one evening, when my heart was full, I told Folliman this, for my restless yearnings were unbearable. They had gone to visit some neighbours, and the dame and I were alone together.

'Oh, Folliman!' I exclaimed, 'what must they think of me, so kind and good as they are? When they were young, did they ever do foolish, silly things?'

'I do not think that Miss Bridget ever did a silly thing in her life, much less a sinful one, bless her dear heart!' Nurse spoke with much warmth, placing an emphasis on the words 'Miss Bridget.'

'But Mr Evelyn,' pursued I; 'he seems to be above all the weaknesses of our nature: will he believe my desire to amend, nurse; and that I am heartily ashamed of myself?'

'Set your mind at rest, Miss Anna,' responded Folliman: 'no one can feel for others as master does, because he has known a lifelong repentance for rashness committed in youth. I have had it in my mind to tell you the story when you grew better, because it will be a lesson to you for the remainder of your days: for the memory of your own sickness may pass away with the occasion of it; but when you think of Long Lowisford and dear Miss Bridget, I am sure in future years you will never be violent or headstrong again.' And so saying, Dame Folliman settled herself in an easy-chair preparatory to a long gossip. The substance of her narrative was as follows:—

Forty years ago, a large party were assembled at Dalton Park, the seat of Sir Reginald Dalton, in expectation of passing a joyous Christmas in the true old English style. Among the guests were Mr Evelyn and his nephew and niece, orphans tenderly brought up by that excellent man. Bridget was betrothed to Sir Reginald Dalton's eldest son, and the marriage was to be celebrated during the ensuing spring. There was a large family of Daltons, and only one daughter, a young lady about Miss Bridget's age. The boys were schoolfellows

and companions of Edward Evelyn, whom his uncle destined for the church, always fondly trusting that he would become steadier and less headstrong as he grew older and wiser.

Of a bold, reckless spirit was Edward then, pre-eminently handsome and active, and the leader in every mischievous prank attributed to the Daltons and others. Much concern and anxiety he gave his worthy uncle by his wild ways, for he heeded neither reproof nor warning; he liked to do a thing, or he wanted a thing—that was sufficient—and the selfish impulse must be instantly obeyed. Even his sister Bridget, whom he dearly loved, had no power to check or control his violent spirits; and there was another whose disposition and character were more akin to his own—the darling and only sister of many brothers—the dark-eyed, beautiful Helen Dalton; who, while admiring prowess and superiority in every form, took upon herself to admonish, chide, and rebuke her early playfellow, Edward Evelyn; for was she not his senior by two years? And in right of this seniority must not he receive the lectures thankfully and submissively? Whether Helen's mature age or sparkling orbs claimed dominion, is not certain; but that Edward frequently bowed to her decisions is so; though not unfrequently these high spirits clashed, when their mutual displeasure lasted long enough to make reconciliation sweet. It seemed not altogether improbable that at some future period the bond between the respective families might be cemented by another union besides that of Reginald and Bridget: the two fair girls, though opposite in many respects, were sisters in affection; and the more so, perhaps, because Reginald was dearer to his sister Helen than any of her other brothers. Nor was this partiality altogether inexcusable; for Reginald Dalton combined all those amiable qualities which in domestic life bind and cement endearing love so closely.

Bridget was ever hopeful as to her brother's future career; for he was a generous, warm-hearted fellow, despite his obstinate temper: his brilliant abilities unfortunately rendering steady application to study of secondary importance to him; he achieved, as if by instinct, what others plodded over at a snail's pace.

This Christmas party at Dalton Park, it may be imagined, was a merry one; though one thing the boys earnestly desired, yet which no human means could procure. This one thing wanting to complete their enjoyment was a frost; for there was a fine sheet of water in the park, and if that were but iced over, what splendid skating they could have! Edward was passionately fond of this pastime; and when a sharp frost did set in, and the earth was covered with snow, and the miniature lake with the much-wished-for ice, his delight knew no bounds.

'No skating to-day, boys,' said the baronet; 'for the water is deep—awfully deep—and I insist that no foot shall venture to cross it. To-morrow, if the frost continues, we shall see what can be done.'

Sir Reginald Dalton's taste was law with his sons; but Edward Evelyn felt chafed and indignant at his peremptory mode of speaking, and he burst into his sister's dressing-room, swelling with indignation, exclaiming—'I shall go on the lake to-day; he is no father of mine; and I won't be dictated to by him! Uncle has gone to S—, and there is nobody to forbid me, and I know the ice is strong enough for skating. Come, dear Biddy, you have your bonnet on; come and see me skate. Ah, what beautiful flowers you have here: I saw Reginald gathering them in the hothouse, and I guessed they were for you!'

'They are to place in my hair at the ball this evening, dear Ned,' said Bridget, archly smiling as she added, 'there are plenty more snowy camellias left, and Helen's jetty braids will set them off to advantage. Will you not present her with some, and leave the skating, dear, for the peaceful employment of flower-gathering?'

'Helen may gather them for herself, if she likes,' pouted Edward: 'she is as dictatorial as her father.'



course of slave-hunting; for the number paid to the king by the Mahees and other tributaries, together with the criminal offenders who are exported, forms but a small item in the gross amount.

'The king generally accompanies his army to these slave hunts, which he pursues for two or three months every year. Its miserable objects are weak and detached tribes, inhabiting countries adjacent to his dominions, and at distances from his capital varying from twelve to twenty-four days' march. A battle rarely occurs, and the loss in killed in such expeditions is not so great as is generally believed in England. The ordinary plan is to send out traders to act as spies; these carry their petty merchandise into the interior towns, and make their observations upon their means of defence.

'The trader returns after the lapse of some months, guiding the king's army, and instructing the leaders how they may surround and surprise the unsuspecting inhabitants, who are often thus captured on awakening in the morning. As resistance is punished by death, they generally prefer to yield themselves prisoners, and thus the king's victories are often bloodless. It is only when African kings, of nearly equal power, are ambitious to try their strength, that those wholesale slaughters take place which only terminate in the extermination of a people. Such contests, however, are rare; the African chief having a much greater relish for an easy and unresisting prey, whom he can convert into money, than for the glory of a victory which costs him the lives of his people; so at least it is with the king of Dahomey, who often returns to his capital without the loss of a man either of his own party or that of his enemy. He has on more than one occasion been repulsed by the Akus and the people of Aberkoutah; but in these and similar cases, where the resistance is likely to be strong and determined, his troops are led away before much slaughter has been done.

'After the surrender of a town, the prisoners are presented to the king by their captors, who are rewarded by the payment of cowries, of the value of a couple of dollars for each captive, who is henceforth the king's slave; but on his return to his capital after a successful enterprise, he is in the habit of distributing a number of these unfortunate creatures among his head men, and at the same time bestowing large sums as bounty to his troops. A selection is then made of a portion of the slaves, who are reserved for the king's employment; and the others are sent down to the slave merchant, who not unfrequently has already sold his goods on credit in anticipation of their arrival.

'An export duty of five dollars is paid upon each slave shipped from the king's dominions, even although the port of embarkation may not belong to him. It is a frequent practice to convey them by the lagoon either to the eastward, as Little Popo, or to westward, as Porto Nuovo, neither of which towns are in subjection to the king. He, however, has command of the lagoon leading to these places, and the duty must be paid previous to their embarkation upon it; so that from the export duty alone the king derives an annual sum of 40,000 dollars. But this is not all. The native dealer, who brings his slaves to the merchant, has also to pay duties on each slave at the different custom-house stations on their road to the barracoons. The amount paid at these stations it is more difficult to ascertain, as many of the slaves are the king's own property. A sum, however, of not less than 20,000 dollars may be set down for this item. If we estimate the annual number of slaves sold by the king himself at 3000, and reckon them at the present price of eighty dollars, we have an additional item of 240,000 dollars; thus making in all a revenue of 300,000 dollars derived annually from the slave trade.

'But this calculation, which is a near approximation to the truth, and is under rather than above the exact amount, does not by any means convey a just impression of the advantages which the king derives from the

slave trade. By the laws of his country he inherits the property of his deceased subjects; so that his head men and others who have been amassing property by this traffic, have only been acting as so many factors to the king, who receives at their death the fruits of the labour of a lifetime; a very small portion of the estate, in slaves and cowries, is generally returned to the natural heir, which serves as a species of capital for him to commence in like manner his factorship. Under a system so calculated to induce an apathetic indifference, the king contrives, by repeated marks of royal favour, and by appointments to offices of trust and emolument, to stimulate to industrious exertion the principal men of his kingdom. These appointments, moreover, become hereditary, and their holders form an aristocracy, with sufficient privileges to induce the ambition of entering its ranks.'

In the circumstances here stated, it will not appear surprising that Mr Cruickshank had undertaken an impossibility. On being introduced to the king of Dahomey, and expressing a hope that he would assent to a treaty to extinguish the slave trade on his coast, his majesty was very much at a loss how to reply. He was anxious to conciliate the British government; but on the other hand, the abandonment of the slave trade was pretty nearly equivalent to financial ruin. His majesty's excuses are admirable. 'His chiefs had had long and serious consultations with him upon the subject, and they had come to the conclusion that his government could not be carried on without it. The state which he maintained was great; his army was expensive; the ceremonies and customs to be observed annually, which had been handed down to him from his forefathers, entailed upon him a vast outlay of money. These could not be abolished. The form of his government could not be suddenly changed without causing such a revolution as would deprive him of his throne, and precipitate his kingdom into a state of anarchy. He was very desirous to acquire the friendship of England. He loved and respected the English character, and nothing afforded him such high satisfaction as to see an Englishman in his country, and to do him honour. He himself and his army were ready at all times to fight the Queen's enemies, and to do anything the English government might ask of him, but to give up the slave trade. No other trade was known to his people. Palm-oil, it was true, was now engaging the attention of some of them; but it was a slow method of making money, and brought only a very small amount of duties into his coffers. The planting of coffee and cotton had been suggested to him; but this was slower still. The trees had to grow, and he himself would probably be in his grave before he could reap any benefit from them. And what to do in the meantime? Who would pay his troops, or buy arms and clothing for them? Who would buy dresses for his wives? Who would give him supplies of cowries, of rum, of powder, and of cloth to perform his annual customs? He held his power by an observance of the time-honoured customs of his forefathers; and he would forfeit it, and entail upon himself a life full of shame, and a death full of misery, if he neglected them. It was the slave trade that made him terrible to his enemies, and loved, honoured, and respected by his people. How could he give it up? 'It had been the ruling principle of action with himself and his subjects from their earliest childhood. Their thoughts, their habits, their discipline, their mode of life, had been formed with reference to this all-engrossing occupation; even the very songs with which the mother stilled her crying infant told of triumph over foes reduced to slavery. Could he, by signing this treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people? It could not be. A long series of years was necessary to bring about such a change. He himself and his people must be made to feel the superior advantages of another traffic in an increase of riches, and of the necessities and luxuries of life, before they could be weaned from this trade. The expenses of the English government









lament for the approaching close of his ancient solitary reign. The interior of Dirlton Castle 'is the most intricate, shattered, and piquant thing in the shape of a ruin that ever invited an adventurer of the Radcliffe school. Galleries, staircases, recesses, bowers, halls of vaulted stone, turrets that rise not higher into the golden sky than its vaults sink deep into the pitchy earth, sullen wells, shattered niches, dismantled pillars, and fair and luxuriant trees, waving everywhere in their most finely-moulded chambers. The gorgeous and aromatic gillyflower glows here in lavish splendour. One room is very striking. It occupies the great round south-west tower, and is of course circular, is lighted by three windows, whose recesses, nine feet deep, have each groined ceilings, containing a huge fireplace, with carved columns and moulded cornice, and terminates in a stately alcove ceiling or cupola. The castle abounds in gateways, and there seems to have been court within court, some broad and turf, others tall and narrow as a well. I never saw a Scottish castle so spacious; nor in England one which, with no extraordinary architectural splendour to boast, possesses more attractive features than the basaltic seat, variegated fabric, and antiquated gardens of Dirlton Castle.'

Here is an old town hit off in a paragraph:—'A most romantic air of high antiquity she truly wears—clustering in broad towers and lofty steeples, and girdled by solemn and darkly-globose woods. I do not know when I have seen so striking an effect of architectural old age in a city—not in mitred St Andrews itself. The town stretches the tall and quaintly-gabled mansions of its main street along the southern brow of a steep hill. She then circles round its western ridge, and spreads her houses and gardens down the sides. Gray stone fronts, with blue and red roofs, promiscuously intermingled with tufts of verdure, form a highly-coloured raiment to the mound; and at its top the stately eminences of the High Street, like a mural coronet, spiked with slender shafts, look, glittering in the sun, down on a fertile plain. The dark and arching wrecks of the regal and abbatic buildings—frowning over a wilderness of gorgeous tinted foliage in the blue misty Glen of Pittencrief, close, with melancholy majesty, this solemn, yet splendid picture. Such is high old Dunfermline town!'

Rothsay Castle is sketched as boldly and as rapidly, and Elgin is satisfied with a few master-touches. 'The view of Elgin from the highway on the east is exceedingly impressive. The boldly-vaulted bridge in the foreground, baring its gray face among rich woods of ash and Oriental plane, makes a triumphal arch over the broad, crashing river. And at the back, monstrous in their magnificence, the two great steeples of the minster, with their tall gable and its grand window between them, together with the graceful octagon of the Chapter House, elevate their venerable bulk above the bridge and its green groves. Glooming against the coloured heavens behind them, that fill up each melancholy orifice, their sombre majesty associates well with the heavy gleams of a storm-foreboding sunset, and the thundery purple of those long, bleak hills. The solemn pomp of the principal objects, and the gorgeous colouring over all, together with the awful tranquillity heightened rather than infringed at intervals by the hollow gusts—(the light horse of the approaching tempest)—combined in a superb picture, over which the "lion port" of the gigantic cathedral reigned paramount.'

We can only refer to the description of Loch Leven Castle as being highly characteristic—some will think it amusingly so—of the writer's enthusiasm; but our space will afford nothing more than an abridged sketch of Falkland Palace. This 'is a highly-picturesque fabric, and, from its associations, absolutely fascinating; but if a man goes thither merely for architectural delights, why, then, a great square donjon, with broad turrets and notched gables, a façade of low and heavy structure, with massive cornice and thick cable mouldings, together with the peculiarity of dozens of

medallions between the buttresses, every buttress containing a statue with elaborate canopies and brackets, frowning turrets enringed with noisy jackdaws, and tall chimneys with quaintly-carved coronals, an assemblage of gorgeous but unwieldy decoration—will, it is to be feared, wofully disappoint him.

'The great hall is 100 feet long, and 40 broad, and its roof is redolent of the flattering remains of past royalty, and wretchedly false promises of future immortality. It is painted in ribbed compartments of azure, vermillion, and gold—in scrolls, in shields, in diadems, in mantles, in cyphers, in mottoes. . . . *Fleur de lis*, roses, and thistles, complete the faded decorations of the ceiling; in the centre of which is a large shield containing the arms of Scotland, England, and Ireland; the Red Lion being marshalled *first*, and England quartering France *second* in the escutcheon. I observed the portcullis and crown (the badge of the Tudor family), and the Prince of Wales's plume, with its motto of majestic humility—"Ich Dien." A grand gallery with five colossal windows looking northward extends parallel with this apartment. How like gilded motes in the sunbeam appear its departed companies to the imagination! Nothing but royalty breathes in the murky air: nothing but ermines and coronets break through the dismal arcade: no echoes but of royal command and courtly adulation flit beneath that high and dusky roof! Through the windows you may see the soft hills, sheltered villages, and tinted woods of Strath-Eden; just such a warm sun as this tinged the pale stubbles and green pastures with golden red when kingly eyes saw, but recked not of them. But within the towered palace, *within*—where be the lamps that, with richly-coloured lustre, caused the departed daylight to be forgotten?—where the pictures that made the lovely landscapes of Strath-Eden appear dull and tame?—where the bowered and pillared tapestries which, when men saw, they said, "Would Nature were as fair!"—where the majestic forms that dignified these scenes?—where the lustrous eyes that *defied* them! . . . The most striking feature of Falkland Palace is its cumbersome magnificence of mould; even its commanding towers look low from their bulk. To see the buildings, however, in all their picturesque variety—the roofless and the roofed, turret and hall, staircase and gateway, diamond lattices and gaping windows of rich sculptures, the brocades of barbaric carvings that lace its broad buttresses, and the reverend hue of solemn gray that its huge walls disclose; while birch and pine-trees of gigantic trunks and cluttered foliage are illumined by the calm evening sun-flame that floats upon the pile, and phalanxes of rooks hovering over the trees and towers, whose incessant cries scarcely permitted the shrill note of the martlet, or the deep soft tones of the cushat to be heard—thus to see Falkland Palace, makes desolation pompous, and imparts a glory to gloom.'

At the time and in the place we write, the easier classes are off we know not whither; and in lieu of them the streets are flooded with tourists from far and near, come to admire the objects that have palled upon the others. These new birds of passage are recognised by the healthy brown of their complexions, and by their apparel a little wild and uncitizy; but more especially by the guide-book which they carry, like an official baton, in their hand. An English tourist always goes to work in a business-like manner. His pleasure is occupation. He is careful of matters of fact, and checks his book just as he does his hotel bill. Indeed we think there is 'something too much of this;' for in watching details, he may forget impressions, and for the sake of a cold correctness in things of little moment, sacrifice much both of the enjoyment and advantage of the journey. To such travellers, but more especially to the cheap excursionists, who have not time for details, a work like the one we are noticing is wholesome reading. It gives the moral colouring of the object, and informs with spirit what would otherwise be only inert matter.



make his application, which he had never done, or, at least, not persisted so long as he did, but out of respect and compliance with the sense of that worthy family, which continually encouraged him to proceed. Never was lady more closely besieged with wooers. As many as five younger brothers sat down before her at one time; and she held them in hand, as they say, giving no definitive answer to any one of them till she cut the thread; and after a clamular proceeding, and match with a jolly knight of a good estate, she dropped them all at once, and so did herself and them justice.

'There were,' says the partial biographer, 'many comical passages in this wooing, which his lordship, without much pleasantry, used to remember; and however fit for a stage, would not muster well in a historical relation.' He mentions, too, that nothing but the desire of keeping well with an influential family 'could have held him in harness so long; for it was very grievous to him that had his thoughts upon his client's concerns, which came in thick upon him, to be held in a course of bo-peep play with a crafty widow.' Yet the most truly commercial adventure was the third, which is described thus by the affectionate brother:—'Another proposition came to his lordship by a city broker, from Sir John Lawrence, who had many daughters, and those reputed beauties; and the fortune was to be £6000. His lordship went and dined with the alderman, and liked the lady, who, as the way is, was dressed out for a muster. And coming to treat, the portion shrunk to £5000; and upon that his lordship parted, and was not gone far before Mr Broker (following) came to him and said, "Sir John would give £500 more at the birth of the first child;" but that would not do, for his lordship hated such screwing. Not long after this despatch his lordship was made solicitor-general, and then the broker came again with news that Sir John would give £10,000. "No," his lordship said; "after such usage, he would not proceed if he might have £20,000." So ended that affair, and his lordship's mind was once more settled in tranquillity.'

'It is said that marriages are made in heaven,' is the next remark of the biographer—a singular one certainly to follow such mercenary doings. It refers to the ultimate matrimonial fate of the Lord-Keeper, who married a woman not only of birth and fortune, but of such affection and amiability, as his hard selfish nature did not deserve. Lord Campbell, in his 'Lives of the Chancellors,' says of North that 'he had as much law as he could contain.' And it certainly seems to have filled him so completely, as to exclude every generous feeling and refined sentiment.

#### FREDERIKA BREMER AND HER COMPEERS.

THE vigorous and poetic mind of Scandinavia was, until a few years ago, a sealed book to our literary world in England. The very names of its popular authors were unknown among us; and had it not been for the charming life-pictures of Frederika Bremer, this ignorance might haply have prevailed even to the present hour. Her tale of 'The Neighbours,' on its first appearance in an English dress, was hailed with universal delight, not merely on account of its freshness and originality, but also as making us acquainted with domestic life under an aspect which had heretofore been comparatively unknown to us. This enthusiasm concerning Miss Bremer's writings has not yet abated, so that each of her works, on its publication in England, is instantaneously sought after and devoured by persons of all ages and of all shades of opinion.

Frederika Bremer has had the good fortune not only to win popularity and esteem for herself, but also to create a general interest in behalf of the literature of her native country, so that translated copies of Swedish poets and historians now obtain a place on the shelves of our public as well as our private libraries and are

inquired for with avidity by the ordinary class of intelligent readers.

Some slight notice of this accomplished writer, as well as of one or two of her literary countrywomen, may not be unacceptable to our readers. But before speaking of them, we must premise that it is no new thing for Swedish women to indulge a taste for literary composition. So early as the reign of Gustavus III., Hedwig Charlotte Nordenflycht was so renowned for her poetic talent, that she was sometimes named Urania, sometimes Sappho, by her admiring countrymen. And, in truth, her poetry possessed fully as much merit as any that has been transmitted to us by her contemporaries of the other sex.

It was, however, only in our present century that the real life of female authorship began in Sweden.

Far above all others stands Julia Christina Nyberg, better known in her own country by the name of Euphrosyne. Her lyrical productions are full of womanly grace and purity, and evidently spring forth from a heart which breathes the deepest and truest feeling. Her *Legend of St Christopher*, which is to be found in Atterborn's 'Almanac of the Muses' for 1822, may be ranked among the best specimens of Swedish poetry. We cannot speak quite so favourably of the tones which Dorothea Dunkel, Anna Lengren, and Eleonora Alsedyll have drawn from their lyres; neither do we admire the romances of Charlotte Berger (born Gräffn Cronhielm), who walks forth in the field of fiction on those gigantic stilts of pathos which are but too fashionable at present among the novel-writers of a neighbouring country. But instead of lingering among the authoresses who are less pleasing to our taste, we will turn to the trefoil of talent formed by the Ladies Bremer, Flygare, and Knorring, who have shared among them the delineation of quiet citizen-life, of lively village scenes, and of the more glittering world of drawing-room society.

Frederika Bremer was born in the year 1802. After the death of her father, she inhabited Stockholm for a while, and afterwards spent some time with a friend in Norway. She now dwells with her mother and sister close to the northern gate of Stockholm, passing her summers at a neighbouring estate called Arsta. It is said that she has portrayed her parent in the venerable and singular lady who occupies the foreground in her recent tale entitled 'The Midnight Sun,' wherein also her fair younger sister is beautifully sketched as the suffering yet lovely 'Innermost.' This sister is watched over by Miss Bremer like some fragile plant, which needs all the sunshine of life to make it bloom in freshness and beauty; and it is from the outpouring of her own unselfish heart that Frederika Bremer has given such living pictures of sisterly love and care.

It would be idle to speak here of her works, for they are in everybody's hands; and the merits of her principal personages are discussed with as much freedom in society as if they were our next-door neighbours, or our intimate acquaintances. But our readers will like to know what sort of being in her outer aspect is the lady who has given us such charming pictures of other women. That one who has already passed the boundary-line of middle age should long since have lost the freshness of youth, is self-evident to all; but we wish it were allowed us to add, that some traces of loveliness were still visible about her person, for we are conscious of an instinctive disappointment when the whole human being is not at harmony with itself, when a lofty intellect and a pure imagination are not embodied in a fair and noble exterior. Miss Bremer, however, is decidedly plain. Her spare, fallow features are, however, lighted up by a look full of intelligence and sweetness, and her meagre form is set off by the neat simplicity of her attire. There is perhaps somewhat of the teacher in her aspect—a certain staid and measured glance, which is often perceptible in those who are accustomed to watch over and to check the waywardness of youth. Yet this sort of formality does not destroy the intellectual kindness









of these harmless sports! And these are the fruits which our strict professors have brought into the world! I know not how they may boast of their faith (for indeed they are pure professors!), but sure I am they have banished all charity.—*Goodman's Fall of Man.*

## CINDERELLA.

BY MRS ORLEBAR.\*

WE extract a few stanzas from a metrical version of the story of Cinderella, distinguished by much feminine grace and elegance. Cinderella (the name so corrupted from Ella) is beautifully womanish, whether drudging for her harsh sisters, or fluttering through the prince's ball. Here is her second appearance at the ball:—

'Soon has the monarch hailed his guest  
With gracious smile and greeting bland;  
And now the prince his suit has pressed,  
And won for every dance her hand.  
High 'neath the gorgeous dome are swelling  
The tones of music; taste and art  
In many a rich disguise are telling  
How ladies change at will their part.

But, like the spark of varying light  
In those pale opals round her hair,  
And like the floating robe of white  
That caught all hues unkindled there;  
Herself the same, to each she seemed  
A vision of that brightest thing  
He e'er had mourned on earth, or deemed  
Might spread o'er life an angel's wing.

The mother thought her like her child,  
All beauteous, hurried to the tomb—  
On her the aged chieftain smiled,  
And saw his wife in virgin bloom.  
Prince Edred's thoughts enchanted trace  
His boyhood's dream in Ella's eyes,  
And mark each shade of woman's grace,  
His manlier soul has learnt to prize.

That night in many a mirror tall,  
The sisters oft their dress surveyed—  
Admiring glances on them fall  
For well was Ella's skill displayed.  
But now, while all around them float  
The stateliest forms of pomp and pride,  
With jealous pang again they note  
The lovely stranger by their side.

Still near the baron would she come,  
And win for him the prince's smile;  
Then speak to Sybil of her home,  
With playful art and gentle wile:  
Who that had seen her waiting last,  
A handmaid at her haughty call,  
Shrinking from anger's blighting blast,  
Had known the Beauty of the Ball?

The close of these entertainments, our readers are aware, is always abrupt for the fairy-decked lady:—

'She sang, and while Prince Edred heard,  
He felt as though a finer sense  
Of music's power within him stirred,  
In soul-awaking eloquence:  
For she had caught all natural tones  
That swell our English woods among;  
Her voice was soft as the last low moans  
Of the storm, and clear as the blackbird's song.

She ceased, but terror blanched her cheek,  
The clock slow echoed to her lay;  
And like some form that might not speak,  
Through wondering crowds she fled away—  
She gained her car, the train was high,  
The pages on their queen attend;  
How rapidly—how silently  
Their homeward way they wend!

Yet ere she reached the garden gate,  
Her hair unbound—the dress she wore  
Ill matched her slippers, glancing late  
Like sunbeams on the palace floor;  
Back creep the lizards to their hole—  
Gourd, bulrush, poppy, withering fall;  
And home the frightened maiden stole,  
To wait within that gloomy hall.

When she follows her sisters to another fête, she is the expected star of the evening:—

'They went: but 'neath the palace dome  
Was all prepared for one alone.  
Her time of triumph now was come,  
And bright the crystal slippers shone.  
The love within her bosom shrined,  
Had moulded with its plastic power  
The form that answered to the mind,  
Like music, played in passion's hour.

Her girdle flashed with gems of light  
Brought by some gnome from Eastern mine;  
One wild rose decked her royal knight,  
Worn where his star was wont to shine.  
The ball-room seemed a fairy scene  
Enchanted by a lover's spell;  
A thousand lamps, green leaves between,  
Glowed round the motto, "*Tout pour Elle.*"

Yet on her voice Prince Edred hung  
As though no royal suitor he.  
She starts, for through the vines has rung  
A peal of fairy melody!  
"Oh stay me not—my hour is gone!"  
From hall to hall fear wings her flight,  
The prince bewildered follows on:  
Has Ella vanished in the night?

She dropt one slipper as she ran,  
He did but stoop to win the prize;  
Of all the courtiers not a man  
Can tell where last she met his eyes.  
"Ho, guards!—ho, idlers round the gates!  
Which way has gone the Fairy Queen?"  
No lady passed—no chariot waits—  
No trace of all the train is seen.

"A girl ran by in russet weed;"  
"Here shone the ear;" "A page stood there;"  
"This bulrush lies where pranced his steed!"  
"Tush," said the prince, "such tales forbear."  
Well was it that some pitying fay  
Led Ella to her father's home,  
Or never had she tracked the way  
That late so radiant she had come.

The lost slipper, as in the original, is the means of identifying the radiant creature of the ball with the slave of the two tyrannical sisters; and a very charming little poem ends with the triumph of love, meekness, family affection, and generosity—the feminine virtues.

## THE EFFECT OF CHARCOAL ON FLOWERS.

About a year ago I made a bargain for a rose-bush of magnificent growth and full of buds. I waited for them to blow, and expected roses worthy of such a noble plant, and of the praises bestowed upon it by the vender. At length, when it bloomed, all my hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded colour, and I discovered that I had only a middling multiflora, stale-coloured enough. I therefore resolved to sacrifice it to some experiments which I had in view. My attention had been captivated with the effects of charcoal, as stated in some English publications. I then covered the earth in the pot in which my rose-bush was about half an inch deep with *pulverised charcoal*! Some days after I was astonished to see the roses, which bloomed of as fine a lively rose colour as I could wish! I determined to repeat the experiment; and therefore, when the rose-bush had done flowering, I took off the charcoal, and put fresh earth about the roots. You may conceive that waited for the next spring impatiently to see the result of this experiment. When it bloomed, the roses were, as at first, pale and discoloured; but by applying the charcoal as before, the roses soon resumed their rosy red colour. I tried the powdered charcoal likewise in large quantities upon my petunias, and found that both the white and the violet flowers were equally sensible to its action. It always gave great vigour to the red or violet colours of the flowers, and the white petunias became veined with red or violet tints; the violets became covered with irregular spots of a bluish or almost black tint. Many persons who admired them thought that they were new varieties from the seed. *Yellow flowers*, as I have proved, insensible to the influence of the charcoal.—*Paris Horticultural Review.*

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silent tears dropping from her eyes, looked absorbed in hopeless distress.

'Bessie, Bessie, what shall we do?' she exclaimed, as her daughter knelt, and threw her arms round her: 'what will become of us?'

'Oh, mother, what is the matter? What has happened?' returned Bessie, her own tears beginning to flow in sympathy and alarm. 'Oh, dear! I thought to find you all so comfortable to-night!'

'Ay, and so we might have been,' answered the mother in a tone of heartbroken despondency—'only for him—for your father, Bessie! How could he do it?'

'Mother, mother, what *has* he done?' exclaimed the terrified girl, all horrible visions of crime starting up before her.

'He has taken away my work, Bessie—my work, that I hoped to get so much for—and he has pawned it for drink—I don't know where; and he beat me like a dog when I begged of him to tell me where it was. And the master wanted it, and I hadn't it for him; and oh he was angry—and no wonder; only it's hard upon me, Bessie. And he says the waistcoats are worth two pounds, and he'll have them, or their worth, if he takes my bed from under me. Then I owe our landlord for a fortnight's rent; for I didn't pay last week, thinking I should be so much better off this. And I haven't a penny in the house for the children's food; they've been nigh famished as it is, for the waistcoats were almost the first work I did. And now where I am to look for money or work I don't know, or how I am ever to pay this dreadful debt: my poor little ones will all be starving about me. How shall I bear it? And then to think who has brought all this upon me. Oh, Bessie, it almost breaks my heart!'

'This is trouble indeed, indeed,' sobbed poor Bessie, as she leant against her mother's shoulder: 'I little thought of finding you like this as I came along. But, mother dear, you mustn't be quite cast down: put your trust in your Heavenly Father, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falleth to the ground.'

'Ay, Bessie dear; but it's hard to put such trust in Him, when nothing but trouble is to be seen. I'm sure I try; but it's very hard, my child.'

'Yes, it is hard, mother; yet who else shall we trust in? And, mother, here are my wages for to-day and to-morrow, and who knows what Monday may bring? Aren't we bid in such times as these to take no thought for the morrow, for sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof?'

Mrs Abbott pressed her child more closely without reply, and those of the children who were old enough to understand what passed, gathered reverently round to listen to Bessie's words, as she continued her attempts to console her mother. Nearly an hour passed in this manner, and at last Bessie's earnest, hopeful persuasions so far prevailed on her mother, as to excite a feeling of trustful resignation; and with lighter heart the girl began the children's Saturday night's ablutions, while her mother went out to make the necessary purchases of food; and when, on the return of the latter, the hungry little ones were regaled with a large piece of bread, trouble seemed for a while forgotten. However, Bessie, when she had, as she expressed it, 'cleaned all up,' was obliged to depart; and after a tearful adieu, she was once more hurrying through the streets, which she had so lately traversed with such different feelings. 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow,' she mused as she reached her abode. 'We may well always remember that: we little thought last week when we were so pleased about the work, what trouble it would bring.'

Sunday morning came, and the sound of pleasant bells; but to Bessie it differed from other mornings only so far as her own thought made a Sabbath around her, for she could not go out until the evening; and she had even more to do on that day than on the other six, especially as her mistress, who rarely attended church herself, was always at hand to find fault. Many were the sad thoughts she bestowed on her mother's troubles

during the day; and when at last she was able to set out for church, under strict injunctions to return immediately on the close of the service, she was depressed in spirits more than she had ever before felt in her life.

The service came to a close, and Bessie in a quiet mind left the church, and slowly and thoughtfully walked homewards. She was one of the last who came out; and as she walked across the wide churchyard to the least-frequented gate, she struck her foot against something, which yielded to her step, and returned a rattling sound. She stooped to pick up the object, and it proved a well-filled purse; the bright beads and tassels glittered in the half light of an autumn evening, and its weight and rotundity showed it well supplied. Bessie stood positively breathless for a moment in the excess of her joy; she felt a dizzy rush in her head, and for a moment all surrounding objects seemed to swim before her; then clasping her hands in a mute aspiration of thankfulness, she recovered full possession of her faculties, and began to examine the treasure.

'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!' she counted—'seven pounds! Oh, to think of mother, how delighted she will be! Why, this will pay all, and buy I can't tell what beside. Oh how happy I am! And what is this?' she continued, as she took from the other end a roll of soft paper. 'Why, these must be bank-notes, like that miss's gave change for once: why, they must be worth I can't tell how much. Here are one, two, three, four of them, and that one miss's got was worth five pounds itself. What shall we do with so much money? I'll read what's on these notes, however.' So, approaching a lamp just inside the gate, she with some difficulty deciphered the amounts of the notes, of which two were for fifty pounds, the other two respectively for five-and-twenty. 'It's quite a fortune,' she murmured in a low, reverential tone, as she tried to grasp the idea of so many pounds. 'What a happy thing for me, and how sad for the person who lost it!' Here the current of Bessie's rapturous thoughts received a sudden check; the smile faded from her lips, and she remained silently looking on the pretty purse with a perplexity amounting to distress. 'Oh me, but it is not mine!' she continued, her thoughts finding vent in a half-articulate form. 'This belongs to somebody, who is as sorry to lose it as I am pleased to find it. Oh, what must I do? I wish I had never seen it. Must I give it up just when we want it so? And then it was lying in my way, and nobody near who could have dropped it.' Poor Bessie! the struggle between conscience and want was very severe. She tried hard for a little while to convince herself that she had a right to what she found on a highway, but her principles were too strong to allow of such self-deception; and besides, in testing the matter by the golden rule, she felt that if she had dropped her two shillings on the previous night, she should have been very indignant with any finder claiming a right to them. 'No, I have no business with it indeed,' she murmured, as the tears of disappointment started to her eyes. 'But, however, surely I may keep just one or two of these pounds?—the person who lost this must be very rich, and would never miss them; surely I may have just two pounds for my finding it, and that would put poor mother out of her trouble?' Just at this moment these words, which she had lately heard, darted into her mind like a gleam of light, 'Thou, God, seest me!' 'Oh, what am I thinking of?' she exclaimed, frightened by her own thoughts: 'isn't it all just one as stealing? Let me put this out of my sight as soon as I can, lest I should be too much tempted: I won't keep it an hour.' So, resolutely concealing the temptation, Bessie set off at her quickest pace to the police-station, where she resolved to deposit the money immediately, for the twofold purpose of securing herself against temptation, and of affording the owner the best opportunity for recovering the lost property. When she told her errand to the officer at the station, he looked at her from head to foot with some surprise.



paper to a sketch of the intellectual and material engine to which society and civilisation owe so much; and after some pondering as to the simplest and most comprehensive course to be adopted, we have come to the resolution—first, of enumerating and describing the several parts of the machine in detail, and then after putting them into gear, and setting the whole in motion, of directing attention to the general working, and of explaining the motive forces and the plan of operation of the entire mechanism.

All the London daily-newspaper establishments are situated either upon or close to the great artery of communication between the City and the West End. Some of those grimy-looking news-manufactories are patent to the street, others skulk in dingy and obscure alleys, as though attempting to carry out, even in their local habitations, that grand principle of the anonymous which, rightly or wrongly, is held to constitute not only the power, but the very essence and soul of English journalism.

The vast body of the employés of a London journal may be divided into six grand categories or departments, it being, however, understood that in some cases these departments blend, to a little extent, with each other, and that those individuals who, as it were, stand upon the confines, occasionally undertake somewhat mixed duties. There is, first, the important and all-supporting typographic department, numbering perhaps somewhere about sixty individuals. Then there is the commercial department, occupied in the business-conduct of the paper, in attending to the due supply of the requisite material for all the other branches, in receiving and arranging the advertisements, in managing the publication, and keeping the general accounts of the whole establishment. This department, including those more or less connected with advertising agencies, &c. may furnish employment for about a dozen of persons. We then come to the reporting establishment. Of this the principal branch is the parliamentary corps, a body averaging from twelve to sixteen members: next them may be classed the law reporters, who attend regularly in the several courts, and who may come to some half-dozen more: in the same category we may perhaps include the regular and authorised correspondents of the paper in the principal provincial towns and outposts: and our account would be manifestly incomplete did we leave out of sight the vast cloud of irregular and unengaged reporters, who supply a great portion of the every-day London news, including the proceedings at the minor courts—particularly the police-offices—the inquests, the ‘melancholy accidents,’ the ‘alarming conflagrations,’ the ‘extraordinary coincidences,’ and the like. This body of men, although few or none of its members have any real tangible footing upon the periodical press, yet play no inconsiderable part in supplying it with its miscellaneous home intelligence. They form, as our readers have no doubt divined, the often-talked-of class, called by themselves ‘general reporters’ or ‘occasional contributors,’ but known to the world as ‘penny a-liners.’ Next in the order in which we are proceeding we may reckon the important and expensive department of foreign correspondence—a department the extent and importance of which have very much increased since the commencement of the present continental disturbances. A glance at any London journal will show that, besides having a fixed correspondent in almost every European capital of importance, there is hardly a seat of war unattended by a representative of the metropolitan press. Wherever, indeed, gunpowder is fired in anger, a letter to a great English newspaper is pretty certain to pop out of the smoke. Proceeding with our list, we approach the editorial department, including not only the actual executive editors, but the corps of original writers—the mysterious authors of the ‘leaders,’ and the gentlemen whose pens, shunning politics, are devoted to the chronicling and analysis of the fine arts, the drama, and

literature. Here we tread upon somewhat slippery ground. As we have said, the principle of the anonymous is kept up with very remarkable strictness in the leading journals; and even those who are tolerably well behind the scenes in other respects, may still know little of the grand arcanum involved in the authorship of the leading articles. No doubt the paternity of some of these is tolerably well known in press circles. Sometimes the internal evidence of style or particular opinion betrays a writer: in other instances tolerable guesses and approximations are formed; but in, we should say, the great majority of cases the authorship of a leader is absolutely unknown to nineteen-twentieths of the employés of the newspaper in which it appears. In making this assertion, it is understood that we speak of the principal daily journals alone—of those the leading articles of which are not generally written by the actual acting editor, or in the establishment at all. As regards theatrical and musical critiques, there is no great secrecy observed: indeed it would be almost impossible to do so, when every second *habitué* of the theatre or the concert-room can point to the representatives of the different morning papers present. In the reviewing department the case is somewhat similar: no great attempt at secrecy is made here either. The task is frequently shared by those gentlemen of the parliamentary corps who have most literary taste and ability; and we may add, that these are also frequently deputed to attend such festivals or occurrences of public interest as demand a certain degree of descriptive and narrative talent.

We have now catalogued the five principal divisions into which the intellectual and manual labour of a morning newspaper is thrown, and we may add a sixth general department, including the class which may be described as more strictly the servants of the establishment—the day and night porters, the messengers, the couriers employed upon foreign service, and generally the host of supernumeraries who hang on the outskirts of a great newspaper establishment.

Having thus cursorily run over the different parts of the machine, we proceed more narrowly to describe their individual conformation. The typographical department comprehends, as we have said, about sixty compositors. Among their ranks are to be found the very best, the most intelligent, and the most expeditious printers in London or the world. They are paid by the piece; and a few of them earn not less than from L.3 to L.4 per week. From L.2, 10s. to L.3 is, however, we believe, the general amount of their wages. The task of a morning paper compositor commences about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and is continued until the paper is ‘put to bed,’ as the technical phrase goes, between four and five o'clock in the morning; but occasionally his labours are even still further protracted. When an important foreign express is expected—the Overland Mail, for example—he either remains hanging about the establishment, ready at an instant's warning to commence operations upon the looked-for news, or flings himself down, all dressed, either in his lodgings or a neighbouring tavern, prepared instantly to hurry back to the office should a breathless messenger warn him that the ‘Overland is in.’ A useful peculiarity of the morning paper compositor is the extraordinary skill with which he deciphers the vile congregations of pothooks and hangers with which he is frequently called upon to deal. Imagine, for example, half-a-dozen columns of report of an important country meeting, scribbled in red-hot haste, and in pencil, by two or three reporters during their transit from Liverpool or Exeter by an express train; fancy this crumpled-up mass of half-effaced, half-unintelligible scribbling deciphered, set up in type, and corrected, within a few minutes over an hour! Yet such an exploit is by no means without a parallel in the offices of the London morning newspapers. For the rapidity with which news is set before the readers of a journal they are much indebted to the compositors.





We now come to the irregular reporting troops, the penny-a-liners. There are perhaps fifty or sixty people in London who get their living solely by casual contributions of articles of news to the press. The body is an odd compound of all manner of waifs and strays from society, and more remarkable, we fear, for enterprise and impudence in the pursuit of its calling, than for either honesty or ability. The only notion which many worthy folks in London have of the *personnel* of the press is gleaned from the penny-a-liners, who suddenly start up, no one knows how or whence, upon every occasion which gathers a group of people together, boldly proclaiming themselves to be the representatives of the press, and seldom doing it much credit either by their appearance or their manners. Many a good man and able has indeed made his first advances to journalism through humble penny-a-lining, but no man of ability remains long in the ranks. The great body of penny-a-liners are either dissipated and discarded reporters, who have drunk themselves out of station and respectability, or a wonderful *omnium gatherum* of uneducated and illiterate men, who have been flung out of the ordinary range of mechanical or semi-mechanical employments, and have, somehow or other—one by one accident, one by another—fallen back upon the precarious and Bedouin-like existence of penny-a-liners. Of course the 'occasional reporter' is only paid for those portions of his contributions which actually appear in print; and, on an average, not one-tenth of the mass of 'flimsy' manuscripts received every night by the sub-editors of the morning papers is accepted and printed. The 'flimsy' in question is the technical name for penny-a-line copy, derived from the thin tissue paper which the 'manifold' writing apparatus always used necessitates the employment of. A penny-a-liner always sends duplicates of his intelligence to all the morning papers, so that he has occasionally the good-luck to be paid several times over for the same paragraphs, and that at the rate of a penny-halfpenny, not, as his name would imply, a penny per line. A penny-a-liner may therefore, it is evident, upon such occasions as a 'good fire' or a 'good murder'—both common phrases with the craft—make a much more profitable week's work than the regular-salaried reporter can hope for. We have known instances in which from £30 to £40 have been cleared by a penny-a-liner in a single week. But in general the brotherhood are terribly improvident. They spend their money as fast, or faster, than they make it, and seldom or never have anything laid by for the quiet, and, to them, unlucky intervals when no political agitation causes good crops of meetings, and when there happens to be a happy dearth of accidents and offences. Then come the times for fabricated intelligence. Inquests are reported which are never held, and neighbourhoods are flung 'into a state of the utmost alarm and excitement' by catastrophes which no one but the penny-a-liner himself ever dreamt of. We remember Mr Wakley publicly stating that upwards of a dozen inquests were reported in one day as having taken place under his presidency, not one of which he ever held! The occasion which elicited this statement was a remarkable one. The suicide of a young girl, who had been seduced and abandoned with her child, was reported, and adorned with so many touching and really romantic circumstances, that public curiosity and sympathy were strongly excited. We well remember, on the night when the intelligence was handed in—in 'flimsy' of course—to a daily paper, hearing the sub-editor—a gentleman, by the way, well known to the readers of this Journal—exclaim, in allusion to one of the letters given, 'See, there is perfectly touching and human pathos: not the greatest master of fiction who ever lived could have struck off anything half so exquisite in its simple truth to nature as the ill-written letter of this poor, uneducated girl.' In two or three days the whole story was discovered to be a fabrication! And yet in all probability our friend the then sub-editor was right.

These fabricated stories are seldom or never the invention of their concoctors: they are simply copied from some forgotten file of newspapers, or some obscure colonial journal, and adapted to London life and customs. Of course every effort is made by the conductors of journals to prevent their being duped in this manner, but they cannot always help themselves. They have no hold over the penny-a-liners but by systematically rejecting their communications; and if a fellow who has been detected in a fraud finds his copy 'tabooed,' he either makes an arrangement with a friend for the use of his name, or starts a new appellation altogether, under which he either makes a new character, or remains in an undistinguished position until the old offence has blown over or been forgotten.

The best characteristic quality of the penny-a-liners is their matchless perseverance and energy in the pursuit of materials for paragraphs. Does a conflagration break out?—they are in the midst of the firemen; does a remarkable crime take place?—they regularly install themselves in the locality; often they outnumber the group of individuals which forms the 'numerous and respectable meeting' they report. Railway accidents afford them rich harvests. They find out cases of suicide in a way little short of miraculous; and hardly a day passes which does not yield them a 'remarkable coincidence' or an 'extraordinary catastrophe.' Altogether, the penny-a-liners are about the most irregularly-paid, the most hard-working, and the most scampily-living set of individuals in her Majesty's dominions.

We have loitered at some length over the reporting department, which is, in sooth, one of the most interesting connected with a daily paper, and we must despatch the foreign correspondents with a hastier notice. Our readers can well understand that theirs is a department which has of late been quite turned upside down. In the old peaceful days, Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, and Augsburg, were the principal ports of continental correspondence. Now-a-days, of course, a newspaper must have its agents swarming over Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Bay of Biscay to the Sea of Azof. The duties of a Parisian correspondent, the grand centre to which the others were always subsidiary, were of a kind requiring watchfulness rather than hard work. Paris, as the centre and radiating point of continental politics, was constantly becoming the sudden seat of unexpected news, which it was the duty of the correspondent instantly to forward, often by special courier or pigeon-express to London. The routine of duty was by no means oppressive. The concoction of a short summary of the news of the day; the extraction of copious translations of the morning papers, furnished in the friendly pages of 'Galignani'; and perhaps a visit to the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangères*, or that of the *Ministre de l'Intérieur*, where official and private information could always be got by those who knew the right way of going to work. This generally formed the day's routine of duty. The real pressure of the work, however, lay in the extreme watchfulness required, and the constant liability of the correspondent to be called upon to decide whether such and such an item of intelligence, as it transpired, was or was not worth the expense of a special courier or a flight of pigeons to London. Now-a-days, of course, the couriers are being superseded by the railways, and the use of pigeons, over one part of the journey at all events, by the electric telegraph. Nor will the most casual student of the daily newspapers fail to perceive how much more copious is the letter of the Paris correspondent than it used to be. Of the many in France who curse the late revolution, none have more cause to do so than 'our own correspondent.' The 'war' reporters form quite a new class, which has of course risen with the exigencies of the times. More than one of the gentlemen, however, who are now enlightening the English public upon the chances and changes of the Italian and Hungarian wars, have seen hot work in the Carlist campaigns in Spain, and have had a few tolerably narrow escapes



rise until two o'clock, so every quarter of an hour sets a fresh hand to work. As three o'clock approaches, the master-printer gets nervous, and begins to think of the early trains: the gentlemen of the gallery are directed to cut down at all hazards, and close up their reports: the last selection is made of the 'matter' which must be flung over either until next day, or entirely. Shortly after three the outside half of the sheet is at press, for the machine-men have been getting up the steam on the engine for the last couple of hours: the last touches are hurriedly given to the 'leaders' and the 'latest intelligence'; and by half after five o'clock, fast express-carts are flying with the reeking sheets to the terminus of every railway, to be scattered over Britain as fast as panting steam can carry them!

### GRANDMAMA.

THERE are no real old grandmamas now; the race has gone out. All old ladies of the present time have smart caps with flowers, lace collars, and bracelets; but the grandmama whom I remember wore a mourning dress, a white handkerchief pinned in folds over her bosom, a black crape hood, clear white apron, and low-cut velvet shoes. Her out-door costume was a *mode* bonnet and cloak trimmed with bear-skin, with the addition, in winter, of a muff and tippet of the same frightful fur; and in walking, she leant on a gold-headed cane. What a delight it was to visit her as a child! the awful mysterious feeling of seeing the fingers of the clock pointing to ten at night, and we not in bed! the breakfast of coffee and muffins, the drinking tea in the parlour, and the absence of lessons, all united to make a visit to grandmama the happiest event of childhood. The clock above-mentioned was the wonder of my young life: at the moment the hour struck, a small door flew open, and out burst a little wooden bird, calling 'Cuckoo—cuckoo!' until the striking ceased, when the door shut as suddenly as it had opened, and the clock ticked on as quietly as if nothing had happened. When older, I took great delight in hearing stories of her youth; and as her reminiscences extended over seventy-five years, and she was blessed with a most retentive memory, her tales were like dipping into an old magazine, beginning at the year 1745.

She remembered the Rebellion perfectly; and how the rebels stole the tongue of the chapel bell near her father's house to melt for bullets. She had danced at George III.'s coronation ball; and because the hair-dresser was in great demand, each lady's head requiring two hours to dress, hers was done over-night, and she was propped up in bed for fear of disarranging the fabric. The town near which she lived was remarkable for its attachment to the Stuarts, and many of its inhabitants joined the ill-fated expedition that terminated so disastrously at Culloden. In the barbarous spirit of the times, when law was terror, and punishment vengeance, the heads of several ringleaders were impaled on the Exchange of their native town, and amongst the rest the two sons of an eminent physician residing there. She said it was a touching sight to see the white-haired, venerable father, as long as he lived, take off his hat, regardless of the weather, and remain uncovered whenever he came in sight of the ghastly remains that had once been so dear to him. To this day, when any of the Stanleys pass through Church Gate in Bolton, they uncover their heads in respect to the memory of James, seventh Earl of Derby, who was beheaded there in 1651. Another of the so-called rebels, who, if on the winning side, would have been lauded as patriots, had a mournful and romantic story attached to his name, which was afterwards celebrated by Shenstone in one of his most admired ballads. The lady to whom he was engaged, anxious to testify her attachment, even to the last moment of his life, insisted upon accompanying him to

the scaffold; but the devoted heart could bear no more; she expired before the awful ceremony was concluded.

In grandmama's young days female education, with few exceptions, was limited to little more than reading, writing, cooking, and needlework. She attended a school, where a professional cook instructed young ladies in the mysteries of roasting and boiling, pastry and confectionary. She said one of her sisters was looked upon as a learned lady, because she understood a little of astronomy; accuracy in spelling was quite unnecessary, indeed was a little pedantic. I suspect her marriage had not been a very happy one, though she never said so. Her husband intended to offer his hand to her sister, and going to her house for the purpose, to his grief and astonishment found that she had just expired. It seems he was bent upon allying himself with the family, for after a time, he proposed to the other sister, some years older, who accepted him, and they were married. The death of the young sister was commemorated in a ring which she wore: the figure of a lady, about a quarter of an inch long, worked in hair leaning upon an urn, overshadowed by a weeping willow. She had a number of rings of this kind, and always wore them, except after the recent death of any of her relatives, when she took them off, that being her sign of deeper mourning than usual. She could trace the rise and progress of most families around her; for, be it remembered, she lived in a manufacturing district; knew the late Sir Robert Peel when he brought milk to market, with a great milk-can on each side his horse. Whoever was mentioned, her general remark was, 'I knew his or her mother before she was married.' She had a variety of old-fashioned terms for dress, such as we find in comedies of the last century; and spoke of how well her wedding-dress, a peach-coloured satin saque, became her, and how exquisitely she embroidered her aprons and ruffles. A child's dress she always called a 'gam,' and her babies wore frocks of Irish linen.

One favourite amusement was cleaning her plate. She allowed us to bring out what we liked, smear it with whiting, and rub it as long as we pleased. What effect our rubbing had I have forgotten; probably more pleasure to us than benefit to the silver. Our visits to her occurred at all festivals connected with good things to eat: Christmas had its minced-pies; Shrovetide its pancakes; Easter its heavy-spiced currant-dumplings, called Easter-balls, of which there were always as many as she had been years married; Whitsuntide brought the Sunday schools' treat; and August the rush-brewing, which was the annual gathering of rushes, to strew the aisles of the village church, and keep it warm during the winter. The rushes were most artistically piled on a cart in the form of a haystack. The front was covered with a white cloth, and adorned with silver tankards, cream jugs, spoons, arranged in patterns; and whatever could be borrowed in the way of plate, which was always cheerfully lent. These were interspersed with flowers, and always a large G. R. in marigolds, sun-flowers, or hollyhocks: dahlias were unknown. The cart was drawn by four, and sometimes six fine horses, adorned with ribbons and bells, that jingled merrily as they walked. A dozen young men and women, streaming with ribbons and waving handkerchiefs, preceded the rush-cart, dancing the morris-dance. There was the shepherdess (with a lamb in a basket) carrying a crook, a bower borne over her head, and invariably two watches at her side: there was the fool, a hideous figure in a horrid mask, with onions for earrings, belabouring the crowd with an inflated bladder at the end of a pole. It was a point of honour to appear much amused with his antics, but many a little heart quaked under its assumed bravery. The procession was closed by two garlands, carried aloft, of coloured paper, cut into fanciful devices; and at the close of the day the rush-cart was taken to pieces, the rushes strewed in the church, and the garlands hung in the chancel, to remain until replaced by new ones the following year.



of Melancholy'—a work so replete with wit and learning—was liable to fits of deep depression; that he who was the life of every company into which he entered—who could make the duller merry—was himself, when out of society, 'mute and morose?' 'That man is mad, or reading Don Quixote,' observed a gentleman who passed in a public walk another who held a volume in his hand, and as he was intent upon its pages, was almost convulsed with laughter. The gentleman stole a glance: it was indeed that inimitable romance, which ranks as a classic in every country to which literature has found its way—the admirable satire which was written within the walls of a prison during the captivity of Cervantes.

In the portraits of Molière, the fine countenance is impressed with a tender melancholy indicative of his disposition. In a satirical comedy written to ridicule him, he is called *Molière Hypochondrie*; yet he was the first of comic writers. His constitutional pensiveness was much increased by the unhappy fate which he made for himself: he chose for his wife one ill fitted to be the companion of one of so much sensibility. The disparity of their years was not the sole cause of the unsuitability of the union. The difference was indeed sufficient to account for a dissimilarity of taste, for she was but sixteen when he was forty. He was domestic; and notwithstanding the pensiveness which was natural to him, he could be delightfully pleasant in the social circle of home; but in company he was reserved and silent. His young wife, volatile and gay, soon showed a love for company and for admiration. Molière, agonized by her coquetry, became a prey to the most poignant jealousy, which embittered his existence. Notwithstanding the indifference with which she regarded him, he was passionately attached to her. She was beautiful and engaging, and when in her company, she engrossed all his thoughts and looks. When driven from her presence by her levity and coquetry, he pined to be with her again. It was under such feelings that he wrote his matchless comedies; and it is said that the jealous sufferings which he has so successfully depicted were all drawn after his own.

The pleasure diffused by the compositions of men of genius is often an affecting contrast to their feelings and situations. Poor Henry Carey was considered one of the most successful of writers in that light and gay style that is so enlivening to society. He heard his songs wherever he went: they were sung at every convivial meeting—they were rapturously encored in crowded theatres—they were heard in every street, but their poor author was so utterly destitute and broken-hearted, that his mind gave way, and in a moment of frantic despair he put an end to his existence. One halfpenny was found in his pocket—all he had possessed! Thus perished the man to whose humanity the establishment of a fund for decayed musicians is owing. It has often happened that the success which is always certain to attend the efforts of genius came too late, when he who languished for it was in circumstances to make it more a subject for melancholy musing than exultation. We have an affecting example of this in the account of poor Tobin the dramatist. Worn out by cares and difficulties, he fell into a consumption, and was ordered to a warmer climate. He was on the eve of sailing from Bristol for the West Indies, when he received the unexpected intelligence of the complete success of his comedy of 'The Honeymoon.' It had been for such a length of time in the hands of the manager, that he had given it up as lost, and had long ceased to think of it. It had been accidentally found and brought out, to meet with the *most unbounded applause*! Tobin sailed, hoping to return with renovated health to reap the advantage of his good fortune. The weather became tempestuous, and the vessel was driven into Cork harbour; while in the meantime the comedy was acted every night to crowded houses. But the author?—he lay dead in the cabin of the ship!

The struggle of genius with adverse circumstances

is a melancholy theme. In giving it a passing thought, we cannot forget Collins—that gifted poet, so neglected in life, so prized in death: of whom Johnson thought it not too much to say, 'The genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the muse. Possessed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation; susceptible of the finest feelings of tenderness and humanity; but, above all, carried away by the high enthusiasm which gives to imagination its strongest colouring, he was at once capable of soothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the passions by the force of his pathos, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his descriptions.' All who are familiar with the poetry of Collins will subscribe to the justice of this tribute. Yet, eminently gifted as he was, his fate was such 'as must be mourned till Pity's self be dead.' His extreme sensibility brought on that melancholy state to which we have remarked the imaginative are so liable. Johnson ascribed this in Collins to a deficiency in the vital, and not in the intellectual powers. He asserts that nothing like alienation of mind was perceived by his friends, though he himself was haunted by the idea that such was his malady. In the midst of conversation, the current of his mental powers was often interrupted by extreme exhaustion, which would oblige him to break off suddenly, and throw himself on the couch till their energies revived. This may have been the commencement of the unsettling of his mind; for there can be no doubt that his own fears were but too well founded, for he was for some time the inmate of a lunatic asylum. His poetry is a sufficient evidence of his deep sensibility. It was indicated, too, by the powerful manner in which music affected him. In his last days, when in his native city of Chichester, he would pass days and nights in wandering through the aisles of the cathedral. When the choristers joined in the anthem, it was too much for the sensitive poet; he lost all control over his excited imagination, and shrieked and groaned aloud, producing an effect upon his kindred and friends which cannot be described. The cold reception with which his poetry had met was the corroding disappointment which preyed upon his mind, and completely upset it. Reduced to the greatest want, and frantic with despair, he had returned to his native city 'to hide himself in the arms of a sister.' Collins had his lucid intervals; it was during one such that Warton met him. He observed him deeply absorbed in the book which he was reading, and felt a curiosity to find out what volume so much interested the literary man. An opportunity offered, and he looked into it: it was an English Testament. 'I have but one book,' said Collins; 'but that is the best.' There can be no doubt that he found in that book the consolation of which he stood so much in need; it was his constant study during his last illness. The vicar of St Andrews, Chichester, in speaking of him to Dr Warton, said—'I was walking in my vicarial garden one Sunday evening during Collins' last illness: I heard a female—the servant I suppose—reading the Bible in his chamber. Mr Collins had been accustomed to rave much, and make great moanings; but while she was reading, or rather attempting to read, he was not only silent, but attentive likewise, correcting her mistakes, which indeed were very frequent.' Flaxman's beautiful monument to Collins commemorates in the most affecting manner the comfort which the stricken poet took in the Gospel. He is represented in a reclining posture; the Bible is open before him; the placid and tranquil expression of the whole aspect discloses at once the consolation which he found; his lyre, and the 'Ode on the Passions,' as a scroll, lie neglected on the ground. In relief on the pediment are two female figures, representing Love and Pity, entwined in each other's arms.

In this hurried sketch, which our limits alone permit, we have passed over the sorrows of many of those gifted ones on whose honoured names we should



excursion, to which sort of ramble I was much addicted; and when not in the mood for any exercise so fatiguing, I wandered about with my son all day in the forest. It was pleasant to walk along the sounding pathways that crossed the outskirts of this silent wood, among high rocks, whereon a few straggling trees contrived to live, getting a peep occasionally of the bare blue distant mountains, and soon losing the few old hardwood trees that ornamented the greener slopes near the town. The paths we followed, as we penetrated deeper into the forest, were steep and winding, like the torrents they skirted. The thick roots of the pines frequently crossed our road, in search of the nourishment scantily furnished to them by the stony ground they grew on. They would sometimes stretch for some feet on without touching the soil, but rising off the sterile spots, dip down again in richer pasturage, and curl away through the thick carpet of plants, till we lost sight of their extremities. The peculiar odour of the fir leaves, as we stepped over the dried remains of those so plentifully shed throughout the year by these stately evergreens, was a very grateful fragrance in such sunny days, as was the scent of the bog-myrtle, which grew in abundance near the streams, little noisy torrents rushing at short intervals across the path, dashing from the gray crags above down to the black rocks below. Rude bridges, made of logs, carried us pleasantly over the larger of these rivulets; stepping-stones did for the smaller; and there were plenty of blocks of granite on which, when weary, we could rest, surrounded by all that could increase the beauty of such scenery. Much of it reminded me of our British mountains; but the height, and the picturesque outline of this gigantic range, and the magnificence of the waterfalls, far exceed the beauty of any landscapes it has ever yet been my lot to wander in. One excursion through a considerable part of this forest, up to the Lac de Gaube, surpassed all we had yet seen even of the Pyrenees. We were a large party, and some of us had travelled in many lands: we had Grecian, Alpine, Indian recollections amongst us, and memories of the Western Scottish Highlands; yet all agreed the scenes around us lost nothing by such comparisons.

We were early in the saddle, and soon leaving the gay streets of Caunterêts, we began to ascend the stony banks of the torrent, the path becoming steeper as we proceeded. At the end of a long ride through the forest, we halted before a high mountain of rock, up the precipitous sides of which two roads diverged from the one we had travelled. The branch to the right hand led to the Spanish baths of Pantecousa; the branch to the left hand led up to the Lac de Gaube. The surplus waters of this still distant mountain tarn, augmented at this season by the constantly melting snow, fell down just in front of us from the rock high above, through a chasm of granite, to some unsounded depth, out of sight, below, in one wide, stormy, dashing, deafening cataract, worthy of ranking among the wonders of the district. The dreary darkness of the forest, the traces of desolating tempests all around, the solitude, all impose upon the senses, and heighten the effect of the wild grandeur of the scene. We stood upon the Pont d'Espagne—a bridge of logs thrown over a pause in the downward course of the torrent—and looked up at the foaming waters, and down on the foaming waters, till I felt frightened out of any sense the noise had left me. The path up the rock by the side of the cataract is difficult to climb. How the ponies managed it is a marvel, for it is extremely rugged, as well as steep, winding about in short zig-zags, with sharp enough corners, and encumbered with large stones. We had often to stop to rest before reaching the plain at the top. We had a good bit to go before arriving at the lake, and snow to cross besides—a narrow strip, too much in a hollow for the sun to act on till later in the summer—over which we passed on foot in the path the guides had trodden for us. They drove the horses over afterwards, when one pony stepping aside, sank to the girths, owing to its indiscretion. Snow in fields, rather than in patches, was above, below, and all round. The little dismal lake in front sunk deep in a basin formed by a wall of rugged rocks, which entirely encompassed it, and were seldom scaled,

except by smugglers. Close to where our cavalcade stopped, on a large block of stone jutting out into the water, is a square iron-railed enclosure round a tablet of white marble, erected to the memory of a young English husband and his wife, who visited this place on their bridal tour, and perished, but a few years before, in these chilling waters, from incautiously venturing by themselves into a little cobbie, used for fishing along the shore by a man who lives here in a small hut near the lake. In this very desolate abode a party of any size may, during the season, get a good luncheon, or even dinner, with wine, spirits, English porter, confectionary, the delicious trout fresh from the lake, and fine dried fruits smuggled over the frontier, served under an awning with considerable neatness, the cold waters of the lake serving as well as ice to set the liquors in. M. and Mad. de Gaude, as we christened our entertainers, do not live in so high a sphere during the winter: they descend in autumn to the less elevated position of the village of Caunterêts, only arriving here with the summer. The privilege has been hereditary in madame's family for some generations, and she seems to be not a little vain of it.

We had time to walk a good way round the lake before remounting our little steeds, which was quite a pretty sight, as each pony with its guide and rider filed off through the forest. There was a guide at every lady's bridle rein—not a little foot-page—but a good sturdy mountaineer, or his equally sturdy wife or sister, small-sized, handsome people, active and cheerful, and very intelligent. They were well dressed in solid clothing of home manufacture, the distaff being in every woman's hand. My attendant, the wife of one of the most celebrated of the Luz guides, wore blue knitted stockings, very neat leathern shoes, short blue stuff petticoat, black apron, black cloth jacket, with a pink cotton handkerchief inside of it, and another pink cotton handkerchief upon her head. The men, *birrè* and all, might have walked out of any cottage on Tweedside. We did not venture to ride down the rugged descent to the Pont d'Espagne, none of us, gentlemen or ladies, liking to encounter the risk of a tumble among such angular stones: we scrambled down on our feet as we best could, and we took a long rest at the wooden bridge over the beautiful waterfall, before trotting our ponies merrily home. I frequently rode as far as this cataract, the way thither was so agreeable, and the object of my journey so well worth an often-repeated visit; and two or three times I went on along the road to Pantecousa, not so much for the scenery, which did not improve, as for the purpose of meeting the groups of Spaniards which were constantly passing to and from Caunterêts. The men were very fine-looking figures, tall and graceful, even commanding, and their costume was exceedingly picturesque: the open jacket, open sleeve, and open knee, the sash, the cross-gartered sabot, and the cap with the tassel always stuck jauntily on one side of the head, gave a sort of stage effect to their appearance, thoroughly in keeping with the wildness of the scenes they were passing through. The women wore the jacket and petticoat common to the peasantry on the French side of the mountains; but they had no neat apron with its useful pockets, and the jacket was cut low between the shoulders, and exhibited, instead of the neat cotton handkerchief, a very dirty shift, which was gathered up in plaits round the throat. Their hair, seldom combed, hung in one thick plait down their backs, and over it they wore a small skull-cap without a border, tied under the chin with a narrow string. They were far from handsome, very far from clean, very much sunburnt, and I never saw a distaff or a stocking in their hands. Both men and women seemed to be regular porters by trade; for going or coming, they carried large packages, country wares in baskets, to dispose of at Caunterêts, and from thence furniture of every description, intended, we supposed, for the baths at Pantecousa. They bore them like the coolies in India, or the Musselburgh fisherwomen, on the back, supported by a band round the forehead. I have often pitied the women, dirty as they were, and sturdy as they looked, trotting away under that hot sun, with a couple of chairs, a small table, or the skeleton





to be perfected by the agency of the leaves. It is water which unites with the carbon derived from the atmosphere to form the various compounds that contribute to the extension of the fabric of the tree, or that are stored up in its cavities. And even when other liquids are produced within the vegetable, such as the fixed oils (rape, linseed, walnut, &c.), or the volatile oils or essences (otto of roses, essence of lemon, oil of cinnamon, &c.), these owe their existence to water, being formed by the combination of its elements with carbon through the agency of the green cells of the leaves. It may be further remarked that the activity of all the processes of vegetation corresponds with the amount of fluid exhaled from the leaves, by the functions resembling the perspiration of animals. If a plant, perspiring actively under the influence of a bright warm sunshine, be carried into a dark room, the exhalation of liquid ceases; but the absorption by the roots ceases also (or at least is very much diminished), until the light and warmth are restored, and the loss of liquid by the leaves recommences. The larger the quantity of water which thus passes through a plant, the more solid matter does it gain; since, although the amount dissolved in it be exceedingly minute, it is enough to be of consequence to the plant, which thus extracts for itself in a short time that which is yielded by many times its own bulk of liquid. As long as the plant is freely supplied with water, it may continue to exhale to any extent without injury. It is only when the quantity exhaled exceeds the supply which the plant can gain by absorption, and the proper quantity of water in its tissues is thereby diminished, that the loss of fluid from the leaves is really weakening and injurious. Now, with regard to animals, precisely the same holds good. Whatever animal tissue we deprive of its liquid by drying, whether the soft mass of a jelly-fish or the hard shell of a crab, the soft nerves and muscles of a human body, or its hard bones and teeth, we drive off nothing but water. It is through this liquid alone that all the active functions of animal life are carried on. It is water alone that can act as the solvent for the various articles of food which are taken into the stomach; the gastric juice itself being nothing else than water, with a small quantity of animal matter and a little acid, which form, with the albumen, &c. of the food, new compounds, that are capable of being dissolved in that liquid. It is water which forms all the fluid portion of the blood, that vital current which permeates the minutest textures of the body, and conveys to each the appropriate materials for its growth and activity. It is water which, when mingled in various proportions with the solid matter of the various textures, gives to them the consistency which they severally require. And it is water which takes up the products of their decay, and conveys them, by a most complicated and wonderful system of sewerage, altogether out of the system. No other liquid naturally exists in the animal body, save the oily matter of fat, which is derived from the plant, and which is stored up chiefly to serve as respiration food. It might be inferred, then, that water, in addition to properly-selected articles of solid food, would constitute all that the wants of the system can ordinarily require; and there is abundant evidence that the most vigorous health may be maintained, even under very trying circumstances, without any other beverage.—*Dr Carpenter in Scottish Temperance Review.*

#### SPANNING THE GLOBE.

An American merchant, bound for Hong-Kong, left New York on the 4th instant in the Canada mail steamer, and arrived in Liverpool on the morning of the 19th. After transacting some business in Liverpool and London, he arrived at Southampton by the day mail-train on the 20th, and immediately embarked on board the *Ripon* steamer, which was preparing to start for Alexandria with the Indian mail. This gentleman will reach his destination on the 15th June. Thus he will have travelled from the United States to China, a distance of nearly 15,000 miles, in 72 days. In a little more than two months he will have traversed the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and the Mediterranean, Red, and China Seas, called at England, Gibraltar, and Malta in Europe; Alexandria and Suez in Africa; and at Aden, Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, and Hong-Kong in Asia. With the exception of passing through England and Egypt, the whole of the journey will have been performed by water in British ships. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's servants never recollect a passenger for China who had been so recently in America, and it will probably be, for length and rapidity, the most extraordinary voyage ever performed.

## THE HOLIDAY.

'All the merry-hearted do sigh.'—*Isaiah, c. 24, v. 7.*

Is it a holiday, that thus in rule  
By two and two march forth the village school?  
A holiday! joy beaming in each look,  
Care thrown aside along with slate and book;  
Oh, happy little prisoners set free!  
Your guileless hearts are bounding merrily!

What's this? how slow and mournful is their tread!  
And wherefore droops so heavily each head,  
As o'er the green, linked hand in hand they go,  
To yonder cottage where the roses blow?  
Now with half-pensive, eager looks they wait,  
And range themselves before the rustic gate—  
That peaceful-looking cottage! What is there  
To fill young faces with such signs of care?

Alas! thy whitewashed walls, and low-thatched roof,  
No more than palaces are sorrow-proof!  
That open casement—where, as white as snow,  
The curtain with the breeze flaps to and fro,  
Now caught aside by yonder thorny rose—  
Does all its little world of grief disclose.

Oh, wherefore, mourners, do you kneeling weep  
Beside that little angel fallen asleep?  
'Another kiss!' the mother—almost wild—  
Cries as they'd take her from her darling child;  
The husband then doth gentle force employ  
To loose those arms that clasp their only boy.

Two little shrinking girls approaching, now  
Press their young lips upon that brother's brow;  
Another look upon the boy is cast—  
Another kiss!—the mother's—and the last!  
A sad, yet manly heart the father bore,  
'Till, passing from the threshold of his door,  
He thought upon the voice of his young son  
Which used to greet him when his toil was done—  
A mother's grief, when keenest, cannot know  
That stifled groan's extremity of woe!

Up to the village church their way they take,  
His schoolfellows the young procession make,  
Whispering each other—'Does that coffin there  
Contain our little playfellow so fair?  
Our pretty favourite! We shall never more  
Leave him in safety at his mother's door:  
Naught ever made us cry so much before.'

Gently the tearless father lays the head  
Of his loved child within the narrow bed—  
His young companions there fresh roses strew,  
And now the envious earth shuts all from view—  
The flower cut down, almost as soon as given,  
Transplanted in the bud to bloom in heaven!

MARY CLEAVER.

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ness as the purification of the air succeeds to the manifestation of material lightning. One might indeed call earnestness a sort of spiritual electricity, inasmuch as it is always a vital element in human nature; and when actively aroused, exerts a wholesome influence through the mental atmosphere, being even sometimes not unaccompanied with danger. Its persuasive efficacy is meanwhile undeniable. It circulates conviction, and serves the ends of truth, as the electric currents promote health by an energetic and sanative agitation. A mind charged with this irresistible puissance has ready and intimate access to all states and conditions of sympathy and sensibility, and may overrule them to the promulgation of whatever truths it is inspired with; for truth is ever prevalent when its presence is once felt. The soul delights to be subdued under its glorious dominion, and feels a nobler liberty when constrained to surrender in obedience to its command. Like the glow and beauty of the sunrise, like the delicious melody of winds among the summer leaves, is the kindly encouraging voice which bids thy heart believe! Welcome as the footstep of an expected friend, memorable as the tones of undying love, as the speechless joy of some grand deliverance, is that holy and mysterious annunciation, wherein truth cometh like an angel, saluting the soul with its glad tidings; for then is the man an inlet to the rays of aboriginal intelligence, and 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.'

All that is understood by intellectual and moral elevation is inseparably associated with earnestness of character. There is neither true intelligence nor virtue possible so long as the mind is tainted with indifference. He who would be accounted wise, must love wisdom with an unlimited devotion. If any man seek knowledge for selfish and unworthy ends, he will be inevitably deprived of its most invaluable advantages. The practical profanity which he thus commits will affect the integrity of his understanding; and that which should have been an accession of true insight to his soul, will, through a vicious use, become the sure means of his degradation. The sacred element of knowledge—the quality whence the intellect derives new increase of vigour and enlargement, and which to a reverent and earnest mind is always the prime attraction—is utterly and scandalously thrown away whenever knowledge is prosecuted solely for secular or mercenary benefits. Everything that we can know, the meanest fact that can instruct us, has an intimate and significant reference to the culture of which we are capable, and in this properly consists its highest and pre-eminent value. Strictly and philosophically considered, the universe is a divine college for the education of humanity. All science, and history, and experience, exist, and are secured, as an available possession in the world, to the one end that the man of to-day may be richly and adequately enlightened.

In this illustrious university every man, by natural constitution, is appointed to be a student. To learn anything effectually, he will need to incline his mind earnestly to apprehend it in its total and manifold significance. Nature reveals nothing to a mere impertinent curiosity; this, rather, she perpetually confounds, till a man's frivolity becomes at last the instrument of his destruction. She will tolerate no vain shallowness, no trivial pretentiousness. Over all the gates and entrances of her institutions she has written in letters of enduring light—'Use your gifts faithfully, and they shall be enlarged: practise what you know, and you

shall attain to higher knowledge.' Her rigorous, yet beneficent commandments, may not be anywhere gained, neither will they suffer the least infringement without serious loss to the offender. It is only by compliance, by an earnest fidelity to the truth, that a man can be established in freedom, valour, and authentic worth.

All action shoots around it everlasting influences. That which thou doest to-day shall not cease out of existence, but, as a power more or less momentous, become incorporated with the universal forces which circulate for ever throughout time and beyond time. Profoundly was it said by Schiller, 'Life is earnest.' The immortality of man enters into everything he does—how needful, then, to do it well! Consider that the worthiness or worthlessness of an act lies always in the spirit in which it is performed, and that a man can justify himself through no transaction wherein he does not throw his utmost capability, as the warranty of a sincere intention. Can we not transfigure the meanest duties by a certain lordliness and magnificence of performance? True dignity is ever the product of the man, and is nowise indigenuous to his circumstances. The kingly Alfred, tending the baking of cakes in the peasant's cottage, was not the less a royal nature while thus humbly employed; nay, he would have even shown himself a greater man could he, in the face of his manifold state perplexities, have kept the cakes from burning. Diogenes was greater than Alexander, and might reasonably prefer to be himself rather than the conqueror, inasmuch as, with smaller means, he could realise a more sublime contentment; centralising within the kingdom of his tub more wit, wisdom, and manful independence, than the other could attain to with his wide imperial dominions. He, doubtless, is the greatest who can so overpower and subordinate his circumstances as to make the grandeur and beauty of character shine through them, even as the sun makes glorious the clouds and vapours which hang about the orient horizon to the interception of his morning rays. A man may magnify his life, and make it splendid and sublime, by the power of earnestness. Living, not in the shows of things, courting not the favours and prosperities of fortune, but intently holding on his way, with an eye to such things mainly as tend to a rational and intelligent advancement, he will grow gradually and securely in well-being, and perhaps eventually attain to that perfection of self-possession wherein his habitual impulses shall be in unison with the law of his constitution.

But now, it may be said, are we, from this one-sided commendation of earnestness, to infer that therefore mirthfulness and sport are to be contemptuously disparaged, and avoided as things incompatible and inconsistent with manful dignity? 'Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?' 'Yes, by St Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.' We would have no superstitious veneration even for the moderate and wholesome stoicism which we commend. Sport, too, we can honour in its degree, for it also is a true thing, and is worthy of a place and countenance among men. Earnestness is not the antithesis to sport, but to indifference. Mirthfulness, wit, and humour, are equally as appropriate to humanity as earnestness itself. Whatsoever thing is genuine, is good in its own province. Honest sport, being natural to man, is also assuredly desirable, and even necessary to the maintenance of a healthful condition of mind. That is but a sickly and feeble nature which cannot laugh. It has even been affirmed, and, as we think, not inconsiderately, that a man's moral and social worth is estimable and measurable by the extent of his capacity for laughter—that the man who can laugh well, will be likely to do nothing indifferently. Laughter, indeed, might be aptly enough considered as the extreme earnestness of mirth; for nobody can laugh heartily who does not laugh in earnest. Those manifestations of the sportful spirit which we designate pleasantry, wit, humour, and the like, are



it, would fall as if struck with apoplexy.\* Bellisle looked at Jean. His mien was agitated: he was profoundly moved. His handsome and honest features were excited, as if by deep indignation: the palor of horror was on his countenance. But the prefect of police, remembering the pretended revelations of La Tude and others, was still not wholly convinced.

'Are you sure,' said he to Jean, 'that you have heard what you tell me? Be careful. If you have done this from a mere motive of cupidity, and invented a fable, you will pay dearly for it: the Bastile for life'—

'Put me to the rack if you like,' cried Prevost; 'it will not alter my words. I repeat the king is in danger. I offer my life as security for my truth!'

'Enough. I believe you. We will go together to Versailles.'

It was a very short time after, when M. de Bellisle and Jean Prevost entered the royal palace of Versailles by the stairs of the *Ceil de Bouff*, and arrived secretly at the king's private apartments. Every precaution was taken to conceal the presence of the minister of police from the courtiers, as thus the conspirators might guess the discovery of their atrocious plot.

Louis XV. received the lieutenant, and had with him a long and secret interview. In fact they parted only when, at eight o'clock, the monarch went into the Hall of Treaties to receive the respectful homage of all the foreign ambassadors, princes, and courtiers, who on this occasion were all received in state. The lieutenant of police joined Jean Prevost, guarded in a private chamber by two *exempt*s, and sat down to a hurried meal, in which he invited the *frotteur* to join him without ceremony.

Meanwhile Louis XV. had entered the Hall of Treaties, and seated himself on his throne at the end of the apartment. Before him was the magnificent round mosaic table given to Louis le Grand by the republic of Venice, and which was now destined to receive the splendid and rare bouquets offered on this occasion by the royal family, the grand officers of the household, and the members of the diplomatic corps, to the king. The crowd was gay and gorgeous. Every variety of costume, rich, bright, and resplendent, shone beneath the blaze of light, which showed off the brilliance of the diamonds on the women. The king, who, despite his frivolity, had great courage, and a fund of good sense, which, with other education, would have made him a different man, was by no means moved, but smiled graciously on Madame de Pompadour, and caressed her favourite spaniel, which sat upon a stool between them, and at their feet.

The ceremony commenced. The king, as was the custom, took the bouquets one by one, thanking every giver by some sprightly word. Pretending to play with the spaniel, and to repress its indiscreet caresses, he placed every bunch of flowers near the animal's nose, and then laid it down on the mosaic table. Madame de Pompadour laughed, but hid her laughter with her fan.

'If they feel hurt?' said she in a whisper.

'It is *your* spaniel, countess,' replied the king gallantly.

The foreign ministers had precedence, and had presented all their bouquets. The members of the royal family came next, having courteously allowed the diplomatic corps to precede them. The king took the bouquet from the hands of the nearest of the blood-royal, who stepped back bowing. He held the flowers to the spaniel's nose; the poor brute sniffed it, reeled, and fell dead! Madame de Pompadour turned pale, and would have shrieked, but the king had warned her by a look.

'Not a word,' whispered he; 'it is nothing! Drop

the folds of your dress over the poor animal. It has died to make true the saying, "Son of a king—brother of a king—never king!"'

The ceremony proceeded, Louis XV. completely concealing his emotion, while Madame de Pompadour smothered her alarm and curiosity. As soon as all was over, the king retired to his chamber, and sent for the lieutenant of police, who at once was struck by his solemn manner.

'Am I to arrest the guilty, sire?'

'You were correctly informed, Bellisle. Last year the dagger of Damiens; this time a bunch of flowers; and always from the same quarter. I cannot, nor ought I to punish. I order you to desist from inquiring into this mystery. Where is the man who saved me?'

'Close at hand, sire,' replied the lieutenant, who knew well whence the blow came, and also that it descended from too exalted a hand and too near a relative to be noticed.

'Bring him to me.'

'I am at your orders, sire,' and the lieutenant of police bowed. M. Bertin de Bellisle was far too honest a man to do as most of his predecessors would have done—used the discovery, and kept all the merit to themselves.

'I have brought this good man with me, sire,' continued Bertin: 'he is in the guard-room, all confused and alarmed at being in a palace in his rude working-dress.'

'So much the better,' said the king; 'it is at least an honest costume and an honest occupation. Bring him in, Monsieur de Bellisle; I will receive him better than I would a courtier.' Bertin de Bellisle went out, and returned leading the *frotteur* by the hand. Jean Prevost—bold, stout fellow though he was—trembled, held down his head, and turned and twisted his cap in his hands, quite unaware that he was pulling it all to pieces.

'Embrace your king,' cried Louis XV. with a grateful tear in his eye; 'that is your first reward.'

'Sire,' said Jean, falling on his knees, 'I ask no reward but the feeling of having saved your majesty.'

'Come hither,' and the king seized him, and kissed him on both cheeks.

'I am unworthy of such honour.'

'What can I do for you?' asked Louis XV., who was capable of very good emotions.

'I ask nothing, sire.'

'But I insist. Whatever you ask you shall have.'

'If your majesty could give me Pauline,' whispered Jean Prevost.

'Oh, oh!' laughed Louis XV., once more himself again: 'a love affair. Come, the *frotteur* shall sup to-night with the king whose life he has saved, and tell his story. Bellisle, send a coach for him in the morning, or rather come yourself. I will give you further instructions about this matter. But silence, my friend; not a word.'

The lieutenant of police retired, and Louis XV., who was always delighted at novelty and an unexpected amusement, took the *frotteur*, just as he was, to the Trianon, where he was to sup with Madame de Pompadour; and there, in the presence of the beautiful court favourite, made him tell his story, which Jean did with a naïveté, truth, and sincerity, which deeply interested the king, used wholly to another atmosphere. Next morning Louis, after shaking Jean warmly by the hand, and holding a private conference with Bellisle, said, 'You shall have a house in the park, my friend, near the Trianon. You shall be honorary head gardener, with a hundred louis a month for your salary, and every morning you shall bring me a bouquet. I shall thus never forget you, nor the cause which compels my everlasting gratitude.'

Next morning, at an early hour, before the business of the day commenced, and while a porter was taking down the shutters of the shop, M. Boulard called his wife and Pauline into his little office. The good man's

\* This is not borrowed from the poisonings of Catharine de Medici. The narrative is historical, and to be found in full detail in the archives of the police.



supposed to possess similar or even superior qualities in consumption. It is also boiled in ale by the Siberians instead of hops, and is used by the Herefordshire and Glamorgan women to dye their woollen stockings of a durable brown. The beautiful scarlet-cup lichen (*Cenomyce coccifera*), as well as the common cup lichen (*C. tuberculata*), are considered specifics in whooping-cough. The Aphous lichen (*Peltidea ophiosa*) is boiled in milk, and given to children who have the thrush. The lichens bearing the specific name of *esculentia* are natives of Tartary, and are used extensively as an article of food in that country. The *Alectoria aslo* is in high repute amongst the Arabians as a cordial and soporific.

The nobleman above quoted discovered a method of extracting from the tree lichen (*Usnea plicata*) a gum which adequately supplies the place of the expensive gum Senegal, so much required by calico-printers and others, and which, he says, may be supplied 'at one-fourteenth of the war price, and at one-sixth of the peace price.'

The ragged hoary lichen (*Evernia prunastri*) has the curious property of absorbing and retaining scents, and is therefore made the basis of many perfumed powders. Perhaps, too, it might be useful as an imbibitor of noxious vapours.

The cudbear (*Lecanora tartarea* of Acharius) derives its English name from Mr Cuthbert, who first brought it into general use. It is a most valuable article of commerce, on account of the fine purple dye which it yields, and which is so much used in the tartan plaids. It grows abundantly in the limestone districts; and the poor people collect from twenty to thirty pounds per day by scraping it off the rocks with an iron hoop, and sell it at prices varying from a penny to three-halfpence per pound, by which many, more especially amongst the Highlanders and the inhabitants of Derbyshire, realise a comfortable livelihood. Much is also imported from Norway. It is prepared—chiefly at Glasgow—with a volatile alkali and alum, and sold to dyers for the purpose of dyeing woollen yarn, for it will not impart any colour to vegetable substances. The same rock may be scraped every five years: the fructified specimens are the most esteemed. The crust of this plant is liable, during its growth, to assume 'a red or purplish tint from access of volatile alkali, as may be seen if certain animal substances fall upon it in its natural situations:' this fact probably first led to its observation and use. All the *Lecanora* possess the same qualities in a greater or less degree; hence the confusion which exists on the subject, and the indiscriminate names of orchal, archelle, arcel, argol, cocker, and corcaer.

The *Lecanora roccella*, which derives its name from a corruption of the Portuguese word *rocca* (rock), on account of its habitat, is the true and most valuable orchal of commerce: it yields the fine red dye so prized by both ancients and moderns, and in some seasons sells for as much as £1000 per ton. It has been found in Portland Island and in Cornwall, but is chiefly imported from the Canary Islands. The crab's-eye lichen (*L. perella*) is used in France as a substitute for the above, under the name of *Perelle d'Auvergne*, whence its specific name. Litmus is prepared from this species, for which purpose it is gathered in the north of England, and sent to London in casks. This litmus is a most valuable test to chemists for detecting the presence of an acid or an alkali; it is likewise employed for staining marble, and also by silk-dyers for giving a bloom or gloss to more permanent colours.

The valuable pigment called 'lake' is the product of a lichen which grows but sparingly in our island—namely, the prickly lichen (*Cornicularia aculeata*). In fine, the dyes afforded by this single tribe of plants are so numerous and so varied—red, purple, blue, yellow in all its varieties, and black—that to enumerate them would be to give a long and tedious list of names; we will therefore present our readers with Mr Hellot's

receipt for ascertaining whether any given lichen will yield an available dye:—Put about a quarter of an ounce of the plant in question into a glass, moisten it well with equal parts of strong limewater and spirit of sal ammoniac—or the spirit of sal ammoniac made with quicklime will answer the purpose without limewater—tie a wet bladder close over the top of the vessel, and let it stand three or four days. If any colour is likely to be obtained, the small quantity of liquor you will find in the glass will be of a deep crimson, and the plant will retain the same colour when the liquor is all dried up. If neither the liquor nor the plant have taken any colour, it is needless to make further trials. The *Lecanora candelaria* is so named from the circumstance of the Swedes using it to stain the candles used in their religious ceremonies of a purple colour.

We cannot, however, quit the subject of lichen dyes without adverting to the calcareous lichen, which is so peculiar to limestone, that when a stone of it occurs amongst many others, it may be distinguished at the first glance by the appearance of this plant upon it. When dried, powdered, and steeped in lye, it produces the brilliant and unrivalled scarlet used to colour the whittles of the Welsh women; which stood our country in such good stead when the emissaries of Robespierre, after effecting a landing at Fishguard in Pembrokeshire, were led to mistake the body of women on a distant hill for an advancing column of 'red coats.' But even these numerous uses will sink into insignificance before the treasure of the north, the reindeer lichen (*Cenomyce rangiferina*), without which the Laplanders could have no existence, for this plant alone supports the life of the reindeer, and the reindeer alone enables his master to live. Beneath the pine-forests, and on the snow-covered plains, this hardy plant covers miles of sterile ground, springing up spontaneously where no other plant could raise its head; and the deer, endowed with an unrivalled keenness and delicacy of smell by Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, can ascertain the presence of their food beneath snow of many feet in depth; and by scraping with their hoofs and noses, can reach the plant, which is so carefully protected for their use by its thick covering. The *Sicreocaulon* is chiefly valuable from its being the first tribe to clothe the arid lava of volcanoes; whilst the *Leprosi floridus* is the first to spring up upon the tempest-beaten stones.

An idea long prevailed amongst those superior to many wild fancies, that lichens possessed the power of transforming themselves into different species of their own tribe; and this strange notion is thus explained by Dr Rees: the seeds of *L. plumbus* are known to fall on its congener *L. niger*, and there to germinate; and as this is probably the case with others of the tribe, the mysterious transformation is made clear on the simplest and most satisfactory principles.

There is a well-known superstition attached to one species of lichen, more especially in Wales—namely, that which grows in the well of St Winifred or Gwenvrey. Winifred, says tradition, was flying from the infidel Caradoc, who, overtaking her as she reached the church where her parents were, drew his sword and cut off her head; the head rolled into the church, where St Beuno was preaching at the time; the saint, picking it up, fastened it on; so the maiden recovered; and living for fifteen years longer, became abbess of Gwytheryn in Denbighshire; but Caradoc dropped down dead on the spot where he had committed the impious act. And a well sprung up from where the head of Winifred touched the ground, which is said to throw up twenty-one tons of water in a minute, and is supposed to possess such miraculous powers, that no animal can be drowned in it; but the most wonderful part of the story is, that to this day,

'In the bottom there lie certain stones that look white,  
But streaked with pure red, as the morning with light,  
Which they say is her blood;—

or rather, which they said 'was her blood,' until some





nauseous compound of bitters and salts.' Almost immediately on entering the expanse of waters the wind rose to a gale, 'and presented an agitated surface of foaming brine: the spray, evaporating as it fell, left incrustations of salt upon our clothes, our hands, and faces; and while it conveyed a prickly sensation whenever it touched the skin, was, above all, exceedingly painful to the eyes.' The danger of swamping increased every moment, and the boats bore towards the flat northern shore. Here they gained calm water, and the party safely landed and encamped at a point indicated by their companions, who had reached this distance by land journey.

The breadth of the sea at this place to the Arabian shore was nearly 8 statute miles. 'The soundings directly across gave 116 fathoms, or 696 feet as the greatest depth—90 fathoms, 540 feet, within a fourth of a mile from the Arabian shore. Mr Aulick reports a volcanic formation on the east shore, and brought specimens of lava. Another line of soundings running diagonally across to the south-east. Mr Dale reports a level plain at the bottom of the sea extending nearly to each shore, with an average depth of 170 fathoms, 1020 feet, all across. The bottom, blue mud and sand, and a number of rectangular crystals of salt, some of them perfect cubes. One cast brought up crystals only. Laid them by for careful preservation. The diagonal line of soundings was run from this place to a black chasm in the opposite mountains. The soundings deepened gradually to 28 fathoms a short distance from the shore; the next cast was 137, and the third 170 fathoms, and the lead brought up, as mentioned, clear cubical crystals of salt. The casts were taken about every half mile, and the deep soundings were carried close to the Arabian shore. It was a tedious operation; the sun shone with midsummer fierceness, and the water, greasy to the touch, made the men's hands smart and burn severely.'

On the morning of the 21st the party took to their boats to skirt along the lake, and make observations; landing at different points, and camping at night. The plants found were the lily, yellow henbane, the nightshade or wolf-grape, the lamb's-quarter, used in the manufacture of barilla, and a species of kale. Dhorm apples were also discovered. The pebbles on the beach were agglutinated with salt, and dark briny springs poured down the ravines, discolouring the vegetation, amongst which were usually prominent tamarisk-trees and canes. In various places lumps of bitumen were found. The following is one of the more remarkable of the discoveries that were made:—

'At 9, the water-shoaling hauled more off shore. Soon after, to our astonishment, we saw on the eastern side of Usdum, one-third the distance from its north extreme, a lofty round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft slimy mud incrustated with salt, and, a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallisation. A prop or buttress connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with debris of a light stone colour. Its peculiar shape is doubtless attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us in vague terms that there was to be found a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea; but their statements in all other respects had proved so unsatisfactory, that we could place no reliance upon them. At 10.10, returned to the boat with large specimens. The shore was soft and very yielding for a great distance; the boats could not

get within 200 yards of the beach; and our foot-prints made on landing were, when we returned, incrustated with salt.'

Later on the same day, and further southward, the scene was one of 'unmitigated desolation. On one side, rugged and worn, was the salt mountain of Usdum, with its conspicuous pillar, which reminded us at least of the catastrophe of the plain; on the other were the lofty and barren cliffs of Moab, in one of the caves of which the fugitive Lot found shelter. To the south was an extensive flat, intersected by sluggish drains, with the high hills of Edom semi-girdling the salt plain where the Israelites repeatedly overthrew their enemies; and to the north was the calm and motionless sea, curtained with a purple mist; while many fathoms deep in the slimy mud beneath it lay embedded the ruins of the ill-fated cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. The glare of light was blinding to the eye, and the atmosphere difficult of respiration. No bird fanned with its wing the attenuated air through which the sun poured his scorching rays upon the mysterious element on which we floated, and which alone of all the works of its Maker contains no living thing within it.'

Day after day the heat was that of a furnace, the air dry, and the evaporation excessive. The sea, unstirred by the wind, lay smooth and untroubled as an inland lake. 'The great evaporation enveloped it in a thin, transparent vapour, its purple tinge contrasting strangely with the extraordinary colour of the sea beneath, and, where they blended in the distance, giving it the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. It seemed a vast caldron of metal, fused, but motionless. About sunset, we tried whether a horse and a donkey could swim in the sea without turning over. The result was, that although the animals turned a little on one side, they did not lose their balance. As Mr Stephens tried his experiment earlier in the season, and nearer the north end of the sea, his horse could not have turned over, from the greater density of the water there than here. His animal may have been weaker, or, at the time, more exhausted than ours. A muscular man floated nearly breast-high without the least exertion.' Mr Lynch tried the effect in his own person; but, says he, 'with great difficulty I kept my feet down; and when I lay upon my back, and drawing up my knees, placed my hands on them, I rolled immediately over.' The impression conveyed by geological inspection is, that nearly the whole region is volcanic; but as limestone and sandstone occur among the rocks, the changes and convulsions must have been of a diversified character. The strongest evidence is presented that the bed of the Dead Sea has sunk by a convulsion, previous to which the waters of the Jordan had probably escaped by the Valley of Moab to the Red Sea. 'All our observations have impressed me forcibly with the conviction that the mountains are older than the sea. Had their relative levels been the same at first, the torrents would have worn their beds in a gradual and correlative slope; whereas, in the northern section, the part supposed to have been so deeply engulfed, although a soft, bituminous limestone prevails, the torrents plunge down several hundred feet, while on both sides of the southern portion the ravines come down without abruptness, although the head of Wady Kerak is more than a thousand feet higher than the head of Wady Ghuweir. Most of the ravines, too, as reference to the map will show, have a southward inclination near their outlets; that of Zerka Main or Callirohoe especially, which, next to the Jordan, must pour down the greatest volume of water in the rainy season. But even if they had not that deflection, the argument which has been based on this supposition would be untenable; for tributaries, like all other streams, seek the greatest declivities without regard to angular inclination. The Yermak flows into the Jordan at a right angle, and the Jabok with an acute one to its descending course. There are many other things tending to the same conclusion; among them the isolation of the mountain of Usdum; its dif-



receptacle with as vacant a glance as he threw on the china parrot and shepherd that flanked it on either side.

But at last the day of convalescence arrived, and leaning on the loving arm of his wife, once more he was allowed to cross the threshold of the room, his prison so long. Eager enough he was to leave it; yet he had hardly taken two steps, when he quickly turned back again with a self-pitying smile, exclaiming, 'Ah, I declare I had nearly forgotten my box!'

A smothered little sigh was the only answer, and again the supporting arm conducted him to the door: once passed, again came the old habitual pause: open flew the snuff-box; but, grief of griefs, not one particle did it contain; empty, and cleaned out, there it rested in his powerless hand; and unable to go forward under the weight of such a disappointment, back once more he tottered to the room where at least he was likely best to bear it.

His wife deserves some credit: she did not laugh, or even smile; but viewing the misfortune with his eyes for the moment, exclaimed in tones of ready sympathy, 'Ah, indeed, I should have remembered: one of those days when you were so very ill, Jenny knocked it down, and my foolish heart quite sunk at what it fancied an unpropitious omen, when I saw your favourite mixture scattered amidst the ashes on the hearth; but fortunately the box itself escaped, though it nearly fell into the fire.'

A grateful little smile from Walter, and then there was a silent pause, as he sat with the box in his hand, his eyes fixed musingly on the flames from which it had so narrowly escaped. His wife at length took the other hand, and hesitatingly and very gently said, 'And then I had some hope, dear Walter, as day after day passed by, and you never, even after you sat up, asked one question about it, that perhaps by degrees—ah, if you could only see what a difference it makes in your look!—your eyes grown so bright—your colour so clear!—'

Again a little pause, and Walter looked up, not to the looking-glass, though it stood on the dressing-table just at hand, and the flattering picture at another time might have excited his curiosity; but now—ah, far better, to see it reflected in the eyes that, half smiling, half tearful, were now looking down on him. To them he turned; no word accompanied his look; something far more emphatic; and the next instant the snuff-box was courageously thrown into the fire, never to be replaced again!

And thus many an instance crowds on our recollection, true as the foregoing, stronger, graver; instances of habits trivial in the beginning, tyrants in the end; habits of weak concession, soon demanded as a right; habits of expression, gesture, position, all unnoticed by ourselves until we find ourselves ridiculous; and yet each in its turn reformed or counteracted by some other little habit which originally may have borne it no relation whatever. There are habits too—but on them it is hardly our province to dwell, being more desirous to prove our point by illustration than example—habits acquired in careless hours, deepening into vice, yet still yielding to some better habit retained throughout all. Down those depths we will not gaze, nor lightly speak of an influence that would seem to demand a higher, a holier name; but yet suggested by the better remedy comes one familiar instance, which, in conclusion, may serve as a companion to our first, though all unlikely to meet, belonging to what in Ireland would be called 'different ends of the night.'

Arthur Greaves could never go to sleep without reading in his bed for an hour or so, no matter how he had passed the day—at leisure to cram his brain as full as it could hold, or with bodily exertion enough to have closed his eyes in sleep the moment he laid his head on the pillow. 'Twas all the same to Arthur—it was a regular habit—he could not dispense with it; and the book and the small table with the lamp by his bedside were as necessary to his slumbers as the bed itself. We

need not relate the hairbreadth escapes he literally had; they are in the experience of all who have rashly practised the indulgence. But not only in vain did his singed locks many a morning bear testimony to the drowsy moments in which they were caught nodding over the lamp and the page; even a still more abiding witness, a dark unsightly chasm in the gay pattern of his bed-curtain—an aperture which the housemaid, who made pretensions to learning, declared ought never to be repaired, but 'kept over him as a *senior mory*'—vainly stared him in the face night after night: the habit was incorrigible—it would not give him up.'

Repeated accidents had at last made his custom so notorious, that wherever he went on a visit, the lady of the house insured its safety by issuing directions that his bedroom candle should never exceed one inch in length; while if a log burned on a hearth, or a coal fell out of a grate in any part of the house during the night, whoever smelled it first, immediately invaded Arthur's premises, making light of his slumbers in more ways than one. But, with better fortune than could be expected, years passed over his head without more serious injuries than those already alluded to. No awful catastrophe reformed him, terrifying him into good behaviour: neither property nor life paid the forfeit anticipated by so many; and at length it was by another little habit of still earlier date that the unsafe one of later acquisition was eventually laid aside.

He had been always accustomed from the time when, not higher than his book, he stood beside a widowed mother's knee to read a portion of Holy Writ before he laid himself down to sleep. Thus in growing years the business or the amusement of the day invariably closed; and even when many another memory had faded dim in the distance, that gentle voice still seemed to say, 'Neglect not this, my son;' and thus whatever had been his study at that unreasonable hour and place, it was uniformly terminated by the best of all before his eyelids closed for the night.

Without intruding on higher motives, this at least had become in time a habit, as many another, from 'all the nurse and all the priest hath taught,' unconsciously influences us in after-life. His nightly studies would have seemed incomplete, and sleep as far away as ever, if not solicited thus: and, as we have said, the boy became a man; the man saw a younger generation springing up beside him; and still, hand in hand, the good and the foolish habit kept their ground.

At last came news—direful and overpowering: the one best loved of all, his own young Arthur, a midshipman on board one of her Majesty's frigates stationed amongst the West India Islands, had been lost by a boat upsetting, just as the vessel had weighed anchor, and was leaving the harbour for home. The ship herself brought the sorrowful tidings; a letter from the captain, while it did all that words could do in consolation, by its praises of the lost one, still left no doubt of the calamity—no hope to which the mourners might cling. And now more than ever had the bereaved father reason to bless the habit which alone could steady his mind in the night-watches, so often filled with thoughts of his sailor boy. With the words of comfort on his lips, with its peace within his heart, he would often drop asleep, to dream of the time when they should be united again.

But his wildest or his happiest dream never surpassed the reality. The shadows were lengthening fast one autumn evening, about a month after the family had been attired in their mourning garb, when the unexpected sound of carriage-wheels rattling up to the door drew the inmates of the house to the windows just in time to catch—Arthur's gay hurra! and see him spring from the roof of the carriage, where, for the benefit of all beholders, he had considerably placed himself.

It was indeed himself, 'alive again;' as, much to his surprise, and somewhat to his amusement, he had been informed at the little neighbouring town where the



four years afterwards, on the 16th of February 1530-1, he was solemnly arraigned at a justice-ayre held at Dundee, the king himself presiding in person, when a fearful catalogue of enormities were alleged against him and his accomplices—rapine, rape, murder, common brigandage, the occupation of lands belonging to the Earl of Buchan for five years, the besieging his father's castles with the intention of murdering him, the surprising him at Finhaven, "laying violent hands on him," and imprisoning him in his own dungeon for twelve weeks, and on another occasion carrying him by force to Brechin, where he confined him for fifteen days—besides breaking open his coffers, pillaging his writs, and seizing his rents and revenues. No defence was offered—none could be made. The Master admitted everything, and threw himself on the king's mercy. By the Scottish law, founded on the Roman, his guilt was parricide, and its penalty death—personal to himself, civil to his posterity. His life was spared, probably through his father's intercession, and with a lingering hope that he might yet repent. But the forfeiture took effect to the legal exclusion of himself and his posterity from succession to the estates and honours of Crawford, blotting them out as if they had never existed. And he acquiesced in this, and implemented or fulfilled the law, by solemnly abjuring and renouncing, of his own free will, all right or claim "to all the lands of the earldom of Crawford," in favour of Earl David his father, to dispose of, in whole or in part, according to his good pleasure; confessing himself at the same time to have "sinned grievously and enormously" against his said father, and against the decretal arbitral pronounced by the Archbishop of St Andrews—and stretching out his right hand and binding himself to this renunciation (as it was called) of "all kindness and right of succession," in presence of his unhappy parent, in the public street between the chapel of St John and the houses of the lepers at the east end of the burgh of Dundee, the third hour after noon on the penultimate of March 1537.

In less than a year after this ignominious forfeiture, the Wicked Master was slain in a broil with a cobbler of Dundee; and after his father's death, the earldom passing over his descendants, fell to David Lindsay of Edzell. Earl David became the protector of the son of his predecessor, and 'as soon as he was fairly settled in his new dominions, new feelings began to stir in his heart, or old ones rather developed themselves in a new manner—feelings closely connected with the days of clanship and feudalism.' These were the instinct of clanship, and of reverence for the principle of legitimacy; and smothering every feeling of selfish ambition, this man, in the very prime of life, adopted in legal form the excluded heir, the son of the Wicked Master; his 'humile and formal behaving' inducing him to believe that he would inherit the good without being tainted with the evil in his father's character. The assent of the crown being obtained, 'a solemn bond or contract was drawn up, by which the Master acknowledged his obligations, and accepted his duties, as adopted son to Earl David; and engaged, on failure of its conditions, or on re-enacting the enormities of his father, to resign the earldom for himself and his heirs for ever, on the payment of two thousand pounds by his adopted father, his heirs or assignees, in the kirk of Dundee, "and I, my heirs and assignees, fra thenceforth to be secludit therefra for our ingratitude for ever."'

The descendants of the Wicked Master, however, Lord Lindsay says, were 'hereditarily doomed, it would seem, to prodigality and crime.' The young David, in due time, succeeded to the earldom. 'But long before that period, his conduct had disappointed the hopes, and embittered the declining years of his benefactor; and in 1559 it is stated, in a legal document under the signet of the queen, that he had so conducted himself, "that be all law, natural and civil, he deserves diaberesing and tinsale (loss) of the benefit of the said adoption;" intimating how lenient and forgiving his pre-

decessor had still been, even after his second marriage, the birth of a flourishing family, and the provocations received from the ungrateful serpent he had fostered in his bosom, might have tempted him to revoke that rash experiment.' Among the pranks of this youth during his Mastership, he attacked and spoiled Glenesk, ravaging the country, and carrying off eighty-four oxen and sixty-nine 'kye;' a robbery which his benefactor made good, reimbursing the sufferers, and pardoning the offender. After the Master succeeded to the earldom, he signalised himself by the bitterest hostility to the House of Edzell!

The next descendant of the Wicked Master figures in a fray highly characteristic of the time, and which was fatal to Lord Glamis. 'Crawford and Glamis chanced to meet each other, at the head of their respective followings, in a narrow street called the Schoolhouse Wynd, and in front of a large fortified house named "the Lady Mary's Lodging," in Stirling, as Crawford was passing to the castle, and the chancellor returning to his lodging, after making his report to the king.' The consequence was a collision with the sword, for the two nobles were at feud with each other; and Glamis was mortally wounded by a pistol bullet, fired by the hand of some unknown assassin. 'Altogether this skirmish, in its scene and circumstances—the narrow antique wynd, the torches, the pistol-flashes, the struggling groups of combatants, Crawford endeavouring to appease the fray, Glamis staggering backwards, while the "evil-willer's" pistol and face of triumph are still protruding from the "heich window," forms a subject worthy of the pencil of Gherardo della Notte or Salvator Rosa.' Crawford now appears in the character of a rebel; and after being imprisoned and forgiven, his younger brother begins to eclipse him by rising in the favour of good King Jamie. The following letter, addressed to this Alexander Lindsay by the king, is characteristic:—

'SANDIE—Quhill (till) youre goode happe furneis me sum bettir occasion to recompence youre honest and faithfull service, utterid be youre diligent and cairfull attendance upon me, speciallie at this tyme, lett this assure you, in the inviolabill worde of youre awin Prince and maister, that quhen Godd randeis me in Skotlande, I sall irreuocable, and with consent of Parliament, erect you the temporalitie of Murraie in a temporal lordshipp, with all honouris thairto appertaining. Lett this serue for cure to youre present disease.

'From the Castell of Croneburg, quhaire we are drinking and dryuing our (rattling away) in theuld maner. J. R.'

In fulfilment of this promise, 'Sandie' was made a baron, with the title of Lord Spynie; but even before this, King James set himself with his whole heart to negotiate a marriage for his favourite, addressing to the lady some amusing letters, which we have no room for, and this note to the intended bridegroom:—

'SANDIE—We are going on here in the ould way, and very merry. I'll not forget you when I come hame—you shall be a lord. But mind (remember) Jean Lyon, for her ould tout will make you a new horn. J. R.'

Notwithstanding such gleams of light, however, the doom of the descendants of the Wicked Master was fixed. 'It is a melancholy tale—a malignant star, or rather, apparently, a hereditary curse, pursued even the worthiest of them to degradation and ruin.' The last earl we have mentioned was neglected when a youth by his father, so that his 'pedagogue' declares in a letter that they had no alternative but either to 'steal of the town' or sell their furniture. 'And an earlier letter mentions the tears shed by the Master when, after long expectancy, his father visited the town—and left it without seeing him. His heart crushed, his self-esteem wounded, his attempts to win his father's love rejected, all the sweet affections of his nature were turned to gall, his intellect ran to waste, and on attaining the independence of manhood, he gathered a band of broken Lindsays around him, and revenged his childhood's misery



found her weeping and painting butterflies in the garret of a house where she lodged for a few days in Edinburgh. The mistress of it, who was her aunt, treated her with a severity which she said "was good for her proud little ridiculous niece;" and Henrietta C—, indifferent about her good or bad treatment, wept because she was not placed, she said, in the sphere of life for which she was formed. She boasted that in her veins descended the blood of an old Highland chief—I forget who: pride had sailed down with the stream, and Henrietta reckoned herself more highly born than if she had been one of the House of Austria. She was carried to Balcarres to try what she was fit for. 'At first Henrietta had her mess with my mother's maid in her own room: tears flowed; she starved herself; and in order to make Henrietta happy, she was permitted to dine with the family. This indulgence was repaid by her teaching us such things for her own amusement as Margaret and I were then capable of learning. By degrees she rendered herself of use, while she maintained her independence. The ascendancy she acquired over the mind of Lady Balcarres, while bending to her in nothing, became evident; and my mother, satisfied that her project was ready to answer, proposed to her to accept the office directly, and a salary of twenty pounds per annum, which, being all she could afford to give to a person possessing nothing, was not contemptible. This proposal nearly cost Henrietta her life: she said it was "so haughty and unprovoked: as an act of friendship, she was ready to take care of us, but her soul spurned emolument." Three bottles of laudanum and some quieting draughts put matters to rights. Ill could my mother's spirit brook to make concessions, but she was obliged to do it; and Henrietta gained, upon the whole, more than twenty pounds per annum of consideration, together with a little pension of fifteen pounds from government, which my father procured for her.

'Behold her, then, settled at Balcarres, the least little woman that ever was seen for nothing. Fantastic in her dress, and naïve in her manners beyond what was natural at her time of life, her countenance was pretty, her shape neat and nice. But in that casket was lodged more than Pandora's box contained, not only of sorrows and of ills to demolish mankind, but of powers of every kind, good as well as bad—powers of attaching, powers of injuring, powers of mind, powers of genius—magnanimity, obstinacy, prejudice, romance, and occasionally enthusiastic devotion.' A curious trait in this strange Henrietta's pride was her employing her brother to manufacture a fictitious genealogy! However, she was a good though strange creature; and her greatest trial was Lady Balcarres dividing her affection between her and a 'masculine bravo,' one Miss Sophy Johnstone, as strange and original as herself. 'The father of this lady was what is commonly called "an odd dog;" her mother that unencroaching sort of existence so universally termed "a good sort of woman." One day after dinner the squire, having a mind to reason over his bottle, turned the conversation on the "folly of education." The wife said she had always understood it was a good thing for young people to know a little, to keep them out of harm's way. The husband said education was all nonsense, for that a child who was left to nature had ten times more sense, and all that sort of thing, when it grew up, than those whose heads were filled full of gimcracks and learning out of books. Like Mrs Shandy, she gave up the point, and, as he stoutly maintained his argument, they both agreed to make the experiment on the child she was ready to produce, and mutually swore an oath that it never should be taught anything from the hour of its birth, or ever have its spirit broken by contradiction. This child proved to be Miss Sophy Johnstone. The dispute and covenant were known in the country; and the neighbours, in jest, calling her "Hilton's Natural Daughter," in a few years she passed *bona fide* for his illegitimate child.' The result was the formation of the 'masculine bravo.' 'Nature seemed to have entered into the jest, and hesitated to the last whether to make

her a boy or a girl. Her taste led her to hunt with her brothers, to wrestle with the stable-boys, and to saw wood with the carpenter. She worked well in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than the smith, made excellent trunks, played well on the fiddle, sung a man's song in a bass voice, and was by many people suspected of being one. She learnt to write of the butler at her own request, and had a taste for reading, which she greatly improved. She was a droll ingenious fellow: her talents for mimicry made her enemies, and the violence of her attachments to those she called her favourites secured her a few warm friends. She came to spend a few months with my mother soon after her marriage, and, at the time I am speaking of, had been with her thirteen years, making Balcarres her head-quarters, devoting herself to the youngest child, whichever it was—deserting him when he got into breeches, and regularly constant to no one but me. She had a little forge fitted up in her closet, to which I was very often invited.' Poor Miss Sophy Johnstone lived to be a miserable, penurious old woman. 'The junior members of the family, the grandfathers and grandmothers of the youngest existing generation of the Lindsays, were frequently sent to visit her, and never empty-handed. They usually found her crouched in the corner of her den, and her first salutation was always, "What hae ye brocht?—what hae ye brocht?"—stretching out her skinny arm to receive the offering.'

We must indulge ourselves in another original—the venerable Lady Dalrymple, mother of the whipping countess. 'At ten she came down stairs, always a little out of humour till she had had her breakfast. In her left hand were her mitts and her snuff-box, which contained a certain number of pinches; she stopped on the seventeenth spot of the carpet, and coughed three times; she then looked at the weather-glass, approached the tea-table, put her right hand in her pocket for the key of the tea-chest, and not finding it there, sent me up stairs to look for it in her own room, charging me not to fall on the stairs.

"Look," said she, "Annie, upon my little table—there you will find a pair of gloves; but the key is not there. After you have taken up the gloves, you will see yesterday's newspaper; but you will not find it below that, so you need not touch it. Pass on from the newspaper to my black fan: beside it there lie three apples (don't eat my apples, Annie—mark that!). Take up the letter that is beyond the apples, and there you will find"—"But is not that the key in your left hand, over your little finger?" "No, Annie; it cannot be so; for I always carry it on my right." "That is, you intend to do so, my dear grandmamma; but you know you always carry it in your left." "Well, well, child, I believe I do! But what then? Is the tea made? Put in one spoonful for every person, and one over—Annie, do you mark me?"

'Thus every morning grandmamma smelt three times at her apple, came down stairs testy, coughed on the seventeenth spot, lost her key, had it detected in her left hand, and the morning's parade being over, till the evening's nap arrived (when she had a new set of manoeuvres), she was a pleasing, entertaining, talkative, mild old woman. I should love her, for she loved me. I was her god-daughter, and her sworn friend.'

Before concluding, we are in duty bound to return to the Lindsays—and here is the end of the 'proud House of Edzell.' 'The laird, like his father, had been a wild and wasterful man, and had been long awa'. He was deeply engaged with the unsuccessful party of the Stuarts, and the rumours of their defeat were still occupying the minds of all the country-side. One afternoon the poor baron, with a sad and sorrowful countenance and heavy heart, and followed by only one of a' his company, both on horseback, came to the castle, almost unnoticed by any. Everything was silent: he ga'd into his great big house a solitary man. There was no wife or child to gi'e him welcome, for he had never been married. The castle was almost deserted—





13 females. It would therefore seem to follow that somewhere about five women died from love for three men; that the ladies have considerably the advantage, or rather the disadvantage, in jealousy; that in pride they are on a par with the lords of the creation; that in calumny and loss of reputation they bear with three times the fortitude that men evince; that they feel only about one-third of the remorse which the other sex experience; and that to the sorrows which flow from disappointed ambition, reverse of fortune, and gaming, they are exposed in a very slight degree in comparison with their yokefellows. This calculation, it will be remembered, applies but to French ladies. In what light a similar calculation would exhibit our own fair countrywomen, we presume not to conjecture.—*Liverpool Albion*.

#### HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.

In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment; persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently too. 'A cat in gloves catches no mice.'

'He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes.'

Attend to your business, and never trust it to another. 'A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled.'

Be frugal. 'That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid.'

'Save the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.'

Be abstemious. 'Who dainties love shall beggars prove.'

Rise early. 'The sleeping fox catches no poultry.'

'Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep.'

Treat every one with respect and civility. 'Everything is gained, and nothing lost, by courtesy.' Good manners insure success.

Never anticipate wealth from any other course than labour; especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance.

'He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go for a long time barefoot.' 'He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race.'

Above all things, never despair. 'God is where He was.' 'Heaven helps those who help themselves.'

Follow implicitly these precepts, and nothing can hinder you from prospering.—*From a newspaper*.

#### CHINESE IVORY-CARVING.

I took some trouble and pains to obtain a view of the instruments with which the artists worked, but regret to say I was unsuccessful. The ivory balls so elaborately carved, and the ingenuity with which they are constructed, have long excited admiration and surprise at the artistic skill and means by which so many concentric balls can be carved one within the other. I know not whether any one else has made the discovery; but the truth is, that each ball is constructed of two pieces, the edges of which are so finely scraped down, that the edge of one hemisphere is made to overlap its counterpart with the greatest nicety. Thus one ball is easily enclosed within another. The joinings are then united by a peculiarly strong cement, aided by the employment of steam and pressure. Any one who wishes to make the expensive trial, will soon ascertain the fact by applying a very powerful heat to one of these balls, which will open at the joints in due time.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

#### RESPONSIBILITY OF EACH THE HAPPINESS OF ALL.

It is an era in life when first the conviction strikes home to our hearts that our actions tell on the happiness, not of ourselves only, but of our fellow-creatures. Life has frequently been likened to a theatre, in which 'the men and women are only the players;' but when we come to consider this illustration carefully, when we perceive that in the drama of life, as in that of the stage, every one has some part to act, and that in both the good or bad performances of even the most insignificant actor tells in a degree on all the rest, it is startling indeed. Is it impossible to impress this even on the minds of children? Is it impossible to lead them in early youth to reflect upon the great, the awful truth, that all are placed in this world as actors, not as spectators; that the little and great, the rich and poor, the young and old, in that one point are in the

same position; and, further than this, that we are not only all actors, but also that every human creature is accountable to his Almighty Father for the due performance of the part assigned to him, and likewise for the proper use of the influence which he is permitted to exercise over others? If there be a doubt in a child's mind as to the effect producible by the conduct of one person on the happiness of many, let him be taught to observe how a cross look, an angry word, may destroy the peace of his own domestic circle for great part of an evening; and then let him reflect how any graver fault must affect the happiness of the transgressor's family, and throughout of those in close connection with it.—*School-room Days*.

#### LINES.

Oh bring me pearls and jewels rare,  
With these I'll braid my sunny hair:  
I would be beautiful to-night—  
The gayest 'mid the gay and bright.  
Look! I have chased my tears away,  
And smile as in life's early day;  
And see how well this wreath doth shade  
The lines that grief and care have made.  
Oh none shall know this brow is aching;  
Oh none shall guess this heart is breaking!

The first amid the joyous throng  
My voice shall join the laugh, the song;  
They say its tones were once so clear,  
That when they fell upon the ear,  
The dark heart would forget its guile,  
And saddest eye look up—and smile.  
Oh I will laugh and sing once more  
As gaily as in days of yore:  
And none shall know this brow is aching;  
Oh none shall guess my heart is breaking!

I never cared for beauty's power;  
And never, till this darksome hour,  
Did pearl, or flower, or diamond rare  
Deck the long tresses of my hair.  
But oh to-night their aid I'll seek:  
They'll lend a radiance to my cheek,  
And give the light of bygone years  
To eyes that have grown dim with tears;  
And none shall know this brow is aching;  
Oh none shall guess my heart is breaking!

Perchance in that triumphant hour  
When mine is wealth, and pride, and power,  
Our eyes may meet; and on his ear  
May fall the voice he loved to hear,  
Recalling days that long have fled—  
Forgotten vows, and sweet hopes dead.  
Oh bring me pearls and gems most bright—  
I must be beautiful to-night.

He must not know my brow is aching;  
He must not guess my heart is breaking!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Away—away! these gems, and tear  
These gaudy flowers from my hair:  
Oh I have borne their weight too long!  
What care I though the brilliant throng  
Should kneel and worship at my shrine?—  
The only smile I sought was thine,  
And that, alas, was turned aside!  
What cared I then for beauty's pride?—  
Oh how my burning brow is aching;  
Alas—alas, my heart is breaking!

RONA LEE.

#### POSTAGE LABELS.

In our 'Gossip from London,' in No. 287, there is some mistake as to postage labels. The plates from which they are printed are made of hardened steel, and the average number of imprints does not exceed 60,000. Each sheet, however, contains 240 labels, so that the number of single stamps printed from an average plate is 14,400,000.

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the thing. At one time begging consisted in asking for a few halfpence. Those days of simplicity are gone past. Nobody now asks for pence. Charity is requested through the deliberate intervention of a subscription-paper. *Subscribe* is now the word for alms; and those who, for themselves or others, ask a subscription, are quite a different class from the tattered mendicants of bygone days. Armed with a subscription-book, a world is to be had for the winning. Society is on the move. One half the population are chasing the other with subscription-books in hand; and against these engines there is no more safety than against the gun of the road-beggar in *Gil Blas*. Whether it be to send out a missionary, build a church, repair a bridge, or get up a school—sovereign is the power of a neatly-ruled and well-headed subscription-book.

We are not sure of the propriety of the distinction drawn between this begging for others and begging for ourselves. If the lady-beggar who comes to us in a five-guinea shawl would be satisfied with a shawl at a fifth part of the money, or if the gentleman-beggar who sports a gold watch would condescend to a silver one—these would be trifling sacrifices; and the difference in money, applied to their favourite charity, would save their neighbours from a visitation. But they will make no sacrifice of the kind: what they want is to be charitable with other people's money; and they even take credit to themselves for bestowing the time and trouble required in begging. These, they say, are their donation; and when added to any pecuniary mite they can afford without diminishing their little comforts, they flatter themselves that no one can deny them the praise of disinterested devotion to the cause of benevolence. This is obviously self-delusive. The same plea, if admitted, would serve the end of busy-bodies of every description. A cabinet-minister, for instance, if his fortune were large enough to make his salary of no moment, would deserve the praise of patriotism for taking the trouble to govern the country. The truth is, the respectable beggars are rarely influenced by charitable motives alone. They give up their time for the gratification of their own taste, or fancy, or ambition, and are naturally solicitous that other people should contribute their money towards the same object.

There is another class of respectable beggars whose object is confessedly selfish, and who have therefore not nerve enough to address their selected patrons face to face, but make known their wants and wishes in an epistolary form. We do not allude to what are commonly called 'begging letters;' for by this phrase are designated attempts at imposture. It would be more correct to call them 'borrowing letters,' although by this name we should attain to but little accuracy in definition. The *loan*, however, is their conventional stalking-horse, the writers being ashamed not merely to work, but to beg. Even if there is no condition specified of return, the understanding is, that a gift, not an alms, is sought; and that the donor will at least have the satisfaction of having relieved virtue, or honour, or talent, and certainly gentility, in distress. It is true the distress is not permanent: a sudden reverse of circumstances has occurred; the applicant is at that lowest point of misery where some change must take place; and if he is destined to rise again, his deliverer must feel honoured by being selected as the agent of Providence. All that man can do the writer has done—all but work. And work he is not averse to, if it involved no change of station. He was born, however, in a particular class, and to wear a particular dress; and if he should sink to be the meanest and most ragged of his tribe, this is a misfortune, but no dishonour. But to sink to a caste beneath his own is impossible: death rather must relieve him from his misery; and the individual he had selected to rescue him from the alternative, at an expense which, with an

ample fortune like his, would rather have been a relief than a sacrifice, must expose himself by his refusal to a lifelong remorse.

This may read like irony, but it is a faithful picture of a department of correspondence far more extensive than is commonly imagined. The individuals applied to suppose that there must be something peculiar in their own position or character which lays them open in a special manner to such importunities: some of them even feel flattered: and nearly all begin by yielding a little, either through weakness or humanity, till their feelings are worn threadbare, or their clients become hopelessly numerous. It is this slight compliance which has the effect of perpetuating the system. A traditionary success is handed down as a stimulant to the unfortunate who would thus ennoble generous wealth; and a possibility, however remote and visionary, continues an insuperable barrier against the industrial intermixture of caste. The melancholy thing is, that on the part of the letter-writer there is perfect good faith, and at least a sort of illegitimate delicacy. His sufferings are real, and the circumstances that occasioned them truly described; he has actually a romantic, not to say high-minded notion of the privilege and duties of fortune; and although so terribly frank in his epistolary communication (which he marks in large underlined letters 'confidential'), he feels that he would be ready to sink with shame in making such a statement to his selected patron face to face. Above all, he has a perfect confidence that he is alone, or very nearly alone, in the ingenious idea which has originated his application; and at anyrate his conviction is sincere, that there is something in his case which renders his desire reasonable, and deprives the recusant patron of every justification. Thus he looks upon refusal as an injury, and measures the culpability of the individual by the amount of his revenue. 'What would five, ten, twenty, a hundred pounds have been out of so vast an income? Yet this pittance would have saved me!'

It is a curious thing this disposition of persons living in society, to look upon themselves as solitary individuals surrounded by peculiar circumstances, and reasoning and acting in a peculiar manner. Yet how few there be among us who strike out a new path! We never thrust our heads anywhere without hob or nobbing, even in the dark, with scores of other heads. An advertisement never appears in any well-circulated newspaper without stirring up many hundred individuals miraculously qualified for the business referred to. A borrowing letter is never addressed to any human being who does not receive a whole budget by the same post. The Queen-Dowager was once four days absent from her residence, and on her return found an accumulation of 300 of these communications awaiting her. Poor Queen-Dowager! Poor borrowing letter-writers!

When Jenny Lind visited England first, her gentle heart was melted by compassion for the unmerited misfortunes which, in a few instances, came in some unaccountable way under her notice. Why should these unfortunates have selected her? If they had been countrymen of her own, or even members of the musical profession, she could have understood the application; but to be addressed in this harrowing manner by the English themselves, and English of respectability, delicacy—or at least shamefacedness—and no small power of correct, not to say elegant writing, appeared to give fearful indication of the social state of that country into which she had come to gather a golden harvest. But Jenny Lind, though unable to fathom the mystery, could at least feel for the distress; and she answered some of these early applications by donations of money, presented with a touching humility, which must have greatly heightened the obligation. Time passed on, however, and a change came over the dream of the fair vocalist. The letters, at first a few trickling drops, soon became a rivulet, then a stream, and then a torrent; and when we heard last of Jenny Lind, her tears and her generosity had both dried up,



but a few hours in custody; and he now exhibited great zeal for the discovery of the murderer of the woman to whom he had, to the extent of his perverted instincts, been sincerely attached. He fiddled at the festivals of the humbler Kendalese; sang, tumbled, ventriloquised at their tavern orgies; and had he not been so very highly-gifted, might, there was little doubt, have earned a decent living as a carpenter, to which profession his father, by dint of much exertion, had about half-bred him. His principal use to us was, that he was acquainted with the features of Mr Robert Bristowe; and accordingly, as soon as I had received my commission and instructions, I started off with him to the Hummums Hotel, Covent Garden. In answer to my inquiries, it was stated that Mr Robert Bristowe had left the hotel a week previously without settling his bill—which was, however, of very small amount, as he usually paid every evening—and had not since been heard of; neither had he taken his luggage with him. This was odd, though the period stated would have given him ample time to reach Westmoreland on the day it was stated he had arrived there.

‘What dress did he wear when he left?’

‘That which he usually wore: a foraging-cap with a gold band, a blue military surtout coat, light trousers, and Wellington boots.

The precise dress described by the fishmonger's errand-boy! We next proceeded to the Bank of England, to ascertain if any of the stolen notes had been presented for payment. I handed in a list of the numbers furnished by Mr Bagshawe, and was politely informed that they had all been cashed early the day before by a gentleman in a sort of undress uniform, and wearing a foraging cap. Lieutenant James was the name indorsed upon them; and the address, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, was of course a fictitious one. The cashier doubted if he should be able to swear to the person of the gentleman who changed the notes, but he had particularly noticed his dress. I returned to Scotland Yard to report *no progress*; and it was then determined to issue bills descriptive of Bristowe's person, and offering a considerable reward for his apprehension, or such information as might lead to it; but the order had scarcely been issued, when who should we see walking deliberately down the yard towards the police-office but Mr Robert Bristowe himself, dressed precisely as before described! I had just time to caution the inspector not to betray any suspicion, but to hear his story, and let him quietly depart, and to slip with Josiah Barnes out of sight, when he entered, and made a formal but most confused complaint of having been robbed something more than a week previously—where or by whom he knew not—and afterwards deceived, bamboozled, and led astray in his pursuit of the robbers, by a person whom he now suspected to be a confederate with them. Even of this latter personage he could afford no tangible information; and the inspector, having quietly listened to his statement—intended, doubtless, as a mystification—told him the police should make inquiries, and wished him good-morning. As soon as he had turned out of Scotland Yard by the street leading to the Strand, I was upon his track. He walked slowly on, but without pausing, till he reached the Saracen's Head, Snow-Hill, where, to my great astonishment, he booked himself for Westmoreland by the night-coach. He then walked into the inn, and seating himself in the coffee-room, called for a pint of sherry wine and some biscuits. He was now safe for a short period at any rate; and I was about to take a turn in the street, just to meditate upon the most advisable course of action, when I espied three buckishly-attired, bold-faced looking fellows—one of whom I thought I recognised, spite of his fine dress—enter the booking-office. Naturally anxious in my vocation, I approached as closely to the door as I could without being observed, and heard one of them—my acquaintance sure enough; I could not be deceived in that voice—ask the clerk if there were any vacant places in the night coach to

Westmoreland. To Westmoreland! Why, what in the name of Mercury could a detachment of the swell-mob be wanting in that country of furze and frieze-coats? The next sentence uttered by my friend, as he placed the money for booking three insides to Kendal on the counter was equally, or perhaps more puzzling: ‘Is the gentleman who entered the office just now—him with a foraging-cap I mean—to be our fellow-passenger?’

‘Yes, he has booked himself; and has, I think, since gone into the house.’

‘Thank you: good-morning.’

I had barely time to slip aside into one of the passages, when the three gentlemen came out of the office, passed me, and swaggered out of the yard. Vague undefined suspicions at once beset me relative to the connection of these worthies with the ‘foraging-cap’ and the doings at Kendal. There was evidently something in all this more than natural, if police philosophy could but find it out. I resolved at all events to try; and in order to have a chance of doing so, I determined to be of the party, nothing doubting that I should be able, in some way or other, to make one in whatever game they intended playing. I in my turn entered the booking-office, and finding there were still two places vacant, secured them both for James Jenkins and Josiah Barnes, countrymen and friends of mine returning to the ‘north country.’

I returned to the coffee-room, where Mr Bristowe was still seated, apparently in deep and anxious meditation, and wrote a note, with which I despatched the inn porter. I had now ample leisure for observing the suspected burglar and assassin. He was a pale, intellectual-looking, and withal handsome young man, of about six-and-twenty years of age, of slight but well-knit frame, and with the decided air—travel-stained and jaded as he appeared—of a gentleman. His look was troubled and careworn, but I sought in vain for any indication of the starting, nervous tremor always in my experience exhibited by even old practitioners in crime when suddenly accosted. Several persons had entered the room hastily, without causing him even to look up. I determined to try an experiment on his nerves, which I was quite satisfied no man who had recently committed a murder, and but the day before changed part of the produce of that crime into gold at the Bank of England, could endure without wincing. My object was, not to procure evidence producible in a court of law by such means, but to satisfy my own mind. I felt a growing conviction that, spite of appearances, the young man was guiltless of the deed imputed to him, and might be the victim, I could not help thinking, either of some strange combination of circumstances, or, more likely, of a diabolical plot for his destruction, essential, possibly, to the safety of the real perpetrators of the crime; very probably—so ran my suspicions—friends and acquaintances of the three gentlemen who were to be our fellow-travellers. My duty, I knew, was quite as much the vindication of innocence as the detection of guilt; and if I could satisfy myself that he was not the guilty party, no effort of mine should be wanting, I determined, to extricate him from the perilous position in which he stood. I went out of the room, and remained absent for some time; then suddenly entered with a sort of bounce, walked swiftly, and with a determined air, straight up to the box where he was seated, grasped him tightly by the arm, and exclaimed roughly, ‘So I have found you at last!’ There was no start, no indication of fear whatever—not the slightest; the expression of his countenance, as he peevishly replied, ‘What the devil do you mean?’ was simply one of surprise and annoyance.

‘I beg your pardon,’ I replied; ‘the waiter told me a friend of mine, one Bagshawe, who has given me the slip, was here, and I mistook you for him.’

He courteously accepted my apology, quietly remarking at the same time that though his own name was Bristowe, he had, oddly enough, an uncle in the country of the same name as the person I had mistaken him



prisoner for something more than a minute without speaking, and then said, 'The gentleman was standing before the fire when I saw him, with his cap on; I should like to see this person with his cap on before I say anything.' Mr Bristowe dashed on his foraging-cap, and the boy immediately exclaimed, 'That is the man!' Mr Cowan, a solicitor, retained by Mr Bagshawe for his nephew, objected that this was, after all, only swearing to a cap, or at best to the *ensemble* of a dress, and ought not to be received. The chairman, however, decided that it must be taken *quantum valeat*, and in corroboration of other evidence. It was next deposed by several persons that the deceased Sarah King had told them that her master's nephew had positively arrived at Five Oaks. An objection to the reception of this evidence, as partaking of the nature of 'hearsay,' was also made, and similarly overruled. Mr Bristowe begged to observe 'that Sarah King was not one of his uncle's old servants, and was entirely unknown to him: it was quite possible, therefore, that he was personally unknown to her.' The bench observed that all these observations might be fitly urged before a jury, but, in the present stage of the proceedings, were uselessly addressed to them, whose sole duty it was to ascertain if a sufficiently strong case of suspicion had been made out against the prisoner to justify his committal for trial. A constable next proved finding a portion of a letter, which he produced, in one of the offices of Five Oaks; and then Mr Bagshawe was directed to be called in. The prisoner, upon hearing this order given, exhibited great emotion, and earnestly intreated that his uncle and himself might be spared the necessity of meeting each other for the first time after a separation of several years under such circumstances.

'We can receive no evidence against you, Mr Bristowe, in your absence,' replied the chairman in a compassionate tone of voice; 'but your uncle's deposition will occupy but a few minutes. It is, however, indispensable.'

'At least, then, Mr Cowan,' said the agitated young man, 'prevent my sister from accompanying her uncle: I could not bear that.'

He was assured she would not be present; in fact she had become seriously ill through anxiety and terror; and the crowded assemblage awaited in painful silence the approach of the reluctant prosecutor. He presently appeared—a venerable, white-haired man; seventy years old at least he seemed, his form bowed by age and grief, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his whole manner indicative of sorrow and dejection. 'Uncle!' cried the prisoner, springing towards him. The aged man looked up, seemed to read in the clear countenance of his nephew a full refutation of the suspicions entertained against him, tottered forwards with outspread arms, and, in the words of the Sacred text, 'fell upon his neck, and wept,' exclaiming in choking accents, 'Forgive me—forgive me, Robert, that I ever for a moment doubted you. Mary never did—never, Robert; not for an instant.'

A profound silence prevailed during this outburst of feeling, and a considerable pause ensued before the usher of the court, at a gesture from the chairman, touched Mr Bagshawe's arm, and begged his attention to the bench. 'Certainly, certainly,' said he, hastily wiping his eyes, and turning towards the court. 'My sister's child, gentlemen,' he added appealingly, 'who has lived with me from childhood: you will excuse me, I am sure.'

'There needs no excuse, Mr Bagshawe,' said the chairman kindly; 'but it is necessary this unhappy business should be proceeded with. Hand the witness the portion of the letter found at Five Oaks. Now, is that your handwriting; and is it a portion of the letter you sent to your nephew, informing him of the large sum of money kept for a particular purpose at Five Oaks?'

'It is.'

'Now,' said the clerk to the magistrates, addressing

me, 'please to produce the articles in your possession.'

I laid the Spanish coin and the cross upon the table. 'Please to look at those two articles, Mr Bagshawe,' said the chairman. 'Now, sir, on your oath, are they a portion of the property of which you have been robbed?'

The aged gentleman stooped forward and examined them earnestly; then turned and looked with quivering eyes, if I may be allowed the expression, in his nephew's face; but returned no answer to the question.

'It is necessary you should reply, Yes or No, Mr Bagshawe,' said the clerk.

'Answer, uncle,' said the prisoner soothingly: 'fear not for me. God and my innocence to aid, I shall yet break through the web of villany in which I at present seem hopelessly involved.'

'Bless you, Robert—bless you! I am sure you will. Yes, gentlemen, the cross and coin on the table are part of the property carried off.'

A smothered groan, indicative of the sorrowing sympathy felt for the venerable gentleman, arose from the crowded court on hearing this declaration. I then deposed to finding them as previously stated. As soon as I concluded, the magistrates consulted together for a few minutes; and then the chairman, addressing the prisoner, said, 'I have to inform you that the bench are agreed that sufficient evidence has been adduced against you to warrant them in fully committing you for trial. We are of course bound to hear anything you have to say; but such being our intention, your professional adviser will perhaps recommend you to reserve whatever defence you have to make for another tribunal: here it could not avail you.'

Mr Cowan expressed his concurrence in the intimation of the magistrate; but the prisoner vehemently protested against sanctioning by his silence the accusation preferred against him.

'I have nothing to reserve,' he exclaimed with passionate energy; 'nothing to conceal. I will not owe my acquittal of this foul charge to any trick of lawyer-craft. If I may not come out of this investigation with an untainted name, I desire not to escape at all. The defence, or rather the suggestive facts I have to offer for the consideration of the bench are these:—On the evening of the day I received my uncle's letter I went to Drury Lane theatre, remaining out very late. On my return to the hotel, I found I had been robbed of my pocket-book, which contained not only that letter, and a considerable sum in bank-notes, but papers of great professional importance to me. It was too late to adopt any measures for its recovery that night; and the next morning, as I was dressing myself to go out, in order to apprise the police authorities of my loss, I was informed that a gentleman desired to see me instantly on important business. He was shown up, and announced himself to be a detective police-officer: the robbery I had sustained had been revealed by an accomplice, and it was necessary I should immediately accompany him. We left the hotel together; and after consuming the entire day in perambulating all sorts of by-streets, and calling at several suspicious-looking places, my officious friend all at once discovered that the thieves had left town for the west of England, hoping, doubtless, to reach a large town, and get gold for the notes before the news of their having been stopped should have reached it. He insisted upon immediate pursuit. I wished to return to the hotel for a change of clothes, as I was but lightly clad, and night-travelling required warmer apparel. This he would not hear of, as the night coach was on the point of starting. He, however, contrived to supply me from his own resources with a greatcoat—a sort of policeman's cape—and a rough travelling-cap, which tied under the chin. In due time we arrived at Bristol, where I was kept for several days loitering about; till, finally, my guide decamped, and I returned to London. An hour after arriving there, I gave information at









would an additional security be given to the honest, but an additional, and apparently insurmountable difficulty would be put before the path of those who are unhappily otherwise inclined.

### PICTURES OF THE ENGLISH, DRAWN BY A FRENCHWOMAN.

AN unpretending-looking brochure has accidentally fallen into our hands, which undertakes to give, within the limits of some seventy pages, an account of the 'Manners and Customs of the English.\*' Its pretensions are necessarily more lofty than its outward appearance indicates; for very comprehensive powers of observation, and great concentration of language, are to be inferred from so small a book, which professes to treat so extensive and varied a subject. It should, therefore, excite no disappointment when it is found that the pretensions of the title are not wholly borne out in the succeeding pages. Indeed the profession of the authoress has not afforded her the best possible course of study, or the widest field of observation for her subject. Foreign statesmen, lawyers, university professors, historians, political economists, and even French cooks and German princes, have, during their travels and their leisure hours, 'modestly discovered that of ourselves which yet we knew not of.' But this is the first time, so far as we know, that British manners and customs have ever been criticised between the figures of a quadrille or the steps of a Polka; for be it known that the serious business of this authoress's life, her mission upon earth, is—to dance. She only, it seems, condescends to literature during her leisure; and like Sarah Battle between hard-fought rubbers at whist, 'unbends over a book.' Mrs Whittaker is, in fact, one of the numerous teachers whom the 'manners and customs' of the revolutionary continent have driven thence to find employment in peaceful England. She 'imparts' (that is now the professional periphrasis for the verb to teach) dancing.

Such books as the one before us, however full of mistakes, may be always consulted with advantage. Pictures of ourselves, painted by foreign artists, possess the power prayed for by Burns when he sung—

'Oh wad some power the giffie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us!  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us.'

The literary mirror held up to English nature by our dancing-mistress is not without its moral, but it would have given a clearer, stronger, and more salutary reflection of our faults, had she not unhappily spiced her few truths with a great many errors. Let us, however, be thankful for the truths she tells us, and take warning from her blunders.

The strictures of the dancing-mistress on the saltatory manners and customs of English people are entitled to all respect, as in this department she adheres to the good old Latin rule, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*—('for the cobbler sticks to his last'): in other words, the dancer does not go beyond her pumps. She is presumed to be thoroughly conversant with the subject, and her opinions on it are to be received with the reverence due to the dicta of a professor. The following anecdotes are characteristic, and cleverly told:—

'In my profession I have been tolerably successful; but as this is a very aristocratic country, professors hold a very different rank in the scale of society to what they do in Paris. Of this, however, I will tell you more hereafter. I had a visit this morning from a very stout gentleman (a wealthy apothecary), who said he wished to learn dancing; but never having learnt before in his life, he requested that the first few lessons might be private. This I of course acceded to, and desired him

to come on the following day. The gentleman was punctual to a minute; but previous to commencing, he came up to me and said with great seriousness, "Madam, I think I told you that I had never learnt dancing in my life, but I forgot at the same time to mention that I have not the slightest idea of music. Will you, therefore, have the kindness to tell me, must I jump to every note you strike on the piano?" Being little prepared for this speech, it required my utmost efforts to avoid breaking out into an immoderate fit of laughter. I even longed to say "Yes," merely for the purpose of seeing what he would do; but this would not have been consistent with my professional character; composing, therefore, my countenance as well as I could, I merely said, "No; not quite to every note." "Perhaps, then," added he, with equal simplicity, "you will be good enough to tell me each time I am to jump?" "Oh yes, yes," said I; this time turning round, lest he should see my countenance. I then placed myself at the piano, whilst the gentleman stood in the middle of the room, giving me many inquiring looks, to know when he was to begin. At last I nodded assent, kept on playing, and found he had an excellent ear for music, of which he was not at all aware.

'My next applicant was, I think, a mathematician; he was a tall young man, rather pale, and of gentlemanly appearance. He said that he wished very much to learn to waltz, and begged I would tell him who had written the best work on the subject. My assurances that he could never learn to waltz by means of a book were useless; he repeatedly said that he should prefer that method to any other. Not being able, therefore, to give him the name of any author who had written on the subject of waltzing, the young gentleman took his leave; and how far he has been successful in his search I leave you to guess.'

The rude neglect shown to persons of the class to which our authoress belongs is set forth in a contrast drawn between a French and an English quadrille party:—"In a former letter I mentioned that professors hold a very different rank in the scale of society in London to what they do in Paris. In order to acquaint you with the manner in which they are looked upon in the two capitals, I will give you a description of two quadrille parties, one in London, and the other in Paris, at both of which I was engaged to act the part of musician. They were both houses of the same standing—that is, as I believe, eminent lawyers—and to one and the other I was a complete stranger. To begin, then, with the one in Paris. No sooner was I announced, than the gentleman of the house came out to meet me, and took possession of my music book, whilst the lady herself assisted in taking off my shawl. I was then introduced as one of the guests; the latter endeavouring to make themselves as agreeable to me as did the host and hostess themselves. When the dancing had commenced, and I had played one or two quadrilles and Polkas, a lady, whom I had never seen before, came up to me and said in the most gracious manner, "I am not going to allow you to fatigue yourself; it's my turn now." I readily gave up the piano to her intreaties, and during the remainder of the evening we each played and danced by turns. On my departure, I was as much thanked by the lady and gentleman of the house as though they had been the obliged party instead of myself.

'Now let me tell you how these things are managed in London. One evening as I was sitting alone ruminating on the state of affairs in Paris, a message was brought me that a lady, living at a considerable distance, wished to speak to me. Being naturally anxious to know for what purpose, I was not long in answering to the demand. No sooner had I arrived at the house, and given my name, than I perceived the servants were evidently perplexed to know where to place me; for the first allowed me to remain in the passage, then a second scolded the first for having done so; at last I got seated in a parlour, where, after remaining for a considerable

\* Letters on the Manners and Customs of the English. By Mrs Whittaker. London: Ebers.



lady book-wrights who place Constantinople on the Danube, and fill up sketches of Parisian and Rhenish manners with bad French and impossible German, we must not be too hard on a lively dancing-mistress when she ceases to point her toe for the purpose of sharpening her pen against us. Let us rather take a dispassionate view of the real absurdities with which we abound, and try to correct them; and be all the more careful what we ourselves say of our neighbours, when we contemplate recording *their* failings in small pamphlets or portly octavos.

### LYCANTHROPY.

WHOEVER has read the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments' will be acquainted with the words goul and vampyre. A goul was believed to be a being in the human form, who frequented graveyards and cemeteries, where it disinterred, tore to pieces, and devoured the bodies buried there. A vampyre was a dead person, who came out of his grave at night to suck the blood of the living, and whoever was so sucked became a vampyre in his turn when he died. Both these persuasions have been rejected by the modern scientific world as altogether unworthy of credence or inquiry, although, about a century ago, the exploits of vampyres created such a sensation in Hungary, that they reached the ears of Louis XV., who directed his minister at Vienna to report upon them. In a newspaper of that period there appeared a paragraph to the effect that Arnold Paul, a native of Madveiga, being crushed to death by a wagon, and buried, had since become a vampyre, and that he had himself been previously bitten by one. The authorities being informed of the terror his visits were occasioning, and several persons having died with all the symptoms of vampyrism, his grave was solemnly opened; and although he had been in it forty days, the body was like that of a living man. To cure his roving propensities a stake was driven into it, whereupon he uttered a cry; after which his head was cut off, and the body burnt. Four other bodies which had died from the consequences of his bites, and which were found in the same perfectly healthy condition, were served in a similar manner; and it was hoped that these vigorous measures would extinguish the mischief. But no such thing: the evil continued more or less, and five years afterwards was so rife, that the authorities determined to make a thorough clearance of these troublesome individuals. On this occasion a vast number of graves were opened of persons of all ages and both sexes; and strange to say, the bodies of all those accused of plaguing the living by their nocturnal visits were found in the vampyre state—full of blood, and free from every symptom of death. The documents which record these transactions bear the date of June 7, 1732, and are signed and witnessed by three surgeons and other creditable persons. The facts, in short, are indubitable, though what interpretation to put upon them remains extremely difficult. One that has been suggested is, that all these supposed vampyres were persons who had fallen into a state of catalepsy or trance, and been buried alive. However this may be, the mystery is sufficiently perplexing; and the more so, that through the whole of Eastern Europe innumerable instances of the same kind of thing have occurred, whilst each language has an especial word to designate it.

That which in the East is called 'goulism' has in the West been denominated 'lycanthropy,' or 'wolfomania;' and this phenomenon, as well as vampyrism, has been treated of by numerous ancient authors; and though latterly utterly denied and scouted, was once very generally believed.

There are various shades and degrees of lycanthropy. In some cases the lycanthrope declares that he has the power of transforming himself into a wolf, in which disguise—his tastes corresponding to his form—he delights in feeding on human flesh; and in the public examinations of these unhappy individuals there was

no scarcity of witnesses to corroborate their confessions. In other instances there was no transformation, and the lycanthrope appears more closely to resemble a goul.

In the year 1603, a case of lycanthropy was brought before the parliament of Bordeaux. The person accused was a boy of fourteen, called Jean Grenier, who herded cattle. Several witnesses, chiefly young girls, came forward as his accusers, declaring that he had attacked and wounded them in the disguise of a wolf, and would have killed them but for the vigorous defence they made with sticks. Jean Grenier himself avowed the crime, confessing to having killed and eaten several children; and the father of the children confirmed all he said. Jean Grenier, however, appears to have been little removed from an idiot.

In the fifteenth century lycanthropy prevailed extensively amongst the Vaudois, and many persons suffered death for it; but as no similar case seems to have been heard of for a long while, lycanthropy and goulism were set down amongst the superstitions of the East, and the follies and fables of the dark ages. A circumstance, however, has just now come to light in France that throws a strange and unexpected light upon this curious subject. The account we are going to give is drawn from a report of the investigation before a council of war, held on the 10th of the present month (July 1849), Colonel Manselon president. It is remarked that the court was extremely crowded, and that many ladies were present.

The facts of this mysterious affair, as they came to light in the examinations, are as follow:—For some months past the cemeteries in and around Paris have been the scenes of a frightful profanation, the authors of which had succeeded in eluding all the vigilance that was exerted to detect them. At one time the guardians or keepers of these places of burial were themselves suspected; at others, the odium was thrown on the surviving relations of the dead.

The cemetery of Père la Chaise was the first field of these horrible operations. It appears that for a considerable time the guardians had observed a mysterious figure flitting about by night amongst the tombs, on whom they never could lay their hands. As they approached, he disappeared like a phantom; and even the dogs that were let loose, and urged to seize him, stopped short, and ceased to bark, as if they were transfixed by a charm. When morning broke, the ravages of this strange visitant were but too visible—graves had been opened, coffins forced, and the remains of the dead, frightfully torn and mutilated, lay scattered upon the earth. Could the surgeons be the guilty parties? No. A member of the profession being brought to the spot, declared that no scientific knife had been there; but certain parts of the human body might be required for anatomical studies, and the gravediggers might have violated the tombs to obtain money by the sale of them. . . . The watch was doubled; but to no purpose. A young soldier was one night seized in a tomb, but he declared he had gone there to meet his sweetheart, and had fallen asleep; and as he evinced no trepidation, they let him go.

At length these profanations ceased in Père la Chaise, but it was not long before they were renewed in another quarter. A suburban cemetery was the new theatre of operations. A little girl, aged seven years, and much loved by her parents, died. With their own hands they laid her in her coffin, attired in the frock she delighted to wear on fête days, and with her favourite playthings beside her; and accompanied by numerous relatives and friends, they saw her laid in the earth. On the following morning it was discovered that the grave had been violated, the body torn from the coffin, frightfully mutilated, and the heart extracted. There was no robbery: the sensation in the neighbourhood was tremendous; and in the general terror and perplexity, suspicion fell on the broken-hearted father, whose innocence, however, was easily proved. Every means were taken to discover the criminal; but the



stretched the Desert and the mountain ridges. Behind, the minarets of Cairo and its fortified citadel occasionally appeared through the trees; whilst at the extremity of the plain ahead extended a long grove, above which we could soon see the tall obelisk that remains almost alone to indicate the site of the once celebrated city.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the beauty of the tract of country we were traversing, because it is a kind of beauty entirely local and unique. I set aside the great features I have above alluded to, which rose upon the near horizon on every side, and served as a kind of framework to the picture. The plain itself, though undiversified by a single mound or single swell, presented sufficient objects to attract our attention. A whole sketch-book might have been filled during this ride with charming studies of nature. At one place there was a water-wheel turned by two huge black buffaloes, with a half-naked Arab brat squatting close by to keep up the excitement with a long jereed. A vast sycamore with gnarled trunk and wide-spreading branches threw its shadows over this group. The melancholy creaking of the wheel was not unpleasant when mellowed by distance. A swift runnel shot round the trunk of the tree, and glanced like a streak of silver across the fields. Further on, a few Arab huts clustered in a grove of palms; whilst near at hand the white dome of a sheik's tomb, or the minaret of a mosque glittered in the glorious sunshine. Sometimes we proceeded through lanes lined with acacias, which tremulously shook their thin leaves in a sort of local breeze that seemed to hang murmuring amongst their branches, but could be felt nowhere else. Then we traversed broad expanses of bursim of true emerald green, into the midst of which great flights of paddy-birds—called by travellers the white ibis—sank like giant flakes of snow into the sea. At intervals these fields were bounded by single or double rows of trees of graceful outline, such as were reproduced of old by Hellenic pencils on the walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum. There were cypresses, and all varieties of the mimosa; and there were palms and sycamores, and olive and mulberry, and orange, and lemon, and citron-trees. All these were disposed in an infinite variety of groups—sometimes developed in long files, sometimes disposed as in a European orchard, sometimes crowded together in masses. I must add, that luxuriant crops of wheat and barley, and beans and lentils, and lupins and chick-peas, and *bamiéh* and *melochiyeh* (the glutinous vegetables that form a great part of the food of the people), covered the country; which was further interspersed with immense fields of sugar-cane. Nothing can exceed the fertility of the land in this province. Nature is as prodigal of her bounties as the heart of man can wish; and if we meet wretchedly-clad and miserable-looking human beings moving through these rich scenes, like grim and dirty insects over a robe of silk, it is because bad government can neutralise upon this earth all the blessings of Providence.

A couple of hours brought us to the mounds which mark the line of the ancient fortifications of Heliopolis. These fortifications were formed of large unburnt bricks about eighteen inches long, as we could discover at places where some Arab workmen were digging to take away the earth to make such bricks as men make in these degenerate days. A village, and several gardens and fields, and pools of water, diversified the enclosed space; in the centre of which, in a garden defended by a good fence, rose the obelisk we had come to see. A number of children crowded round us as soon as we made our appearance; and after some search, the key of the gate was procured. Fortunately, the regular guide—I have a particular dislike to professional guides—was absent; and so we were permitted to loiter about as we pleased under the trees of the orchard. We found the obelisk to be surrounded with a moat, cleared out to show its true proportions; for the constantly-rising soil had buried its base. The sides are covered with deeply-cut hieroglyphics in most excellent preservation. Towards

the west, however, we found them to be entirely covered up with a crust of earth; and it was some time before we discovered that this had been deposited by the innumerable wild bees which were buzzing about, and had chosen these classical nooks as their residence.

After we had spent some time in admiring this beautiful monument, we began to think of obtaining some refreshment, and made inquiries whether there was any coffee to be got in the village. At first the answer was in the negative; but presently an Armenian girl came forward, and said that if we would wait a while she would provide us with what we wanted in the garden. So we sat down on the ground under the shade of the olive and orange-trees, and smoked our chibouks in patience. It appeared, from the fragments of conversation we overheard, that there was some difficulty in supplying our wants. The mother of the Armenian girl had coffee, but she had not sufficient cups; these it was necessary to borrow of the sheik of the village. A messenger went to his house, but he was from home, and his wife could scarcely be prevailed upon to lend his property. At length all these little matters were arranged, and the fragrant beverage, burning hot, was at length served up to us. A few piastres—part in payment, part in the shape of presents—rewarded these poor people for the trouble they had taken; and we returned by way of Matarieh, which almost deserves the name of a town. It had formerly been fortified against the attacks of the Arabs of the Desert. At the entrance of every street were traces of a gateway, at one time regularly closed up every night. These precautions, however, were not needed during the latter part of Mohammed Ali's government—which monopolised the privilege of extortion, instead of allowing it to be exercised by every petty Bedouin chief. I doubt whether the Egyptians have gained by the change. The irregular oppression of a weak government and a marauding race of borderers was bad enough, but certainly did not produce all the fatal effects of the present admirably-organized system of robbery. The blessings of order are great, but the experience of the Egyptian peasant seems to prove that even anarchy is more favourable to individual happiness than an iron despotism. Wherever the system of forced labour prevails, there must be almost general misery. I have known instances of respectable shopkeepers being seized and dragged to work in a government manufactory at one piastre a day. No man is sure of being able to attend to his field when his presence is most required; for every now and then a general sweep is made throughout a whole district, and the population is driven off *en masse* to labour at some useless public works.

From Matarieh we proceeded to another interesting spot—the garden which Abbas Pasha has caused to be laid out round the tree of the Madona. We approached the gate down a lane through a thick grove of orange and other trees. On obtaining admission, we advanced at once to the interesting object we had come to visit. The first feeling was one of disappointment. We beheld a mere fragment of the trunk of a tree, with some young branches sprouting out here and there. The whole mass of the foliage was not greater than that of a good-sized apple-tree. The trunk itself, however, bore evidence of immense antiquity; and we soon learned that a great portion had been cleared away, that one of the cross-paths might not be obstructed! This was a genuine piece of Egyptian workmanship—a garden created for the preservation of an object, and the object itself destroyed for the purposes of symmetry. The remnant of the trunk was covered with names of pilgrims, some of considerable antiquity, but none of course sufficiently ancient to countenance the popular traditions. Our imaginations were therefore left to themselves. We were at perfect liberty to believe or disbelieve that on this spot, either under this tree or its parent stock, eighteen hundred years ago, the Virgin Mary paused to rest after her perilous journey over the Desert; and that in a fountain hard by she washed the





his success, and having a game at skittles in the skittle-ground—(now the boys' school-room.) For many years this system of education was carried on without molestation; for so desperate were the parties engaged in it, that even the police were afraid to interfere. At last they removed to another public-house, a few yards off, now known as 'The Working-Men's Institute.' For a considerable time were the same practices carried on in the new dwelling, until circumstances compelled the landlord to give it up. But although this focus of crime was abandoned, the conduct of these outlaws of society remained unchanged. The streams had run too long and too deep to be so easily dried up. Hundreds of youths are now prowling the streets of the metropolis who were educated in these nurseries of crime, acquainted with no other means of living than robbery and theft. Groups of them may be seen, in the company of men grown gray in sin, standing about the corners of Duck Lane and Old Pye Street, gambling with the very gold and silver they have stolen from the unsuspecting shopkeeper, or extracted from the pockets of the street-passenger. Would you believe it, reader, that some of those ragged fellows may be found sitting beside you in your pew at church, dressed as respectably, and even more fashionably than yourself, and who will watch the opportunity of your departure, to relieve either you or some of your fellow-worshippers of the money you may have in your possession? A friend of ours lately asked a young man if he ever went to church. 'I often go,' said he: 'I prefer going to St M——s, because I do most business there.'—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

#### WATER.

Large quantities of rain-water have frequently been collected and examined by Dr Smith, and he says, 'I am now satisfied that dust really comes down with the purest rain, and that it is simply coal ashes.' No doubt this accounts for the quantity of sulphites and chlorides in the rain, and for the soot, which are the chief ingredients. The rain is also often alkaline—arising probably from the ammonia of the burnt coal, which is no doubt a valuable agent for neutralising the sulphuric acid so often found. The rain-water of Manchester is about 2½ degrees of hardness, harder, in fact, than the water from the neighbouring hills which the town intends to use. This can only arise from the ingredients obtained in the town atmosphere. But the most curious point is the fact, that organic matter is never absent, although the rain be continued for whole days. The state of the air is closely connected with that of the water: what the air contains, the water may absorb; what the water has dissolved or absorbed, it may give out to the air. The enormous quantity of impure matter filtering from all parts of a large town into its many natural and artificial outlets, does at the first view present us with a terrible picture of our underground sources of water. But when we examine the soil of a town, we do not find the state of matters to present that exaggerated character which we might suppose. The sand at the Chelsea Water-works contains only 1-43 per cent. of organic matter after being used for weeks. In 1827 Liebig found nitrates in 12 wells in Giessen, but none in wells two or three hundred yards from the town. Dr Smith has examined thirty wells in Manchester, and he finds nitrates in them all. Many contained a surprising quantity, and were very nauseous. The examination of various wells in the metropolis showed the constant formation of nitric acid, and in many wells an enormous quantity was detected. The presence of the nitrates in the London water prevents the formation of any vegetable matter; no vegetation can be detected even by a microscope, after a long period. The Thames water has been examined from water near its source to the metropolis, and an increasing amount of impurity detected. All the water of great towns contains organic matter; water purifies itself from organic matter in various ways, but particularly by converting it into nitrates: water can never stand long with advantage, unless on a large scale, and should be used when collected, or as soon as filtered.—*Kentish Independent.*

#### IMPORTANCE OF TRUTH.

As a natural corollary from the proposition that falsehood, the principle of the repulsion of particles, is the world's bane, so truth, the principle of the attraction of cohesion, is its greatest blessing. Again, I must declare that every idea we utter during our little life lives hereafter in some shape or other, and bears fruit after its kind, which may be gathered long in the lapse of time, or in the very antipodes. Every true man—that is, every man who utters

unequivocally what he believes—is a benefactor to his country, nay, more, a benefactor to the world; for he has sown a seed that will fructify for ever. It is trite to inculcate the doctrine that truth is essential for happiness, but people moralise with cut-and-dried admonitions, without thinking of the immediate causes that make truth so necessary to cultivate. I desire to see the utilitarian principles of truth a part and parcel of education. In our National Schools especially, I should desire to see the strict observance a matter of as much study as the very alphabet; and I should like to inculcate the belief, that truth of thought and truth of utterance are as necessary to 'get a man on in the world' as the knowledge of knowing a good shilling from a bad one. I know of no sentence ever uttered by human lips more likely to produce a luxuriance of evil than the part playful, part serious assertion, that 'language was given us to hide our thoughts.' The converse is the one thing needful, and were it not for the large amount of truthfulness which is yet to be found in mankind, society, like a gas decomposed, would be resolved into its original elements, the warning of which we receive by the explosions the wonder-struck world has lately been witnessing. Enough, however, of this; and let us console ourselves that the time is coming—a time, perhaps, purchased by bloodshed and the horror of war—when the rulers of the world will discover that they must govern more by the heart, more by its affections, more by the ties of human sympathy, and less by the diplomatic cunning of mis-called Machiavel policy, or, what is much the same, by a system of cold-blooded reason and red tape. . . . Let every man strive to utter what he believes, and whenever he accomplishes a conquest over falsehood, he has cast a sterling coin into the treasury of the world that will one day purchase its redemption.—*Affection, its Flowers and Fruits.*

#### MY BLANKET SHAWL.

AULD friend, ance mair come frae the kist,  
For ye're a frien' that ne'er grew caul';  
Ye dightet aye the hidden tear—  
My wae, my weal-worn Blanket Shawl!  
Oh wae is me! that dreadfu' nicht  
My lammie's feetle grew aae caul'!  
Within thy faulds she breathed her last—  
Thou sad, thou sacred Blanket Shawl!  
And when I gae to sell my tapes,  
To screen the rest frae want and cauld,  
I feared the sight o' faces kent,  
An' owre me drew my Blanket Shawl.  
When queans wad answer to my rap  
Wi' upplish gait and voices baul',  
I turned awa' maist like to drap,  
An' tichter drew my Blanket Shawl.  
Ungratefu' body that I was!  
I eudna been sae stung withal:  
I aud hae fixed my thochts on Him  
Wha aye saw through my Blanket Shawl.  
But better fortune smiles on me,  
My laddies noo are stoot and tall—  
But aye I hear a manly sigh  
Whan oot I tak my Blanket Shawl!

J. M.

#### SONG OF THE WILD FLOWER.

ON this desolate heath, all unnoted, unknown,  
I've sprung up but a mean little flower,  
Yet on me are the rays of the day-ruler thrown,  
And mine is the wealth of the shower.  
I feel the pure breeze as it sweeps o'er the ground,  
Bringing health to leaf, blossom, and stem;  
And the soft dews of evening encircle me round  
With full many a crystal-like gem.  
Let me whisper it, then, both to simple and sage,  
That I am (though so lowly my lot)  
A legible letter in that beautiful page  
Which can hold neither error nor blot.

MARY HUDSON.

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yielding substantiality, opposed to truth and to the experience of mankind.

But the hero-worship of the past should not interfere, as it unfortunately does, with our respect for the present; retarding the growth and manifestation of individual greatness. The world is said not to know its great men—till it has lost them. Perhaps each generation is guilty of this error; but the present is peculiarly so. Genius has now to contend against not only the vulgar detractors of ordinary life, but the hypercritical observations of a press which is daily extending its influence. Unless animated with extraordinary courage and enthusiasm, and to a certain extent independent of the world's support, few men will voluntarily run the gantlet of criticism, and, it may be, partisan abuse. Thus society is defrauded of its due. How often is it demonstrated that a charitable and kindly consideration of human conduct, besides being commendable on moral grounds, is decidedly the best in point of actual return in worldly benefits.

And yet criticism is desirable: the only thing we plead for is, that it should be cautious and temperate. It is not to be doubted that our social system is vexed with 'false prophets'—men who mean well, but whose overheated fancies carry them beyond all reasonable bounds, leading them to propound and put themselves at the head of schemes which experience proves to be impracticable and fallacious. These 'geniuses' unquestionably have done much in late years to make the word 'progress' a subject of ridicule. In spite of their errors, however, in the face of all retarding influences, society is getting on. There is, indeed, a steady and regular tide in the fortunes of the social world. To understand this, we must not confine our view to one epoch or one nation; and we must neither suppose that the great onward movement is without interruption, nor cast doubts upon its existence because of the backfalling even of whole tongues and peoples. The subject is of immense scope; and we must open our minds accordingly if we would grasp it. In our own country, the track is so obvious, that it is impossible to wander if we only use our eyes; although we are constantly falling into error because we confine our view to the little circle of space and time around us, without looking backward and onward to ascertain our bearings. This narrowness of calibre, into which the large lessons of history cannot enter, is the grand misfortune of most of our public men. Instead of assisting progress, they strive to retard it; and in struggling against the tide, they take credit to themselves for public virtue. The 'principles' of such men (for that is their favourite word) are just in themselves; but, belonging to the class of stereotyped ideas—that is to say, to ideas that have had no share in progressive development—they are inapplicable to the age.

The history of the great political questions that have been agitated from time to time in this country is full of instruction, although few are the wiser for it. The successive ameliorations that have taken place have all been the results of hard-contested battles; and no sooner is one victory gained, than the defeated party, rallying afresh under some time-worn banner, take their hopeless stand by some new obstruction. Not looking at the context of history, not believing in progressive development, the leaders fancy that they are at least securing for themselves a share in the hero-worship of the nation. But no fame is secure but that which is identified with the onward march of mankind. Wit, eloquence, courage—nothing avails but to illustrate their defeat; and the only consolation they find is in the

applause of the congenial rabble of their own day, who see no clearer and no farther than themselves.

If we are correct in supposing that the present is only an imaginary interregnum—that, in fact, the governing power of mind having reached a new stage of development, is merely distributed among a greater number—it follows that there is a wider scope for individual ambition. Distinction should be looked upon as a fund for which all mankind have the privilege of scrambling; although it is obvious that only a few can succeed in the attempt, for if many rose to the same level, there would be no such thing as distinction. Every age has had its few great authors—artists—philosophers—statesmen—captains—placed like beacons along the descending line of history, to mark the epoch for posterity. But we should not forget that the character of the time is never formed by these distinguished individuals. They are the wonder of their own, as well as of succeeding ages. They are exceptions which prove the general rule of mediocrity. But this mediocrity—the mean between the high and the low—is like the middle class in society, the pith and substance of the whole mass. It is a mediocrity, too, which is only comparative. It knows more than the greatest of its predecessors, for it begins at the point where they ended. The learning of the present age includes in its own the whole learning of the past. A gentleman of our day is more elegantly and conveniently lodged than the most powerful noble of the Middle Ages; and there is not one of our peasant women who does not wear habitually a certain under garment which, three or four centuries ago, was reckoned an extravagant luxury in a queen of France.

In this simple and obvious fact, that each generation, besides accumulating for itself, inherits the accumulations of the last, resides the grand arcanum. It explains the rationale of progressive development, unseals the book of history, and throws a light, like that of a torch, into the shadowy vista of the future. It is in itself *progress*; and thus a word which is usually considered as involving either a mystery or a mischief, becomes both clear and innocent. Taking this fact for our vantage-ground, we stand up for the dignity of the present generation. We, men of this passing day, are the heirs of all time. All is ours that our fathers won, with the sword or the pen, by prayer—study—endurance—watching—strife. For us the sage has thought, the warrior bled, and the poet dreamed. Our infancy is soothed with the melodies of a thousand years, our youth thrilled with the love-songs that have gushed from unnumbered hearts, and our parting spirit borne away upon the hymns of saints and martyrs. But remember that our high destiny, in the words we quoted recently when treating of noble birth, conveys no merit, but much duty to its inheritor. To us have been given the five Talents, and wo to us and ours if we do not turn them to profitable account!

It is good to reflect upon our inheritance and its obligations; and in doing so, we need not fear that we indulge in any idle dream or unpractical speculation. It inspires us with a noble craving and lofty emulation, and yet is accompanied by all kindly thoughts and brotherly regards, lifting us above the mean conventionalisms of outward life, and making the whole world kin. It calls into the field of mental culture thousands of high intellects and manly hearts which would otherwise have been overborne by the weight of everyday work and transmitted prejudice; and it enables us to listen with a proud smile to the vulgar question touching the



pangs of hunger became intolerable, and after numerous parleys with himself, the young man ascended to his room with a heavy parcel. His eye was wild, his cheek pale, his whole mien unearthly. As he passed the door of his lodge the concierge gave him a ticket for the Opera, signed Dupont, who was co-manager of the theatre.

'Go thyself,' said the composer in a low husky voice, and he went up stairs.

Having gained the room, the unhappy and misguided young man sat silent and motionless for some hours, until at length hunger, despair, and his dreamy visions had driven every calm and good thought from his head, and then he dared quietly proceed to carry out his dreadful and desperate intent. He closed carefully the window, stuffed his mattress up the chimney, and with paper stopped every aperture where air could enter. Then he drew forth from his parcel charcoal and a burner, and lit it. Thus had this wretched man determined to end his sufferings. He had made one last effort, and now in that solitary, dismal garret, he laid him down to die; and poverty and misery, genius and death, were huddled close together.

Meanwhile, amid a blaze of light, the evening's amusement had begun at the theatre. A new opera from Paris was to be played, and the prima donna was the young, lovely, and worshipped Claudine, the Jenny Lind of that time and place. The house was crowded, and the first act succeeding beyond all expectation, the audience were in ecstasy.

'She is a jewel!' said M. Dupont, who, from a private box, admired the great supporter of his theatre. A roar of applause from the pit delighted at this instant the good man's ears. Claudine, called before the curtain, was bowing to the audience. But what is this? Instead of going off, she has just signed to the orchestra to play. She is about to show her gratitude to the audience in verse. M. Dupont rubs his hands, and repeats twice between his teeth 'She is a jewel!' But with ease and rapidity the band has commenced playing an unknown air, and the next instant M. Dupont is standing up with a strange and wild look. Hushed and still was every breath: the audience look at each other: not a word of communication takes place: men shudder, or rather tremble with emotion. But the first stanza is ended; and then a frantic shout, a starting of all to their feet, a wild shriek of delight, a cry of a thousand voices thundering the chorus, shows how the song has electrified them.

M. Dupont frowned, for the air and the song were not new to him: it was the 'Song of the Army of the Rhine' he had refused that morning! But Claudine proceeds: again the audience is hushed in death-like silence; while the musicians, roused to an unusual degree of enthusiasm, played admirably; and Claudine, still singing with all the purity, feeling, and energy of her admirable voice, plunged her eyes into every corner of the house—in vain. At each couplet the enthusiasm of the people became greater, the anxiety of the singer more intense. At length she concluded, and never did applause more hearty, more tremendous, more uproarious, greet the voice of a public songstress. The excitable population of Marseilles seemed mad.

When silence was restored, Claudine spoke—'Citoyens and citoyennes!' she exclaimed, 'this song is both written and composed by a young and unknown man, who has in vain sought to put his compositions before the public. Everybody has refused them. For myself, I thought this the greatest musical effort of modern times; and as such I practised it to-day; and, unknown to manager or author, I and the band prepared this surprise. But the author is not here. Poor and despairing, he is at home lamenting his unappreciated efforts! Let us awake him; let him learn that the generous people of Marseilles can understand and feel great music. Come, let all who have hearts follow me, and chant the mighty song as we go.' And Claudine, stepping across the orchestra, landed in the pit, and, bareheaded, light-dressed as she was,

rushed towards the door, followed by every spectator and by the musicians, who, however, put on their hats, and even threw a cloak and cap on the excited and generous young songstress.

Meanwhile the composer's dreadful resolve was being carried out. The horrid fumes of the charcoal filled the room: soon they began to consume and exhaust the pure air, and the wretched youth felt all the pangs of coming death. Hunger, exhaustion, and despair kindled a kind of madness in his brain: wild shapes danced around him: his many songs seemed sung altogether by coarse, husky voices, that made their sound a punishment: and then the blasted atmosphere oppressing his chest, darkening his vision, his room seemed tenanted by myriads of infernal and deformed beings. Then again he closed his eyes, and soft memory stealing in upon him, showed him happy visions of his youth, of his mother, of love, and hope, and joy; of green fields, and the murmuring brooks which had first revealed melody unto his soul; and the young man thought that death must be come, and that he was on the threshold of a better world.

But an awful shout, a tremendous clamour, burst on his ear: a thousand voices roar beneath his window. The young man starts from his dream: what is this he hears?

'Aux armes! citoyens,  
Formez vos bataillons,' &c.

'What is this?' he cries. 'My Song of the Rhine!'

He listens. A beautiful and clear voice is singing: it is still his song, and then the terrible chorus is taken up by the people; and the poor composer's first wish is gained: he feels that he is famous.

But he is dying, choked, stifled with charcoal. He lies senseless, fainting on his bed; but hope and joy give him strength. He rises, falls rather than darts across the room, his sword in hand. One blow shivers the panes of his window to atoms; the broken glass lets in the cool sea-breeze and the splendid song. Both give life to the young man; and when Claudine entered the room, the composer was able to stand. In ten minutes he had supped in the porter's lodge, dressed, and come out, to be borne in triumph back to the theatre, where that night he heard, amid renewed applause, his glorious song sung between every act, and each time gaining renewed laurels.

Ten days later, Rouget de L'Isle was married to Claudine, the prima donna of Marseilles; and the young composer, in gratitude to her and her countrymen, changed the name of his song, and called it by the name it is still known by—'The Marseillaise!'

#### GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS ON EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

SOME of our readers may have heard of a work on the 'Epidemics of the Middle Ages,' published fifteen or sixteen years ago by Dr Hecker, a celebrated German physician, and recently translated into English under the auspices of the Sydenham Society.\* This work has been much spoken of, as containing not only an ample historical account of some of the most remarkable epidemics of modern times, but also certain important speculations relative to the physical nature of these terrible visitations, and the social results that flow from them. The book hardly answers the expectations we had been led to form of it. As a history, indeed, of the three great epidemics it professes specially to treat of—namely, the Black Death of 1348-1351, the Dancing Mania of 1374 and subsequent years, and the English Sweating Sickness of 1478-1581—it is probably unrivalled. The general considerations, however, that are

\* The Epidemics of the Middle Ages, from the German of J. F. C. Hecker, M. D., Professor at Frederick-William's University at Berlin, &c. &c. Translated by B. G. Babington, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: 1844.



yet we know it did go to America lodged in European ships. And as regards the means by which cholera spreads itself within the limits of particular districts, Dr Russell has, we think, demonstrated that in Scotland, at least, contagion was one of those means. In this he agrees with Professor Simpson and Dr Alison, both of whom believe in the occasional propagation of cholera by contagion.

2. *Pestilences appear always to have been preceded or accompanied by other physical phenomena of an equally extensive nature—as earthquakes, blights in the vegetable world, violent and continued tempests, sultry heats, creeping palpable mists, deluges, unusual swarms of insects, &c. &c.; as if all these were but so many external indications of some one deep process affecting at the time the entire ball of the earth.*—This proposition, according, as it does, with vague popular tradition, rests also on historical evidence. Thus in the case of the Black Death, this epidemic was preceded by earthquakes and serious atmospheric disturbances, as if nature had been somehow out of joint. The same thing has been observed with regard to other pestilences. The plague at Aleppo in 1760 was 'preceded by famine, by uncommon diseases, and by earthquakes;' and in an account we remember to have read of the great Plague of London, the enormous increase of insects, especially house-flies, about the time is particularly mentioned. In the East, it is said, portentous physical events are always regarded by the natives as forerunners of pestilence; a fallacy of the popular imagination it may be, but possibly also, to some extent at least, the result of an ancient popular induction still verified by experience. Even as regards the cholera, observations to the same effect have not been wanting. The potato blight and the influenza must be in every one's recollection; the connection of the latter at least with cholera is considered as established. More recondite and precise is the observation of Dr Prout, quoted by Dr Russell, relative to the increased weight of atmospheric air in London during the cholera visitation of 1832. Dr Prout 'had for some years been occupied in investigations regarding the atmosphere; and for more than six weeks previously to the appearance of cholera in London, had almost every day been engaged in endeavouring to determine, with the utmost possible accuracy, the weight of a given quantity of air, under precisely the same circumstances of temperature and pressure. On a particular day, the 9th of February 1832, the weight of the air suddenly appeared to rise above the usual standard. As the rise was at the time supposed to be the result of some accidental error, or of some derangement in the apparatus employed in order to discover its cause, the succeeding observations were made with the most rigid scrutiny; but no error or derangement whatever could be detected. On the days immediately following, the weight of the air still continued above the standard, though not quite so high as on the 9th of February, when the change was first noticed. The air retained its augmented weight during the whole time these experiments were carried on; namely, about six weeks longer. . . . About the 9th of February, the wind in London, which had previously been west, veered round to the east, and remained pretty steadily in that quarter till the end of the month. Now, precisely on the change of the wind, the first cases of epidemic cholera were reported in London; and from that time the disease continued to spread.' The appearance of the cholera in Sunderland in 1831 was attended, according to Dr Clanny, with peculiar atmospheric changes—particularly thunder-storms and lightnings during the night. Speaking also of St Petersburg during the present visitation of cholera, Dr Müller, a German physician, observes:—'The air during the whole time of the presence of cholera here was oppressive, heavy, and very changeful in its temperature. There were frequent thunder-storms: rain fell almost daily: the sky was gloomy—very misty in the evening; the sun seldom broke through. The depressing influence acted more

or less upon every one; almost without exception all experienced a certain feeling of discomfort, weariness, pressure at the pit of the stomach, and tearing pains on the lower limbs.' In almost all the districts where cholera has been prevalent similar phenomena have been observed. In our climate, however, where the weather is in any case variable, the connection between such phenomena, even when extraordinary, and the contemporary or subsequent epidemic, is not so palpable and evident as in India, where the succession of certain states of weather throughout the year being more fixed and uniform, deviations naturally attract more notice, and have a plainer significance. Now, in India it is a belief universal among medical men and others that the prevalence of epidemic cholera in a locality is preceded or accompanied by unusual meteorological appearances. One witness states that 'he had particularly observed that the epidemic was invariably preceded and accompanied by a large black cloud hanging over the place;' and adds, that 'this had been universally remarked, and that the appearance had even received the name of the *cholera cloud*.' Hurricanes and thunder-storms of unusual violence have also usually attended the cholera in its march through India.

Giving to this fact of the contemporaneousness of epidemic diseases with extraordinary atmospheric or telluric phenomena its most general expression, one would state it thus:—That as the earth was not prepared to support human life until a certain aggregate of conditions had been realised in it, and as the human race only entered on the possession of the planet when this aggregate of conditions had been realised, the antecedent geological epochs having been occupied by animated creations not requiring so mature or perfect a system of conditions, so even yet there may occur temporary failures of the required sum-total of conditions—temporary withdrawals of certain items in that total; temporary relapses, so to speak, of the whole earth towards its preadamite condition. In some cases, as in that of the Black Death of the fourteenth century, the relapse was enormous: there was in that case such a reduction or alteration of the fixed aggregate of conditions necessary to human life, that one-fourth part of all the human inhabitants of the earth were extinguished; and had the reduction or alteration been but a little greater—had the reimmersion, so to speak, into the preadamite system of conditions been but a little more complete—the whole human race might have been destroyed, or the number of persons saved might have been a mere per-centage. It is consistent with this view, that in that case not only the atmosphere was affected, but, as appears from the passages already quoted from Hecker, the very fabric of the earth was torn and shaken, as if there were a relapse even of the solid body of the earth towards its primitive state of volcanic instability; whereas, in milder and less destructive epidemics—such as the cholera—the alteration of the conditions of life appears to be less thorough and profound, confined chiefly to the atmosphere, and not affecting, to any great extent at least, the solid body of the earth, or the relations of its crust to its molten core.

Blending now the two propositions that we have been illustrating with regard to epidemics, our notion of these terrible occurrences would assume the following theoretic form:—That occasionally, at particular spots of the earth's surface, there takes place a sudden derangement of the aggregate of atmospheric or telluric conditions necessary to human life; that sometimes this derangement is local and temporary; but that at other times it extends itself in some mysterious way, creeping slowly in the shape of an impalpable morbid influence, and generally in a westerly direction round the earth and through its atmosphere, until the whole world is affected, those spots suffering most severely, however, that present to the advancing morbid influence certain combinations of circumstances that specially attract and hold it. Still, however, all this is comparatively vague; and the questions naturally arise—What is the parti-













looked at me in public. One day, after a long sermon, I was desired to prepare for a dinner at Oakfield Park, and 'I beg,' added my mother, 'you will not sit like a stick, and look stupid, but try to talk, and make yourself as agreeable at least as you can. People will really begin to imagine you are a fool.'

'It is better,' answered I, 'to be mistaken for a fool, than to open my mouth and prove myself one, which I should infallibly do; for whenever strangers enter into conversation with me, I lose every rational faculty.'

'Oh, nonsense. You might talk just as well as other people if you chose it. I am sure, if you listen, you will see how very little there is in the general conversation that goes on.'

'Very little indeed,' I replied. 'I have seldom heard anything worth remembering.'

'Oh,' cried my father, 'tis just as I feared; vanity is at the bottom of all this modest humility. You won't speak unless you bring out something wondrous wise;' so saying, he left the room, and mamma, in following him, said more kindly, 'Do now, my dear, let me see you behave to-day more like other people;' but unfortunately added, 'I shall keep my eye upon you!'

I was neither sulky nor obstinate, and had every wish to oblige my parents, and overcome my bashfulness, which I felt was foolish; so, upon finding myself at table, seated next to a middle-aged, quiet-looking man in a brown wig and spectacles, I resolved to address him, as soon at least as I could think of anything to say. While coursing in vain through the realms of imagination for a subject, the words 'government,' 'corn laws,' 'radical publication,' struck on my ear; and taking it for granted that a man with a brown wig and spectacles must be a politician, and, for the same wise reason—added to a certain pomposity in his look and manner—a Tory, I resolved to converse upon a squib that had recently appeared in the 'John Bull.' Just as I was turning towards him, I unluckily caught my mother's eye making a sign for me to begin some conversation, which so completely *boulevered* the little resolution with which I had 'screwed my courage to the sticking-place,' that I instantly lost all my self-possession; but not now daring to sit any longer silent, I began with a fluttering manner and unsteady voice—'Pray, do you ever read "Tom Thumb"?''

The respectable man, not sure what could possibly be my meaning, and wondering whether I was a wit, a quizz, or an imbecile, after a pause, answered, 'Not for a long while.'

'I thought,' answered I, unconscious of the blunder I had made, and gaining courage from what I considered to be the stupid old gentleman's evident ignorance of what was passing in the world, 'that it had not been published many months.'

'Not many months!' replied my astonished auditor; 'oh—oh—ah! A new edition, I suppose! It used to be my delight, as was "Goody Twoshoes".'

Goody Twoshoes! thought I; the poor man is insane; and I began to feel more uncomfortable than ever when, from my amazed and distressed countenance, suspecting some mistake, he, with a benevolent smile, requested to know what question I had asked him. 'I begged to inquire,' I answered in a displeased voice, looking as steady and stern as I could, in order to awe him, 'if you read the "John Bull"?''

'You doubtless, my dear young lady, meant to have done so; but you did, in fact, question me concerning "Tom Thumb".'

I tried to laugh, though tears of shame stood in my eyes, begged pardon, said I was absent, &c.; and, tingling to my fingers' ends, prayed for the ground to open and swallow me up, then sat mute, looking like a condemned criminal, until the joyful signal was made for the ladies to retire. I did not recover my self-possession the whole evening, and had to endure a severe lecture in the carriage going home, with pretty strong hints accompanying it, that certainly there must be something defective in my understanding.

'If you were punished as you deserve to be for your stupidity,' said mamma, 'you ought to be made to send an excuse to an invitation for a ball to be given by the officers of the 40th Light Dragoons, and to which General and Mrs Calderhall have kindly offered to take you.'

Go to a ball! go to a prison rather, I felt: it is ten times worse than a dinner-party. But as it was settled that I was to go, I endeavoured to discipline my mind to the dread trial, and console myself with the sight of my white crape-dress, trimmed most appropriately with blush roses. The awful night arrived! My terrors rose thicker and thicker at every whirl of the carriage wheels, which brought me nearer to the place of punishment; and when we entered the barrack yard, I became literally sick with apprehension, and was nearly fainting when we stopped. The steps were let down quickly, and I was carried off—scarcely knowing whether I stood upon my head or my heels—by one of the officers appointed to receive the company, through files of soldiers holding flambeaux, into a room as full as it could hold of ladies, in every colour of the rainbow, and gentlemen in uniform, where I was presented to the colonel's wife, and placed upon a chair almost gasping. When in some degree I recovered my recollection, I began to look about me; but was soon alarmed afresh by finding a pair of black bead eyes looking fixedly upon me; and whichever way I turned, those horrid eyes seemed to glare upon me. Their possessor was a tall slender young man, who looked as stiff as if he had swallowed a ramrod, who seemed to amuse himself at my agitation, and succeeded so completely in annoying me, that I considered all the rest as nothing; and that, could I only get rid of the eternal glare of those horrid eyes, I should be quite at my ease. At last we adjourned to the dancing-room; and I, rejoicing in having got rid of my tormentor, sat down beside my *chaperone*, and fervently thanking goodness no one had asked, or was, I hoped, likely to ask me to dance, as I knew nobody in the room, felt a lively interest in observing what was passing around. But alas! scarcely had I begun to feel something like calmness, and to hope for amusement from a scene so new to me, when I descried Mrs Fitzbottle advancing with a smile, my bead-eyed tormentor by her side. She introduced him as Mr Stonefield; and when he asked me to dance, and presented his arm, I did not *dare* do otherwise than accept it. We took our place in the quadrille; and after my unfortunate partner had exhausted every subject, and received for a reply a sheepish undertone 'Yes, sir; 'No, sir; or perhaps, 'Oh, sir; or the 'Yes,' 'No,' and 'Oh,' without the *sir*, when I remembered having heard it was vulgar to *sir* any gentleman, he turned in despair to converse with a fine-looking brother-officer, whose open good-humoured countenance made me wish he had been my partner rather than Mr Stonefield. But my observations on Captain Riversdale's personal attractions were cut short by the horrible certainty that the top string of my frock had either broken, or come unloosed, and that any attempt to dance would cause it to fall off my shoulders. Anything seemed preferable to such a climax; and with the courage despair gives, I turned hastily round, and observing Mrs Fitzbottle not far off, told her my tale of woe, and begged her to retire with me, which she good-naturedly did. Upon my return, the first object I beheld was Mr Stonefield, and the first words I heard were, 'Egad! my partner's eloped! Can't find her.'

'Stolen or strayed, a meek little maid,' cried another, laughing aloud at his own silly wit.

'Poor little thing,' I overheard Captain Riversdale say, 'she is very young, and must be quite new to this wicked world, for she seems sadly afraid of us all.' At that moment Mr Stonefield spied his victim; and coming up, claimed me as his property, and proposed we should finish the dance. My next partner was Lord Bothwell, who did not make much inroad on my peace of mind, inasmuch as he seldom spoke; and when he did, said nothing that required an answer. Soon after,



and decorative draughtsmen; or others not recognised as artisans—such as a librarian and schoolmaster, stable-keepers, and, *mirabile dictu*, cooks! As to their numbers, and the capital required to pay them, there are 1538 men, who are paid upwards of £1600 every Saturday—our informant remarking that this is a peculiarly 'slack' time. The greatest number of men ever employed in the works was 2400, who were paid £2700 per week. The usual calculation as to building expenses is, that labour is about one-third the cost of material; consequently there is 'turned over'—to use a commercial phrase—in this establishment every year from £300,000 to half a million of money! As, therefore, such sums are annually disbursed from one establishment—and there are three or four others nearly as large, besides those of, according to the Post-Office Directory, about 770 smaller builders—the cost of the yearly additions to the British Babylon can be dimly estimated. Mr Thomas Cubitt's works stand upon 19½ acres of ground. The premises occupy lengthwise 1000 feet, on 600 feet of which stand the workshops. The machinery—of which there is perhaps a greater variety than in any other establishment in this country—is driven by four steam-engines of forty horse-power each.

Such are the rough statistics of this immense and unique factory; but we must descend to details.

The innumerable passengers on the steamboats which ply between Chelsea and London do not fail to notice near the Pimlico Pier, about midway between Chelsea Hospital and Vauxhall Bridge, a campanile tower of great height and elegant proportions, not unlike the Lansdowne Tower near Bath. It is so handsome an elevation, that few persons know its uses to be solely utilitarian—that it is, in fact, a disguised flue; not readily to be detected as such, for smoke seldom issues from it, inasmuch as it belongs to smoke-consuming apparatus. At its foot are two parallel ranges of shops; and the curious who are struck with these objects, learn on inquiry that they compose the building-works of Mr Thomas Cubitt. They stand near the edge of the river, on what is appropriately termed Thames Bank.

On entering these buildings, we were, during our visit, shown the joiners' room, after passing the pay-office, whence, by an admirable system, about a thousand pounds are distributed amongst as many men every Saturday afternoon at four o'clock in the short space of twenty minutes. When we say that this place contains at one side a long range of carpenters' benches, with room between each for putting together doors and windows of the largest dimensions, and that the other side is partly partitioned off for other benches, drying-rooms, and a sort of kitchen, it will be understood that this shop bears comparison as to extent with a small street. The precautions against fire are simple and ingenious. The building is not wholly fireproof, but is made so at each end, and in the middle, so that an accidental fire would terminate where it began; for its career would be stopped when it reached the unflammable portions. Such is the mode of prevention: the cure conveys a useful lesson to the proprietors of large buildings. It is a fact too well known to all those who possess fire-engines, that, being not in constant use, these machines are generally out of order when most wanted; but in this building they are discarded. In the joiners' room there are some half-dozen small self-supplying cisterns always full, and over each a few buckets are slung, not removable by any person for any other purpose than to put out a fire, on pain of fine and heavy displeasure. Thus water, and the means of distributing it, are constantly on the spot. Should, however, a flame promote itself into a conflagration, it can be played upon without by hoses applied to a pump in the yard, always available by steam-power or a capstan.

It is in the joiners' shop that you begin to understand the system by which houses are made by wholesale. It must have been remarked that the habitations of a modern street, if not precisely like each other archi-

tecturally, are similar in many respects. The doors and windows are almost all exactly alike. Suppose, therefore, a street of fifty first-class houses is to be built, there would have to be made for it fifty fore-doors, all as much alike as are the sheets of this Journal; for each house, say 6 doors (all of one size and description) for the basement, 5 for the ground-floor, 5 for the drawing-room floor, 7 for the second, 6 for the third floor, &c. or 6 sets each, making in all 1500 doors—about the same number of 'copies' as is usually printed of a flourishing country newspaper. The jest-books contain an example of the inveterate habit some have of talking in technicalities:—A printer's boy once complained that he could not get from one part of his master's office to another without opening 'a quire of doors.' A glance into Mr Cubitt's 'drying-room' showed us gigantic 'reams' of them stacked one upon another like planks in a timber-yard. This apartment is heated artificially to a temperature varying from 70 to 90 degrees, and dries the woodwork after it has been put together. Window-frames, shutters, and other stock articles are multiplied and dealt with in the same manner.

Let us now watch the operations in the joiners' room, and see the system by which this wholesale work is carried on. At the end of the shop we observe a draughtsman. With rule, pencil, and compasses, he is making—on a long strip of board prepared for the purpose—the working-drawings of a window-frame, from a design previously furnished him. Upon the margin the dimensions of each component piece is marked, where it does not actually appear of the intended size on the drawing; also any special instructions. Here is a specimen copied from the 'rod' (as such a working-plan is called) of a door-frame—'Grosvenor Crescent: height of doors for basement. To be kept in drying-room at least a week.'

In the 'cutting-out' rooms—apartments containing lathes, sawing, planing, and morticing machines, driven by steam—the 'stuff' (the carpenter's expression for his raw material) is fashioned into the shapes and dimensions indicated on the rod or pattern. The machine-saws cut so evenly, that the plane has only to go over the work after it very lightly; indeed floor-boards are laid down just as they come from the saw, a few shavings being smoothed away here and there at the seams after the floor has been laid. Such is the mathematical accuracy attained by the use of machinery, that in making up a hundred door-frames or windows from the same 'rod,' any one of the hundred tenants of the hundred crosspieces will exactly fit the mortices in any one of the same number of uprights.\* The proper pieces are therefore taken at random from each heap, tied up, and sent to the joiners to be fitted and glued together.

This is done in the quietest manner possible, and it is some time before the visitor discovers how it is that these joiners' shop differs so much from those of the old school: there is no knocking, no noise. The artisan, instead of hammering the door after it is fitted and glued, places it upon a screw-bench. By a few turns of the worm, the sides of a frame contract and force themselves against the outer edges of the door, with the even, stealthy, inevitable pressure of the Iron Shroud. The compact and ponderous wooden leaf is then taken from the press and handed off to the hot-air department, just as a

\* We may here instance the infinite mechanical accuracy attained by Mr Whitworth of Manchester. That gentleman has constructed a gauge by which, in a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit, he can measure to the ten-thousandth part of an inch. All the screws, both active and passive, which he makes for holding together the machinery he manufactures are numbered; each set of screws, distinguished by its number, is so rigidly of the same size, that, supposing two or more steam-engines or other machines to be taken to pieces, and huddled together in one heap, and the screws in another, the engine can be put together again by selecting the active screws merely by the figure stamped upon them, and inserting them in the passive screws that have the same number stamped beside them on the component parts of the machine.





culty. Strict routine, and the harmony with which it is followed, were, so far as we could judge, perfect. This may in some degree arise from the fact of Mr Thomas Cubitt being, except on rare occasions, his own employer. He chiefly builds upon ground he has already bought, and that he covers with houses upon a well-considered plan, which embraces every detail.

But a far more admirable quality of mind pervades these works than intellectual skill or invention; and that is benevolence. That feeling presents itself in every part of the establishment—is interwoven with its very mechanism. The comfort and safety of the men are presided over with a care almost parental:—a comfortable temperature is maintained by an ordinary heating apparatus, and is regulated by thermometers; the ventilation is complete, and no foul air can pollute the atmosphere; for, by a simple contrivance, the only exit for the air of every closet, or place where it is likely to be bad, is into the nearest furnace; so that for it to escape into the other apartments is impossible. Personal comfort has been carefully studied. Attached to each department is a cooking-stove and a—cook, to whom such men as choose to eat their meals on the premises consign their dinners. The stoves and ovens are precisely such as are supplied to noblemen's mansions; for it is a principle here to let nothing leave the factory which has not been tested by actual experiment. Hence there is not a kitchen in the works in which Soyer could not dish up a banquet fit for royalty. There is, besides, a small house built expressly for making soup *secundum artem*; and this is supplied to the men at cost price—namely, at a penny per pint. A boiler of cocoa never ceases to simmer on each stove; and that nutritive beverage is in some cases supplied gratis, as an antidote to stronger and more harmful drinks. To each kitchen there is attached a lavatory—not, indeed, so handsomely fitted up as those at a club-house, but quite as efficient, with hot and cold water, soap, towels, &c. at will. Each 'trade' has also a separate dining-room; except the joiners, who prefer to follow the customs of their fathers, and dine on the ends of their benches.

In the smiths' lofty and spacious dining-room intellectual food is also administered. At a quarter to six o'clock every evening this becomes a school-room, which every well-conducted boy in Mr Cubitt's employment attends gratis. The studies are directed by a schoolmaster, under a committee of the foremen, and are preluded each evening by the free distribution to each boy of a huge mug of cocoa and a biscuit of considerable circumference. At present there are thirty-five pupils, and their progress is said to be satisfactory.

For the intellectual improvement of the men there is a library of about fifteen hundred works, including architecture, anecdotes, the arts and sciences, biography, chemistry, geography, geology, history political and natural, physiology, novels, periodicals, and poetry. We have glanced over the catalogue, and find these works are among the soundest that exist in the various departments. They are the property of Mr Cubitt, and are in the keeping of the schoolmaster. The subscription for current expenses is one penny per week. We regret to find that only 10 per cent., or 140 of the men in this employment, avail themselves of the great privilege that this library affords.

It is with pleasure we record a growing desire is being widely spread among manufacturers to ease the toils of their men by administering to their personal welfare and intellectual improvement. Visits which we have made to manufactories lately, not only in and near London, but in the manufacturing districts of the more northern counties, entitle us to report this pleasing fact with some confidence. Nothing is more certainly calculated to consolidate the union which it is to the interest of both parties should exist between employers and their workmen. Mr Cubitt's is happily one instance in point.

In conclusion, we may repeat that the rapid spread of London is a mystery not only to strangers, but to

its own inhabitants; but an inspection of the Thames-Bank Building-Works has tended in a great measure to solve the problem, by showing with what ease and celerity even one well-ordered establishment is capable of completing the most extensive works.

### THE PRESENT TIME.

FULL many a bard of Memory sing,  
And Hope hath oft inspired the rhyme;  
But who the charm of music brings  
To celebrate the present time?

Let the past guide, the future cheer,  
While youth and health are in their prime;  
But oh! be still thy greatest care  
That awful point—the present time!

Fulfill the duties of the day—  
The next may hear thy funeral chime;  
So shalt thou wing thy glorious way  
Where all shall be the present time.

M. A.

### GENTLEMEN EMIGRANTS.

'You're a remarkably lucky fellow,' said Morris; 'for you are the first gentleman farmer in the settlement that I've heard of who has ever sold anything. For my part I am so accustomed to pay two or three great hulking fellows ten dollars a month to do me the favour of eating up everything the farm produces, and sundry barrels of pork and flour produced by some other farm, that the idea of selling anything appears absurd.' 'But how in the world is it,' asked Drayton, 'that the common people about us seem to be getting on so well? Some of their clearings are almost as large as ours; and they seem to have plenty to sell whenever we want anything. There are plenty of families about us here, who, when they came, hadn't a shilling, who now seem to want for nothing.' 'I don't think it very difficult to account for,' said Harry. 'In the first place, they have been accustomed to labour from their childhood, and what seems privation to us is comfort to them. For instance, we have pigs, and they have pigs; we fatten our pigs, and eat them; they fatten their pigs, and sell them to us, and live upon potatoes themselves. So with eggs, butter, poultry, flour, and everything we need, and they can do without: and yet they don't do without them entirely either; for after we have bought these things from them, we, as Morris says, pay them handsome wages to come and help us to eat them. They do all their own work, and then, for "a consideration," they come and help us to do ours, during which operation they must be well fed. Now, the result of this state of things is, that in consequence of our consuming their produce and labour, our money is being transferred into their pockets, and we are becoming poorer, and they are becoming richer.'—*Sketches of Canadian Life by a Presbyterian of Toronto.*

### CANVASS OF AN ASSURANCE AGENT.

The Manchester agent of an assurance company gives the following curious results of a personal canvass at 1,349 houses, in seventy streets, in the districts of Hulme and Charlton, chiefly rentals from L.12 to L.24 per annum. The inquiry showed that there were 29 insured; 8 persons too old; 11 who never heard of life-assurance, and who were anxious to have it explained to them; 471 who had heard of it, but did not understand it; 419 who were disinclined to assure; 19 favourable, if their surplus incomes were not otherwise invested; 89 persons who had it under consideration, with a view to insure as soon as their arrangements were completed, and who appointed times for the agent to call again; 21 refused the circulars, or to allow an explanation; 175 doors not answered; 102 houses empty; 3 had sufficient property not to require it; 1 favourable, but afraid of litigation; 1 preferred the savings' bank; 1 used abusive language; 2 would trust their family to provide for themselves; and 1 had been rejected by an office, although he never was unwell, and was consequently afraid to try again, although very anxious.—*Builder.*

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so far from stopping at the point of comparative excellence, where the line of history had been broken off by the disturbances of the European system, the same century saw us far in advance, and still on the onward march. Hume is far before any older writer; Gibbon and Robertson gave an authority to history it had never before obtained; and Niebuhr and Savigny, Guizot, Michelet, and Thierry, have brought about what must be considered as the beginning of a new development.

The ancients wrote their own history without a guide or a study, while the moderns have the career of the whole antique world mapped out before their eyes. At the present day, we not only enjoy this advantage, but are able to trace the progress of the new nations of Europe from their commencement to their maturity. The consequence is, that the art has entirely changed its character. Men, while admiring the pictures of Gibbon, curious in their details, but magnificent when viewed as a whole, feel that there is still something more in history; and each successive work is now rather a groping and grasping after that something than an actual achievement. Vico, even before the days of Hume, projected a philosophy of history, which he fitly called the New Science, with the object of determining the principles by which the progress of nations is governed. He imagined that human nature was under one unalterable law of progression, and that this law might be deduced with scientific accuracy from the facts of human history. This great conception was afterwards seized by Herder, who, however, while recognising the existence of an unchangeable law, perceived that it was constantly modified in its manifestations by time, place, and a thousand other circumstances. The obstacle of the difference of races, now assumed as a fact, was thus removed out of the way of the new science; but it is obvious that the establishment of a general rule of history, subject to such endless modifications in particular histories, would be of little real utility. The grand practical truth, however, is recognised by all the recent historians—that there is an eternal relation between institutions and ideas; or, in other words, between the popular character and the mode of government. The science of character, therefore, or ethnology (first so-named by John Mill), must precede that of history, for the one is based upon the other.

But in these slight columns we must confine ourselves to history considered as a literary art, and explain why, after all the names of power we have mentioned (to which the intelligent reader will be able to add many more), we have ventured to consider it as being yet in its infancy. We have said that the restricted views which, after the revival of learning, bound up history in individuality, were opened out in the progress of intellectual development; and this is true, or the world would have wanted even the works of those who are called our classic historians, not to talk of any more recent ones. But the tyranny of literary and professional tastes was succeeded by other tyrannies; and the ignorance which wrote history in the fashion of a mere grammarian, or mere politician, or a mere soldier, was absorbed in an ignorance as revolting and as unconscious. Even Gibbon sneers throughout his great work at Christianity—the philosophy of the vulgar, as well as of the learned, and the greatest of all the agents of human progress. Then came Protestant histories, and Catholic histories, and Whig histories, and Tory histories! The annals of human nature were jumbled up with doctrinal polemics; and the task of tracing the

social and political institutions to their origin in the minds of men was identified with the service of a particular party in the state! Only a few months ago, the first portion of a voluminous history appeared, but the author was a Whig—his very publishers were Whigs; and its reception by those who assume the name of critics, depended therefore, as a matter of course, upon the colour of their politics. It was reviewed like a political pamphlet, and either praised or condemned upon small party grounds; and the author was even censured for making his book 'as entertaining as a romance,' by describing with some minuteness the manners of his epoch—the external manifestations of that character on which the institutions of the people were founded, and by which their historical fate was decided.

This, it must be admitted, is disheartening, after the long career of history we have so rapidly traced; and in our opinion it is owing, as we explained on a former occasion when treating of another department of literature, neither to want of genius nor of reflection, but solely to the comparative destitution we labour under with respect to critical science. We use the qualifying word 'comparative,' because, in reality, two or three excellent, but somewhat misty papers on history, have within the last six or seven years adorned the periodical press; although, even if the number were vastly greater, there would still be much difficulty in opening the mind of the country to the legitimate objects and true dignity of history. In the time of that ill-assorted, though constantly joined trio—Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson—the duty of history was to trace the proximate causes of events. We now go deeper, and follow these causes themselves to their origin in ideas. The continuers of Hume swelled out their political narratives by reporting the wearisome debates in parliament. We of the present day would consider parliament as giving voice to the thought of the time, and we should consider that thought as existing in the character of the people, modified by circumstances, and reacted upon by institutions originally emanating from itself. We should describe, as formerly, the career of war; but war rises from elements engendered, or set in motion, in the bosom of peace, and there we should seek out its origin. In everything we have a wider and nobler scope than our elders; and it puts us out of patience to think that we should suffer ourselves to be hindered in our onward path by narrow polemics and paltry idiosyncrasies.

A French author is subjected to more temptation than his English brother. He may be called upon to make history as well as write it: riches, honour, political distinction—all are within his reach. In England, a man writes for money; but a little money will suffice for the support of a true literary man. He has still time for the past and the future; and the present has no enticements to lead him away from the aspirations of a prouder ambition than that of a peerage or a seat in the cabinet. But notwithstanding this, there is more true literary enthusiasm in France than in England; and in the former country there is now a more profound erudition than among the countrymen of Gibbon. The divergence so obvious in the paths of the great French historical writers is caused, not by the mere separations of clique and party, but by the restless aspirings of their minds, at a time when a revolution has commenced in the art of history as mighty as any of the political convulsions of their country. Michelet, turning away from the allurements of the time, glories in being merely an author; and the wild and ardent



true Parisian accent, and her Italian, Lady Maldon assures me, is pure Tuscan'—

'He-e-c-m!'

'She dances with grace and elegance; plays the harp and piano with skill and taste; is a thorough *artiste* in drawing and painting; and is, moreover, very handsome—though beauty, I admit, is an attribute which in a governess might be very well dispensed with.'

'True; unless, indeed, it were catching.'

I need not prolong this connubial dialogue. It is sufficient to state that Edith Willoughby was duly installed in office on the following day; and that, much to my surprise, I found that her qualifications for the charge she had undertaken were scarcely overcoloured. She was a well-educated, elegant, and beautiful girl, of refined and fascinating manners, and possessed of one of the sweetest, gentlest dispositions that ever charmed and graced the family and social circle. She was, I often thought, for her own chance of happiness, too ductile, too readily yielding to the wishes and fancies of others. In a very short time I came to regard her as a daughter, and with my wife and children she was speedily a prodigious favourite. Mary and Kate improved rapidly under her judicious tuition, and I felt for once positively grateful to busy Lady Maldon for her officious interference in my domestic arrangements.

Edith Willoughby had been domiciled with us about two years, when Mr Harlowe, a gentleman of good descent and fine property, had occasion to call several times at my private residence on business relating to the purchase of a house in South Audley Street, the title to which exhibited by the vendors was not of the most satisfactory kind. On one occasion he stayed to dine with us, and I noticed that he seemed much struck by the appearance of our beautiful and accomplished governess. His evident emotion startled and pained me in a much higher degree than I could have easily accounted for even to myself. Mr Harlowe was a widower, past his first youth certainly, but scarcely more than two or three-and-thirty years of age, wealthy, not ill-looking, and, as far as I knew, of average character in society. Surely an excellent match, if it should come to that, for an orphan girl rich only in fine talents and gentle affections. But I could not think so. I disliked the man—*instinctively* disliked and distrusted him; for I could assign no very positive motive for my antipathy.

'The reason why, I cannot tell,  
But I don't like thee, Dr Fell.'

These lines indicate an unconquerable feeling which most persons have, I presume, experienced; and which frequently, I think, results from a kind of cumulative evidence of uncongeniality or unworthiness, made up of a number of slight indices of character, which, separately, may appear of little moment, but altogether, produce a strong, if undefinable, feeling of aversion. Mr Harlowe's manners were bland, polished, and insinuating; his conversation was sparkling and instructive; but a cold sneer seemed to play habitually about his lips, and at times there glanced forth a concentrated, polished ferocity—so to speak—from his eyes, revealing hard and stony depths, which I shuddered to think a being so pure and gentle as Edith might be doomed to sound and fathom. That he was a man of strong passions and determination of will, was testified by every curve of his square, massive head, and every line of his full countenance.

My aversion—reasonable or otherwise, as it might be—was not shared by Miss Willoughby; and it was soon apparent that, fascinated, intoxicated by her extreme beauty (the man was, I felt, incapable of love in its high, generous, and spiritual sense), Mr Harlowe had determined on offering his hand and fortune to the unportioned orphan. He did so, and was accepted. I did not conceal my dislike of her suitor from Edith; and my wife—who, with feminine exaggeration of the hints I threw out, had set him down as a kind of

polished human tiger—with tears intreated her to avoid the glittering snare. We of course had neither right nor power to push our opposition beyond friendly warning and advice; and when we found, thanks to Lady Maldon, who was vehemently in favour of the match—to, in Edith's position, the dazzling temptation of a splendid establishment, and to Mr Harlowe's eloquent and impassioned pleadings—that the rich man's offer was irrevocably accepted, we of course forebore from continuing a useless and irritating resistance. Lady Maldon had several times very plainly intimated that our aversion to the marriage arose solely from a selfish desire of retaining the services of her charming relative; so prone are the mean and selfish to impute meanness and selfishness to others.

I might, however, I reflected, be of service to Miss Willoughby, by securing for her such a marriage settlement as would place her beyond the reach of one possible consequence of caprice and change. I spoke to Mr Harlowe on the subject; and he, under the influence of headstrong, eager passion, gave me, as I expected, *carte blanche*. I availed myself of the license so readily afforded: a deed of settlement was drawn up, signed, sealed, and attested in duplicate the day before the wedding; and Edith Willoughby, as far as wealth and position in society were concerned, had undoubtedly made a surprisingly good bargain.

It happened that just as Lady Maldon, Edith Willoughby, and Mr Harlowe were leaving my chambers after the execution of the deed, Mr Ferret the attorney appeared on the stairs. His hands were full of papers, and he was, as usual, in hot haste; but he stopped abruptly as his eye fell upon the departing visitors, looked with startled earnestness at Miss Willoughby, whom he knew, and then glanced at Mr Harlowe with an expression of angry surprise. That gentleman, who did not appear to recognise the new-comer, returned his look with a supercilious, contemptuous stare, and passed on with Edith—who had courteously saluted the inattentive Mr Ferret—followed by Lady Maldon.

'What is the meaning of that ominous conjunction?' demanded Mr Ferret as the affianced pair disappeared together.

'Marriage, Mr Ferret! Do you know any just cause or impediment why they should not be joined together in holy wedlock?'

'The fellow's wife is dead then?'

'Yes; she died about a twelvemonth ago. Did you know her?'

'Not personally; by reputation only. A country attorney, Richards of Braintree, for whom I transact London business sent me the draught of a deed of separation—to which the unfortunate lady, rather than continue to live with her husband, had consented—for counsel's opinion. I had an interview with Mr Harlowe himself upon the business; but I see he affects to have forgotten me. I do not know much of the merits of the case, but according to Richards—no great shakes of a fellow, between ourselves—the former Mrs Harlowe was a martyr to her husband's calculated virulence and legal—at least not illegal, a great distinction, in my opinion, though not so set down in the books—despotism. He espoused her for her wealth: that secured, he was desirous of ridding himself of the incumbrance to it. A common case!—and now, if you please, to business.'

I excused myself, as did my wife, from being present at the wedding; but everything, I afterwards heard, passed off with great *éclat*. The bridegroom was all fervour and obsequiousness; the bride all bashfulness and beauty. The 'happy pair,' I saw by the afternoon newspapers, were to pass the honeymoon at Mr Harlowe's seat, Fairdown Park. The evening of the marriage-day was anything, I remember, but a pleasant one to me. I reached home by no means hilariously disposed, where I was greeted, by way of revival, with the intelligence that my wife, after listening with great energy to Lady Maldon's description of the wedding festivities for two tremendous hours, had at last been



'You err, Edith,' I rejoined; 'it is a positive duty to bring so consummate a villain to justice. He has evidently calculated on your gentleness of disposition, and must be disappointed.'

I soon, however, found it was impossible to shake her resolution on this point; and I returned with a heart full of grief and bitterness to Mr Harlowe.

'You will oblige me, sir,' I exclaimed as I entered the room, 'by leaving this house immediately: I would hold no further converse with so vile a person.'

'How! Do you know to whom you presume to speak in this manner?'

'Perfectly. You are one Harlowe, who, after a few months' residence with a beautiful and amiable girl, had extinguished the passion which induced him to offer her marriage, showered on her every species of insult and indignity of which a cowardly and malignant nature is capable; and who, finding that did not kill her, at length consummated, or revealed, I do not yet know which term is most applicable, his utter baseness by causing her to be informed that his first wife was still living.'

'Upon my honour, sir, I believed, when I married Miss Willoughby, that I was a widower.'

'Your honour! But except to prove that I do thoroughly know and appreciate the person I am addressing, I will not bandy words with you. After that terrible disclosure—if, indeed, it be a disclosure, not an invention—Ah, you start at that!'

'At your insolence, sir; not at your senseless surmises.'

'Time and the law will show. After, I repeat, this terrible disclosure or invention, you, not content with obtaining from your victim's generosity a positive promise that she would not send you to the hulks'—

'Sir, have a care.'

'Pooh! I say, not content with exacting this promise from your victim, you, with your wife, or accomplice, threatened not only to take her child from her, but to lock her up in a madhouse, unless she subscribed a paper, confessing that she knew, when you espoused her, that you were a married man. Now, sir, do I, or do I not, thoroughly know who and what the man is I am addressing?'

'Sir,' returned Harlowe, recovering his audacity somewhat, 'spite of all your hectoring and abuse, I defy you to obtain proof—legal proof—whether what Edith has heard is true or false. The affair may perhaps be arranged: let her return with me.'

'You know she would die first: but it is quite useless to prolong this conversation; and I again request you to leave this house.'

'If Miss Willoughby would accept an allowance'—

The cool audacity of this proposal to make me an instrument in compromising a felony exasperated me beyond all bounds. I rang the bell violently, and desired the servant who answered it to show Mr Harlowe out of the house. Finding further persistence useless, the baffled villain snatched up his hat, and with a look and gesture of rage and contempt hurried out of the apartment.

The profession of a barrister necessarily begets habits of coolness and reflection under the most exciting circumstances; but I confess that in this instance my ordinary equanimity was so much disturbed, that it was some time before I could command sufficient composure to reason calmly upon the strange revelations made to me by Edith, and the nature of the measures necessary to adopt in order to clear up the mystery attaching to them. She persisted in her refusal to have recourse to legal measures with a view to the punishment of Harlowe; and I finally determined—after a conference with Mr Ferret, who, having acted for the first Mrs Harlowe, I naturally conjectured must know something of her history and connections—to take for the present no ostensible steps in the matter. Mr Ferret, like myself, was persuaded that the sham resurrection of his first wife was a mere trick, to enable Harlowe to rid himself

of the presence of a woman he no longer cared for. 'I will take an opportunity,' said Mr Ferret, 'of quietly questioning Richards: he must have known the first wife; Eleanor Wickham, I remember, was her maiden name; and if not bought over by Harlowe—a by-no-means impossible purchase—can set us right at once. I did not understand that the said Eleanor was at all celebrated for beauty and accomplishments, such as you say Miss Willoughby—Mrs Harlowe I mean—describes. She was a native of Dorsetshire too, I remember; and the foreign Italian accent you mention is rarely, I fancy, picked up in that charming county. Some flashy opera-dancer, depend upon it, whom he has contracted a passing fancy for: a slippery gentleman certainly; but, with a little caution, we shall not fail to trip his heels up, clever as he may be.'

A stronger wrestler than either of us was upon the track of the unhappy man. Edith had not been with us above three weeks, when one of Mr Harlowe's servants called at my chambers to say that his master, in consequence of a wound he had inflicted on his foot with an axe, whilst amusing himself with cutting or pruning some trees in the grounds at Fairdown, was seriously ill, and had expressed a wish to see me. I could not leave town; but as it was important Mr Harlowe should be seen, I requested Mr Ferret to proceed to Fairdown House. He did so, and late in the evening returned with the startling intelligence that Mr Harlowe was dead!

'Dead!' I exclaimed, much shocked. 'Are you serious?'

'As a judge. He expired, about an hour after I reached the house, of *tetanus*, commonly called locked-jaw. His body, by the contraction of the muscles, was bent like a bow, and rested on his heels and the back part of his head. He was incapable of speech long before I saw him; but there was a world of agonized expression in his eyes!'

'Dreadful! Your journey was useless then?'

'Not precisely. I saw the pretended former wife: a splendid woman, and as much Eleanor Wickham of Dorsetshire as I am. They mean, however, to show fight, I think; for, as I left the place, I observed that delightful knave Richards enter the house. I took the liberty of placing seals upon the desks and cabinets, and directed the butler and other servants to see that nothing was disturbed or removed till Mrs Harlowe's—the true Mrs Harlowe's—arrival.'

The funeral was to take place on the following Wednesday; and it was finally arranged that both of us would accompany Edith to Fairdown on the day after it had taken place, and adopt such measures as circumstances might render necessary. Mr Ferret wrote to this effect to all parties concerned.

On arriving at the house, I, Ferret, and Mrs Harlowe proceeded at once to the drawing-room, where we found the pretended wife seated in great state, supported on one side by Mr Richards, and on the other by Mr Quillet the eminent proctor. Edith was dreadfully agitated, and clung frightened and trembling to my arm. I conducted her to a seat, and placed myself beside her, leaving Mr Ferret—whom so tremendous an array of law and learning, evincing a determination to fight the matter out à l'outrance, filled with exuberant glee—to open the conference.

'Good-morning, madam,' cried he the moment he entered the room, and quite unaffected by the lady's scornful and haughty stare: 'good-morning; I am delighted to see you in such excellent company. You do not, I hope, forget that I once had the honour of transacting business for you?'

'You had transactions of my business!' said the lady. 'When, I pray you?'

'God bless me!' cried Ferret, addressing Richards, 'what a charming Italian accent; and out of Dorsetshire too!'

'Dorsetshire, sir?' exclaimed the lady.

'Ay, Dorsetshire to be sure. Why, Mr Richards,





in which two persons could scarcely sleep habitually without losing their health—so small was it, and so badly ventilated—where it was no uncommon thing for twenty individuals, of different ages and sexes, to pass the night. On the floor was a large rug, and no bed-clothing; and to make the most of the space, the parties lay in a circle, with their feet in the centre. Another dormitory in Anne Street, Westminster, had sixteen beds in two small rooms; each bed held on most occasions three individuals; so that, in a space not larger than about eight paces by six, an average of forty persons were huddled together every night throughout the year. One Sunday afternoon we descended into the kitchen of another lodging-house: it had no window, but the door opened upon a yard: the stench was scarcely endurable, for it was dinner-time; when about thirty beings were assembled, consisting of thieves, beggars, artisans out of work, itinerant musicians, runaway country lads, girls, women, babies, dogs, a cat, and in the yard several pigs in a sty. All sorts of viands—none of them the most agreeable to the olfactory nerves—were being cooked and eaten; and to render the air the less endurable, and more deleterious, a woman in one corner was making matches with sulphur. The confusion of tongues was also indescribable: quarrelling, laughing, moaning, and the crying of children were joined in a most complicated hubbub, the stentorian voice of the landlord occasionally rising above the rest to demand 'less noise,' or to threaten some troublesome person with expulsion. This man was, we understood from our companion (a missionary), a thorough specimen of his class. He followed a multiplicity of trades, and was, it was thought, growing rich. Besides being a lodging-house-keeper, and general purveyor of meat and drink, he bought, sold, and lent clothing of all descriptions. From his wardrobe any sort of beggar could be manufactured. He could 'turn out' a simulated sailor—with jacket, straw-hat, and even the two curling locks of hair which tarts like to cultivate—so well, that to all outward appearance the fellow had only just stepped ashore. He had also aprons for bankrupt tradesmen, and the proper costume for a distressed weaver. He sold matches, ballads, stationery, and other stock-in-trade for itinerant vendors; he also lent out stalls and baskets to perambulating fruit-sellers. He bought spurious coin, and gave such of his lodgers as he could trust large commissions for passing it. This branch of dishonesty is generally performed by costermongers, who give the bad money in the form of change to their unsuspecting customers.

The pictures of crime, vice, misery, and disgust which these lodging-houses present, are scarcely credible even to a cursory observer of them: it is only upon getting a deep insight into life in these places that conviction gains strength. As to the almost ingenious devices of immorality which are practised, no perfect notion can be gained. Of the social degradation and comfortless barbarism these places exhibit, it may be safely stated that the wigwam of the Red Indian, the tent of the Bedouin, or the cone of the Bechuana, is more convenient and decent than many of these lodgings.

The most distressing circumstance connected with these dens of iniquity is, that they act as traps to draw the innocent into the circle of demoralisation and crime. Poverty drives the well-intentioned into these places; for, till lately, they had no choice. An artisan or a country boy, who had no more than threepence to lay out in house accommodation for one day, was driven to these lodgings; for at that price there existed no others. The facilities offered for begging and thieving in these receptacles rendered those employments the more tempting; especially when presented as easy relief from acute want, and escape from despair. By these lodging-houses alone, the number of the criminal and dangerous classes is increased every year by thousands.

But suppose the wretched wayfarer has no money whatever? Where does he rest? The answer is in the fact, that there is scarcely a large town in the kingdom

in which many have no other bed than the stones, and no other covering than their own rags. In London and other large towns every night, winter and summer, there are thousands who sleep under the dry arches of bridges, in empty casks, carts, and trucks, in old boilers, on ash-heaps, in empty or half-built houses, or anywhere they can creep in unnoticed. And here, too, the good herd with the bad, and vice and corruption meet the unfortunate wherever they turn.

These disastrous evils have been long deplored. The efforts to correct them—although never so successfully and comprehensively carried out as now—are not of recent origin. Endowments for the support of reception-houses for wayfarers have been bequeathed by charitable testators in many parts of England, and some of them are centuries old. Not a few have been so grossly abused and misapplied, that the very intentions of the founders have been perverted or forgotten. Some, however, still exist: one of the best specimens is a neat, clean house in the principal street of Rochester, on the high road between London and the continent, in which bed, and breakfast, and a groat, are afforded to poor travellers for one or two nights each, provided they be not 'beggars or proctors.'

The first successful attempt to cover vagrant wretchedness with a roof on an enlarged system was made in the winter of 1819. A few private individuals proposed a plan for setting up a 'Nightly Shelter for the Houseless Poor' in London. A meeting was called at Guildhall; and such was the energy of those who conducted the work, that, within six hours after it had dispersed, an asylum was opened in London Wall, the premises having been gratuitously appropriated by their owner. No tickets nor recommendation were required. All who were so wretched that they were forced to sleep upon straw—for such only was the provision at first for the men—were received. For the females a little bedding was provided. In the morning, an allowance of soup and bread saved many a starving wretch from one day's destitution. An average of 205 nightly was thus admitted, consisting of several of the most debased classes of society. Women who had lost all trace or knowledge of religious education—men careworn, broken-spirited, hopeless—rushed into this temporary asylum.

In process of time improvements were effected, and several branch asylums were erected. Those who desire to see the system carried out in one of the most wretched neighbourhoods of London, should visit Glasshouse-Yard, East Smithfield, within the immediate vicinity of Rosemary Lane. You will enter a square space by a narrow lane, and observe therein two buildings, or rather large sheds, separated only by a yard. One of these is the 'Refuge for the Houseless Poor;' another, the 'Model Lodging-House,' an institution to which we shall come presently. The House of Refuge contains two large lofty apartments, roofed in very roughly with beams and rafters, like an old-fashioned granary. One of these is a common room, another a dormitory. In the common room the wanderers are received in the evening, and supplied with fire and conveniences for cooking and eating such provisions as they may bring. When they retire to rest, they enter a dormitory, in which each bed is separated by a partition which rises to a certain height. In the infancy of the institution the beds consisted of straw; they are now formed of India-rubber, and provided with coverlets of leather. Every morning, as the slumberer arises from his bed, a man comes in, washes it down, and leaves it to dry. A similar process guards the leather coverlet from infection or from dirt. For this refuge twopence a night is now paid; and such are the benefits afforded, and so gratefully are they appreciated, that the same persons return to it again and again. Workmen of respectable character even resort to it, and make it their permanent abode.\*

\* See an article in 'Fraser's Magazine' for June on 'The Unseen Charities of London.'



more domestic character: more community among the lodgers seems attainable than in the newer houses. It is, as was explained in the former article, a casual lodging-house, open to all entrants who are not filthy or drunk, at 3d. per night, or 1s. 6d. per week, the Sunday's lodging being gratis. Yet, although doubtless professional thieves, and certainly persons in the last stage of destitution, occasionally sojourn there, nothing has been stolen belonging to the house except a couple of blankets about eighteen months ago. The establishment consists of three old houses communicating with each other, admirably ventilated, and can accommodate 117 inmates. When we visited it the other day, there were only 100 lodgers—the usual average for summer, when the labouring and itinerant classes go into the country to harvesting, or follow the fashionable world to the sea-side.

Somewhat on the same principle, although intended for more respectable lodgers, is the St Anne's House in Compton Street, Soho. It was founded, like the above, by a small number of private gentlemen, with the rector of the parish at their head, with the view of testing the practicability of providing such a resort on an inexpensive and self-supporting plan; but with this rule, that all surplus shall be devoted to charitable uses connected with the establishment—a rule similar to that of the 'Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes.' They took a dwelling-house formerly connected with shops, and with very little expense converted it into accommodation for 130 inmates. Those for whom it is intended are persons to whom great privations are not unfamiliar, and whose generally superior intelligence and original education render such privations peculiarly trying and injurious. The charge, including coals, gas, provision for cooking, hot and cold baths, &c. is 3s. 6d. per week. It is under the direction of a steward, who is responsible for the management of the house. It has only been open a few months, and has already upwards of 60 inmates.

When we have drawn attention to the Model Lodging-House in Glass-House Yard, before-mentioned, we believe we have named all such asylums that exist in London. This establishment—near to one of the largest and most beneficial baths and washhouses in the metropolis—is a large building of three floors, divided into different wards. The whole tenement forms an oblong square, having a large, airy, unoccupied space behind. It was formerly a glass manufactory, which gave the name to the yard it is in, and was converted to its present purpose at a moderate expense, contributed by a few benevolent and generous neighbours and their friends.

We have thought it useful to mark and to record the success of the earnest efforts of the metropolitan community for improving the comforts and morals of their poorer brethren, in order to contribute, by all the publicity we can give, to the spread of such institutions throughout the country. A subsequent article on this subject will embrace an account of a night passed in one of the Metropolitan Lodging-Houses.

#### SIR GEORGE HEAD'S WORK ON ROME.\*

Among the numerous associations connected with Rome, the classical will of course always predominate, or at least so long as our modern systems of education shall continue to be based on the study of antiquity. Yet, philosophically speaking, it is far more profitable to comprehend the people who now inhabit the Seven Hills, than to grope through a labyrinth of architectural obscurities after the vestiges of a nation long past away, however great and illustrious formerly. The new work of Sir George Head leaves nothing to be desired respecting the more ancient and historical points of interest, as well as matters of social concern, in Rome. The work, which is written with good taste, is based on an

immense amount of material, laboriously and carefully collected and arranged with considerable skill. The city and its environs are mapped out upon a judicious plan; and while the reader is conducted through its various divisions, he is amused by the way with legends, anecdotes, brief records of habits and customs, pictures of manners, and illustrations of national character, which indicate no mean talent for observation. There is, indeed, nothing of that novelty, freshness, and sparkling vivacity of language which enable descriptions to produce the effect of pictures. Sir George Head is noway akin to the poet or the painter. He is, nevertheless, a man of acute perception, who knows what will tell; and has the power, by enumeration and repeated touches, to produce a result approaching that of picturesque writing.

It will doubtless be possible, from the description of a hundred and fifty churches, palaces, villas, museums, and picture-galleries, to select materials for many pleasant articles; but we prefer just now confining ourselves to passages illustrating the character of that population whose heroic defence of their hearths and altars has so strongly impressed all Europe in their favour. Brave the Romans may be; but if there be any truth in the following trait of character, much is desirable in point of honesty. The author is describing the great wood-yard of Rome. It lies near the Tiber, and you pass close to it as you approach the Porta del Popolo by the ancient Flaminian way. 'A spacious and commodious spot of ground has been enclosed, whence firewood is delivered to foreigners and other customers, in cart-loads or half cart-loads, at a price regulated by a tariff, the interests of the public being protected by a government functionary, whose duty is to have justice done between the person employed to superintend the delivery and the purchaser, and especially to see that none but straightened fair billets are laden, and that all the crooked and distorted branches are rejected. Notwithstanding these precautions, the negotiation altogether, including the purchasing and conveying homeward of a load of wood, if undertaken by an inexperienced person, inasmuch as the government protection ceases the moment the wood is out of the yard, is liable to many casualties—so various, in fact, that one single pair of eyes is totally insufficient, seeing that no manner of reliance can be laid on the truth and good faith of the lower classes; for the carter who carts the wood, and the sawyer who saws it, have invariably a host of friends ready at hand to back their operations, who think it no manner of harm to rob the *forestiero*, and will most certainly succeed in doing so, if not well watched, to the extent of half the cargo.

'Even the inhabitants themselves are not less liable to depredation on like occasions; and one may observe invariably, on the arrival of a load of wood at a private dwelling, that from the time the wood is shot out of the cart in front of the door upon the pavement, as is the custom, and the sawyer erects his tressel at the spot, till the last billet is safely deposited within, either the master or the mistress, or some trusty person of the family, is never for a moment absent from the sawyer's elbow.'

From the woodyard our curious traveller proceeds to the place where pigs are slaughtered, but we decline accompanying him. It will probably be more agreeable to our readers to take a glance or two at the Carnival, with the amusements, buffooneries, and excesses of which the Romans pave the way to the observation of Lent. This modern saturnalia is said to have taken its rise in the fifteenth century under Paul II. The Romans of course aimed at pre-eminence over all other persons in the Catholic world in the pomps and irregularities of the Carnival; but owing to a variety of circumstances, the Venetians would appear, during many generations, to have borne away the palm from the papal metropolis. In those flourishing days of the republic, thirty thousand strangers used annually to pass the Alps for the purpose of witnessing the wild frolics of the Bride of the Adriatic. Those times have now long passed away: the lagoons are silent and solitary, and

\* Rome; a Tour of Many Days. By Sir George Head. In three volumes. London: Longman.



fled by circumstances. Rome forms the point of confluence of all the various streams of population in Europe, who go thither from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, to taste the excitement of superstition, pleasure, and classical traditions. These multiplied masses of humanity rolling over the Romans, render them in some sort round and polished beggars; and all our countrymen, who delight in taking in the evening the air on the Pincian, assist considerably in supporting the vagrants of Rome, whose chief, a fellow that lives in a hovel, always takes his station on the most commanding point of the hill. 'The Roman beggars, even under the dominion of an arbitrary government, are the most independent people that can be imagined; for such is the comprehensive scheme of public charity practised by the monastic establishments—such as the convent of Areocelli and others—that they are perfectly secured from absolute starvation, while their wants are diminished and their spirits exhilarated by the lovely climate. Neither is the profession of soliciting alms looked upon, as in some other countries, as a state of moral degradation; but, on the contrary, suffered to proceed as it does at present, is of considerable advantage to the whole community; the amount of the harvest which these people reap from the yearly influx to Rome of foreigners, being in fact just so much saved to the public. And as a proof of the reliance on the aid of visitors in this particular, it may be stated, that by those who arrive in Rome early in the month of October, hardly a single beggar is encountered in the streets from one end of the city to the other; though afterwards, at the end of the month, when the carriages begin to roll along the Corso, attracted, as it were, by the sound of the carriage-wheels, they emerge from their holes simultaneously, like worms in a pattering shower of rain upon a grass-plot. On such occasions, at the commencement of a fresh campaign, a visitor who has resided in Rome before is invariably recognised and accosted as an old acquaintance, in terms that betray not the slightest consciousness of inferiority, by the lame beggar whom I remember to have observed one day, on his perceiving for the first time a newly-arrived Englishman walk up the steps from the Piazza, lift up his arms and exclaim with a joyous countenance, just as if he had met a near relative, "Caro Signor!" "E ritomato?" "E stato in Inghilterra." "Va bene sua excellenza." "Bene, benissimo," replied the other, "e voi! ha fatto anche voi sua villeggiatura?" The last allusion to his private affairs was responded to by a hearty fit of laughter, that, as I proceeded onward towards the promenade, appeared to illuminate the sightless orbs of two blind members of the profession, who, as they stood rattling their money-boxes on the gravel-walk a hundred yards distant, had heard the conversation.

'The effect too often of extreme poverty is to eradicate from the mind the appreciation of the beautiful. Our ideas shrink and dwindle under the influence of want and obscurity; at least this appears to be the case in cold climates, where there is naturally but too little disposition in men to derive delight from the phenomena of the elements. But where the sun encircles lovingly the whole face of nature, rendering the landscape almost transparent, and imparting a glory to everything within the range of vision, even the least excitable persons feel the poetry emanating from the whole material world. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the very beggars who dream away their lives on the Pincian Hill enjoy nightly the glorious prospect of the sun sinking behind the Hesperian main. Then and there is the time and place to view a Roman sunset; for as the sun sinks behind Monte Mario, and his course proceeds from north to south and from south to north in the ecliptic, St Peter's stands in such a position in the foreground, that during a country residence the dome is seen under all phases imaginable: sometimes, when the blazing orb descends close on one side; sometimes, when he descends on the other; and sometimes, when sinking directly behind it, the whole circum-

ference is surrounded, as it were, by a belt of red-hot iron. At this moment a spectator on the other side of the enclosure sees the rays reflected from the boughs of the young trees, as the red beams mingle with the foliage, till the whole plantation resembles a golden network, and the passing carriages and human figures appear enveloped in an ethereal mist, such as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the gardens of the Hesperides.'

There is a compound of strange qualities in the character of the people of Italy, which is one of those countries where law secures not life. Innocent persons are cut off daily by assassins; but when the crime has been committed, society feels its sympathies awakened, and steps in between the malefactor and death. We there, consequently, behold on all sides the shedders of human blood; not shut up in dungeons, or consigned to the guillotine or the halter, but walking about, manacled and in chains, administering to the meanest necessities of the social system. At the corner of any street you may, once a day at least, be elbowed by a murderer, the nature of whose crime you are compelled to know by the livery he wears. Gangs of malefactors labour at the public works, sweep the streets, cleanse the sewers, and perform other offices, from which the humblest of paid labourers would probably shrink. But a convict has no choice: he is a living, breathing, and thinking machine, whose energies are at the absolute disposal of society: the passions out of which this spring may be in fierce rebellion against it all the while. 'The management of the Pincian Gardens,' says Sir George Head, 'is under the direction of the papal government; and the labour performed—as is the case all over Rome under similar circumstances—for the most part by criminals convicted for homicide or robbery; so that, as it not unfrequently happens, or, at any rate, occurred in the winter of 1841, during the repair of the city-wall near the Muro Torto, forty or fifty of these unfortunate men were seen marching, two and two, dressed in their prison dresses, striped black and brown, with chains rattling on their legs, driven like sheep by the soldiers in charge of the party from one part of the gardens to the other, in the midst of the above lively scene of dissipation. The sight, in fact, was so common at the time I speak of, that it created no sort of sensation on the part of the visitors, neither did the criminals appear to be in the least conscious of their degraded condition. . . . On the contrary, no other class of the pope's subjects appear more thoughtless and lively than these galley-slaves, of whom three or four work together, not unfrequently under the surveillance of a single soldier, both parties evidently on the most easy terms possible with one another, laughing and conversing, and sometimes the convict relaxes from work for several minutes together. Such is the familiar manner in which they are treated by the soldiers, that while a squad were marching from place to place, I have seen a convict step out of the ranks, accost a sentry on duty—with whom, I presume, he was previously acquainted—remain behind some time talking while the rest proceeded, take snuff at parting, and then, attended by a single soldier of the guard—who, by the way, stood close by while the conversation lasted—overtake the gang in double-quick time when the conference ended. The proportion of the guard usually appointed on these occasions is about five or six infantry, and one or two mounted dragons before and behind the party, and the infantry on both sides—the latter behaving in the most *degagé* manner possible, lounging along lazily, rather than marching, with unbuttoned jackets, and muskets with fixed bayonets across their shoulders pointing in all manner of directions.'

It should be remarked that passages like the above are but thinly scattered through the three volumes, which are filled with elaborate descriptions and minute details connected with antiquities or the arts. Here and there, in the midst of such disquisitions, you meet with an anecdote or a trait of manners sufficiently



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## SERVILITY.

The servility which pursues individuals of the 'distinguished,' 'exalted,' or royal classes, to record their minutest and most trivial actions with painstaking elaboration, is a very low and base instinct at all times; ridiculous at the best, sometimes disgusting and defiling. There is mixed up with it a spirit the very reverse of reverential. It can be no genuine reverence which dogs the footsteps of kings and princes to note every paltry movement, and make a wonderment of every remark, as though it were surprising that a prince should have his faculties about him. A royal count cannot visit a factory, and make an intelligent observation, but that coryphæus of footmen, the Court newsman, repeats the saying with applause, as nurses do when a baby begins to predicate truisms about its pap or its toys. The homage, we all know, is paid to the 'exalted station'; but there must, after all, be something very humiliating to the most hardened recipient of such homage in the gross disparagement which it implies of the individual. A sovereign has senses like other men: if you tickle him, he will laugh; if you show to him suffering humanity, he will grieve; if you exhibit before him good-feeling, he will be pleased, and will express his pleasure in suitable terms. But these consequences are matters of course. The exalted personage behaves as all persons of sense and decent feeling would do; and if you express wonder at the fact, you must suppose an exalted person to be something below human nature. You are regarding the crowned creature with the same feeling as a curiosity-hunter, who admires an elephant or a monkey for behaving 'so like a man'; and while you worship that person whom you seek to exalt by your wonder, you debase him by its implication, and are yourself degraded to the level of those who make idol deities of inferior animals—the monkey-worshippers of Japan, and the ox-adorers of Egypt.—*Spectator*. [The above is well put; but we would remind the 'Spectator' that by confining its record of births, deaths, and marriages, to persons of 'exalted station' only, or for the greater part, it may be said to be chargeable with a species of that servility which it very properly condemns.]

## DOMESTIC TELEGRAPH.

The extraordinary despatch of railways and electric telegraphs seems to have given an impetus to the national character in economising time in an infinite variety of ways never even dreamt of a few years ago. A scientific member of the Society of Friends has rendered the novel material of gutta-percha tubing subservient to an important saving of time and footsteps in the domestic circle. In consequence of the peculiar power possessed by this tubing for the transmission of sound, he has applied it for the conveyance of messages from the parlour to the kitchen. Even a whisper at the parlour mouthpiece is distinctly heard when the ear is applied at the other end. Instead, therefore, of the servant having to answer the bell as formerly, and then descend to the kitchen to bring up what is wanted, the mistress calls attention by gently blowing into the tube, which sounds a whistle in the kitchen, and then makes known her wants to the servant, who is able at once to attend to them. By this means the mistress not only secures the execution of her orders in half the usual time, but the servant is saved a double journey.—*Daily News*.

## HOW TO MAKE WINE.

When the wine is about half fermented, it is transferred from the vat to tuncels, and brandy, several degrees above proof, is thrown in, in the proportion of twelve to twenty-four gallons to the pipe of *must*, by which the fermentation is greatly checked. About two months afterwards, the mixture is coloured thus: a quantity of dried elder berries is put into coarse bags; these are placed in vats, and a part of the wine to be coloured being thrown over them, they are trodden by men till the whole of the colouring matter is expressed; from twenty-eight to fifty-six pounds of dried elder berries being used to the pipe of wine! Another addition of brandy, of from four to six gallons per pipe, is now made to the mixture, which is then allowed to rest for about two months. At the end of this time, it is, if sold (which it is tolerably sure to be after such judicious treatment), transferred to Oporto, where it is sacked two or three times, and receives probably two gallons more brandy per pipe; and it is then considered

fit to be shipped to England, its being about nine months old; and at the time of shipment one gallon more of brandy is usually added to each pipe. The wine, thus having received at least twenty-six gallons of brandy per pipe, is considered by the merchant sufficiently strong—an opinion which the writer at least is not prepared to dispute.—*Forrester's Word or Two on Port Wine*.

## RELICS OF THE DEAD.

SHE was not fair nor young: at eventide  
There was no friend to sorrow by her side;  
The time of sickness had been long and dread,  
For strangers tended, wishing she were dead.  
She pined for heaven, and yet feared to die—  
To die—to penetrate that mystery!

How often in the long and quiet night,  
When the dim taper shed a flickering light,  
And the old watch within its well-worn case  
Loudly proclaimed time speeding on apace,  
She fixed her eyes upon a casket near,  
While down her pallid cheek there stole a tear!

She knew that careless hands aside would cast  
The dear memorials of a cherished past;  
The rifled casket's inmost heards survey,  
And with cold words and idle laugh display  
Some withered flowers and a braid of hair—  
Those priceless treasures she had garnered there.

The glittering baubles, and the chain of gold,  
These would be cared for, and their value told;  
But for the tokens oft bedewed with tears  
Throughout the silent memory of years—  
Oh for the strength of hand and nerve of heart  
To rear their funeral pyre ere life depart!

It might not be—for with the morning hours  
Again she gazed upon those faded flowers.  
The shadows of the past around her fell  
With agonised and yet entrancing spell;  
To sever that last link no power was given—  
Doth human weakness pity find in heaven?

She was not fair nor young: at eventide  
None placed those worshipped relics by her side  
Within the coffin bed where she reposed  
In white habiliments—her eyelids closed:  
Looking so weary, e'en the stranger said,  
'Poor thing! she resteth—peace be with the dead!'

C. A. M. W.

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into things; how most admirably and adequately utter the thought within him, and impress his influence for benefit upon his age: this will be ever his earnest and most sedulous concern. What does he live for, if not to learn and publish something more of *Truth* than has hitherto been known, or to extend it into regions where as yet it has not penetrated? Knowing and respecting his high ministry, he will deliver himself as he best can with a proud defiance of all clamour; not insensible, indeed, to the approbation of intelligent and discerning men, but assuredly not solicitous of empty praise, nor sorrowful or disconcerted by the fear of being forgotten. What if he is forgotten? If his name should fade utterly out of memory, and the generations to come never know that he had lived! The thing which he did *well*, that cannot die; but, howsoever its appearance may be changed, continues to work effectually under novel and unsuspected transformations. The truly great man can very well dispense with fame; it is of comparative indifference to him: sorrowing or rejoicing, he holds on his way, heedless and unconcerned about it. Like some great unconscious oak of the wilderness, he will scatter the ripe fruits from which new forests may spring, and take no thought of being remembered as the planter.

It is ever true that the greatest benefactors of the world, with one or two exceptions, are not the men of whom fame reports. Where, for instance, are the original Tubalcains, iron-workers and inventors, forest clearers, the bold adventurers of navigation, the primeval delvers, and builders, and spinners of the earth, who first began to make the world arable and habitable; who built houses, and ships, and temples, drained marshes, planted fruit-trees and orchards, devised laws and social constitutions, methods and conveniences for intercourse and communion among men? They are all forgotten and unknown to us. What manner of man was he (that daring original) who first struck a light in the world, and made a fire, and thus led the way to the introduction of the arts of cookery and bread-baking, and social tea and dinner parties, and the final invention of the steam-engine? The name of him, his way of life and thought, the conditions and aspects of his existence, are all gone out of remembrance: he survives only as a dim shadowy figure in the old mythology, and is known to us under the character of Prometheus, the Fire-Stealer, the invincible and enduring Friend of Men, who braved the wrath of Omnipotence in their behalf. The endeavouring and thousandfold achievements of mankind through innumerable ages, as hieroglyphically and compendiously exhibited in the institutions and acquisitions now established and possessed, have come down to us in grand accumulation and variety, bearing scarcely any vestige of a recollection of the men whose active brains and stalwart arms wrought out such large results. Yet it were the most rampant insanity to doubt that capacious heads, and exalted spirits not a few, have in all times existed. In the olden immemorial centuries, among the patriarchal villages and camps of the *Fore-world*, in the days when the foundation-stones of cities were first laid, dost thou think there were no brave and distinguished men?—no soaring intellects, scanning the hard problems of existence?—no rapt melodious poets, discerning with prophetic ken, and celebrating by anticipation the wonders and revolutions of the advancing years?—no patient, thoughtful investigators, devising things of convenience and use?—no energetic companionless adventurers, going forth with girded loins to explore untrodden places, and bring back tidings of new discovery? The illustrious forgotten men!—let these be celebrated; the ancient hard and heroic workers, whose names and memory are everlastingly abolished.

It is not imperceptible, however, that while Fame gives us little or no account of our grandest benefactors, the world retains, nevertheless, the benefit of their work. And so it is always. There is no work or useful influence which is not permanent. Once effectually accomplished, everything survives, and, under new and unimaginable forms of renovation, is perpetuated. Let a man cast his thoughts and good deeds broad-cast around him, heedless

and inconsiderate of what Fame says of him, and they will grow up, as the corn springs, in a way that he knoweth not, into noble and beneficent fruitions. The great Soul of the Universe is *just*; and no grain of truth or goodness falling by the waysides, or in reclusive places where no eye sees it, but may become, through its hundredfold productiveness, the parent of future harvests on the broad fields of Time. What matters it about fame? Not all the trumpeters and heralds in creation can make our thought greater or better than it is, or diminish in anywise its intrinsic value. What concerns us is the *truth* of the thought, the justness of the action—not how it may be spoken of in saloons or market-places, or commemorated in reviews and newspapers.

The main consideration connected with fame which can render it of even temporary moment, lies in the extent of opportunity which it offers to the influence of a man's genius or character. In so far as he is better and more widely known, he will impart more largely whatever benefit he may be able to communicate. It is desirable always that a man should have free space for his activity; that his thought, such as it is, should circulate without obstruction, conveying *whatsoever* wisdom or delight it may contain to the minds and hearts of all who are prepared for its reception. The accident of fame might thus more rapidly promote the successful dissemination of the truths and principles which he was qualified to teach, and the measure of his significance as an instructor of his age would accordingly be the better and more promptly ascertained. But should he be so unhappy as to esteem an extensive popularity as the sign of his superiority of genius, or regard his reputation as a thing to be especially delighted in for itself, he will thereby give evidence of a signal inferiority of mind, and merit the contempt which will assuredly one day be his portion. The noisy, admiring world, in whose eyes to-day there is none so conspicuous as he, to-morrow will shoulder him aside in its eager scramble after newer wonders; for the multitude, it has been frequently observed, resembles nothing more decidedly than a flock of sheep, which rush onwards, with little discrimination, wheresoever it may be the fashion for the most illustrious sheep to run!

All things great have their spurious imitations. Popularity is often imagined to be equivalent to fame. No doubt, the man who does a great deed, worthy of lasting commemoration and gratitude, may at the same time be popular—receive praise during his life. But, on the whole, fame is a thing of the future: popularity is only of temporary moment. There are reasons, also, why popularity should seldom be followed by fame. Popularity is frequently a result of a vulgar struggling for supremacy—an effort to exalt self by all sorts of mean arts—and, by a just retribution, it terminates in oblivion. Any man may gain local and short-lived applause; and the more basely he panders to prejudice, the more likely is he to be successful. But a succeeding generation, with more enlarged views, knows how to estimate these deceptive endeavours: it shuts him out of remembrance, or only speaks of him as an example to be despised. Seeking dishonestly for fame, he is very properly rewarded with infamy. With regard to the more common and less reprehensible aspirations after celebrity, experience would seem to justify us in the belief that a writer or an artist who is really great and original, and whose effect upon society is in the end to be most permanent, will not gain so speedily and determinate a popularity as another who is manifestly inferior, and who on that account can command a larger range of sympathy. A light and graceful skiff may be easily and completely launched in shallow water, but the mighty ship will need a deeper current, and a longer and more complex preparation, before it can be successfully sent forth on the world of waters. The popularity of a man, as it has been significantly said, can only show the degree of illumination there is in him; and serves but as an atmosphere to diffuse the light which he contains. While it aids in extending his proper influence, and affords him the chance of wholesome teaching, it may be considered as convenient and serviceable; but should his attention become so intently fixed



cate colours and gay groups made her pale sickly cheeks look still more ghastly from the contrast. A half-finished wreath of orange flowers lay near her; and the tale they seemed to whisper of love, and joy, and hope—of bridal splendour, and all the luxuries of the wealthy—was affecting when compared with her own appearance and her evident poverty.

'Ah, mother, dear!' said she, as the elder widow entered, 'I thought you long in coming; but I hope you have sold the flowers, and brought me all I want?'

Her mother silently shook her head as she set down her basket, and with tearful eyes gazed on her daughter's disappointed face.

'Nothing! Have you sold nothing?' inquired the latter again in amazement and despair. 'How could that be? I thought both Miss Frizell and Mrs Dashwood had ordered them of you?'

'Miss Frizell detained me nearly two hours,' replied the mother, 'tossed over all my things, and then bought a two-shilling sprig; and as I was an hour after the time appointed at Mrs Dashwood's, she was angry, and would be pleased with nothing. Indeed it is quite true; the flowers were so much tumbled by Miss Frizell and her friends, that, until they have been all fresh done up, they are hardly worth looking at.'

'And Miss Singleton's wedding wreath?' said the daughter. 'How can I finish that, unless I have the materials I require? Only two shillings for four hours' walking and waiting! Ah, mother, mother, how little they know the value of time to us! Will you buy the white and green silk with that money?'

'I spent it, my child, in buying food. I knew we had nothing in the house, and your boy will be wanting his dinner presently. Is he asleep?'

'Yes; see how soundly he sleeps,' answered the young woman; and removing a slight covering, she exhibited on the bed beside her a small fair boy, apparently about a twelvemonth old, who peacefully slumbered in the happy indifference of infancy.

Both gazed at the child till the tears brimmed to their eyes; but after a few minutes, the young mother turned away, and said, 'What can we do? This wreath must be finished, or in another week we shall all be homeless.' She paused a moment, and a crimson spot, which told of some internal struggle, appeared upon her cheeks, whilst her thin lips grew paler than before; then drawing from her finger her wedding-ring, she held it out to her mother. 'It is but for a short time!' she murmured; 'and what matters it? Why should I feel so bitterly at parting with the symbol, when the reality has been torn from me? For our child—his child's sake—it must be done! And what does it signify what is thought of me?' In silence the mother took the ring; for what could she say? It was a sacrifice she could not have asked, but which she saw to be inevitable; for they did not possess another superfluity. Silently, therefore, she took it, and left the room; whilst her unhappy daughter, when left alone, catching up the orange flowers, exclaimed, 'Happy, happy girl! when you wear this wreath, how little will you suspect the bitter tears, the weary fingers, and the aching hearts which have accompanied its growth! And I was once as happy! Who would have imagined then the miserable reverse I now present? But am I not giving way to envy? Because my prospects are blighted, would I wish hers to be dimmed? Heaven forgive me!'—and sinking on the bed beside her still sleeping boy, she continued silent and motionless until her mother's return.

The elder widow, meanwhile, with weary steps and heavy heart, pursued her way to fulfil this painful errand; but so deeply was she engrossed in her own mournful reflections, that she scarcely noticed where she was wandering, until she found herself at the door of a large jeweller's shop in a fashionable street. She entered timidly; and waiting until she saw one of the shopmen disengaged, she ventured to explain her errand, and exhibit the ring.

'It is not our practice, madam, to buy second-hand

goods,' was the reply; 'and if we do, we can only give you the value of the gold.'

'And what may that be?' faltered she.

'I suppose about half-a-crown,' he carelessly answered.

'And is that the utmost you can give me?' replied she in a pleading tone. 'I am in great distress, and have not another sixpence in the world.'

'Are you not the person who sells artificial flowers?' inquired a gentleman who had been for some minutes watching her, and was interested by the sweetness and propriety of her manners.

She replied in the affirmative.

'And did you sell nothing this morning?' again asked he.

'One young lady purchased a two-shilling flower,' replied the poor widow; 'but she detained me so long, that I displeased an excellent customer by failing in punctuality.' The gentleman bit his lip; and hastily crossing the shop, he returned in another minute, leading Louisa; for he was her father, and she had been occupied in selecting a new pair of bracelets for herself at the opposite counter.

'Repeat what you have just said to my daughter,' said Mr Frizell. 'I ask it as a favour for her sake entirely.'

'Excuse me, sir, and forgive the young lady,' replied the widow firmly. 'She was probably not aware of how much value an hour is to a trades-person; but I do not wish to complain of her for that.'

'Permit me at least to rectify her errors,' continued the father; 'but as our business can be better transacted in a more private place, suffer me, in the first instance, to convey you home. You have probably walked far this day.' It was in vain that she offered any opposition; and in another minute she was seated beside Louisa in Mr Frizell's elegant equipage, to the great mortification of that young lady, who flung herself into a corner, and did her utmost to conceal herself from view, lest any one should recognise her with such a companion. They could not approach the lodging very closely in the carriage; but Mr Frizell, nothing daunted by the narrow street or dirty staircase, resolutely drew on his reluctant daughter; and the child of wealth and luxury—the gay, the elegant, the fashionable Louisa Frizell—for the first time stood face to face with the worn and wasted sufferers from want and disease.

Never could she forget the thrill with which she glanced round the miserable room, and eyed the feeble sufferer stretched upon that bed. Poverty! till then she had not known what it was; and yet this was poverty in its least repulsive shape: for though bare and desolate, the room was clean; and though feeble and emaciated, the invalid was tidy in her person; whilst the beautiful little boy who sat beside her, bending his dark pensive eyes on the strange visitors, as if to question their object, gave a degree of grace and elegance to the group. When Louisa saw the gratitude with which her father's purchases were acknowledged, and the satisfaction with which the sum of only twenty shillings was received, she began to understand a little of the value and the power of money. But the glow of still deeper feeling which the restoration of the wedding-ring occasioned was so touching, that she felt for the moment that she would willingly sacrifice half her trinkets to be the author or receiver of such a glance as that.

Happy as was this encounter for the two poor widows, it was eventually a far happier one for Louisa Frizell herself. They were materially assisted in their difficulties, and, in fact, raised from a situation of most depressing and heart-breaking poverty to a degree of comfort, which, to their moderate wishes, seemed like affluence. But she was aroused from a far more lamentable state—from a poverty of feeling, a dearth of compassion, a want of kindly charity to her neighbours, which, but for some such lesson as this, might have starved and destroyed every amiable sentiment in her nature. But the lesson was effectual; and the once



His collections of stuffed birds, dried plants, and other specimens of natural history, are very extensive, and form a remarkable instance of what can be accomplished by steady perseverance, even despite the untoward circumstances in which a working-man is placed, and without interfering with his domestic comforts. In too many instances enthusiasts in Jackson's circumstances allow their private tastes and studies to interfere unduly with the employments upon which they depend for support: but such was not the case with him: he attended scrupulously to his employment, employing only the moments of remission from toil in the mornings and evenings in his favourite pursuits; and the only instance in which he devoted the proper hours of labour to study, was on the occasion of his sojourn among the Clova Mountains. He used to say, in the quaint words of a friend—'One must mind what one makes one's bread by.'

#### A NIGHT IN A MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.

WITH the view of procuring an insight into the economy of a London Model Lodging-House, I proceeded one evening lately to seek for a night's accommodation in one of these establishments, situated in George Street, St Giles. Threading my way through a number of densely-packed and busy streets, I at length reached the bottom of George Street, where I beheld the object of my search, a lofty and substantial edifice. There were two decently-dressed men lounging at the door.

'Is this the Model Lodging-House?' I asked.

'You can have apartments here,' replied the better attired of the two.

This answer was instructive. It showed that the title Model Lodging-House was not tasteful to its inmates, and reminded me that the name of the St Pancras establishment had been changed to 'The Metropolitan Buildings' from this cause. It also evinced how universally the pride of appearing above their real condition pervades all classes. But this is not only a pardonable, it is a commendable sentiment; for the next step to desiring to appear higher and better, is becoming so.

The gentleman, however, politely opened a glazed door, and directed me to a sort of lodge which did duty as library and office, and is enclosed by what is called the 'pay window.' Here I learnt from the superintendent that my desire to appear there in the character of a lodger for that night only could not be complied with, as that building accommodated weekly inmates, and no others. Nothing daunted, however, I asked permission to look into the coffee-room, and was not only allowed to do so, but the superintendent, perceiving I was anxious for information, gave me the engraved plan of the house, which I now consult. From it I find that the edifice presents an entire frontage of 80 feet, and that the coffee or common room is 33 feet long by 23 feet wide, and is nearly 11 feet high. On entering it, I found that there are four rows of tables, with a pair of cross tables beside the fireplace. Some of the inmates were reading, some writing, others playing at draughts, and there was a couple of chess-players. The rules forbid games of chance. The other rules are excellent. The first and second are to the effect that the establishment shall be kept open from five in the morning until twelve at night, after which hour the bedroom lights are extinguished, and the entrance closed. They then proceed—

'The property of the establishment to be treated with due care, and, in particular, no cutting or writing on the tables, forms, chairs, or other articles, and no defacing of the walls to be permitted.

'No gambling, quarrelling, fighting, or profane or abusive language to be permitted.

'Habits of cleanliness are expected in the lodgers, and any person guilty of filthy or dirty practices will not be permitted to remain in the house.

'Each lodger will be provided with a box and locker for the security of his property, the keys of which will

be delivered to him on depositing the sum of one shilling, to be returned to him on the re-delivery of the keys.

'All earthenware, knives, forks, spoons, and other articles, used by the lodgers, to be returned by them to the superintendent immediately after they have done with them.

'A wilful breach of any of the above rules will subject the party to immediate exclusion from the house.'

A rule has been added, by which, if a lodger presents himself for admission after midnight, he is liable to a fine of twopence; but if he is not in by one o'clock, the door is peremptorily closed against him. The superintendent said this is of very rare occurrence.

I soon engaged one of the lodgers in conversation, and learnt from him that persons of all grades had been seen in that apartment. A reduced physician with an Edinburgh diploma had lodged in the house for some time, and he had seen the upper corner of the room converted into a studio by a humble artist, who painted pictures one day, which he sold to the dealers the next.

Another inmate of this house was afterwards so good as to communicate to me his experiences of it in writing. He is an assistant in an attorney's office.

'I did not,' he writes, 'at first like the notion of sharing a home common to any one that might choose to avail themselves of it, and perhaps I should not have done so had my circumstances been other than they were; but necessity, that sharpest of goads, compelled me. I took up my abode in this lodging-house, and on many occasions I congratulate myself that I did; for, as a substitute for the home I and my brothers had lost for ever, it gave me infinitely more pleasure and satisfaction than I had anticipated. A few days sufficed for my initiation into the habits and customs of the place; and before a week had passed, I could take in my chop from the butcher, prepare my vegetables, and cook my dinner with as much confidence, and in as masterly a style, as the "oldest inhabitant."

'I assure you I did not care to eat anything I had not cooked myself in the kitchen. That portion of the place is fitted up with a very well-arranged apparatus, and is well supplied with cooking implements, a fire being continually burning. On a level with the kitchen is the laundry, in which there is a boiler to supply the inmates and the bath-room with hot water, and a complete set of washing-tubs and sinks for washers. The bath-room, on the same level, I am sorry to say, only contains one bath, and even that is so ill supplied with water, that only one person can take a bath in the course of three-quarters of an hour. The charge for a warm bath is a penny; for a cold one, a halfpenny; and it is not an unusual thing for half-a-dozen lodgers to be waiting in turn to bathe.

'Each lodger, when he enters the house, on payment of the first week's rent, receives from the superintendent a key bearing the number of the bedroom he is to occupy, and another key, bearing the number of a small zinc-lined safe, in which he keeps his stock of provisions. As to the bedrooms, each is complete in itself. They are small, but the furniture and fittings render them perfect, though simple. A chair, a chest or locker, a small French plain bedstead, and the bed-clothing, in regard to cleanliness, would not lose by comparison with that of a West-end hotel; and as to quality, that is beyond fault. Four floors are fitted up with bedrooms, and to each floor there is a washing-room.

'To classify the lodgers would be a most difficult matter. On one bench in the coffee-room you would see a person whose garb was one of faded gentility, and who, having experienced better circumstances, and moved in superior circles, struggles to the last to keep up the semblance of respectability; on another, the journeyman mechanic, reading from some cheap publication some interesting story: there a couple of attorneys' clerks; here a cluster of workmen from some manufactory, or perhaps half-a-dozen labourers, clean in appearance, and decent in behaviour.





materials, and more frequent changes, would have been a decided improvement. The beds I saw in George Street were scrupulously clean, and the sheets are, I was told, changed every week.

Sleeping in a strange place in a strange bed is seldom conducive to rest; but the locality of this Model Lodging-House, and all its arrangements, with the character of those partaking of its comforts, was so strange to me, that it would have kept me from closing my eyes had I wished even to do so. At first my repose was not so much broken by my immediate companions as by our neighbours the inhabitants of the adjoining lodging-houses. About midnight, they commenced their evening in a social manner. Windows were thrown open, and a regular *conversazione* was kept up by the occupants of the various rooms on one side the way with those in apartments on the other, occasionally interrupted by hollowed rather than spoken words from groups at all the doors, so that the multiplicity of questions and answers perpetually crossing and recrossing the street, the confusion of tongues, with the whooping and yelling of children playing about even at that late hour, had an effect the reverse of sedative. Presently an itinerant imitation 'Jim Crow' and banjo-player had manifestly returned from his evening's perambulation, and was vociferously welcomed. After a short lull, a loud call was made for him to present himself at his window, after the manner, as we were told, the students of Germany requested Jenny Lind to show herself at the hotel balcony, and sing to them. He, too, was called upon for a song, and promptly favoured the neighbours with 'Oh, Susanna' accompanying himself on the banjo, and was—to the utter destruction of all sleep for those who wished it—joined at each *refrain* by the entire vocal strength of the company of auditors.

During the pauses of this performance, the shrill voices of two women in angry contention augured a coming quarrel; and before the song was quite over, it was drowned by fierce and frantic oaths of many who had ceased to sing that they might take part in the revolting warfare of tongues. Presently shrieks of 'murder!' and 'police!' resounded on all sides. The last call was, it would seem, instantly answered; for in an incredibly short time the riot was quelled. All seemed to disappear into their respective homes, doors were slammed, windows shut down, and the street became pretty quiet; although I could for some time hear the rumbling echoes of the departed disturbance till it entirely subsided.

Just before the time for closing the doors of the house for the night came a great influx of visitors—some tramping up the stairs overhead, some below—and four were ushered into the adjoining room. These seemed to have established a friendship at some place where they had been spending the evening; and after displaying much politeness in offering each other choice of the beds, and had fairly taken possession of them, they kept up an animated discourse, disclosing circumstances of their family history, and anecdotes of their personal career, which would be more amusing than instructive were I to detail them. All were agreed that the accommodation they were now partaking of was very superior to the old style of nightly lodging-houses. One declared, that although he had only had one week's regular work since March, yet, distressed as he was, he would rather walk about the streets all night than turn into a bed in which there was 'anything unpleasant.' I took a hasty shuddering glance at the wall as he spoke, and beheld a regular army marching and manoeuvring previous to commencing their grand attack under cover of darkness.

With this they were soon obliged; for at one o'clock the gas was extinguished, and by half-past one every voice was silenced and every sound hushed. I tried to sleep in vain; I coveted the tough skin and hardy unconsciousness of 'anything unpleasant' possessed by my companion, who snored lustily.

Before five o'clock in the morning, the stamping of

feet overhead, and the opening and shutting of doors above and below, announced many of the lodgers were preparing to commence the day. I was almost one of the first stirring, and proceeding through the apartment in which lay the four sleepers, descended to the kitchen. This was very unlike the one in Charles Street; I cannot say that it was very clean, or possessed too much accommodation, or had an air of comfort. A kind of sink in one corner, with a couple of pewter bowls, formed the lavatory of the establishment, and one jack towel. Three blacking brushes were there for those who wished to use them; but blacking there was none. This occasioned a facetious lodger to ask another, who had a most surprising shine on his shoes, 'if he would oblige him by allowing him to rub the brushes over his boots, just to borrow a bit of their polish?' Two small remnants of a looking-glass enabled the lodgers to complete their toilets. On the wall were affixed a number of pigeon-hole cupboards, with locks and keys, in which the bread, coffee, rashers of bacon, or other provisions brought in by the inmates of the house the preceding night were deposited.

By half-past six the majority of those who had slept in the establishment were at breakfast, while the rest were washing and dressing in the same kitchen with them. Every one made his own coffee; and the best off among them grilled his own rasher, and as soon as he had despatched them, lit his pipe, and puffed away at the deleterious weed. Instead of taking breakfast, I kept up a conversation with some of my companions. One inquired whether I was going to 'feed'; and offered, as I appeared a stranger, to go out and show me where to purchase the various comestibles. I declined these attentions, possibly they thought from lack of funds; and to show the generous kindness current among the poorer orders (of which I have previously seen many proofs), I was invited to partake of the coffee and etceteras of the identical individual who expressed himself so energetically regarding his horror of 'anything unpleasant.' His invitation was expressed in these homely but sincere words, 'Come along, and pitch in,\* and I'll do the same with you to-morrow: it's all one.' This was evidently said that I might not feel the obligation too keenly; for what chance was there of my seeing him to-morrow? I thanked the good fellow warmly, but said I should have breakfast: which I had; but not till I had made the best of my way in a cab to Peerless Pool, and performed one of the most grateful ablutions I had ever experienced.

Although this King Street house has many drawbacks, yet it must be remembered that it is not a fair specimen of its class, being apparently an establishment hastily formed, to meet a demand greater than the benevolent projectors of the Model Lodging anticipated. They should, however, cause a rigid supervision to be made over their subordinates in the matter of cleanliness. Great laxity appears to exist in this respect as regards this single house. One of my companion inmates told me that the Charles Street rooms and beds were cleaner, and I know that the George Street ones leave nothing to be wished. I cannot either help thinking that the locality of all these houses is badly chosen. The intention in placing them where they are was excellent, but I think fails. The desire was to set up 'models' to the surrounding inhabitants; but of what efficacy can such examples prove to the keepers of lodging-houses who find these powerful rivals? Profit is their sole object; and to obtain it, they will crowd, by fair means or foul, as many persons into their confined rooms as they can inveigle into them. Cleanliness, ventilation, and proper sleeping space cost money; hence they will never copy a model which is calculated to reduce their unrighteous profits.

On the other hand, the well-disposed lodger, by being obliged to pass to his lodging through these streets—where the exhibition of debauchery is not always con-

\* Anglicè, 'attack the meal vigorously.'



the riddle. He says that in the volcanic island of Ischia, near Naples, which abounds with hot springs, a number of grottos exist in which a great degree of cold is felt. At the period when he visited them, the external shade-heat was 63 degrees, that of the grottos 45 degrees, and in a severely hot summer they were colder still. Other caves are mentioned in a freestone hill upon which the town of St Marin is built, where the same violent contrasts existed between the temperature of the external and internal atmospheres. Evelyn mentions, in his account of his tour in Italy, being shown as a wonder in one of the palaces which he visited a hole out of which issued a strong current of cold air sufficiently powerful to buoy up a copper ball. Saussure states that in a private house near Terni, in the Papal States, there is a cellar of no great depth out of which an impetuous, sharp, cold wind issues. Numerous natural refrigeratories are commemorated by the same philosopher; among the most curious were some which he found at the foot of a steep mountain near Mount Pilatus, on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne. These places were simply small wooden huts, on three sides formed of timber, but the back wall was built against the talus, or heap of fragments, and rubbish at the foot of the rock, and was formed in a loose manner of dry stones. When these huts were visited by the traveller, it being the 31st of July, the thermometer marked 73 degrees in the shade, in the huts it was as low as 39 degrees, or seven degrees above the freezing-point; and all that separated these remote degrees of temperature was a few planks of wood! The proprietors of these places mentioned several curious facts in illustration of their utility. Milk, they said, could easily be kept sweet and fresh in the heats of summer for three weeks, meat for a month, and cherries from one season to another! In winter, curious enough it is to notice that outside water will be frozen for some time before it is so within. Saussure adds, that the 'proprietors of the caves unanimously affirmed, that the hotter the summer was, the greater was the strength of the cold current which issued from them: in the winter a sensible current of air sets into them. In the south of France is another famous natural ice cave—that of Fondereule. M. Hericart de Thury has given an interesting account of a visit to it. This cave is situated in a wild and romantic region, where some long bygone convulsion of the earth has rent asunder the solid rocks, and produced a scene of confusion of the wildest description. The occurrence of the cave in this district, and its extraordinary phenomena of temperature, &c. are without doubt attributable to this geological disturbance, as will be best perceived in the sequel. It was long thought to be a subterranean glacier, and has been described as such; but this is an erroneous view of the case. It is a magnificent cavern, nearly 200 feet in depth, of very irregular width; and the thickness of its vaulted roof is about 66 feet. Its interior is decorated with the most beautiful calcareous stalactites, and the floor is variegated with curious alabaster cones, which shoot out from the sheet of clear, transparent ice forming the pavement. In many places elegant stalactites of ice drop down from the roof like pendants of clear glass, and, as it were, melt into the glassy floor beneath, so that the vault is upheld by pillars of this beautiful material. The alabastrine stalactites are found principally at the sides of the cavern, while the icy ones are in the middle, and here and there produce all the resemblance of rich folds of drapery clear as water. One of the travellers cut a hole in a pillar of ice, and placed a candle inside; the most magical effects were thus produced; and the fantastic aisles of this subterranean temple of cold were illuminated with the richest yellow, blue, green, and red tints, the reflected rays playing with illusory effect upon the floor of ice, the pillars of the same substance, and of alabaster, and the great stalagnites which lined the walls. A larger illumination was afterwards

got up by arranging torches in the clearest and best crystallised parts of the cavern; and the result, say the visitors, 'was worthy of all that the "Thousand and One Nights" could present to the richest and most brilliant imagination.' This beautiful cave is sometimes made use of economically when there is a scarcity of ice; and its crystalline pavement is dug up, and carried to several towns in the vicinity.

We have met with an account by Professor Silliman of America, which we have no hesitation in classifying under our present head. The ice-cave of which he speaks is in the state of Connecticut, between Hartford and Newhaven. It is only 200 feet above the level of the sea, and is situated in a defile filled with fragments of rocks of various sizes, through which a small brook runs. It was visited in the middle of July, the thermometer at 85 degrees in the shade; and on approaching it, an evident chilliness was felt in the air. Parties of pleasure often resort hither in the sultry summer days to drink of the cold flowing waters, and to amuse themselves with the rich store of ice here treasured up. In some places the ice is quite near the surface, and is only covered with leaves. A boy, armed with a hatchet, descended into a cavity, and after a little hard work, hewed out a solid lump of ice several pounds in weight. An idea of the solidity of this piece may be formed, by adding that on the third day some of it was yet unmelted. A similar repository of cold exists about seven miles from Newhaven, at the bottom of a steep ridge of trap rock. In the hottest summers ice is conveyed from this place to Newhaven, much soiled, indeed, with leaves and dirt, but useful for cooling beverages. A more celebrated one, also in America, has often been noticed by tourists of that country; some accounts, in fact, have been greatly exaggerated about it. It is situated in Hampshire county, Virginia, and is widely celebrated under the title of the Ice-Mountain. The place where the store of cold exists is a sort of natural glacier, which lies against a steep mural ridge of lofty rock, and is composed of a number of fragments of sandstone of all sizes loosely heaped together. In the midst of these the ice is contained. It was visited in the summer of 1838, a season of drought and heat quite unparalleled in the history of that country. But the excessive external heat did not appear to exert the smallest influence on the Ice-Mountain. At the depth of a few inches abundance of excellent ice was found, and a thermometer lowered into a cavity dropped from 95 to 40 degrees. The surrounding rocks were covered with dew, owing to the condensation of atmospheric vapour by the excessive coldness of their surface. One cavity had been filled with snow, and only covered with a few planks, and yet the snow was as crisp as if it had but just fallen! At the bottom is a little artificial structure called the 'dairy,' and used for that purpose in the summer. In ordinary summers its roof is covered with icicles, and its sides are often quite incrustated with ice. Strange to say, a spring near the rock has only one degree less temperature than the waters of the surrounding district. The atmosphere over this singular spot had in this scorching season a balmy spring-like coolness, most refreshing to the weary traveller. Most Italian tourists know the Monte Testaceo near Rome. It is a hill from 200 to 300 feet high, composed of broken pieces of urns; hence its name. It is, in fact, a vast mass of broken pottery; therefore extremely light and porous. It is situated in the burning Campagna, near the city; and yet, most singular it is, that from every side of this hill there descend winds of the most refreshing coolness. The inhabitants also dig caves into the hill, which they use as refrigeratories, and in these the thermometer often marks 44 degrees when the temperature outside is nearly 80 degrees.

We shall conclude our series of illustrations upon this curious subject by referring to one which has attracted a large share of interest and attention of some of the most talented of our learned men. It is to be found in the splendid work on the Geology of Russia,



'All! do you say, Citizen Consul? All, except the noble resistance and sublime devotion of the vanquished. All, except the manners and customs of the Lacedæmonians, with which it is well that republican soldiers should be acquainted.'

'Perhaps so, Citizen David,' said Napoleon, shaking his head doubtfully; and after a moment's pause, he added playfully, 'But, *mon cher*, when are you going to begin my portrait?—the portrait, you know.'

'Whenever you choose to sit to me.'

'To sit to you! What is the use of that?' inquired Napoleon, who had neither leisure nor patience to yield to the painter's wishes. 'Do you suppose that the great men of antiquity whose likenesses have been handed down to us ever sat to a painter?'

'This is quite another matter; I wish to paint you for your own age—for the men who have seen and known you, and who will expect to find you like.'

'Like!' rejoined Napoleon smiling; 'surely it is not the colour of the skin or the exact form of the features which constitutes a likeness? It is the character of the physiognomy—the expression of the soul—the *tout ensemble* of the individual, which ought to be rendered; and that is all.'

'Citizen Consul, you are teaching me the art of painting,' replied David. 'I will take your portrait without your sitting to me.'

On leaving Napoleon's cabinet, Lucien renewed the subject of Leonidas, and observed to David—'The fact is, that my brother only likes national subjects: it is his foible, for he has no objection to be talked of by the public.'

'And he is in the right; for in all those subjects illustrative of our national glory he is largely concerned. But do not fear: my painting shall be talked about.'

The artist worthily accomplished the desired portrait of the First Consul. Napoleon is therein represented sitting calmly on a fiery horse while he ascends Mont St Bernard; the ample cloak in which he is enveloped floats in the wind; and he is in the act of commanding his army to pass the Alps. The names of Hannibal and Charlemagne are graven upon the rocks in the foreground; and in the distance are seen groups of soldiers and trains of artillery. When this painting was shown to Napoleon, after bestowing on the artist all the praise which was his due, he began to speak of the groups of figures in the background.

'But, Citizen David, what is the meaning of those half-dozen good little men (*petits bons hommes*) no bigger than my horse's shoe? Does it not look as if the animal would crush them beneath his foot?'

'Citizen First Consul, there is some truth in your observation; and yet, believe me, those *petits bons hommes*, as you call them, cannot be dispensed with: they contribute to the effect.'

'Very well, I am quite satisfied to have it so,' replied Napoleon smiling; 'and so much the more, as these little men have helped me out of many a scrape during that passage, and I wish to share with them the glory of the campaign.'\*

Napoleon had no sooner been proclaimed Emperor, than he appointed David his first painter, and commanded him to prepare six large paintings for the Louvre, the subject of one of which was to be the coronation. This last picture is said to be the largest in existence, and three years of the artist's life were devoted to its completion. Most of the figures in this admirable composition are exact likenesses of the most celebrated personages of that epoch; and in order that David might the more faithfully render the grouping of the august assemblage, a seat was provided for him above the high altar of Notre-Dame, from where he could

observe the *ensemble* as well as the details of the ceremonies.

At length, in the spring of 1808, the Emperor being informed that the painting was finished, was desirous to see it; and accompanied by the Empress, as well as by several ladies of the court, and officers of his household, he went one afternoon to the painter's studio, situated in the Rue de la Sorbonne.

Napoleon considered this noble composition a while in perfect silence. He had heard it observed by some critics that the Empress was in fact the heroine of the picture, as David had chosen for his subject that moment when Napoleon places upon Josephine's brow the imperial diadem. This selection had been made by the Emperor's own desire, and accordingly he expressed immediately his entire approbation of it.

'You have perfectly expressed my thought,' said he; 'you have represented me as a French *chevalier*; and I am obliged to you for thus transmitting to future generations this proof of my affection for one who shares with me the cares and anxieties of government.'

After praising the general effect of the composition, Napoleon continued—'Ah, there is Murat, with his magnificent costume: there is that fine head with its Vesuvian aspect. Every one will recognise Cambaceres, although his back only is visible. As for Talleyrand, you have flattered him a little; and he looks as if he were coming out of the canvas to thank you for it. Fouché is frightfully like. Those velvets and satins—all those trifling details—are admirable: there is so much truth, so much beauty in them! It is not a mere picture: the people seem to live and to speak in that painting!'

Just then one of Josephine's ladies-in-waiting whispered to her next neighbour that David had made the Empress look far too youthful. David, overhearing the remark, turned round gently towards the lady, and said to her in a very low voice, 'Nevertheless, madame, I would not counsel you to say so to her.'

The Emperor prolonged his visit until warned by the approaching sunset that it was time to depart. He had for some time stood with his head covered, in silent contemplation before the picture, when all of a sudden he drew back a few steps, took off his hat, and addressing the painter with an air of mingled emotion and dignity, said to him, 'David, I salute you!'

'Sire,' replied the painter, who was deeply moved by this homage, 'I receive your majesty's salutation in the name of all French artists; and I feel happy and proud that it is to me that these words have been addressed.'

Josephine added still farther to David's gratification, by addressing to him some of those charming words which she knew so well how to express, and which she always uttered with so much *à propos*. The artist then accompanied their majesties to their carriage, which was in waiting for them in the Place de la Sorbonne. There was assembled a vast crowd, drawn together by the hope of seeing the Emperor and Empress. Before taking leave, Napoleon said to David with a look of kindness: 'Thank you, my dear David—thank you; I hope you will soon come and return my visit. Adieu.'

And while David signified his assent by a respectful bow, the air was rent by a long cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* which echoed throughout the Place long after the imperial carriage had vanished out of sight. Some days after this visit, David presented himself at the *petit-levee* of the Emperor. As usual, Napoleon inquired of him what work was then employing his pencil. 'Leonidas, sire—still Leonidas; I have been working at it for more than ten years.'

'A poor subject, my friend—a poor subject: I told you so ten years ago.' Then, after a moment's reflection, Napoleon added: 'I really cannot understand why you have such a passion for conquered people. Glory, greatness, justice, are ever on the side of strength and victory. These three hundred Spartans were fools to struggle against the king of Persia with his three hun-

\* This painting was presented by David to the Invalids, and placed in their grand library, from whence it was carried off by the Prussians in 1815, as a sort of exchange for Frederick the Great's sword, which Napoleon had taken possession of nine years before. It is now in the museum at Berlin.



terms—not even if two millions were offered to me. Besides, if I were to make a sacrifice of this picture to his majesty, it should be a gratuitous one; but I cannot part with it.’

David acquainted Napoleon with the ill success of his mission. The Emperor, with that irresistible tone and manner peculiar to himself, said—‘Pray tell him that he will confer a favour on me by yielding to me your “Socrates” for three hundred thousand francs.’

‘Sire,’ replied David timidly, ‘I am certain that he will refuse me.’

‘He will refuse, do you say?’ inquired Napoleon angrily. ‘Then tell him,’ he exclaimed in a loud imperious tone, and starting from his seat—‘tell him I will have it!’

And these words were accompanied by a proud determined gesture which it is impossible to describe.

‘Then,’ repeated David in his turn, like a man of spirit, and with the dignity of a great artist, ‘he also will say that he will not let you have it; for this picture is his property, and he has a right to dispose of it.’

The painter, bowing, was about to withdraw, when Napoleon, laying his hand upon his arm, and passing his other hand hastily across his brow, as if to efface some disagreeable impression, said to him gently—‘It is true, my friend, I was in the wrong; and I thank you for having reminded me that I, above all others, ought to respect property. But I was too anxious to have all your *chefs-d’œuvre* in my museum. Adieu, David, and let us both forget what has now passed.’

The following day, David received the brevet of commander of the Legion of Honour, with the title of Baron of the Empire, and took the arms appointed to him by Napoleon: a pale of sable on a shield of gold, with the arm of Horace holding the three swords destined for his sons.

Amidst all this glory—laden with honours by Napoleon, his protector and his friend; the object of unbounded admiration to his countrymen—David fell beneath the same stroke which laid his imperial master low. He bade an unwilling adieu to his country, and went to end his days upon a foreign soil. A refugee at Brussels, he could discern from his place of exile the new limits imposed upon his country, and by a happy illusion of imagination, still suppose himself the inhabitant of that *belle France* to whose national glory he had contributed. Napoleon was far less fortunate than his exiled protégé in the closing years of his life.

#### THE WATCH CHANTS OF THE SWISS.

For some little time a book has lain upon our table, which we have hitherto been prevented from noticing by a prejudice conceived against it, occasioned by the injudicious encomiums of a great part of the press. It is, notwithstanding, a very good book in its way, and contains just such an account of a hasty ramble in Switzerland as might be written by a man blessed with good temper and a reasonably observant eye, but with no pretensions to original thinking or literary power.\* The most piquant thing in the volume is the fact, carried along with him by the reader, that the author has reached the age of sixty, an age at which few persons brought up in the mental activity and bodily indolence of a city climb mountains for recreation. That Dr Forbes is able to do this, is owing, we have no doubt, to temperance, to equality of mind, and to the comparative hardness and energy required in his profession.

The narrative of a month's tour in Switzerland, written under the circumstances we have mentioned, can hardly be supposed at this time of day to afford much extractable matter. We may mention, however, in passing, that there is a remark which everybody feels

to be just, although nobody thought of making it before, on the strange picture presented by the Alps, of summer in the lap of winter. ‘In the present case, for instance, all things immediately beside us—trees, grass, shrubs, flowers, fruit—were quick with summer life, and rich in summer beauty, and obviously no more influenced by the snowy mountains by which they were overlooked, than if they had been basking in the sunshine of a land that never knew winter. In describing a scene like this, a poet might seek for its analogy in the moral world, and liken it to a beautiful affection based on natural goodness, which no coldness can chill, no harshness wither.’ There is also a noticeable sketch of the appearance of the Wetterhorn in its veil of white mist, ‘having its lower border defined as accurately along its brow as if drawn by a line. Sometimes this lower border or hem would gradually and slowly ascend, so as to leave the inferior and middle region perfectly clear; at other times the process was reversed, the dark face of the mountain gradually disappearing beneath the descending veil. To whoever looked on this magnificent spectacle, it was a ready and facile imagination to conceive some Great Being enthroned on the mountain top, and raising and lowering the veil at will; and recollecting that it had immediately followed the sublimest and most awful of nature's active operations, the thunder-storm—and on the very field of its manifestation—it was no less easy to understand how phenomena of a like kind, presented to the men of ruder and simpler times, may have transformed the primary conception into speedy belief—belief that, on the shrouded peak, and amid the darkness of the storm, the Great Author of nature was himself in bodily presence.’ There is likewise at page 224 a picture of a glacier, resembling a ‘silent cataract,’ which must strike one who has travelled in Switzerland by the felicity of the comparison. But the best pictorial scene is the account of a natural exhibition which seems to have been got up on purpose for the delectation of our author. ‘We were all suddenly roused and startled by a tremendous noise behind us, like a continuous peal of distant thunder, which made us instantly stop; and while we were in the act of turning round, our guides, shouting “An avalanche!” pointed to the mountain behind us. We looked, and from beneath the lower border of the mist which covered it, and out of which the hoarse loud roar which still continued evidently came, we saw a vast and tumultuous mass of snow rushing down and shooting over the edge of the sheer cliff into the air beyond. At first this had a pointed triangular or conical shape, with the small end foremost; but as the fall continued, it assumed the appearance of a cascade of equal width throughout. In this form it continued until its upper extremity had parted from the cliff, and the whole mass had fallen to the earth, renewing, as its parts successively reached the ground, and with still louder and sharper reports, the sound which had momentarily ceased while it was falling through the air. The whole of the process, which has taken so long to describe, was the work of a few seconds—half a minute at most; and all was over and gone, and everything silent and motionless as before, ere we could recover from our almost breathless wonder and delight.’

The most interesting thing in the book, however, is the account of the watch chants of the Swiss; and this is really a contribution to our knowledge of the manners of the people. Dr Forbes first heard those simple songs of the night at Chur. ‘We had very indifferent rest in our inn, owing to the over-zeal of the Chur watchmen, whose practice it is to perambulate the town through the whole night, twelve in number, and who, on the present occasion, certainly displayed a most energetic state of vigilance. They not only called, but sung out every hour, in the most sonorous strains, and even chanted a long string of verses on the striking of some: and as the Weisser Kreuz happens to be in a central locality, with a street both in back and front, we had rather more than an average share of this patriotic and

\* A Physician's Holiday, or a Month in Switzerland in the Summer of 1848. By John Forbes, M.D., F.R.S. London: Murray, 1849.





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'It appears more than probable,' I remarked on dismissing my clients, 'that this will be a fabrication; but before such a question had been put in issue before a jury, some producible evidence of its being so should have been sought for and obtained. As it is, I can only watch the defendant's proof of the genuineness of the instrument upon which he has obtained probate: one or more of the attesting witnesses may, if fraud has been practised, break down under a searching cross-examination, or incidentally perhaps disclose matter for further investigation.'

'One of the attesting witnesses is, as I have already told you, dead,' observed Barnes; 'and another, Elizabeth Wareing, has, I hear, to-day left the country. An affidavit to that effect will no doubt be made to-morrow, in order to enable them to give secondary evidence of her attestation, though, swear as they may, I have not the slightest doubt I could find her if time were allowed, and her presence would at all avail us.'

'Indeed! This is very important. Would you, Mr Barnes, have any objection,' I added, after a few moments' reflection, 'to make oath, should the turn of affairs to-morrow render your doing so desirable, of your belief that you could, reasonable time being allowed, procure the attendance of this woman—this Elizabeth Wareing?'

'Not the slightest: though how that would help us to invalidate the will Thorndyke claims under I do not understand.'

'Perhaps not. At all events, do not fail to be early in court. The cause is the first in to-morrow's list remember.'

The story confided to me was a very sad, and, unfortunately in many of its features, a very common one. Ellen, the only child of the old gentleman, Thomas Ward, had early in life married Mr James Woodley, a wealthy yeoman, prosperously settled upon his paternal acres, which he cultivated with great diligence and success. The issue of this marriage—a very happy one, I was informed—was Mary Woodley, the plaintiff in the present action. Mr Woodley, who had now been dead something more than two years, bequeathed the whole of his property, real and personal, to his wife, in full confidence, as he expressed himself but a few hours before he expired, that she would amply provide for his and her child. The value of the property inherited by Mrs Woodley under this will amounted, according to a valuation made a few weeks after the testator's decease, to between eight and nine thousand pounds.

Respected as a widow, comfortable in circumstances, and with a daughter to engage her affections, Mrs Woodley might have passed the remainder of her existence in happiness. But how frequently do women peril and lose all by a second marriage! Such was the case with Mrs Woodley: to the astonishment of everybody, she threw herself away on a man almost unknown in the district—a person of no fortune, of mean habits, and altogether unworthy of accepting as a husband. Silas Thorndyke, to whom she thus committed her happiness, had for a short time acted as bailiff on the farm; and no sooner did he feel himself master, than his subserviency was changed to selfish indifference, and that gradually assumed a coarser character. He discovered that the property, by the will of Mr Woodley, was so secured against every chance or casualty to the use and enjoyment of his wife, that it not only did not pass by marriage to the new bridegroom, but she was unable to alienate or divest herself of any portion of it during life. She could, however, dispose of it by will; but in the event of her dying intestate, the whole descended to her daughter, Mary Woodley.

Incredibly savage was Thorndyke when he made that discovery; and bitter and incessant were the indignities to which he subjected his unfortunate wife, for the avowed purpose of forcing her to make a will entirely in his favour, and of course disinheriting her daughter. These persecutions failed of their object. An unexpected, quiet, passive, but unconquerable resist-

ance, was opposed by the, in all other things, cowed and submissive woman, to this demand of her domineering husband. Her failing health—for gently nurtured and tenderly cherished as she had ever been, the callous brutality of her husband soon told upon the unhappy creature—warned her that Mary would soon be an orphan, and that upon her firmness it depended whether the child of him to whose memory she had been, so fatally for herself, unfaithful, should be cast homeless and penniless upon the world, or inherit the wealth to which, by every principle of right and equity, she was entitled. Come what may, this trust at least should not, she mentally resolved, be betrayed or paltered with. Every imaginable expedient to vanquish her resolution was resorted to. Thorndyke picked a quarrel with Ward her father, who had lived at Dale Farm since the morrow of her marriage with Woodley, and the old gentleman was compelled to leave, and take up his abode with a distant and somewhat needy relative. Next Edward Wilford, the only son of a neighbouring and prosperous farmer, who had been betrothed to Mary Woodley several months before her father's death, was brutally insulted, and forbidden the house. All, however, failed to shake the mother's resolution; and at length, finding all his efforts fruitless, Thorndyke appeared to yield the point, and upon this subject at least ceased to harass his unfortunate victim.

Frequent private conferences were now held between Thorndyke, his two daughters, and Elizabeth Wareing—a woman approaching middle-age, whom, under the specious pretence that Mrs Thorndyke's increasing ailments rendered the services of an experienced matron indispensable, he had lately installed at the farm. It was quite evident to both the mother and daughter that a much greater degree of intimacy subsisted between the master and housekeeper than their relative positions warranted; and from some expressions heedlessly dropped by the woman, they suspected them to have been once on terms of confidential intimacy. Thorndyke, I should have mentioned, was not a native of these parts: he had answered Mr Woodley's advertisement for a bailiff, and his testimonials appearing satisfactory, he had been somewhat precipitately engaged. A young man, calling himself Edward Wareing, the son of Elizabeth Wareing, and said to be engaged in an attorney's office in Liverpool, was also a not unfrequent visitor at Dale Farm; and once he had the insolent presumption to address a note to Mary Woodley, formally tendering his hand and fortune! This, however, did not suit Mr Thorndyke's views, and Mr Edward Wareing was very effectually rebuked and silenced by his proposed father-in-law.

Mrs Thorndyke's health rapidly declined. The woman Wareing, touched possibly by sympathy or remorse, exhibited considerable tenderness and compassion towards the invalid; made her nourishing drinks, and administered the medicine prescribed by the village practitioner—who, after much delay and *pooh, poohing* by Thorndyke, had been called in—with her own hands. About three weeks previous to Mrs Thorndyke's death, a sort of reconciliation was patched up through her instrumentality between the husband and wife; and an unwonted expression of kindness and compassion, real or simulated, sat upon Thorndyke's features every time he approached the dying woman.

The sands of life ebbed swiftly with Mrs Thorndyke. Enfolded in the gentle but deadly embrace with which consumption seizes its victims, she wasted rapidly away; and, most perplexing symptom of all, violent retchings and nausea, especially after taking her medicine—which, according to Davis, the village surgeon, was invariably of a sedative character—aggravated and confirmed the fatal disease which was hurrying her to the tomb.

Not once during this last illness could Mary Woodley, by chance or stratagem, obtain a moment's private interview with her mother until a few minutes before her decease. Until then, under one pretence or another,



ter, my lord,' I exclaimed, 'I have here an affidavit of the plaintiff's attorney, in which he states that he has no doubt of being able to find this important witness if time be allowed him for the purpose; the defendant of course undertaking to call her when produced.'

A tremendous clamour of counsel hereupon ensued, and fierce and angry grew the war of words. The hubbub was at last terminated by the judge recommending that, under the circumstances, 'a juror should be withdrawn.' This suggestion, after some demur, was agreed to. One of the jurors was whispered to come out of the box; then the clerk of the court exclaimed, 'My lord, there are only eleven men on the jury;' and by the aid of this venerable, if clumsy expedient, the cause of Woodley *versus* Thorndyke was *de facto* adjourned to a future day.

I had not long returned to the hotel, when I was waited upon by Mr Wilford, senior, the father of the young man who had been forbidden to visit Dale Farm by Thorndyke. His son, he informed me, was ill from chagrin and anxiety—confined to his bed indeed; and Mary Woodley had refused, it seemed, to accept pecuniary aid from either the father or the son. Would I endeavour to terminate the estrangement which had for some time unhappily existed, and persuade her to accept his, Wilford senior's, freely-offered purse and services? I instantly accepted both the mission and the large sum which the excellent man tendered. A part of the money I gave Barnes to stimulate his exertions, and the rest I placed in the hand of Mary Woodley's grandpapa, with a friendly admonition to him not to allow his grandchild to make a fool of herself; an exhortation which produced its effect in due season.

Summer passed away, autumn had come and gone, and the winter assizes were once more upon us. Regular proceedings had been taken, and the action in ejectment of Woodley *versus* Thorndyke was once more on the cause list of the Chester circuit court, marked this time as a special jury case. Indefatigable as Mr Barnes had been in his search for Elizabeth Wareing, not the slightest trace of her could he discover; and I went into court, therefore, with but slight expectation of invalidating the, as I fully believed, fictitious will. We had, however, obtained a good deal of information relative to the former history not only of the absent Mrs Wareing, but of Thorndyke himself; and it was quite within the range of probabilities that something might come out, enabling me to use that knowledge to good purpose. The plaintiff and old Mr Ward were seated in court beside Mr Barnes, as on the former abortive trial; but Mary Woodley had, fortunately for herself, lost much of the interest which attaches to female comeliness and grace when associated in the mind of the spectator with undeserved calamity and sorrow. The black dress which she still wore—the orthodox twelve months of mourning for a parent had not yet quite elapsed—was now fresh, and of fine quality, and the pale lilies of her face were interspersed with delicate roses; whilst by her side sat Mr John Wilford, as happy-looking as if no such things as perjurers, forgers, or adverse verdicts existed to disturb the peace of the glad world. Altogether, we were decidedly less interesting than on the former occasion. Edward Wareing, I must not omit to add, was, greatly to our surprise, present. He sat, in great apparent amity, by the side of Thorndyke.

It was late in the afternoon, and twilight was gradually stealing over the dingy court, when the case was called. The special jury answered to their names, were duly sworn, and then nearly the same preliminary speeches and admissions were made and put in as on the previous occasion. Thomas Headley, the first witness called in support of the pretended will, underwent a rigorous cross-examination; but I was unable to extract anything of importance from him.

'And now,' said the defendant's leading counsel, 'let me ask my learned friend if he has succeeded in obtaining the attendance of Elizabeth Wareing?'

I was of course obliged to confess that we had been unable to find her; and the judge remarked that in that case he could receive secondary evidence in proof of her attestation of the will.

A whispered but manifestly eager conference here took place between the defendant and his counsel, occasionally joined in by Edward Wareing. There appeared to be indecision or hesitation in their deliberations; but at last Mr P—— rose, and with some ostentation of manner addressed the court.

'In the discharge of my duty to the defendant in this action, my lord, upon whose fair fame much undeserved obloquy has been cast by the speeches of the plaintiff's counsel—speeches unsupported by a shadow of evidence—I have to state that, anxious above all things to stand perfectly justified before his neighbours and society, he has, at great trouble and expense, obtained the presence here to-day of the witness Elizabeth Wareing. She had gone to reside in France with a respectable English family in the situation of housekeeper. We shall now place her in the witness-box, and having done so, I trust we shall hear no more of the slanderous imputations so freely lavished upon my client. Call Elizabeth Wareing into court.'

A movement of surprise and curiosity agitated the entire auditory at this announcement. Mr Silas Thorndyke's naturally cadaverous countenance assumed an ashy hue, spite of his efforts to appear easy and jubilant; and for the first time since the commencement of the proceedings I entertained the hope of a successful issue.

Mrs Wareing appeared in answer to the call, and was duly sworn 'to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' She was a good-looking woman, of perhaps forty years of age, and bore a striking resemblance to her son. She rapidly, smoothly, and unhesitatingly confirmed the evidence of Headley to a tittle. She trembled, I observed, excessively; and on the examining counsel intimating that he had no more questions to ask, turned hastily to leave the box.

'Stay—stay, my good woman,' I exclaimed; 'you and I must have some talk together before we part.'

She started, and looked at me with frightened earnestness; and then her nervous glances stole towards Mr Silas Thorndyke. There was no comfort there: in his countenance she only saw the reflex of the agitation and anxiety which marked her own. Sleek Silas, I could see, already repented of the rash move he had made, and would have given a good deal to get his witness safely and quietly out of court.

It was now nearly dark, and observing that it was necessary the court and jury should see as well as hear the witness whilst under examination, I requested that lights should be brought in. This was done. Two candles were placed in front of the witness-box, one on each side of Mrs Wareing; a few others were disposed about the bench and jury desks. The effect of this partial lighting of the gloomy old court was, that the witness stood out in strong and bright relief from the surrounding shadows, rendering the minutest change or play of her features distinctly visible. Mr Silas Thorndyke was, from his position, thrown entirely into the shade, and any telegraphing between him and the witness was thus rendered impossible. This preparation, as if for some extraordinary and solemn purpose, together with the profound silence which reigned in the court, told fearfully, as I expected, upon the nerves of Mrs Elizabeth Wareing. She already seemed as if about to swoon with agitation and ill-defined alarm.

'Pray, madam,' said I, 'is your name Wareing or Tucker?'

She did not answer, and I repeated the question. 'Tucker,' she at last replied in a tremulous whisper.

'I thought so. And pray, Mrs Tucker, were you ever "in trouble" in London for robbing your lodgings?'

I thought she attempted to answer, but no sound passed her lips. One of the ushers of the court handed her a glass of water at my suggestion, and she seemed



clutches. It is not the habit of our eagle, however, to quit a hold he has once taken; the bravery, or pertinacity, if you will, of the king of birds forbids so tame a relinquishment of his purpose, and so he spreads his mighty wings to balance himself, or to present a greater resistance to the halibut's efforts to sink him, or even, perchance, in expectation of being able to carry him off bodily, as doubtless was his first intention. If the wind or tide be towards land, the eagle's wings act also as sails, and he floats majestically in his floundery vessel till it grounds with its passenger, and then, sometimes a mightier than both—in his appliances, if not in his physical strength—interferes, and makes them his prey. This was actually done by an elderly gentleman of the last generation, who happened to be taking his evening walk, and saw the whole occurrence. Hastening to the water's edge, with his stout walking-stick he despatched both eagle and halibut, as, exhausted, but still struggling, they were wafted to the shore. Quite recently a pair of similar incongruous companions, thus murderously associated, have been found both dead on the sea-beach.

Corroborative of these daring and fatal exploits of the sea-eagle, we may also mention the following well-authenticated fact. In Iceland the seal often pursues the salmon up the rivers, as it is well known to do likewise in some of the Scottish rivers, although less frequently since the introduction of the all-disturbing steam navigation. In the frost-bound regions of Iceland—his natural courage rendered desperate by the absence of other prey—the eagle has been sometimes seen to dart down on the seal while it was quietly reposing on a rock; upon which the latter promptly plunges in its native element, where the erne soon finds he has caught a Tartar, and is speedily dragged downwards and drowned.

Of depredatory birds, the genus *Corvus* is in Shetland beyond comparison the most destructive and audacious, but of these there are only resident the raven (corbie) and the hoodie crow. The former builds in the higher cliffs, almost aspiring to rival the eagle in the sublimity of his dwelling-place, though so much his inferior in size and strength. Formerly, so numerous and annoying were these birds, that the Commissioners of Supply were accustomed to reward any person who destroyed them; but this usage has long been abandoned. Lately, however, the ravens and crows have been so destructive in one of the most populous islands, that a gentleman has offered threepence and fourpence for every head of these animals that is produced to him. It was long supposed that the raven only ate carrion, or attacked the larger quadrupeds when quite exhausted and near death. But within these few years, they have repeatedly destroyed ponies in comparative strength; though it must be allowed it has occurred in spring, when the birds are feeding their young, and the animals on the common are usually weakened by the hardships of the past winter. Corbie sees a pony lying resting, or listless and forlorn-looking, near a dike; and with an impatient croak he dives down, and at one stroke pierces the eye of the poor animal, who immediately rolls himself in his agony, generally with the injured eye next to the ground. This leaves the other eye a mark for the murderer, who at another stroke blinds his victim: a third attack is about the tail; and then he soars away with his malign, triumphant *croak—croak—croak*. He knows he has done for the poor pony, and he intends to return to the carrion in a few days. In further proof that it is not sick or dying animals he always selects, we ourselves found that a raven had attacked a fine cow in good condition who had wandered to an unfrequented spot. She was heavy with calf, and therefore not active enough to escape the bird-of-ill-omen's assaults; but she was discovered, and rescued just in time, injured, but not destroyed. A more melancholy circumstance occurred lately: an aged man had gone to cast his peats, and never returned. When discovered, after much searching, which

was not till the following day, he was dead, and disfigured by ravens; but it is impossible to say whether the wounds were given before or after death. The ballad of the 'Twa Corbies' is not without foundation in fact, as respects these islands.

Shetland is honoured with the residence of starlings, linnets, and here, also, more strange to say, is found the golden-crested wren. The corn-crake (land-rail) is the cuckoo of the Shetlander. The monotonous call of this elegant bird is most grateful to him, and he would not on any account suffer it to be molested or destroyed, because he has been taught to believe its presence foretells a good crop. This is not, however, mere superstition; for, as they are delicate birds, wherever they breed and thrive, it shows the season to be mild, and probably, therefore, the corn will grow and ripen well. The land-rail, in Shetland, generally builds, not among the corn, as in other parts, that being too low and backward here, but in the more early rye-grass fields. While we write, we hear close beside us its cheerful but singular *crake—crake—crake*—continued without intermission. A couple of pairs have established themselves in the immediate vicinity, and, as everywhere they are said to be numerous, we welcome the omen, as opening a hope of plenty at length to the poor and long-tried Shetland cottager. Among the precipices in the very wildest parts of the coast the rock-pigeon builds its nest. This rare bird is believed to be the original of many varieties of pigeons, wild and tame. Shetland has numerous *soading* birds; and they are most interesting in their habits, as well as everywhere accessible to observation. Long legs, bare of feathers, long necks and bills also, with small, elegantly-shaped bodies, these are the distinguishing characteristics of all of this class, from the diminutive sandpiper to the stately heron. Walking on an evening along the flat beach near the confluence of a narrow brook with the sea, or perchance wandering near one of the lonely lakelets we have formerly mentioned, may often be seen a heron. He has waded a yard or so into the water, and looks into it intently; then he plunges in his head, and you can soon perceive him swallowing a good-sized trout. Again he watches patiently; then another dip, and he raises a freshwater eel. You have now a fancy to interrupt his agreeable occupation, and run towards him with a shout. You don't intend to harm him, poor fellow, but just want to see how he can fly. With an effort that looks like laziness or repulsion, the eel still struggling between his mandibles, the *haigrig*—for so he is called in Shetland—flaps his long wings, and you can see how disproportionately small the body is to the extensive pinions, neck, and legs. Slowly he rises, flap—flap—flapping like the sails of a giant windmill, till he reaches a quieter spot at a short distance, and then he finishes his meal.

Shetland has a few swans—birds intercepted in their flight to and from more northern regions; and of these nothing need be said. Of geese there is no small abundance. The young geese, after having had the benefit of gleaning in the stubble when the corn has been removed from the fields, are considered in the best condition. They are then killed, and having been stripped of the feathers, are salted for a day, and finally hung up in the rafters to be dried. The peat smoke communicates a flavour always, and in all circumstances it may be supposed, grateful to the Shetlanders; for they smoke their fish, as well as geese and mutton, and beef too, when they have it. The more fastidious palate of our southern compatriots generally revolts from this sort of food; but the French—those acknowledged adepts in gastronomic science—consider a smoked goose-pie a decided dainty. Geese feathers are bartered by the small traders with the cottars; and it is but rare the latter sleep on anything but straw—their scanty resources compelling them to turn whatever they can into absolute necessities.

No solan geese breed in Shetland. The *great northern diver* is a magnificent bird: it is nearly of the size of a





The scarf seizes the sillack (which had been made to move invitingly just beneath the water's surface), and in attempting to swallow, is caught by the hook; then, by means of the rod, the bird is held down till drowned.

Another whimsical way in which the larger cormorant is caught is the following:—On a dark night, when the thickly-peopled cliffs and precipices are wrapt in silence and rest—and no doubt the inhabitants, in the security of their wisdom, think men are, or ought to be, reposing too—a small boat approaches the base of the rocks. The men carry a great iron pot filled with peat fire, which they suddenly uncover, and it makes quite a blaze in the gloom. The scarfs, poor fellows, awake suddenly, and cannot imagine what this may mean. In the confusion of ideas consequent on their disturbance, or in their eagerness to greet the dawning day which has thus surprised them, they fly directly at the light, even quite into the boat, and of course into the clutches of their cunning enemies, who are always particularly amused as well as gratified at the success of their stratagem, and the simplicity with which the poor scarfs rush on their doom.

The above imperfect notices aspire not to communicate anything strange or novel, far less to be a complete account of the birds of Shetland; but they may serve to show the dwellers in more favoured localities that even amidst scenes the most dreary and remote, pleasing and improving subjects of observation may be found; and that nothing is unimportant which adds in any degree to our acquaintance with the works of nature, and with the wisdom and goodness of its Author.

#### THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

In the year 1830 died Mr James Lewis Smithson, a natural son of the Duke of Northumberland, a gentleman of some repute as a scientific chemist. He was noted for his skill in analysing minute quantities; and it was he who caught a tear as it fell from a lady's cheek, and detected the salts and other substances which it held in solution. Mr Smithson was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and intended to bequeath his large wealth to that body at his death; but taking offence at some real or fancied slight towards him on their part, he altered his will, and left his property to the government of the United States of America, 'to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.'

Under these circumstances, we think that the public on this side of the Atlantic are somewhat interested in knowing the results of this munificent legacy, and the 'Third Annual Report of the Board of Regents,' published in February last, enables us to give a tolerable sketch of the proceedings down to the present year.

It appears that the amount of the bequest, 515,169 dollars (above £100,000), was paid into the United States' Treasury in 1838. Some years were suffered to elapse before the requisite preliminary arrangements were determined on; at length, in 1846, the fund, then augmented by nearly 250,000 dollars of accrued interest, was placed under the control of the 'Board of Regents' chosen to conduct the institution. 'The Board consists of three members *ex-officio* of the establishment—the Vice-President of the United States, the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, and the Mayor of Washington, together with twelve other members, three of whom are appointed by the Senate from its own body, three by the House of Representatives from its members, and six citizens appointed by a joint resolution of both Houses;' and to this Board the usual powers are intrusted.

Among the preliminary considerations, we find it stated that 'the bequest is for the benefit of mankind. The government of the United States is merely a trustee to carry out the design of the testator;' and in order to realize his object for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men to the fullest possible extent,

strict economy is to be observed in the administration of the finances. We trust this principle will always be faithfully adhered to in the future conduct of the institution; a proper regard for economy being often fatal to projects even when their aim is to benefit the community. 'It should be remembered,' states the Report, 'that mankind in general are to be benefited by the bequest, and that, therefore, all unnecessary expenditure on local objects would be a perversion of the trust.' Knowledge is to be increased by stimulating researches, and offering rewards for original memoirs on all branches of knowledge, which are to be published; but 'no memoirs on subjects of physical science will be accepted for publication, which does not furnish a positive addition to human knowledge resting on original research; and all unverified speculations to be rejected.' Among the more special objects which the institution may encourage by pecuniary grants, we find—a 'system of extended meteorological observations, particularly with reference to the phenomena of American storms.' Then we have explorations and researches from which to construct a Physical Atlas of the United States; and the 'solution of experimental problems, such as a new determination of the weight of the earth, of the velocity of electricity, and of light; chemical analyses of soils and plants; collection and publication of articles of science, accumulated in the offices of government;' and we are glad to observe that 'the statistics of labour, the productive arts of life, public instruction, &c. are not overlooked.

It is pretty well known that the publication of new and important researches in science or art is at times retarded or lost for want of encouragement. Works of this sort are, when published, in nearly all instances a positive pecuniary loss to the author. The Smithsonian Institution proposes to remedy this defect, by undertaking to print such works as may be deserving, and thus increase knowledge, but always under sanction of a committee of learned and scientific men, whose approval will of course stamp a value on the work.

A first volume has appeared in pursuance of this arrangement, under the general title of 'Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.' It contains detailed accounts and descriptions of the 'ancient monuments of the Mississippi Valley'—these exist in the form of mounds, earthworks, fortifications, and sculptures; some of them are of great extent; they are much more numerous than might be supposed; and the United States, which have often been said to want the charm of hoary antiquity, may now point to these with as much pride as the European feels in his ruined castles and abbeys. Copies of this work have been sent to several scientific and learned institutions in this country: it is a handsome quarto, with some hundreds of engravings and illustrations. Its publication will preserve correct views and descriptions of remains which, in the rapid changes made in the States, would soon be obliterated. Their origin appears to be as much a mystery as that of the Round Towers of Ireland; but the general conclusion is, that at a remote period there existed in the Mississippi Valley a numerous population, the progenitors of those who subsequently founded the old South American empires. The work will be a valuable aid to those engaged in ethnographical studies.

A second volume, we are informed, is preparing for publication: it will contain important contributions to astronomy and palæontology. We gather also from the latest report that the labours towards a system of meteorology are in active progress. Observers provided with instruments are established in Oregon, California, Santa Fé, and other places, and in this pursuit large use will be made of the magnetic telegraph, so as to institute simultaneous observations at places widely remote, or to announce meteorological phenomena. Observations in the southern hemisphere are made by a party stationed at Chili, where they are also to 'study the facts connected with one of the most mysterious and interesting phenomena of terrestrial physics—namely, the



whispered in his ear *Cartouche!* What an event for the city that for ten years had been pillaged and ravaged by this famous robber, and what a shock to the fine ladies, many of whose hearts had been touched by his gay and gallant bearing! For three months did his adventures and confessions satisfy the appetite of the Parisians for news: nothing was talked of but *Cartouche*—everybody forgot everything else to think of him. Poems and plays were got up in all haste to meet the public taste; and one dramatist, Monsieur Le Grange, waited upon the criminal in the Conciergerie for the purpose of obtaining the most minute particulars of his life.

'And when will your piece be produced?' courteously inquired *Cartouche*, when he had given every information desired.

'On the very day of your execution!' replied the dramatist with enthusiasm. *Cartouche* politely wished success to the author; and they took leave of each other with the greatest urbanity. We see by this instance that the pernicious and ridiculous custom of converting criminals into heroes is by no means so modern an invention as it is sometimes supposed to be. Robber and assassin as he was, *Cartouche* had his own grain of enthusiasm too. He said to Guignaud, the Jesuit priest who attended him in his last moments, that he considered all the crimes he had committed as mere peccadilloes compared to the frightful treason with which their order had been sullied by Ravalliac. 'For my own part,' said he, 'I had so great a respect for the memory of Henry IV., that had a victim I was pursuing taken refuge under his statue on the Pont Neuf, I would have spared his life!'

The dungeons of the Conciergerie were crammed to repletion by the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette, when the thieves of Paris formed a too successful league for pillaging the public during the exhibition of fire-works. In this dreadful struggle perished 2740 persons; and amongst the dead there was but one of the band found. This was a man called *Petit Jean*: he had been suffocated in the *mêlée*, but not before he had reaped a harvest of fifty watches and many other valuables. Four hundred of these vagabonds were carried to the Conciergerie to be searched, and the turn-out of bracelets, chains, watches, ear-rings, and purses, is recorded to have been something exceeding belief. How little did the beautiful young queen think, whilst lamenting the victims of this plot, that where those wretches lay she should one day rest her head and sleep her last sleep on earth!

The immediate neighbourhood of the Conciergerie to the revolutionary tribunal kept it always full during that crisis; and for some time the political victims of every sex, age, and rank, were mingled pell-mell with the most abandoned criminals, men and women. After a time, a classification was attempted into what they called *pailleux*, or the lyers on straw, who were well-nigh devoured by rats and vermin; *pistoliers*, who, being able to pay for a bed, shared a miserable mattress with some companion in misfortune; and *secrets*, which last were confined in horrible dungeons beneath the level of the river. When, to add to its other miseries, a famine desolated the unhappy city, the captives in the Conciergerie felt their share of the calamity. The government ceasing to make any allowance for food, the rich prisoners were forced to support the poor; and a man's fortune was now estimated by the number of *sans-culottes* he fed, as it had formerly been by the number of his horses, grooms, and dogs. Of course, under these circumstances, there was a great deal of sickness; and at length there was a simulation of an infirmary established, where, according to Mr Bantelmy Maurice, ten applications at least were necessary to procure the most trifling medicine; whilst the doctor, who for form's sake visited the sick, had one prescription, which he never varied, for all his patients. Jest-ing in their misery, they used to call it *la selle à tous chevaux* (the saddle that fitted every horse). One day

the doctor, feeling the pulse of a patient, observed that he was better than he had been the day before. 'Yes, citizen,' replied the infirmiry nurse, 'he is better; but, by the by, it's not the same—that one is dead, and this is another that has taken his place.'

Besides human keepers, almost all the prisons of Paris during the Revolution made use of canine ones. The Conciergerie had a famous dog called *Ravage*, a zealous and implacable beast, who hated the prisoners, and was thought incorruptible. However, one morning *Ravage* was found with an assignat of five francs tied to his tail, on which it was inscribed that this faithful guardian had yielded to the seduction of a pound of sheep's trotters. The corrupters of *Ravage* succeeded in making their escape.

From one of the dungeons of the Conciergerie General Beauharnois wrote his last affecting farewell to his wife, the future empress of the French, which she—Josephine—read to Napoleon Bonaparte at their first interview, and won his heart.

The heroic Charlotte Corday spent the short interval betwixt her crime and the scaffold in this prison; and here also was celebrated that famous last supper of the Girondins on the night preceding their execution, where, till five o'clock in the morning, when the jailors summoned them to meet their fate, those dull walls echoed to the *bons-mots*, the songs, and the jests, as well as to the poetry and philosophy, of some of the finest wits in Paris. There are old men now alive who remember to have heard a young beggar girl, shortly after this famous banquet, singing in the streets a song improvised by Ducos at that supper. Showers of tears fell from her eyes as she sang; and it was said that she had gone mad for love of the poet, whom she had seen led to execution.

We will only refer, for the purpose of mentioning one anecdote, to Marshal Ney, who, in 1815, passed through the gates of the Conciergerie to the scaffold. A few nights after Ney's death, Monsieur Bellart, who was public prosecutor at the time, and whose name was painfully mixed up with the fate of the marshal, had assembled at his hotel a brilliant party of fashionables. In dancing, singing, laughing, talking, the evening had passed gaily away, and it was nearly midnight when the large folding-doors of the saloon were suddenly thrown open, and a footman, with a loud and clear voice, announced 'Monsieur le Maréchal Ney!' The music ceased; the dancers stood still; the words died away on the lips of the speakers; every eye was turned to the door; a gentleman approached in deep mourning. It was Monsieur le Maréchal Ainé, whom the bewildered lackey had understood to announce himself as Monsieur le Maréchal Ney!

In spite of all ameliorations, the Conciergerie still bears the marks of its feudal origin; and the dungeons below the level of the Seine, in which the keeper has authority to confine any of his flock that give him dissatisfaction, are a disgrace to civilisation.

The prison of St Lazare, so called because it stands on the site of an ancient hospital for lepers, contained within its walls some years ago an interesting inmate commonly known as *La Folle des Roses*. One morning, shortly after the Restoration, some labourers going to their work found the body of a soldier who had apparently been assassinated, and close at hand a young girl, who was well known in the neighbourhood. On seeing the men approach, she attempted to escape; but they stopped her, and as she either could not or would not account for her being there at that early hour, she was arrested under suspicion. On being interrogated, she said that she had been on the preceding evening at a fête with some young companions, where she had danced and amused herself like the rest. In their company she had returned to her father's house, and when they left her, she had seated herself on a stone-bench at the door. She remembered that the evening breeze had borne to her a powerful odour from the roses that are cultivated in profusion in that neighbourhood; but what happened



The mother submitted to her fate with passive resignation; but Mademoiselle Morin did more—she had the strength of mind not only to submit to, but to accept, her destiny; and in that pestilential atmosphere, surrounded by vice and depravity on every side, did this young girl disclose virtues that entitle her name to be placed beside that of Elizabeth Fry. She first engaged the attention and respect of her fellow-prisoners by her devotion to her mother, on whom she never ceased to lavish the tenderest cares, and whose imposed labour she took upon herself to perform whenever permission could be obtained. They began by respecting, and ended by loving her; and such was the influence she obtained, that after a few years, young as she still was, she was appointed superintendent of the workshops. Here her noble qualities found a wide field for their exercise, especially amongst the unfortunate young females whom early neglect and bad example had driven to perdition. It seems to have been long before public gratitude offered any testimony to these virtues, exercised under circumstances so trying. It was not till the term of their imprisonment had nearly expired, that Madame Morin and her daughter received a free pardon, and were restored to liberty.

### THE EARTHQUAKE IN NEW ZEALAND.

Of the three islands which the Dutch discoverer called after a portion of his own country, because of a fancied resemblance, the middle one is of a rugged and Alpine character, having summits which cleave the clouds at a height of 14,000 feet, and which are buried for two-thirds of their elevation in permanent snow and glaciers. Nor is the northern and more level island bereft of towering altitudes, especially the southern portions of it. The whole country is more or less volcanic. On the eastern and western coasts of the whole of New Zealand, but more especially in the North Island, active volcanoes abound, but not sufficiently, it would seem, to give vent to the igneous forces of the under-earth, which often occasion earthquakes. Across the centre of the North Island is a chain of volcanic disturbance in constant activity. It commences at Tongariro, a conical mountain about 10,000 feet high, constantly emitting steam and smoke. From this eminence the chain extends along a line of lakes, hot-springs, steam-jets, and fissures, to the Bay of Plenty, where it is terminated by another volcano called White Island, the crater of which is near the water's edge. The temperature of some of the hot-springs, even at the surface, is 216 degrees, and there are mud jets at boiling point. Underground noises are continually heard, new openings are frequently made, and land slips are not uncommon.

With such fiery activity in the lower regions of New Zealand, earthquakes are of constant recurrence; but, so far as can be judged from native accounts, and from the experience of South America, they are only destructive about three times in a century, when they are extremely violent. From what we can learn, no serious terrestrial disturbance took place from the first settlement of the colony till the year 1840, and in that year, we are informed by an English settler, there occurred one sharp shock, which created more alarm than damage, for it only razed a few clay chimneys. 'Since I have been here,' says the same gentleman, 'I have noted from twelve to twenty shocks every year; but they were too trifling to do damage or to create alarm. Once only—on the 4th and 5th December 1846—there was an unusual number; namely, eight between five o'clock in the afternoon and nine the next morning, and some were of considerable force.' Up to this time, use had so familiarised the settlers to these earthly tremblings, that they scarcely heeded them.

At the end of last year, however, the people of New Zealand had occasion for more serious alarm than usual: in October an earthquake occurred that was

manifestly one of the three which physical geographers had promised them per century. It lasted during five weeks, and some of the shocks would have reduced half London to ruins. As it was, it occasioned a loss of property to the amount of £15,000, and the sacrifice of three human lives. Although an announcement of the catastrophe reached this country a few months since, full and satisfactory accounts of it have only recently been forthcoming in the official despatches from the colony, in the newspapers, and from other sources. Details of such phenomena are always interesting, as much to the scientific as to the popular reader. This earthquake is the more so, as it is the latest geological catastrophe with which this earth has been visited.

A correspondent of the 'Westminster Review' publishes in its past number his journal—kept at Karori, a short distance from Wellington—in which a graphic account is given of his experiences of the commencement of the event, which took place on Monday, 16th October 1848:—'At twenty minutes before two this morning,' he writes, 'we were awakened by the shock of an earthquake, of greater force and duration than any we have hitherto felt in the colony. It was, moreover, the first of a series of shocks which succeeded each other at short intervals during the morning and the day. The house (fortunately of wood) rocked violently; the bells were set in motion; and clocks stopped. For about three-quarters of a minute the shocks were so strong, that it was with difficulty I kept my legs. It continued with some force for two or three minutes, and the whole vibration lasted ten minutes. For one hour the shocks scarcely ceased for a minute; during the whole morning until between six and seven o'clock, the intervals were not long, and the tremulous motion of the earth was continuous, and nearly incessant. We feared for our chimneys, but they did not fall. They were, however, so much injured, that, to prevent accidents, I had them taken down. The wind was south-east to north-west during the night, blowing a fierce gale, with very heavy rain. I went down stairs to look at the barometer immediately after the first shock: at nine on the previous night the mercury stood at 29 inches [our house is 500 feet above the harbour]; it had risen to 29.04. In the morning it had subsided to 29.02—a very significant variation.'

On the day after, our journalist transferred the scene of his observations to Wellington. Under date Tuesday, October 17, he says—'The shocks continued all day at varying intervals. At twenty minutes before four a shock took place of greater force than the first. I was at Government House: the house shook,  *jerked*, and then vibrated so as to shake all loose articles to the ground. I found it necessary to steady myself on my legs. There was first a short shock of four or five seconds' duration, and of moderate force; then came a loud sound from the northward and eastward, and then the strong shock. The French windows burst their fastenings, and flew outwards—the chimney-piece was cleared of its ornaments—the bottles flew from the table. Its extreme force continued about a minute—perhaps rather less. Our carpenter, who was securing one of our chimneys at Karori, afterwards told me that the tremulous motion of the earth did not cease for eighteen minutes. Loud exclamations along the whole line of the beach indicated the wreck that was going on, and the general alarm that this severe shock occasioned. I had business at my chambers at four. On reaching the court-house, I found the short, stout chimney had literally fallen down of itself: it could not fall outwards, being supported on one side by my room, and on the other by that of the Registrar. I next visited the Colonial Hospital—a well-built brick building, only lately finished: it was not down, because the walls and roof are held up by strong bond timbers; but the brick-work was split and rent, and starred in all directions, so as to make it untenable.'

On Wednesday there was an unusually high tide; and although the tides were at neap, the water flooded













we call virtuous? Is it that we call philosophical? In all our large cities are observed hordes of beings contented to live the lives of beggars, to walk about the streets in rags, and, satisfied in their idleness, to prey on their more industrious neighbours. Is that a thing to be commended by the poets? Certainly not: yet, if words have a meaning, these are mere varieties of the same quality of content which is the subject of so much laudation. We have had too much preaching about the virtue of content; for indeed mankind need no persuasive to indifference. The very opposite quality we uphold to be the true inspirer of virtue. Everything great, wise, lovely, or of good report, has originated in dissatisfaction with things as they are. Discontent has been the parent of civilisation, and is at this moment impelling society onward to its highest achievements. It could be wished that preachers and essayists would qualify their praise of content by a consideration of the evils which spring from it when unaccompanied with *Effort*!

But while we do not care to conceal our dissatisfaction with content in the ordinary sense of the word, let it not be understood that we advocate disquietude, or hold in any degree of tolerance a repining spirit. When a poor man implores a blessing upon his humble meal, and thanks God for the mercy, this by no means implies that he is content with the fare, or that he is not making the most strenuous efforts to obtain something better. He has no abstract *right*, however, to anything better. What he enjoys is in itself a boon and a blessing; and even the gratitude he feels and expresses excites him to new efforts. When Robinson Crusoe amused himself with his man Friday and his domestic pets, and thanked God for the comforts and indulgences he enjoyed, he was all the while employed anxiously in building a vessel, that he might escape from his solitary kingdom. The two occupations and two feelings were not inconsistent; but, on the contrary, intimately and necessarily associated. The bounties bestowed upon him in his forlorn and awful condition not only excited a feeling of religious gratitude, but, by the confidence they inspired in a guardian Providence, gave nerve to his arm and courage to his heart.

The word content, we have observed, occurs only once in Scripture; and there its use by the illustrious apostle, in his address to the Hebrews, exemplifies in a remarkable manner the meaning we desire to convey. While exhorting his brethren to be content with 'such things as they had,' he counsels no idle self-satisfaction, no folding of the hands, no standing still; but, on the contrary, urges them in the onward path of social and religious effort. Progress, indeed, is the grand principle, philosophically speaking, which distinguishes Christianity from other religions. Under other forms of faith there have no doubt been great and lofty spirits, which soared above the destinies of their age, and left monuments of their genius for the admiration of a remote posterity; but the new Message called in to the feast the lame and the blind, the lowest as well as the highest of society, and thus commenced what was more than chronologically a new era for mankind.

We are ourselves selfishly interested in demolishing the content of the poets and sentimentalists, since we have always advocated submission and thankfulness simultaneously with energy and movement. But we go farther, and assert that the two are not merely reconcilable with, but necessary to each other. The surly repining which it is the fashion of the day to consider as a requisite ingredient in progress, or rather as the spring

from which progress should take its rise, is an obstacle to every movement but that which is downwards. Grumbling is neither wholesome movement nor its precursor; for the very act of grumbling absorbs the energies which are requisite to carry a man beyond the condition of which he complains. There is nothing so easy as grumbling, and nothing more indicative of a dull and barren spirit. It is still worse than content; for while it prevents advancement, it neutralises even the tame enjoyment of immobility. Show us a town where the people are habitual grumblers, and have the ingenuity to pick a flaw in everything that is attempted to be done in the way of public improvement, and we will undertake to show you a crowd of do-nothings; so invariably is it the case that the growling faultfinder is practically a sluggard—a personage who, reposing in self-sufficient indolence, can put all the world right in theory, without having the sense to manage his own affairs.

If we descend from generals to particulars, from societies to individuals, we find illustrations of this doctrine in the scenes of everyday life. Let us suppose a hard-wrought artificer returning after a day's toil to his cheerless room, where he looks with disgust upon his coarse meal, and with a sombre sternness into the faces of his wife and children, in which he sees only the reflection of the gloom that overshadows his own. For this man there is no hope; for his mind is occupied in brooding over his condition, and has none of its energies to spare for plans of advancement. He is neither building his Crusoe vessel nor enjoying the society of his household pets; he sees no hopeful sail in the distance of ocean;

'And the rough billows wash away  
The few strange footsteps on the shore!'

Let us now suppose the same individual returning to the same desolate scene, but which is lighted up by his presence as with a gleam of sunshine, for a happily-constituted mind illumines all within its sphere. His wife is poorly dressed; but what then?—cotton is as good a conductor of sympathy as satin. He sees in the rise of his growing children from their too scanty garments only matter for hope, and smiles as he thinks that there is progress in all things. His meal would be far from tempting to a dainty appetite; but he knows that there are some to whom it would be luxury, just as there are others whose fare would be luxury to him, and so he blesses God for His bounty. The room is small, but it holds goodly company; for that familiar book, or sheet, brings him into association with other minds, and sets flowing the thoughts of his own. He is cheerful, happy—but not contented! Oh no! There are better rooms, richer meals, more tasteful clothing, and a wider circle of intellectual association to be had in the world; and he knows that all these have been obtained by thousands around him who had no more vantage ground to start from than himself. He laughs at the idea of being contented as he is; but it is a proud and a merry, not a bitter laugh; and the thought thus conjured up acts as the leaven of his character, and helps to bring about what it foretells.

The author of the book, the dreamer of the floating sheet, obscure in himself, yet perhaps the conductor, if not the producer of that electric thought, is in precisely the same position as the mind he has thus assisted to illumine. One study brings on another, one step leads to a higher, till he is cut off from the living in the very middle of his career. And is there, then, no content? May we never hope to be at rest? He could tell if he







on the stony path, when a morsel of rock fell at my feet. I looked up: there sat the Mexican vagabond, as he seemed, his legs hanging over the cliff, and a rifle on his knees, about fifty feet above my head. He beckoned me to join him, and I climbed up, hoping to get a better view from the elevation. 'There is danger in being alone,' he said when I was at his side. 'Suppose that, instead of having just come, your belt was full of gold dust, would you not do wrong to expose yourself among desert rocks?'

I assented, but replied that my poverty protected me, and my companion was not far off.

'True: the Canadian hunter, a man moulded to prairie life. He at least seeks but game; unlike those greedy Americans who pour down on our beautiful California as a flock of vultures;' and as he spoke, the Mexican pointed to our camp, which appeared unusually excited.

'How many delusions there are among them,' he continued; 'and how many perhaps will regret what they have left!'

'What do you mean?' I inquired. 'Is not the gold so abundant as was said, or is it very difficult to find?'

'The trade of gold-seeker,' answered the Mexican with an equivocal smile, 'is accompanied by unknown perils. And, besides, the mental excitement, the fatigue of the body, the exhalations from the streams turned out of their course, the vapours from the excavated soil, hunger and thirst, do you count all that for nothing? Take my advice; let the fools rush over the ground as though every pebble, every grain of sand, hid a piece of gold. Before many days, there will be rare carnage here for the vultures.'

'But at least,' I rejoined, 'what has been said about the hidden riches of these countries is not a lie?'

'Listen,' answered the Mexican: 'I owe some gratitude to you, and your friend, and the hunter; and to prove that I am not ungrateful, I am going to reveal what a true gold-seeker cannot be ignorant of without disgrace. There are a thousand ways of seeking gold without speaking of my method; and, for the moment, I am not in question. What I tell you was, known perfectly well to every Californian long before the arrival of these foreign gold-seekers. My youth was passed in searching for gold in this country, and I can speak from experience. Avoid the courses of streams; they have been flowing for ages in the same direction, and have worn away all that they are likely to separate from the veins, and the grains rolling in the sand are not worth the fevers and rheumatisms which their waters will generate. Choose rather the dry bed of a torrent; there it is another matter. In the impetuosity of their capricious course, they drag more gold from the rocky veins in a single season than a brook in a hundred years. Explore the channel upwards, for the largest pieces of gold are the least remote from the mother-vein. Examine carefully the *pepitas* that you find: the sharper their angles, the less have they rolled, and the nearer are they to their native rock. Then, if you discover grains of gold still adhering to their stony envelop, dig, search everywhere, break the rocks, do everything, for you are close to a vein that will well repay the fatigue and the risk.'

This reasoning appeared to me incontestable. 'Why, then,' I asked, 'do you renounce a trade whose secrets you know so well?'

'I have already told you that there are many ways of gold-seeking; so enough on that subject. Farewell, senior! If you will take my word, you will be careful not to trust yourself far from the camp alone, and without arms. Now that I have given you good counsel and information, I am quits with you, and shall go about my own affairs. It is for you to profit by my experience, unless you prefer, like the greater part of your companions, to brave rather than to avoid dangers: you are your own master.'

The Mexican rose while speaking, and with an air of mockery descended the steep with hasty strides. He

was soon out of sight: I followed the route to the lake, where two wagons on the shore showed that a party had already taken possession. They attracted my attention; and on coming nearer, my suspicion was changed to certainty. Township's three sons were busy digging and washing the sand. One was screening the coarser particles on a hurdle, and close by lay large heaps finely sifted. Terry, the eldest, came forward to greet me and conduct me to his father's camp, which was in a little valley between the heights bordering the lake. I was received as an old acquaintance, and the young girl acknowledged my salute by one of those gracious smiles of which I had so often thought with emotion on our long pilgrimage.

I need not enter into details on the explanations and conference that followed. However, on relating the incident of the rescue of the Mexican on the floating tree, I could not help noticing that all the family seemed embarrassed, and Township visibly agitated. Suffice it, that my party was admitted to increase and strengthen the encampment, and prepare for additional labours.

On returning to the camp, I found that our servant was absent without leave—gone to seek gold on his own account; and the whole colony was in a similar state of disorder—the first symptoms of the prevalent malady. No more servitude; all were masters, and had gone in search of *placers* (gold-grounds). While I was contemplating this novel state of things, the novel-writer returned.

'Ah, ah!' he exclaimed on coming up; 'no bogs here, even when you look for them. Nothing but sandy plains; that's clear.'

'And is that all you have discovered?'

'Is not that already something, for I have a horror of bogs; and then sand indicates the presence of gold, as I know, for I have just bought a placer for hard cash down.'

'What!' I said; 'buy a placer here in California? You are joking.'

Just then Everquiet returned; and yielding to my friend's importunities, we packed our gear in the wagons to go, as he said, and encamp upon gold. As we went on he explained the circumstances of the purchase. In his ramble he had seen two men seated in a sandy plain, each provided with a bowl, which they filled with sand, and washed in an adjoining brook. Their exclamations of joy were frequent as they turned up the golden grains, and they lamented that pressing business called them away from so valuable a spot. The novel-writer approached just as one of the two had picked up a lump of gold the size of an almond; and unable to contain himself, offered to purchase the ground for ten dollars. Difficulties were started, but eventually overcome; and at length the exchange was made of a placer worth a million for the ten silver coins.

I need hardly state that our utmost exertions with pickaxe and shovel, continued during two days, failed to bring to light the slightest particle of gold: my companion had no better luck here than in his purchase of turf-bog on the shores of the Ohio. Nothing, however, could disturb the novel-writer's good-humour, notwithstanding his having been the dupe of a crafty rogue. On the third day we made our way to Township's encampment, as agreed; but everything was changed on the borders of the lake. A village, built with stakes and branches, stood where shortly before all was a desert, while a crowd of labourers were moving about with noisy activity, and the restless and enterprising genius of America had already invented means of research more effectual than those heretofore employed. Every visage was radiant, for the indefatigable toil was beginning to produce fruits: boisterous bursts of joy mingled with frantic thanksgivings; grains of gold, sometimes almost impalpable, were exhibited with triumph, but to obtain which a mountain of sand had been removed. Here and there adventurers more fortunate found little *pepitas*, which, magnified by rumour, have become gigantic in Europe. Yet with all this









Bell states that he 'was one day sitting in his room on the ground-floor, with the door open, when a stoat entered, and ran rapidly round the room, snuffing about as if in search of prey. It showed not the least symptoms of alarm at finding itself in unusual quarters, and after a minute or so, quietly went out again.' And the 'Zoologist' gives an instance of a weasel which, after trying round a window for an entrance, stood up on its hind-legs, and remained, earnestly gazing through the pane, undismayed by the furious barking of a little terrier, which was somewhat disturbed by this appearance, until, we regret to say, the window was opened, and the dog suffered to chase and kill the little animal which had come so confidently to the window.

Gwillim, in the 'Display of Heraldrie,' says that the name of ermine is derived from the following circumstance:—'Hee hath his being in the woods of the land of Armenia, whereof hee taketh his name.' The polecat or fitchew (*Mustela putorius*) appears always to have been held in evil odour, both physically and metaphorically, as, perhaps on account of its most offensive smell, it is usually associated by the older writers with things of evil report; thus Shakespeare says—

'There are fairer things than polecats.'

'Out of my door you witch, you hag, you polecat!'

'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one: What do you mean by this haunting of me?'

It is commonly termed foumart, or fulimart, a designation which seems to be a corruption of the Welsh name *fulbart*. In wooded districts, where the polecat generally abounds, it is too well known by its daring depredations on game-preserves and poultry-yards to need any description. It is curious that both this animal and the stoat have been discovered in the act of catching eels at the season when these eels are supposed to retire into the deep mud for their winter sleep.

Much discussion has only left undecided the question, 'Whether there is any real difference between the pine-weasel or yellow-breasted marten (*Martes abietum*) and the beech or common marten (*Martes foina*) beyond the variety of their colour?' Both kinds have been rendered rare in Britain probably by the value, in olden time, of their skins; for we find 'marten skins' mentioned in the 'Doomsday-Book' as among the treasures of the city of Chester; and also that great quantities of this 'royal fur' were imported from Ireland. Again, in another place, it is enacted that all ships that brought martens' skins to this country were bound to give the king pre-emption of the same, and for that purpose to show them to an officer before any were disposed of, under a penalty of forty shillings—a very considerable sum in the eleventh century. In another part of the book it is recorded that Chester yielded annually to the crown a revenue of £45, and twenty-three timbres of martens' skins. This will recall to the minds of our readers the cloak of King 'Jamie.'

— 'Of crimson velvet piled,  
Trimmed with the fur of marten wild.'

We must not, however, imagine, that because this pretty little animal is no longer common in our isle, because there are no longer royal enactments respecting its fur, that the value of the skin has ceased; for prodigious quantities of them are still imported from the pine-forests of North America. Above thirty thousand are yearly brought from Canada, and nearly fifteen thousand from Hudson's Bay. The food of the marten is very similar to that of the other animals of its kind, with the addition, however, of the fragrant tops of the pine branches, a small portion of grain, and, when it can obtain it, honey. The marten (*Martes abietum*) is about seventeen or eighteen inches in length; the tail is bushy, and the body covered with a thick fur of a dark-red colour, becoming gradually paler underneath; the breast and throat are white, or of a fine yellow, deepening towards the cheeks; the feet, which are broad, covered on the sole with thick fur, and fur-

nished with strong claws, seem perfectly adapted for ascending trees.

Marten hunts formerly stood high among the sports of the field; and the old books on the subject warn the huntsman not to suffer the dogs to devour the animal when caught, lest it should poison them. This animal is still hunted in Italy. Dr Fleming states that the marten builds its nest in trees. Dr Harlau describes it as 'frequenting the thickest forests, climbing the trees in search of birds and their eggs, attacking small quadrupeds, and bringing forth in the nest of a squirrel or in holes of trees'; the latter opinion being, we believe, the more correct one, though it is a well-ascertained fact that it occasionally breeds in holes in ruined walls, rocks, or even in the earth. Mr Bell relates that the marten, as well as the fox, will descend to the sea-shore at low tide, and carry off numbers of the large mussels (*Modiola vulgaris*) to feed upon them.

Many persons have succeeded in taming the various species of this family, though they will always be liable to resume their natural habits, and make their escape when an opportunity presents itself. Captain Lyon, in describing the manners of a captive stoat, mentions that though he would take food from the hand, he made it a rule first to use every exertion to bite the friendly fingers which approached him. Buffon tamed several weasels, and recommends as the best mode a gentle stroking of the fur along the back, at the same time threatening it if it attempts to bite. And Dr Richardson gives an account of an otter, of the minx or American species, which passed the day very snugly in its mistress' pocket; only peeping out occasionally when it heard any unusual noise; showing at least that it did not lack its share of the most common weakness of its fellow-Americans, whether biped or quadruped.

#### THE POST-OFFICE.

If a person unconnected with the Post-Office department were asked to suggest a plan to enable the inhabitants of a thousand towns and cities to correspond with each other, he would most probably think that the simplest and best method would be to let the Post-Office of each town make up a letter-bag daily for every other town, despatch its outward correspondence every night, and receive its inward correspondence every morning. Such a scheme, however, would be absurd and impracticable, because the postmaster of every place would have to make up 999 letter-bags daily; and because letters despatched from every place simultaneously would reach different towns at variable periods.

For postal purposes, London is considered the centre of the kingdom, and is the only place where a letter-bag is made up for every other town, and where the principal portion of the outward correspondence is despatched every night, and the principal portion of the inward correspondence is received every morning. Every other place despatches and receives its London bag at hours varying according to its distance from the metropolis. Again, each provincial town is considered also for postal purposes the centre of two circles, called the distributing and district circles. The radius of the former varies from 12 to 100 miles in length, and of the latter from 1 to 20 miles. The postmaster of the central town makes up no letter-bag for any place (London excepted) beyond the circumference of the distributing circle, and delivers no letters to any one living beyond the limits of the district circle. A letter, therefore, from one distant town to another, if not sent through London, is forwarded on towns situated on the circumferences of the distributing circles, until it reaches one within the circle of which its destination is situated.

Every night about a dozen mails leave London in all directions, and the same number arrive in London every morning. These mails connect the extreme points of the country with the metropolis. Branch mails meet the London ones at various places, to convey the Lon-

















gusted, the timid terrified; but the vulgar drink in the details with a hideous delight, and soon a new murder proclaims that these have come in contact with some predisposed mind. The same process is now gone over again, and is followed by the same result: again—again—again; till at length the excitement palls—murder has no longer its zest—horror becomes tame—the journals lose their ghastly influence—and the epidemic is for the time at an end.

That this influence really exists, and works in the manner we have described, is proved by the history of *self-murder*. The predisposed suicide is not merely instigated to the deed by the poisonous details of the journals, but determined in the choice of a locality. Certain places become fashionable haunts for those who have a mind to destroy themselves. Now, for instance, they are attracted to the top of the Monument in London, till the authorities humanely interpose a grating; then they affect a particular corner of Waterloo Bridge, till a preventive force of policemen is stationed on the spot. To suppose, as regards such cases, that men previously sound in intellect are seduced into self-destruction merely by reading the details of a similar deed, is absurd: a taint of insanity must exist, a predisposition, that is developed and directed by narratives only too interesting to a diseased mind. The usual mode in which the journals act is by accustoming the fore-doomed wretch to brood over the deed they describe—by presenting to his morbid imagination the air-drawn dagger till it acquires a character of reality. They sometimes, however, derive collateral aid from the love even of infamous notoriety, which is a passion of vulgar minds. At the moment we write, a more than suspected murderer, of the foulest description, is reported as betraying excessive gratification at the attention he excited while commencing in Jersey, in the custody of the law, that journey which he knew would conduct him to the gallows. A single word uttered in the act of suicide not far from where we write affords another illustration. Everybody knows the Dean Bridge at Edinburgh, from which is obtained one of the most remarkable views even in this paradise of the picturesque. The bridge consists of several arches thrown boldly over a ravine of great depth, such as elsewhere forms a feature only in the wildest Highland scenery. Perched on the cliffs and slopes of the glen, ranges of aristocratic buildings and ornamental gardens contrast with the rudeness of nature; and at the bottom, at some two or three hundred yards' distance, a small temple-like structure rises over St Bernard's Well. On looking down over the dizzy parapet, the floor is seen of almost naked rocks, forming the bed of the scanty Water of Leith; and here, some little while ago, an unhappy man destroyed himself by leaping from the bridge into the abyss. The incident of course excited remark both in the newspapers and in conversation, and the poor wretch became the hero of rumour for a few days. Soon after, a working-man was passing along the bridge in that stage of intoxication which is a true though temporary insanity, and he was observed suddenly to climb upon the parapet. The bystanders, rushing to save him, were only in time to hear him cry, 'For death or glory!' The previous tragedy, with all its circumstances of notoriety, appeared to his crazy mind to give a certain *dignity* to its victim; and it was probably with some drunken heroism of feeling he shouted his last words, and springing over the bridge, was dashed to pieces upon the rocks below!

There is a hamlet well known to us, about midway

between the town of Enfield in Middlesex and the village of Enfield Highway. It is called Turkey Street; but notwithstanding this odd name, it is one of the finest specimens of rurality we know; and with its abundant foliage, its pebbly stream spanned by wooden bridges, and its park-like neighbourhood, it always used to put us in mind of a village scene in a theatre. It has no traffic, no view but of woods and lawns; and though only a dozen miles from the heart of London, might seem to lie a hundred from any congregation whatever of the human kind. We had little thought, after leaving our tranquil hermitage a few years ago, that we should ever see its name in the newspapers; but the other day we were horrified to find that the Epidemic had been there—that one of the mothers of the hamlet had been seized while hacking with a knife at the throats of her children! Now, is it possible to account for the turn thus taken by the poor woman's insanity, otherwise than by supposing that her diseased mind had received its fatal direction, and been wound up to a paroxysm, by the bloody images with which it had been deluged? The hamlet, it is true, had little direct communication with the world of crime or business; but, alas, it had its public-house, and the public-house its Sunday newspaper!

But it is a difficult and thankless task to make head against tradition. The murderer has motives: therefore, in the popular idea, he is sane. It is never considered that suicides and other monomanias have likewise motives. Even when circumstances of the most hideous and revolting extravagance occur, they are set down as aggravating the crime, not as conveying a suspicion of the sanity, in that particular point, of the criminal. Among the recent cases, a man, for the sake of some trifling robbery, slew a mother with her two children and a servant-woman; and in this terrific deed, not satisfied with the blows that dealt death, must have spent many of the moments so precious to his safety in hewing at the dead bodies of the little girls. His counsel, at the trial, though not led to theorise farther, ventured to suggest that this extravagance was a proof of unsound mind; but the judge, surprised and indignant at the heresy, rebuked him with vehemence. His charge had the usual effect with the jury: the frantic criminal was condemned to the gallows; and the populace within and without the court testified their satisfaction with yells of applause!

The complicity of the journals, unluckily, is moral, not legal. But although we cannot prosecute them as accessories before the fact, it would be very easy for those in authority to deprive them of the materials of which, either from sordid motives or trade competition, they make so bad a use. When it is intended, for the purposes of justice, that a particular matter should be kept secret, there is no difficulty in obtaining their silence, if this can only be done by excluding their reporters from the place. They are, in fact, in a great degree at the mercy of the functionaries, and would compete with each other in observing regulations that were determined to be enforced. Instead of any such regulations, however, every facility is afforded them for deluging the country with the fatal trash with which their columns are now full; and even the wax-modeller Tus-saud is politely permitted to perpetuate in her exhibition the memory of the horrors of the day, for the benefit of constitutional monomanias and of the rising generation. But the authorities will not trouble themselves; and the government, as usual, will stand still, waiting till external pressure supplies its deficiency in internal life and energy. Thus things will go on as they are, till some public-spirited member gets up in his place







tioned off from the larger one, of which it formed a part, contained another of the beautiful mechanical ingenuities for which this firm has long been conspicuous, invented by Mr Roberts. It is a machine for cutting out cog-wheels. It consisted of a rectangular frame of iron, a central position in which was occupied by a revolving cutting instrument acting upon a piece of circular iron, which it cut into teeth of a certain depth and size. By means of a regulating scale, on which the numbers of teeth in a wheel were provided for up to a very high pitch, it was easy to cut a cog-wheel of wrought-iron of any kind the attendant desired. Most of the pattern-cogs are cut by this machine, from which castings may be multiplied indefinitely. There were two of these beautiful pieces of mechanism in this room; which, we may mention, but few persons are permitted to enter. Re-entering the large room, a more confusing scene than any presents itself in the apparently-innumerable shafts and straps which are seen flying with the utmost swiftness in every direction. In addition to the manufacture of different portions of the locomotive machinery which is carried on here, a large number of power-looms are made also, and are to be seen in all stages of progress: many were, at the period of our visit, ready for use. We were also shown several machines, somewhat on the principle of the 'polygon,' called 'shaping' machines, the object of which was a sort of machine-filing process. The turning-shop is on the floor beneath, and here much time might, if we had it to spare, be profitably spent. A great number of the most powerful and beautiful lathes we have ever beheld are here stationed, and all were in full work, some at great speed, others at the slower rate which is necessary in turning heavy pieces of metal. Many of these lathes were from 15 to 22 feet in length, and they were almost all self-acting. The turner placed his work between the two centres, adjusted his cutting-instrument in the slide apparatus, set the machine in motion, and all he had further to do was to clear away the turnings, and to watch the engine until its allotted task was all faithfully performed. Any of our readers who have ever made a plaything of a lathe, and all who are called to labour at one, are aware of the difficulty of turning a rod two feet in length, and of no great thickness, in consequence of its elasticity causing it to jump out of the centres. What, then, would be their dismay if commanded to turn with perfect accuracy a rod 20 feet long and only 1 inch thick? By manual skill it could not be done. But we may see here machines doing it without an effort; and out of a rough bar of iron of that length and diameter, turning off a polished rod so truly, that when it revolves, its motion cannot be seen, and doing so with the very smallest attention from a man under whose care the strong automate is placed. In this room also were a number of screw-cutting lathes, capable of cutting screws of every size of thread, from an almost hair-like fineness to the coarsest kinds.

We had now done with the more delicate processes connected with this manufacture, and were led to a series of displays of stupendous power, such as, we suppose, could scarcely be witnessed elsewhere. It is but rarely that lathes of such power as those we left in the last room are seen; an idea, then, of the greatness of those we now saw may be formed when the comparison was the giant and the child. At one side, a huge lathe was dealing in a slow but awful manner with a rough but helpless customer, in the shape of a great double crank, shaving off its sides as easily as if it were cutting bread and butter, and with a horrid crunching sound, which made our blood run cold! At another, a driving-wheel, perhaps 6, or even 8 feet in diameter, was being turned, the ground trembling as thick shavings of iron were rent off its massive rim. And another wheel was in the ruthless hands of a giant drilling-machine, which made no sort of difficulty of piercing it through and through the rim for riveting. Surely the giants of ancient fable and of nursery history, who tore up men into little bits, and ate them afterwards, were

only infants compared with these iron giants; and we are to see more of the brood before we have parted company!

The next place we entered was the 'grind-shop.' The scene is curious enough. All down the room, on the ground, is a long line of grindstones, of all sorts, and of many different kinds, some very large, and others of ordinary dimensions; but all revolving with great rapidity: and when a number of men are at work repairing tools, what with showers of sparks, and the strangeness of the sight, it forms an exhibition by no means the least attractive. Many of the stones are for polishing brass work, particularly the beautiful brazen cupolas which adorn the top of the locomotive, and which it would be both costly and difficult to polish in the ordinary ways. Altogether, the room struck us as a capital subject for an illustration, there being sufficient mechanism to give life to the picture, and the simplicity thereof interpreting itself at once to the mind of the spectator.

The increasing loudness of the hum of the blast-furnace told us we were now approaching the foundry, which is a separate building; by its side is one of the engine-rooms, whose office it is to drive the fan of the wind-furnace, and to do other duties connected with this department. Entering the foundry, the heat emitted by the furnace, out of whose vent-holes flames of living fire leapt, and now and then molten sparks of iron, and the rushing currents of air in its proximity, made us glad to get deeper into its interior. Here we saw a very interesting process going on—the manufacture of the massive iron wheels which support and drive the locomotive and its tender. We are persuaded that few persons are aware of the different steps concerned in what may appear a very simple operation, and that the general opinion probably is, that the wheel is cast in a mould, turned, and fitted with its bearings: and it is true inferior wheels are thus made. But when the heavy and continual strainings, and these frequently of a concussive nature, which the wheels of the locomotive have to bear, are taken into consideration, it will be manifest to those who know the brittleness and non-elasticity of cast-iron, that wheels so formed would be in continual danger of fracture. To obviate this, and to give the wheel all the rigidity of cast-iron, with all the toughness and accommodative spirit of wrought-iron, the wheel, curious to state, is a compound of both. The boss or central part is of cast-iron, the spokes and rims are of wrought-iron. We believe we can easily make this intelligible; and to do so, shall describe the work as we saw it carried on before our eyes. The proper mould being made in the sand, it is found to consist of a large hollow space in the middle, from which a number of radii diverge; and this is all: there is no provision for a rim. The founder then receives from a bystander a number of pieces of wrought-iron of the exact shape of a T, only that the top of the T is a section of a curve, and not straight, and the bottom or tail is trifurcated and jagged. He then lays the shank of the T-pieces in the hollow radii, in such a manner that the jagged tails project some way into the hollow centre of the mould, while the tops of the T's lying nearly in mutual apposition form a sort of broken rim to the wheel. The melted metal is then conveyed and poured into the central hollow: almost as liquid as water, it flows around, and fills it up, covering at the same time the projecting ends of the T-pieces, which in this simple manner become immovably imbedded in the central boss, rendering the mass of many pieces quite as solid, and far more durable, than if every portion of it had been cast at once in a continuous stream. In consequence of the expansion of the metal during this process, by the heat of the cast-iron, the tops of the T-pieces are notched at each end on both sides, so as to resemble two horizontal V's—thus  $\nabla$ . These notches must next be filled up, and the wheel is therefore conveyed to the smithy, where the pieces are welded in, and where we shall overtake it presently.





plished—which, however admirable, endure not a moment's comparison with the least of the works of His hands that made him—the visit will excite triumph and wonder of no ordinary kind.

### MADAME RÉCAMIER.

Among the celebrities which have been swept away by the recent visitation of cholera in Paris, is a lady who, by the happy peculiarity of her position and character, has, during the last half century, enjoyed a European reputation of no unenviable sort.

Adelaide-Juliette Bernard, the daughter of M. Bernard, administrator of posts, was born at Lyons the 3d December 1777. She was endowed by nature with remarkable beauty and talents, and at the early age of sixteen became the wife of M. Récamier, a banker, who, in a time of general bankruptcy, had the good fortune to acquire immense riches: it was in the year of Terror—1793. She might doubtless have met with a more brilliant partner, but could not have found a more solid guide. He was a man who, by his age and good sense, no less than by his wealth, had acquired importance in the world. He not only loved, but also respected his wife; and by his prudent care, protected her from those impertinent admirers who are wont to flock around the young and beautiful mistress of a Parisian mansion. The purity of heart and purpose which distinguished Madame Récamier at a time of unbounded license were all her own, but to her husband perhaps it was chiefly owing that the whisper of slander was never breathed against her. No sooner were they established in their magnificent hotel in the Rue du Mail, than he had the good taste to surround her with all that was most distinguished and excellent in the Parisian society of that day. Thus she became so habituated to the conversation of superior people, that the idle fooleries of fops and coquettes became utterly distasteful to her. Not, however, that she was insensible to the charm of those pleasures which are suited to the freshness and buoyancy of youth, for she danced with the most refined grace; and her performance of the 'shawl dance,' which was at that time the rage, was so exquisite, as to justify the observation of the witty Chevalier de Boufflers, that 'no one had ever before danced so beautifully with their arms.' The fastidious Madame de Staël also speaks in the same strain in one of her notes to 'Corinne,' saying, 'It was Madame Récamier's dancing which gave me the idea of that art which I have here attempted to depict.'

But it was not Madame Récamier's grace and beauty alone which won for her the hearts of all those who came within the range of her influence. She possessed a very superior mind, which showed itself not in eloquent phrases or in caustic repartees, but in the far rarer faculty of appreciating the peculiar and distinctive excellencies of those who were about her. She never seemed desirous to shine herself, but had the happy art of setting others at ease with themselves, by making them appear to the best advantage. No one knew so well how to seize the bearing of any popular topic, and to draw out the opinion of those who were most capable of speaking about it; no one possessed more of that philosophic and Christian charity which understands how to pardon, because it can estimate alike the strength of temptation and the bitterness of repentance. She had perhaps learned this fulness of compassion after the days of the Terror, when her saloon became thronged with the tyrants as well as sufferers of the Revolution, who seemed to forget alike their wrongs and their cruelties in the softening atmosphere of her presence. There one might see engaged in conversation Joseph Chénier and Matthieu de Montmorency, Roederer and Talleyrand, La Harpe and the Vicomte de Ségur.

'To understand all would be to pity and to pardon all!' Madame Récamier daily put in practice this generous axiom of one of her best friends.

'It was during their *demagoguery*,' she was wont to say of the *ci-devant* Jacobins. And she treated them as invalids just recovering from a fever. At a period of political and passionate excitement, the influence of such women is perhaps scarcely less valuable to a community than are the services of able and intelligent men. The Parisian world, just escaped from revolutionary horrors, had begun to long for the gentler excitements of gaiety and pleasure, when Madame Récamier arose upon it as a star of consolation and hope. Even those whose position or prejudices excluded them from her magic circle, were ready to express their admiration of one who knew so well how to restore its tone to society at a moment of such universal disorganisation, and who could conciliate adverse parties at a time when hatred and vengeance still rankled within the hearts of men.

The aged Marquise de Créquy, who had passed her life among princes, writes in the closing volume of her memoirs—'This house of Madame Récamier's is the Hôtel de Luxembourg, or the Hôtel de Créquy of the present time. I am told that this elegant young woman has the most polished and agreeable society at her house, and that she represses as far as possible the sarcastic witticisms of those who are disposed to ridicule some conceited *parvenus* who have gained access to her circle.' The only subject which was excluded from Madame Récamier's parties was the perilous one of politics. The Marquise de Créquy relates an anecdote illustrative of this prohibition:—'A certain Corsican named Sebastiani, who claimed relationship with Bonaparte, exclaimed aloud one evening at Madame Récamier's, in a tone of enthusiastic admiration, "The First Consul has the most superb hands I have ever beheld!"

"Ah, commandant," observed the lady of the house to him, smiling, "let us not talk politics: you know what are our conventions here."

With such rare attractions, and so many excellencies, it may readily be supposed that Madame Récamier became the object of universal respect and admiration. She was, as a writer of that day observes, 'alike adored by the prince and the artist, the hero and the conscript, the magistrate and the *vaudeville*.' No voice was ever raised against her save that of envy. During her earlier life, some of her rivals were wont to aver that she was as silly as she was beautiful. Madame Sophie Gay, a talented friend of hers, having alluded once in a large circle to her quickness of observation, and to the gentle playfulness of her wit, some of the company stared, others smiled sarcastically. M. Benjamin Constant, after observing what passed before him, said, 'I find so much pleasure in seeing her every day, that it has never once entered into my head to listen to her: henceforward I will think about it.' From that day forth this able and intelligent man cultivated her society with the greatest assiduity.

A reputed wit finding himself seated at table one day between Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël, said in a tone of complacency, as if he meant to flatter them both—'It is the first time in my life that I have had the honour of being seated between wit and beauty.' This pretended compliment was in fact a two-edged epigram; for, when closely examined, it plainly meant that Madame Récamier was a fool, and Madame de Staël a fright. The latter felt the double point, and disconcerted the wit by replying promptly—'And I, for the first time in my life, have had the honour of being called beautiful.' It was impossible to offer a more delicate, and at the same time a more decided compliment to the wit of Madame Récamier.

As for her domestic character, it is thus spoken of by Kotzebue, the caustic German moralist:—'Amid the incessant whirl of Paris, she fulfils all her duties in the most exemplary manner: she may be cited as a model for wives; and when the happiness of her friends is concerned, she devotes herself to them with the most unwearied assiduity. There is no great merit,' he continues, 'in giving money when one is rich, or even in giving liberally; but it is the *mode* of giving which constitutes



last accents of a prophetic voice, and our deepest emotions were awakened by those confessions of an expiring genius; while at the same time the gentle countenance and sweet smile of the lady of the house transported us to those earlier days of her life when all hearts were captivated by her grace and beauty. We seemed to read in the soft and winning look of Madame Récamier the annals of her innocent and charming coquetry, and in the lofty glance of M. de Châteaubriand the secret of that mighty influence which he had exercised upon the age in which he lived. And now, at the years when we too often become careless about the opinions and enjoyments of others, these remarkable persons, who were united in the closest and happiest bond of friendship, were not only unceasing in their endeavours to please each other, but also, by the amiable spirituality of their conversation, shed a charm around them which rendered their society attractive even to the youngest and gayest of their acquaintance.

Many years ago Madame Récamier had lost her sight, and yet she always kept herself *au courant* of what was passing in the literary world of Europe. Frequently the noblest ladies at court would be found seated at her feet, and reading aloud to her some popular work of the day. 'I can no longer see, but my friends see for me,' would she say at such times with her own inimitable smile.

She had submitted to one unsuccessful operation by the celebrated oculist M. Blandin. It was expected that a second attempt would be more fortunate; but knowing that it must be attended with some danger, the friend of Châteaubriand hesitated about its performance, being unwilling to abridge his days, not her own: so she resigned herself to the endurance of prolonged blindness, that she might be able the more surely to tend his declining days, and to close his eyes at last. No sooner was Châteaubriand dead, than Madame Récamier placed herself once more in the hands of the operator. M. Tonnelet of Tours removed the cataract, and restored to her some rays of light. Alas! it was but to behold the scenes of tumult and carnage which took place in Paris during the Revolution of February 1848. On the 11th of May, present year, she expired, after a few hours of intense suffering, from an attack of Asiatic cholera. 'Ah, my God! this is a long agony!' were the only words of complaint that escaped her lips.

Men of all parties gathered around her mortal remains as they were being borne to their last resting-place in the church of Les Petits-Pères in Paris. There did many a political enemy meet in peace: the Duc de Noailles and M. David (of Angers); MM. de Montalembert and de Falloux, with MM. Cousin and Villmain; MM. Ampère, de Kératry, de Jussieu, de Loménie. The church was crowded from the portal to the altar.

Madame Sophie Gay has only been the faithful interpreter of this friendly escort, when she wrote ten days afterwards in the 'Presse':—'Now is shut up this last French saloon, opened under the Directory, continued in spite of revolutions, misfortunes, and even exile itself! Now is silent that voice so sweet and gentle, which has so often conciliated adverse parties, consoled the afflicted, and preached indulgence to the prosperous! Now is closed for ever this asylum, so long open to superior people of all countries, to the persecuted of all governments, to the victims of all rivalities, to the heroes of all nations! We may judge, from the utter impossibility there would be of creating a similar edifice to-day, of the severe loss which has been suffered by society in the death of Madame Récamier.'

It is somewhat singular that she who all her lifetime was eminently a promoter of peace, has immediately, after her death, become the object of public disputation. The civil tribunal of Paris has recently been employed in hearing the pleading of M. Langlais in behalf of the 'Presse,' in whose columns the editor desires to publish Madame Récamier's correspondence with Benjamin

Constant, which had been committed to him by her friend Madame Collet, and to which publication some of her relations are strongly opposed, as they consider it a breach of confidence to insert the letters in the *feuilleton* of a newspaper. It has not yet been decided whether this accomplished lady's letters are to be enjoyed in friendly privacy, or whether they shall be communicated to the world at large. If publicity be their fate, they will doubtless prove a welcome appendix to Châteaubriand's 'Mémoires d'Outre Tombe,' one of whose yet unpublished volumes is, we understand, especially devoted to Madame Récamier.

#### MEMPHIS AND SAKKARAH.

We started one morning from Cairo to visit these celebrated places. I was already familiar with the ground, but it was quite new to the two friends who accompanied me. The rendezvous was for half-past five; but as we had sat up together till after midnight in a sort of colloquial reverie, no one seriously promised to be punctual. Besides, where was the necessity for haste and eagerness? We had an especial pride in not being tourists, and in not imitating the laborious industry of our countrymen, who are to be seen at certain seasons of the year charging down the narrow streets of Cairo on donkey-back, in rapid transit from one sight to another. Time was before us. If we could not return that day, we could return the next, or the next. True, there were no hotels upon the road, and we might have to burrow in the sand, or creep into a tomb for shelter; but having slept out night after night with a stone for a pillow on the summit of desert ranges, this prospect was anything but terrific.

A couple of donkeys carried our provisions; three or four lads formed our suite. We went by way of Ibrahim Pacha's grounds, through long shady avenues, amidst green plantations, to that straggling but pretty village that stretches along the banks of the Nile, facing the island of Rhoda, as far as the Ghizeh Ferry. It is called Maar el Atikeh, or Old Cairo, and is supposed to represent the site of ancient Babylon—as the above-mentioned tourists, by the by, take care occasionally to tell the world. I remember that we here invested two or three piastres in oranges, and laid in a provision for the whole journey. When we issued from the village—which perhaps ought rather to be called a suburb or a borough, and is by no means a collection of huts, possessing fine mosques and fine houses, with cottages, and gardens, and kiosques—when we issued forth into the open country, and began following the banks of one of the branches of the Nile, we became spectators of a curious scene. A south wind was blowing down the valley, sweeping both the cultivated country and the outlying desert. Clouds of sand filled the air, so that even the Pyramids were sometimes wholly concealed, and sometimes appeared like spectres looming through the charged atmosphere. The ridge of Mokattam, though only a couple of miles at most distant to our left, looked dim and indistinct. It seemed as though that eternal boundary of desolation that hems in the soil of Egypt had been touched by a magic wand, and was dissolving into vapour, and rising aloft on either hand, first to canopy, and then to overwhelm, the cities and the hamlets, the palm-groves and the fields, and to choke up the beneficent river. The sand-storm was felt by us with only mitigated force; but from the parched summits of the embankments, from the surface of the fields, and from the barren islets of the Nile, dense but partial clouds came sweeping along, and now and then filled our throats and eyes with dust. When we came to a place from which we obtained a good view of the course of the river, its appearance presented a curious effect. The waters, still dull and cold in hue beneath the morning sun, were crisped with waves; whilst here and there large banks, or points, or islands of dazzling white sand, were covered, as it were, with a dense driving











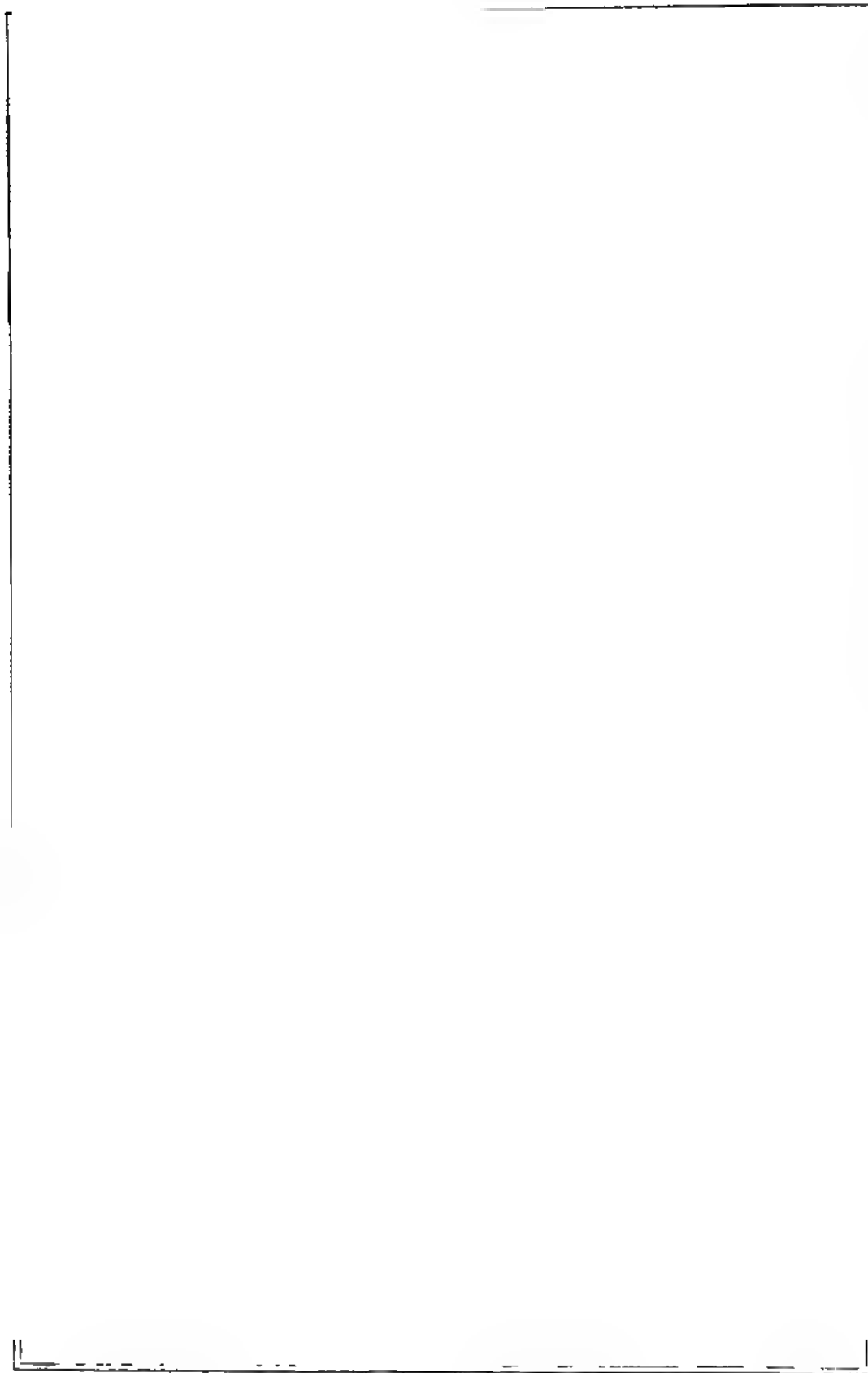














says that the Jews are familiar with these bloodlike appearances on food, and that from the remotest times they have been declared by them to appear at the period known in the Jewish calendar as *Tekuphah*, which signifies 'revolutions of the months.' Landau, in his Rabbinical Dictionary of 1824, art. *Tekuphah*, quotes Fischer as stating it to be a belief among the Jews that on certain months, four times in the year, drops of blood fall on articles of food, whether covered or not; and that the only means of preventing this is the placing a piece of iron on the dish containing it. Aben Esra treats the belief as a mere superstition, founded on no authority in the Rabbinical books. If such a superstition, however, even lingers to the present day, we can easily imagine how influential its operation may have been in inviting persecution during the Middle Ages.

Tradition takes us also to the East, and connects this bloodlike appearance with that of the bloody rains, and with the Mohammedan belief that man was produced from blood that fell from heaven.

### THE IDIOT GIRL.

PIERRE LE ROUX's humble habitation was situated on the banks of the Meuse, just where it winds its way through a chasm in the chain of the Ardennes, between tall cliffs composed chiefly of slate, and crowned with forests of dark and gloomy pine. It was a lonely spot, yet had many charms for its inmates, some of whom had never known any other home.

Pierre had been a soldier of the Empire, and was still a young man when his military career was unexpectedly closed by the fall of Napoleon, whom, like most of his companions in arms, he regarded with unbounded veneration. For a while Pierre led an unsettled roving life; but when a few years were past, he married a village girl of that neighbourhood, and fixed himself, as he imagined, for life upon a small farm near the picturesque town of Fermay. Adèle was a guileless, merry-hearted girl, and withal a thrifty manager, so that Pierre had no cause to repent his choice; and never was there a happier countenance than his when, at the close of a long day's toil, he seated himself by the side of the blazing log which glowed upon his hearth, and saw his wife and children gathered around him. During these twilight hours Adèle's hand was ever busy with her distaff, while she listened to her Goodman's tales of glory, which he would recite with his snuff-box in hand, modelled after the *Petit Caporal's* cocked-hat, and upon which he usually bestowed an emphatic tap at the most striking parts of his story.

For a time all prospered with Pierre and Adèle. Their crops were good; their children handsome, healthy, and dutiful; and their later years had been blessed with the gift of a lovely boy, much younger than any of his ten brothers and sisters, of whom, as well as of his parents, he was the plaything and the darling. At the evening fireside the little André used to climb up on his father's knee, and listen with such glee to his recital of perilous adventures and daring exploits, that the father would sometimes clap him on the shoulder, saying, with a smile, 'Ah, *petit coquin*! my life on it, thou, too, wilt be a soldier. Yes, thou shalt fight for France—*La belle France!* *Vive la France!*'—and the boy's eyes sparkled with pleasure on hearing his father's words, although their meaning could be but dimly apprehended by his infant ears.

On these occasions Adèle was wont to shake her head gravely, and say, 'No, no, my child; thou shalt cultivate the soil like thy father, and stay at home and take care of us in our old days;' to which her husband would quickly rejoin, 'Thou dost forget, *ma petite femme*, that I was a soldier first.' And so the discussion ended.

Pierre and Adèle had no near neighbours except a fisherman's family, whose circumstances were poorer than their own, and to whom they were sometimes able to lend a kindly and a helpful hand. Among Louis

Bochart's children was one named Annette, whose intellect had during her early infancy been weakened by a violent attack of fever, which also affected her faculty of hearing as well as of speech, so that it was not without difficulty that she contrived to maintain any sort of communication with her fellow-creatures. Annette's countenance was but too plainly marked with the stamp of idiocy; yet it bore a shade of melancholy which left the beholder doubtful how far the inward stream of thought might be flowing on, while its outward manifestation had been checked and destroyed. Her large dark eyes, wandering and restless though they were, bore an expression of gentleness and love which called forth the kindly sympathies of those who knew her; and through her docile obedience, she contrived to lighten her mother's daily burthen by doing many little offices in the household; for Annette was the only daughter among a family of many sons. She delighted also in soothing those who were in trouble, and seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of the approach of sorrow or of evil to those she loved; so that before any other eye could detect a rising cloud upon the brow of one who was dear to her, Annette would be seated on a low stool at their side, and by a silent kiss imprinted on their hand, would give assurance of her sympathy and love. Annette was a great favourite at Le Roux's farmhouse, and often of an evening would she glide into the kitchen just as they were assembled round the hearth, and take her seat near the old soldier, or rather near André, by whom she was so fondly beloved, that the little fellow, on observing her entrance, would slide off his father's knee, and climbing up to Annette's lap, would gently lay his little head on her bosom. It was an affecting sight at such moments to behold the idiot girl, heedless of the stirring tales which seemed to interest all others save herself, while her vacant eyes were lighted up with affection as they rested upon her little favourite André.

Thus passed on many days of peaceful yet busy life at the farmhouse of La Mettraye; but at length its tranquil course became troubled by one of those waves of sorrow which roll over the stillest surface of human life.

One evening Pierre came in, looking ruffled, and out of humour. Adèle, unused to see her Goodman return home in this sort of mood, inquired of him what was the matter.

'Matter enough to vex all the saints in heaven,' replied he gloomily. 'Some villains have robbed me, on my way home from market, of half the produce of my harvest; and though there were four of them, they were all so well disguised, that I could not get one look at their faces; so there is no chance of getting back a single sou of my property. But where is André?—let him come and cheer up his old father.'

'André! André!' cried out Adèle from the door of her dwelling; 'come in directly. It is too late for you to be rooting about the garden: your father wants you.' But no bounding footsteps were heard upon the pathway; no childish voice responded to her call. The elder brothers hastened to seek for their little darling; but nowhere was he to be found.

'He must be gone to neighbour Bochart's,' said the father: 'you will be sure to find him on Annette's lap.'

'Yes, doubtless,' replied Adèle, whose motherly tenderness gave wings to her feet, albeit her step was no longer so elastic as it had been at the time of her marriage twenty years before. Quickly had she crossed the strip of vineyard which lay between her home and the cottage, and darting through the door, cried out, 'André!—where is André?'

'We have not seen the child to-day,' replied at the same moment Bochart and his wife.

'Not seen him!' cried out Adèle, turning pale, and trembling from head to foot.

'No, indeed, neighbour, we have not.'

'Has Annette seen him?'

The idiot girl, on hearing this question, and seeing Adèle's emotion, started up from the corner where she









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mento of their deceased comrade. As mourning for him, the members of his corps put a small cockade on their brimless caps. And here having buried our student, we will leave him to rest in peace.

### THE RAILWAYS.

VARIOUS inquiries have lately been put to us respecting property in railways, and it seems as if we were expected to afford counsel in matters of purchase and transfer which are out of our ordinary course of investigation. Any man, however, who reads, and keeps his eye on the columns of a newspaper, may be able to speak pretty distinctly on the present aspects of the railway interest. Our advice, summed up almost in a word, would be to all and sundry—'Do not venture a shilling on shares until the whole financial affairs of railways stand revealed to the country by the expositions of a public auditor.' Not that all railway managements have been marked by dishonourable acts; but the system, as a system, has been so exceedingly bad, that the public in the meanwhile would do well to pause before giving credit even to those statements which have the external appearance of integrity.

How humiliating to the character of the English the whole details connected with the projection and general management of railways during the last six or eight years! Rascality—a softer word cannot be employed—has been exemplified everywhere: in the conduct of the original projectors; in that of the purchasers of shares, who bought only to cheat; in the manoeuvres of engineers and directors; and not less, though more covertly, in the pitiful rapacity of the landed gentry, in requiring to have their opposition to the running of lines through their property—often a mere sham opposition—bought up. But the tricks or follies of directories have been more conspicuously active in ruining public confidence. We need not allude to the vulgar practice of 'gingering the lines'—imparting to the stock a bright upward tendency by some mean device in the share-market. The deceptions, or, as it may be, the stupidities, which have brought unmistakable damage upon finances otherwise sound, have been the leasing of bad lines by good ones, and the jobberies therewith connected. By this ingenious process of ruination, it has happened that it is better to have shares in a bad or non-paying line, than in one which, left to itself, would yield a handsome profit. The dead have by this means been yoked to the living: all the profits of a sound traffic are absorbed in paying a heavy interest on a lease which yields next to nothing. Yet there are things worse than this. A great company pretends to be on terms of arrangement for leasing a small line; the agreement is made; up go the shares of the small line—a vast number of them being held by the directors of the great line—and then, lo and behold, parliament refuse their sanction to the agreement—before which catastrophe the knowing ones have sold out, and hundreds of well-meaning people, who did not see behind the scenes, are left in the lurch with stock which was to have been guaranteed seven or eight per cent., but which is not guaranteed at all, and not saleable unless at an enormous loss! 'Again,' to adopt the language of a sharebroker's circular, 'a great company leases and purchases another line, the act of parliament is obtained, and all the provisions confirmed by both parties to the agreement. On an investigation, however, into the affairs of the leasing company, it is discovered that the resolution approving of the bill, though promulgated by the newspapers in the usual way, had been, by the carelessness of an official, omitted altogether from the minute-book of the corporation; and as this minute-book is held to be the true "legal evidence" of all the company's acts and deeds, the omission is made the basis of a recommendation to the shareholders to postpone for a period of six years the implement of their solemn obligation; and the sequel of this head in the Report, reminding one of the fable of the fox and the crane, contains a very significant warning to the opposite company, and failing their cheerful acceptance of this

offer, the validity of the entire contract will be questioned at law.' Can one read of such things without feeling ashamed of his country?

The end of all this, as a matter of course, has been the loss of public confidence in railway management, much individual suffering, and a depreciation of stock in many instances below what may ultimately prove to be its actual worth. Nor is this depreciation due exclusively to the deceptions we have noticed. In too many cases, with a view to keep up stock in the market, dividends have been paid out of capital instead of profits; that is to say, annual dividends on shares have been paid partly out of money got by fresh calls or by borrowing. Think of interest to shareholders being paid out of borrowed cash—cash procured on debenture to keep the concern afloat! In regard to one company, we perceive that in consequence of the cessation of this practice no interest at all is to be paid for some time, till profits work up the improperly-abstracted money. In railway jargon, this is called 'opening a suspense account.' In glancing over any list of dividends, it will be observed that, from one cause or other, they are, generally speaking, very much down. The rate per cent. of Great Western stock is down from 7 to 4; that of the London and South-Western from 6 to 3½; that of the Midland from 6 to 3; and that of the York and North Midland has sunk from 6 to nothing!

Passing over what may be termed the unpardonable vices of the English railway system, we arrive at another source of error. The country not only attempted to do too much within a limited space, but did that much on a monstrously-extravagant scale. All the railways have been executed in a style of splendour, and at a rate of outlay, most imprudent in the circumstances; and, after all, the country is not yet properly intersected with railways. The lines are for the most part huddled up in clusters at no great distance from each other, while large districts are left without any at all. How much more reasonable and remunerative would it have been to extend, in the very first instance, at least one railway the whole length of Great Britain, with certain main diverging lines into quarters commanding a considerable thoroughfare! How many instances are there of millions being squandered on double lines when single lines would have answered all the purpose—on making dead levels when moderate gradients would not have been objectionable! Look at the palatial grandeur of the Fuston Square station: doubtless a fine thing, but useless as regards the facilitation of transit. Railways first, and Doric columns afterwards. Our friends in America have wisely eschewed these indiscretions. According to late accounts, there were already lines of railway upwards of twelve hundred miles long in the United States. These lines were single; the gradients and curves were less delicate than with us; the station-houses were generally plain wooden erections; the bridges were also of timber; and the rate of transit was seldom above fifteen or twenty miles an hour. There is a sort of common sense in this. The doctrine in America is, first give us a single line betwixt places at a great distance from each other, and then improve upon things afterwards, as we are able to afford it. We honour the Americans for their discretion. By adopting a directly contrary policy, we have thrown our financial system into disorder, paralysed trade, and ruined the happiness of thousands of families.

Surely, out of the stupendous blunders with which we are nationally chargeable some good will come! We may be instructed what errors to avoid—what more rational course we should follow. Railways are the highest achievement of science in the way of locomotion; and it is to be deplored that so grand a revelation should have been disgraced and degraded by moral infirmity. To develop and give fair-play to the whole structure, financial and mechanical, there must be instituted at the earliest opportunity a thorough process of public inspection and check. This will restore general confidence, and render railways a subject of regular and unequivocal investment. Robbed of all disguise and uncertainty, people will purchase shares in railways with as much deliberation and security as they would buy any



mits they are, disgusted with the ways of the world, and particularly with that way which leads to the breeches pocket under the guidance of the law. Yet another class, and the list closes, which might be swelled to an almost indefinite length: the plausible and adventurous, who recognise Pistol's oyster in the world, but open and eat it rather by persuasion than force; smiles and subtlety their favourite weapons. To this number belong the specious tribe who are mysteriously familiar with high personages—whose interest is great at the Treasury, the Horse-Guards, and the India-House—who earn 'a thousand thanks' from advertising-victims in the 'Times,' dispose of commissions 'under the rose,' and sell cadetships in a corner—with a pleasant vista before them, and an edifice not unlike the Queen's Bench in the distance. And, bolder still in the practice of victimising, are hidden in nameless tenements, in roads yet unnamed, some who go down to the great waters of London, and live upon the chances of the day at the expense of the unwary tradesman, the credulous hotel-keeper, the too-confiding casual acquaintance; their prospect being even more extensive than that of the merely specious, and reaching across the ocean to the far-off shores of Australia.

In a word—from the gentleman of the swell mob, who wears false curls pinned into his hat, and who, for obvious reasons, lives everywhere but in a *cul-de-sac*, to the man of first-rate position, whose respectability is guaranteed by his shining bald head and portly figure, and whose loud-voiced discourse all the day is of how he lives, and where he lives; between these extremes, and compassing within them every grade of society—for there is a numerous population of the very lowest occupying a large section—the district of Portland Town, St John's Wood, is peopled. But besides the general character of the suburb, there are one or two features which are special to it: Lords' Cricket-Ground is one, and Frank Redmond's Swiss Tavern is another. The former is known to every cricket-player in the kingdom; the latter to every pigeon-fancier, or sportsman, of whatever denomination.

When the Duchess de Berry was at Dieppe one summer—now many years since—the English residents there gave her royal highness a *fête*, the chief attraction of which was a cricket-match à l'Anglaise. The duchess enjoyed the refreshments prepared in the principal marquise, where she was stationed to view the game; but the game itself was beyond her comprehension or that of any of her suite; and just as it was almost over, she sent an aide-de-camp to ask 'at messieurs' when it was their intention to begin. 'Car, vous dire la vérité,' said the envoy; 'son altesse royale commence horriblement à s'ennuyer.' We cannot tell what a foreigner's notion of the sport may be, even at 'Lords'; but for ourselves, there are few sights more exhilarating than a match on that level sward—say between 'the gentlemen' and 'the players,' or 'the married' and 'the single,' or 'Kent' against 'all England'—with the turf in good order, the sun not too bright, a light breeze blowing from the west, and the vast enclosure lined on three sides by hundreds—sometimes thousands—of eager spectators, watching with intense interest every phase of the game, and giving expression to the most uproarious applause at every good hit or fatally-delivered ball. The advantage which cricket possesses over the generality of games is, that it suffices for itself. There are as many chances attendant upon the result of a cricket-match as upon a horse-race or a game at billiards; but that which is a necessary adjunct to every other description of sport is almost entirely wanting here. Some few bets there may be amongst the clubmen and a few others; but no 'ring' is formed for the purpose; the 'odds' are not in everybody's mouth; and the issue is not watched with the same feverish anxiety that attends a contest where men's opinions are backed by heavy sums. The quickness, the intelligence, the activity of the players, form the principal objects of attraction; and the man who makes a good hit, a clever stop,

a bold catch, or who delivers a fatal ball, is as loudly applauded by the spectators as were the knights in the olden tournaments, without any reference to party considerations. Success, then, to cricket everywhere, and more especially at Lords', the head-quarters of the game!

To those who delight in 'the pomp and circumstance' of mimic war, the barracks in St John's Wood, with its well-appointed battalion of Guards, offer a perpetual source of amusement; while the presence of the troops, as they defile daily through the principal thoroughfares on their way to mount guard at St James's, to the sound of martial music, adds greatly to the liveliness of the locality. Very pleasant also is it when the summer's evening draws in, and the roar and tumult of London are only indicated by a sound that resembles the murmuring of the far-off sea, to hear the clear notes of the military bugles awaking the echoes with their long-drawn melancholy strains, or to listen to the last cadence of the loyal air, which, uniting his heavenly and his earthly ruler in the same prayer, reminds the true soldier of his duty to both. When that sound has ceased, all is silent for the night; but as soon as morning begins to dawn, a countless host of birds of song render the district once more worthy of its name; and the early riser, fresh with the hope of another day, recalls with pleasure the hour when he first became a denizen of St John's Wood.

#### A PIECE OF LEGAL ADVICE.

RENNES, the ancient capital of Brittany, is a famous place for law. People come there from the extremities of the country to get information and ask advice. To visit Rennes without getting advice appears impossible to a Breton. This was true at the latter end of the last century, just as it is at present, and especially among the country-people, who are a timid and cautious race.

Now it happened one day that a farmer named Bernard, having come to Rennes on business, bethought himself that as he had a few hours to spare, it would be well to employ them in getting the advice of a good lawyer. He had often heard of Monsieur Potier de la Germondaie, who was in such high repute, that people believed a lawsuit gained when he undertook their cause. The countryman inquired for his address, and proceeded to his house in Rue St Georges. The clients were numerous, and Bernard had to wait some time. At length his turn arrived, and he was introduced. M. Potier de la Germondaie signed to him to be seated, then taking off his spectacles, and placing them on his desk, he requested to know his business.

'Why, Mr Lawyer,' said the farmer, twirling his hat, 'I have heard so much about you, that, as I have come to Rennes, I wish to take the opportunity of consulting you.'

'I thank you for your confidence, my friend: you wish to bring an action, perhaps?'

'An action! oh, I hold that in abhorrence! Never has Pierre Bernard had a word with any one.'

'Then is it a settlement—a division of property?'

'Excuse me, Mr Lawyer; my family and I have never made a division, seeing that we all draw from the same well, as they say.'

'Well, is it to negotiate a purchase or a sale?'

'Oh, no; I am neither rich enough to purchase, nor poor enough to sell!'

'Will you tell me, then, what you do want of me?' said the lawyer in surprise.

'Why, I have already told you, Mr Lawyer,' replied Bernard. 'I want your advice—for payment of course, as I am well able to give it to you, and I don't wish to lose this opportunity.'

M. Potier took a pen and paper, and asked the countryman his name.

'Pierre Bernard,' replied the latter, quite happy that he was at length understood.

'Your age?'

















Fitzhugh by her first marriage; and his name, consequently, was Mordaunt, not Everett. His mother had survived her second marriage barely six months. Everett, calculating doubtless upon the great pecuniary advantages which would be likely to result to himself as the reputed father of the heir to a splendid English estate, should the quarrel with Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh—as he nothing doubted—be ultimately made up, had brought his deceased wife's infant son up as his own. This was the secret of Edwards and his wife; and to purchase their silence, Captain Everett had agreed to give the bond for an annuity which Mr Sharpe was to draw up. The story of the legacy was a mere pretence. When Edwards was in Yorkshire before, Everett pacified him for the time with a sum of money, and a promise to do more for him as soon as his reputed son came into the property. He then hurried the *ex-dévant* sergeant back to London: and at the last interview he had with him, gave him a note addressed to a person living in one of the streets—I forget which—leading out of the Haymarket, together with a five-pound note, which he was to pay the person to whom the letter was addressed for some very rare and valuable powder, which the captain wanted for scientific purposes, and which Edwards was to forward by coach to Woodlands Manor-House. Edwards obeyed his instructions, and delivered the message to the queer bushy-bearded foreigner to whom it was addressed, who told him that, if he brought him the sum of money mentioned in the note on the following day, he should have the article required. He also bade him bring a well-stoppered bottle to put it in. As the bottle was to be sent by coach, Edwards purchased a tin flask, as affording a better security against breakage; and having obtained the powder, packed it nicely up, and told his niece, who was staying with him at the time, to direct it, as he was in a hurry to go out, to Squire Everett, Woodlands Manor-House, Yorkshire, and then take it to the booking-office. He thought, of course, though he said *Squire* in a jocular way, that she would have directed it *Captain* Everett, as she knew him well; but it seemed she had not. Edwards had returned to Yorkshire only two days since, to get his annuity settled, and fortunately was present in court at the trial of Frederick Mordaunt, *alias* Everett, and at once recognised the tin flask as the one he had purchased and forwarded to Woodlands, where it must in due course have arrived on the day stated by the butler. Terrified and bewildered at the consequences of what he had done, or helped to do, Edwards hastened to Mr Sharpe, who, by dint of exhortations, threats, and promises, judiciously blended, induced him to make a clean breast of it.

As much astounded as elated by this unlooked-for information, it was some minutes before I could sufficiently concentrate my thoughts upon the proper course to be pursued. I was not, however, long in deciding. Leaving Mr Sharpe to draw up an affidavit of the facts disclosed by Edwards, and to take especial care of that worthy, I hastened off to the jail, in order to obtain a thorough elucidation of all the mysteries connected with the affair before I waited upon Mr Justice Grose.

The revulsion of feeling in the prisoner's mind when he learned that the man for whom he had so recklessly sacrificed himself was not only *not* his father, but a cold-blooded villain, who, according to the testimony of Sergeant Edwards, had embittered, perhaps shortened, his mother's last hours, was immediate and excessive. 'I should have taken Lucy's advice!' he bitterly exclaimed, as he strode to and fro his cell; 'have told the truth at all hazards, and have left the rest to God.' His explanation of the incidents that had so puzzled us all was as simple as satisfactory. He had always, from his earliest days, stood much in awe of his father, who in the, to young Mordaunt, sacred character of parent, exercised an irresistible control over him; and when the butler entered the library, he believed for an instant it was his father who had surprised him in the act of reading his correspondence; an act which, however un-

intentional, would, he knew, excite Captain Everett's fiercest wrath. Hence arose the dismay and confusion which the butler had described. He resealed the parcel, and placed it in his reputed father's dressing-room; and thought little more of the matter, till, on entering his aunt's bedroom on the first evening of her illness, he beheld Everett pour a small portion of white powder from the tin flask into the bottle containing his aunt's medicine. The terrible truth at once flashed upon him. A fierce altercation immediately ensued in the father's dressing-room, whither Frederick followed him. Everett persisted that the powder was a celebrated Eastern medicament, which would save, if anything could, his aunt's life. The young man was not of course deceived by this shallow falsehood, and from that moment administered the medicine to the patient with his own hands, and kept the bottles which contained it locked up in his cabinet. 'Fool that I was!' he exclaimed in conclusion, 'to trust to such a paltry precaution to defeat that accomplished master of wile and fraud! On the very morning of my aunt's death, I surprised him shutting and locking one of my cabinet drawers. So dumbfounded was I with horror and dismay at the sight, that he left the room by a side-door without observing me. You have now the key to my conduct. I loathed to look upon the murderer; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than attempt to save my own life by the sacrifice of a father's—how guilty soever he might be.'

Furnished with this explanation, and the affidavit of Edwards, I waited upon the judge, and obtained not only a respite for the prisoner, but a warrant for the arrest of Captain Everett.

It was a busy evening. Edwards was despatched to London in the friendly custody of an intelligent officer, to secure the person of the foreign-looking vendor of subtle poisons; and Mr Sharpe, with two constables, set off in a postchaise for Woodlands Manor-House. It was late when they arrived there, and the servants informed them that Captain Everett had already retired. They of course insisted upon seeing him; and he presently appeared, wrapped in a dressing-gown, and haughtily demanded their business with him at such an hour. The answer smote him as with a thunderbolt, and he staggered backwards, till arrested by the wall of the apartment, and then sank feebly, nervelessly, into a chair. Eagerly, after a pause, he questioned the intruders upon the nature of the evidence against him. Mr Sharpe briefly replied that Edwards was in custody, and had revealed everything.

'Is it indeed so?' rejoined Everett, seeming to derive resolution and fortitude from the very extremity of despair. 'Then the game is unquestionably lost. It was, however, boldly and skillfully played, and I am not a man to whimper over a fatal turn of the dice. In a few minutes, gentlemen,' he added, 'I shall have changed my dress, and be ready to accompany you.'

'We cannot lose sight of you for an instant,' replied Mr Sharpe. 'One of the officers must accompany you.'

'Be it so: I shall not detain either him or you long.'

Captain Everett, followed by the officer, passed into his dressing-room. He pulled off his gown; and pointing to a coat suspended on a peg at the further extremity of the apartment, requested the constable to reach it for him. The man hastened to comply with his wish. Swiftly, Everett opened a dressing-case which stood on a table near him: the officer heard the sharp clicking of a pistol-lock, and turned swiftly round. Too late! A loud report rang through the house; the room was filled with smoke; and the wretched assassin and suicide lay extended on the floor a mangled corpse!

It would be useless to minutely recapitulate the final winding-up of this eventful drama. Suffice it to record, that the previously-recited facts were judicially established, and that Mr Frederick Mordaunt was, after a slight delay, restored to freedom and a splendid position in society. After the lapse of a decent interval, he espoused Lucy Carrington. The union proved, I believe,

















of vulgarising the place. There is no house-room, and no food, and happily no drink, for one-third of the unbidden guests; and they locate themselves, gipsy fashion, in the surrounding woods and glens, and, wrapped in their plaids and cloaks, pass the night under the trees.

The passage between Cumbræ and Brodick is frequently rough and unpleasant, a heavy sea running in the wide channel; but all inconveniences are forgotten as you approach the beautiful bay, with Goatfell for its gigantic watch-tower. It is probable that at some antehistoric epoch the sea penetrated to the base of the mountains; but there is now much cultivated land, which finely contrasts with the barren grandeur of the background. A residence of the Hamilton family, which has recently been enlarged and improved, is superbly situated on the rising ground to the right; and in front, and to the left, but concealed from view, is the little row of cottages forming the village of Brodick, in most of which a bed is fitted up for the accommodation of visitors who cannot find room in the inn. On the other side of the bay, called Invercloy, there are a few more comfortable houses for letting to summer visitors.

On a fine clear autumn morning, after enjoying a delightful bath in the pleasant waters of the bay, and despatching a breakfast of somewhat alarming magnitude, we prepared for the ascent of Goatfell. Striking up the road which leads behind the inn of Brodick, and passing through a wood, we soon found ourselves, as it were, in the presence-chamber of the monarch of the island. One feels as if he were now alone in the presence of Goatfell; for the village is lost to view, and the wood half encircles the gradually-ascending ground which leads to the base of the mountain. Even the tyro in geology has here an opportunity of observing phenomena of great interest, and on a scale of such magnitude as makes observation easy, and the impression distinct and lasting. The ground we were now treading might appear to an inexperienced eye as forming the lower part of the mighty mass of Goatfell; but in reality it is not so: it belongs to formations altogether different, and which, strange to say, are older than Goatfell itself.

Nearest the wood the Old Red Sandstone forms the surface strata; and higher up, the slate, which underlies the sandstone, rises above it, and comes into immediate contact with the mass of granite of which Goatfell is composed. These phenomena may be best observed in the bed of the torrent which descends the hill, and which we were led to examine at the recommendation of Mr Ramsay in his excellent Guide-Book, which we had in our hands. Strictly speaking, therefore, we do not begin to ascend Goatfell till we reach the granite formation, which is first observed in the neighbourhood of a small mill-dam at the base of the cone. Several points of contact between the granite and slate may here be noticed; and though we should probably never have discovered them but for Mr Ramsay's directions, we cannot describe the intense delight with which, after diligent search, we gazed on these beautiful phenomena. One of them, and the most easy of discovery, occurs on the west side of the torrent or stream alluded to, and a few yards below the wall of the milldam. A vein of granite, not unlike a stripe of yellow paint, is seen traversing the slate, and may be traced more or less distinctly for several yards. The granite, of course, when it penetrated the slate, must have been in a state of fusion, and the intense heat caused those contortions in the stratified rock which are still plainly visible. Phenomena of the same kind appear a little to the left of the dam, near the top of the descent into Glen Rosa; veins of granite being there also seen crossing some slate rocks, which appear at short intervals peeping above the soil. Considerably farther down the descent into Glen Rosa, a large rock may be observed, which appears partly composed of slate and partly of granite. Geologists hold, we believe unanimously, that the granitic range,

of which Goatfell is a prominent feature, emerged from the abyss long subsequent to the deposition of the stratified formations, such as sandstone and slate. These strata recline against the body of the mountain, just in the position they would have assumed had it protruded itself through while they were yet lying horizontally. Another strong proof of the comparatively recent origin of Goatfell is to be found in the fact, that while at the present day the sand of the seashore is in great measure composed of particles of granite, and while the whole district is impregnated with such particles, no semblance of granite is to be found in those puddingstones or conglomerates which abound throughout what is now the granitic region. The irresistible conclusion is, that when these conglomerates were formed, the granite still lay in the depths of the globe.

It may be imagined that with such objects of interest, which, so far as personal observation went, were absolutely new to us, our progress up the mountain was none of the most expeditious; and we observed several parties whose single object was to perform the feat of making the ascent, keeping far to the right of our favourite milldam, as being the more direct road up the mountain. We now began to skirt its base, in order to gain the right shoulder, and to follow the usual track. The weather was splendid; a magnificent view was to reward our toil; there were parties in advance of us, and some in the rear: we were to be in the midst of a crowd on the top of Goatfell. The thought disturbed the harmony and the repose of our ideas; but after all, man is a social animal, and we reconciled ourselves to intercourse with our kind. Near the top the ascent becomes steep and rugged: you leap from one mass of rock to another; you gasp for breath; and although, perchance, a teetotaler on the earth, you suspect the orthodoxy of the doctrine at the height of 3000 feet. A gentleman whom you have never before seen fortunately carries a flask; he obligingly offers you a sip; you taste, and are invigorated. The effect proves evanescent, but the summit is near. One effort more: you succeed; but instead of standing on the top of Goatfell to enjoy the glorious prospect, you lay yourself flat on your back. But the view from the summit amply compensates for any trifling fatigue. On one side stand the neighbouring mountains, with their rugged and precipitous sides, inspiring a feeling of awe; while, by simply turning round, this emotion is dispelled, and a scene of beauty, such as probably you have never before seen, is spread out beneath you. Much of course depends on the weather; but as we saw it, the magnificent Firth of Clyde was reposing in glassy stillness under a bright and cloudless sky, and the islands resting on its bosom we could have fancied the abodes of the blessed. Beyond the firth the eye may be carried to the broad Atlantic; but we could only distinguish in that direction a range of hills belonging to the Western Islands.

The descent of Goatfell, though accomplished in a short time, requires some little dexterity. We saw a gentleman who, in the dread of being left behind by the steamer, descended with such headlong speed, that if he had missed his footing, he would in all probability have been severely injured, if not killed outright. At an ordinary speed there is no danger whatever.

When we regained the base of the mountain, instead of returning by the morning's route, we turned to the right, and descended into Glen Rosa. We traced with much interest the slate and the granite, and would no doubt have made many original discoveries, if Mr Ramsay had not unluckily been before us. We take our revenge by stating boldly that we did not always succeed in discovering the geological phenomena mentioned by him. We searched a wood, for instance, for upwards of an hour in quest of an old quarry, but without finding it, though we afterwards discovered the appearance we were in search of in one of the stones forming the enclosure of the wood. Glen Rosa is a beautiful valley, lonely and peaceful enough to make





quarrying was the New Red Sandstone, and the blocks were lying ready for shipment. The appearance of two travellers in this solitary place was probably so unusual, that one of the men, addressing us, expressed very civilly his concern that we had not known that there was a good road to Loch Ranza across the country, 'by taking which we should have avoided all the difficulties of the shore.' We could hardly persuade him that, with the knowledge of both routes, we had given the shore a preference. We speedily reached what is called the Cock of Arran, a large rock on the shore, and which is seen at a considerable distance at sea. Passing it, we began to encounter the roughest part of our journey. We had reached the Scriden, a repetition of the Fallen Rocks, but on a far more extensive scale. The entire side of the hill seems to have been broken up, and certainly the masses of rock, which strew the whole shore and the slope of the hill, form a scene of most admired confusion. We were told that, except at low-water, we could not pass the Scriden unless by partly ascending the hill. By the aid of a little ingenuity, however, and some friendly sheep-tracks, we managed to thread our way through the mazes of rock, till we emerged again on the open shore. The evening was now drawing on, and being both tired and hungry, we made the best of our way to our journey's end. At about two miles beyond the Scriden we began to round Newton Point, and to our great satisfaction came at length in sight of the sweet and quiet Loch Ranza. It seems probable, in respect of Loch Ranza, as well as of Brodick Bay, that the sea at some remote period penetrated to the base of the mountains. It is now displaced to a great extent by alluvial soil, the process of whose formation does not yet seem complete. A stream from the mountains pursues a serpentine course through the vale, which is terminated by an old castle standing on the beach, and overlooking the calm waters of the loch. Besides the inn, there is a church, in which, however, service is but seldom performed; and a few cottages, the wants of whose inhabitants are probably bounded by their native hills. The hill forming the background of Loch Ranza is famous among geologists as affording an example of the junction of granite and slate.

Immediately after our arrival, the rain began to descend in torrents; and we were kept prisoners in the inn for the greater part of the following day, and were at last obliged to forego our intention of proceeding down the west coast. We therefore returned to Brodick by the high road, remarking, in passing, some magnificent specimens of conglomerate before reaching North Sannox.

Next day, the weather having cleared up, we proceeded to Lamlash, determined to make up for our disappointment; and taking there the high road leading in a westerly direction, we walked to Burrican Farm, nearly six miles distant; and thence striking direct across the open country, we steered for Black-water Foot, on the south-west of the island. Having arrived without adventure, we set off for Drummedoon Point, a promontory about a mile north of the Black-water. Drummedoon is of basaltic formation, the rocks imperfectly columnar, and presenting from the sea a picturesque appearance; although, from our position being immediately under the cliffs, the effect was no doubt lessened. Proceeding northward along the shore, we soon reached the celebrated caves, the largest of which, called King's Cove, has a legendary history reaching back to the time of Fingal, of whom, it seems, there are still sculptured traces on the walls. In later times, the cave is said to have occasionally sheltered Robert Bruce. We had no sooner entered it than a thunder-storm began to rage; and during the elemental conflict we remained in this abode of the heroes of the past. The caves in the neighbourhood were no doubt formed by the action of the sea on the sandstone during long ages; but the tide does not now reach them. The pitchstone veins are a few hundred yards

north of King's Cove. The stone is dark-green, and easily fractured; and the veins seem to rise from the sea, and to lose themselves in the neighbouring cliffs. A vein of pitchstone, more acceptable to the generality of tourists, may be seen crossing the old road between Lamlash and Brodick, not very far from its junction with the new. Having satisfied our curiosity, we found ourselves enveloped in a dense Arran mist, which means fog and thick drizzling rain combined. We now mounted King's Hill, and struck direct across the country for Shedog, whence we found our way back to Brodick.

This is no doubt a meagre account of what was in reality a very interesting tour; but it at least catalogues the chief points of interest presented by the island, and may be the means of directing to the scene some better-qualified pilgrims of nature. The peculiarity of the island, as we have hinted, is, that it combines within a comparatively trifling circle, and in an easily-accessible quarter, an example of each of the natural features, from the grandest to the loveliest, for which the scenery of Scotland is famous. Besides this, it presents, in a striking and intelligible form, an epitome of the physical history of the globe, and is thus an admirable practical school for the student of geology.

### THE DEAD.

'Still the same—no charm forgot—  
Nothing lost that time had given!'

FORGET not the dead who have loved, who have left us,  
Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above;  
But believe, never doubt, that the God who bereft us,  
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.  
Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish,  
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears;  
From our lips their dear names other joys should not perish,  
While time bears our feet through the valley of years.

Dear friends of our youth! can we cease to remember  
The last look of life and the low-whispered prayer?  
Oh, could be our hearts as the ice of December,  
When love's tablets record no remembrances there.  
Then forget not the dead, who are evermore nigh us,  
Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed;  
In the loneliest hour, in the crowd they are by us:  
Forget not the dead—oh, forget not the dead!

Boston, U. S. A.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

### THE BANKER'S PARLOUR.

In the morning the banker looks into his 'cash-book,' and observes the amount with which he 'locked up' the preceding night. He then looks at the 'diary,' which contains his receipts and payments for that day as far as he is then advised. He then opens the letters, and notices the remittances they contain, and the payments he is instructed to make. He will learn from these items whether he 'wants money,' or has 'money to spare.' If he wants money, he will 'take in' any loans that may be falling due that day; or he may 'call in' any loans he may have out on demand; or he may go farther, and borrow money for a few days on stock or exchequer bills. Should he have money to spare, he will, peradventure, discount brokers' bills, or lodge money on demand with the bill-brokers, or lend it for fixed periods on stock or exchequer bills. There are some bill-brokers who usually make their rounds every morning, first calling on the parties who supply them with bills, and then calling on the bankers who supply them with money. The stock-brokers, too, will call after 'the market is open,' to inform the banker how 'things are going' on the Stock Exchange, what operations are taking place, and whether money is abundant or scarce 'in the house;' also what rumours are afloat that are likely to affect the price of funds. It is thus that a banker regulates his investments, and finds employment for his surplus funds.—*Gilbert's Treatise on Banking.*

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to such as really draw advantage from their own experiences, it may yet be well to ask, Whence comes it that so little of the experience of the forefathers descends upon the children? How is it that, in the words of poet Tennyson—

'Others' follies teach us not,  
Nor much their wisdom teaches;  
But most, of sterling worth, is what  
Our own experience preaches?'

The present writer will not undertake to say definitively how it is, but, as a rude suggestion, submits that it may possibly lie here: All men being, as we say, original, a new course is inevitable to every man who is to succeed in adequately unfolding his true character. He cannot be an incarnate imitation, and therefore is continually impelled to experiment on his own account, and to try whatever possibilities may lie within himself, and thus, through action, speculation, and manifold successive modes of personal development, produce finally that realisation of humanity which exists already as an idea in his specific attributes. Thus it is that the best exemplars can really aid him little, and are of next to no avail, except in as far as they may guide him towards a more perfect understanding of his own personality, and by showing him what things have been hitherto achieved, and what are actually unattainable, lead him thereby to a clearer apprehension of what is possible to human nature. Any attempt to transfer the exact experience of another to his own consciousness must prove utterly abortive, and even if it were successful, would be to the prejudice of his individual integrity. He must in all cases take himself, as people entering into wedlock agree to take each other, 'for better for worse,' exactly as he is, and nowise hope to change his nature, otherwise than as he may be enabled to improve it by diligent and wholesome culture. So only can he attain to the dignity and blessedness of a right activity; so only successfully fulfil the special purpose for which he was called into existence.

Now the tendency we are here considering appears to foreshadow, for most part in deep unconsciousness, some fundamental necessity for relying upon the faculties and capabilities of the personal nature. A man's inherent disposition to slight the hard-bought experiences and conclusions of his predecessors, alike in action and in speculation, and to advance with headlong impetuosity to try whether he cannot really extract, out of a similar set of circumstances or contemplations, results somewhat more satisfactory and significant—such a disposition seems to indicate a certain natural requirement which cannot otherwise be answered. It cannot spring out of any obstinate inclination to close his eyes or his reason to the truth; for we find that, in some men at least, there is a readiness to profit by what is true, whenever it is sufficiently demonstrated by an actual experience of their own. It must belong to a deeper law—some inward requisition, some tyrannous demand of the constitution—for such a cultivation as is promoted by the *act of acquiring experience*. Not otherwise, surely, would men incessantly distrust the realised endeavours of their fellow-men; not otherwise would they tend continually to reproduce the very follies and shortcomings which others have already found to be inevitable, from such and such particular courses and experiments of conduct. It may be said, indeed, that the authenticated experiences of men are not theoretically distrusted by the generality, however much their practices may seem to overlook them: men will often recognise the perfect truth of the demonstration, and yet

shape their actions in total disregard of the principles whose validity they acknowledge. This, unhappily, cannot be disputed: but admitting this, we have yet to ascertain why any man should manifest an innate disinclination to accept the just conclusions which others have discovered, instead of straightway employing them to the advantage of his own affairs. Why should he not receive the conclusions which have been established as a foundation for himself, and build higher thereupon? Why must each man painfully construct, on a foundation of his own, some new fabric out of the old materials? It lies, doubtless, in the necessity which there is in every man for building. *All his serviceable knowledge is derived through his own activity*; his very failures and his follies are an apprenticeship to truth; he learns by them what no precepts could so effectually teach him—the generic unprofitableness and destructive tendencies of vice, the beauty and the majesty of virtue. But is there not, it may be asked, a danger of prolonging the apprenticeship? Undoubtedly there is; and yet it is commonly admitted that experience is, upon the whole, the most successful teacher, though apt to take considerable, and often enormous fees. Men, under most circumstances, do really learn something by experience, if by nothing else; or, if they fail to do so, they are not likely to acquire anything to greatly profit them under any other teaching. Anyway, it is incontestable that a certain culture of the character is derived through the process of acquiring experience. The effort 'to prove all things,' which a wise man enforced as a bounden and indispensable duty, does unquestionably enhance the vigour of the faculties, and qualifies them for the readier and more certain apprehension of the truth. The implicit admission of other men's conclusions tends, on the contrary, to foster a passive imbecility, and to detract from the proper growth and free expansion of our own essential powers. Every man is born to gather fruits for his own behoof from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and by the new discernment thus obtained, shape out the possibilities of his life. Neither by action nor by thought can any one supersede the need of thought or action in another. All the treasury of renowned experiences is insufficient to equip the unpractised character with the wisdom and requisite ability for the right accomplishment of his destiny here in time. By action and passion, by conquest and defeat, through the range of sufferance and endeavour, he must advance in his own strength—valiantly achieve the indispensable dominion over his own weaknesses and lusts, and rule the empire of his inclinations in the supremacy of his own might. The possessions or attainments of another, in whatsoever way appropriated, can nowise yield him such rich results as spontaneously accrue from an independent acquisition of his own. In this sense, more especially than any, a man must be the daring architect of his own fortunes. His own experience, whatever he has learnt, or is in the way of learning, as the outcome of his failures and successes, is the main thing which he has really to rely upon for the day that is passing over him, or for any day thereafter.

Of what advantage, then, are the accumulated experiences of the foregone generations, the heroic doings and endurances of faithful men, who have fallen dead in the conflict with evil and calamity? The advantage remains first of all with them; but also in a secondary, and still considerable degree, with us, and all survivors and successors. But the benefit is not derivable in the



Here, then, was a page in human life open before me: I tried to read it line by line, romancing where I could not read. Full opportunity I had, for they took no notice of me: they saw nothing in the world but their own two selves. Happy blindness! I believe much in physiognomy, so I amused myself with deciphering theirs. The girl's face was strikingly pretty. There was the high brow, showing little talent, but much sense; the candid, loving, and yet half-wicked dark eyes; the straight nose, and short curled upper lip; but there the face changed, as faces sometimes do, from beauty into positive ugliness. The lower lip was full—pouting—showing that it *could* look both sulky and sensual; and the chin retreated—in fact, positively 'ran away!' I said to myself, 'If the under half of the character matches the under half of the face, the young husband there will find a few more difficulties with the wife he has married than with the "lassie" he wooed.' So I turned to his countenance, and speculated thereon. It was decidedly handsome—Greek in its outline; in expression so sweet, as to be almost feeble: at least so I thought at first when he was smiling, as he ever did when he looked at her. But in a few minutes of silence I saw the mouth settle into firm horizontal lines, indicating that with its gentleness was united that resolute will and clear decision without which no man can be the worthy head of a household—respected, loved, and obeyed. For in all households *one* must rule; and we be to that family wherein its proper head is either a petty tyrant, or, through his own weakness, a dethroned and contemned slave!

Therefore, when I noticed the pretty, wilful ways, and sometimes half-silly remarks of the bride, I felt that this young, thoughtless creature might yet have cause to thank Heaven that she had married a man who knew to rule as well as to cherish her.

Until now, I had not speculated on their station or calling: it was enough for me that they belonged to the wide family of humanity. But as my musings wandered idly on into their future life, I took this also into consideration. Both had a certain grace and ease in mien and speech, though, through the wife's tones, I distinguished the vague drawl which infects most classes of Londoners. But the husband looked and spoke like a gentleman. I felt sure he was such, even though he might stand behind a counter. A third individual broke their tête-à-tête—a middle-aged Cockney, *père de famille*,—evidently some beach acquaintance made at Southend. His chance question produced an answer to my inward wondering.

'Oh,' said the bride, 'we could only stay at Southend a few days, because of my'— She paused a moment, and then changed the word *husband* into 'Mr Goodrich.' He cannot be longer away from business.'

The young bridegroom, then, was 'in business'—one of those worthy, labouring bees who furnish the community with honey. I thought how hard he must have toiled by counter or in shop to have gained so early in life a home and a wife. I respected him accordingly.

My 'interesting couple' began a lively chat with their new companion: at least the wife did. She put forth all her smiles, all that battery of fascination with which she had probably before her marriage won her spurs on the field of conquest, and been dubbed 'a most shocking flirt.' And in the shadow that gathered over the quiet husband's face, I saw the reflection of that which must often have bitterly troubled the peace of the still more retiring lover. True, the girl was doing nothing wrong—her new friend was old enough to have been her father, so no jealousy could be aroused; but still she was taking her attention and conversation from her husband to give it to a perfect stranger. She would not have done so had he been only her lover still. Alas! that women should take so much pains to win love, and so little to keep it!

Each minute the young husband spoke less, and his countenance grew darker. She only laughed, and chattered the more. Foolish—foolish one! There came on a heavy shower, and there was a rush below. 'Come with us to the further end; I will find a place for you,' kindly said the blithe young wife, turning back to the

little old maid. I thanked her, but declined. For the world, I would not have prevented the chance that, in the solitude of a crowd, some word or look might pass between husband and wife to take away his gloom. Yet when I left the cabin, I saw her sitting—bonnetless, and laughing with a childish gaiety—between her silent, grave husband and the disagreeable old man.

I went to my quiet place at the stern of the boat, and turned away so that I could see only the turbid river and the dull gray sky. It was as complete solitude as though I had been on Robinson Crusoe's raft in the midst of the Pacific. I pondered over life and its mysteries, as one does who is used to loneliness—who is accustomed to dwell, as it were, on a mountain top, seeing the world and its inhabitants move below like puppets in a show. And herein does fate half atone for ties riven, and ties never formed—that in such a life one learns to forget self; and all individual joys and griefs, loves and hatreds, are swallowed up in universal sympathies.

I pondered much on the two young creatures I had left below; and, woman-like, I thought chiefly of the woman. She seemed to me like a child toying with a precious jewel, little knowing what a fearful thing it is to throw away love, or to play lightly, mockingly, with those feelings on which must rest the joy or woe of two human souls for a lifetime. And passing from this individual case, I thought solemnly, almost painfully, of the strange mysteries of human life, which seem often to bestow the priceless boon of love where it is unvalued and cast away. Unconsciously I repeated the well-known words, 'To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away.' But my soul answered meekly, 'Only on earth, and life is not long—not long!'

And turning once more to the group of my fellow-voyagers, I saw the two in whom I took such an interest. They were standing together a little apart, leaning on the vessel's side. He was talking to her, not angrily, but gravely—earnestly. In the expression of his face I scarce recognised the man who had borne smilingly all her idle jests, sportive contradictions, and caprices an hour ago. She tried them again for a few minutes: but in vain. Then she hung her head, and pouted. Soon quick, wilful answers came. I heard them not; but I was sure of the fact from her flushed cheek and sparkling eye, as she disengaged her arm from his. Man's patience is never eternal, not even in the honeymoon; he spoke to her firmly, while his face darkened into positive anger, and then there was a sullen silence between them.

The time passed, and still they remained in the same position together; but oh what a sea of sullen anger was between them! Neither saw the other's face; but I saw both. He stood gazing up into the leaden clouds, his mouth firmly set, and yet twitching every now and then with suppressed feeling. Was it, perchance, the bitter disappointment, almost agony, of the man who has with pain and toil built for himself a household hearth, and finds it trodden into ruins by the very idol whom he hoped to place there for ever! A foolish girl! wishing to try your power, and keep the honoured husband a tyrannised lover still. Do you think what it is you do! When you suffer your own hands to tear down the fair adornments of idolatry with which his passion has decked you, and appear before him, not as an angelic ideal, but a selfish, sullen, or vain woman, little know you that it may take years of devotion to efface the bitterness produced by that one hour—the first when he sees you as you are!

The young husband glanced once only at his wife; but that was enough. The lower lip—that odious lower lip, which had at first awoke my doubts!—was the very image of weak, pouting sullenness. But its weakness was its safeguard against continued obstinacy; and I saw—though the husband did not see—that as she bent over the side, tear after tear dropped silently into the river. There was hope still!

She was leaning over the gangway door, a place scarce dangerous, save to the watchful anxiety of affection. However, the fact seemed to strike her husband; for he sud-



*palumbus* and *Ænas*, the latter having been found breeding in September in a very warm year. On many occasions partridges have been found breeding in August, so that their young were very small in September; but the weather on such occasions has always proved so fine, that they were easily bred, while during the very inclement June and July of 1845 thousands perished. The spring of the year 1846 is well worthy of attention. Hares and rabbits bore young remarkably early. The first *Motacilla alba* was seen as early as the 16th February, and redstarts on the 2d March; nay, the white storks and starlings wintered even in the northern parts of Germany. They were seen both at Wittenberg and at Wolkenberg. The crows, magpies, and partridges were observed pairing in January; and seeing the beautiful weather, every one expected a very early breeding season. This did not occur, however; for in the middle of April many crows, magpies, jackdaws, and other early nest-building birds, had either laid no eggs at all, or very few of them. They had, therefore, a presentiment of the bitter cold April which was to ensue, and showed how much more securely they had been directed by this than many of the inhabitants of the localities, who, having commenced the culture of their gardens and fields during the warm winter and early spring, sustained great damage by the subsequent cold.

But not only is it important to note the time of breeding, but the places wherein the eggs are deposited. Many of the waterfowl are so limited in their choice of situation, that they can make but little change; and the consequence is, that on the occurrence of great inundations, as that of June 1845, thousands of their eggs are destroyed. Other birds, however, have more choice in the selection of their nesting-places, and are guided much by their presentiments of the weather. Among these, in the author's vicinity at Renthendorf, he has observed the kingfisher and the plover. The first of these birds, in the spring-time, when the coming rains would render the deeper brooks too turbid for it to discern and catch the little fish for its young, frequents the clearer ponds much nearer the source. This was especially the case in 1816, 1817, and 1835, in which years large quantities of rain fell in May and June. As respects the plovers, they usually do not form their nests in the vicinity of Renthendorf, this lying too high and dry for their purposes. In April 1843, however, several pair fixed their residence on a farm situated on a hill; and the spring and summer of that year proved extremely wet. Again, in April 1845, the author was apprised that the same occurrence had taken place, and he at once prophesied a wet season; and so abundant did the floods prove, that, had the plovers' eggs been deposited in their usual places, they must all have been destroyed. The hilly places they had chosen proved, in such a season, sufficiently moist for their purposes. Similar conclusions may be drawn from the procedures of the landrails (*Crex pratensis*). If these birds, on their arrival, take up their abodes in or near large fens, then may we be certain a dry summer will follow; for then will the marshes become so much dried up, that the birds will be able to find dry and grassy places sufficient for their support and security. If neither a very wet nor very dry summer is impending, then they resort to meadows producing the *carax*, which, growing very high, answers all their purposes. But if, in the spring, they resort to neither such meadows nor to marshy districts, but repair to fields in which peas, clover, barley, &c. are grown, then may we be certain of a wet summer. A great variety of waterfowl frequent the large collections of water at Ahlsdorf near Herzberg; and if they remain there to breed, it is certain that the season will not prove a very dry one, so that the marshes will not be dried up. In other years, however, although these are still full of water, the whole of the birds quit the vicinity; and it is then always found that the summer proves a very dry one, and that the marshes become dried up. The celebrated Naumann relates a similar fact:—A gray goose had

bred in a large pond of water, and had succeeded in bringing up her young; when one night the whole family disappeared, and were found in a much smaller pond. The summer proved exceedingly hot, and the large pond which the goose (here certainly no goose) had quitted when full of water, became entirely dried up, whereas the one she had migrated to continued to retain its water. In the same manner Dr Brehm has remarked that when the sandmartin (*Hirundo riparia*) quits the banks she has been accustomed to for water surrounded with steeper banks, floods may be certainly reckoned upon.

The manner of breeding also furnishes its indications. Thus in the scarce years (expressively called in German 'hunger-years') 1816 and 1817, many of the insectivorous birds laid far fewer eggs than ordinary. In the nest of a *Muscicapa grisola* two eggs only were found; and the cold and rainy weather which followed would have prevented the nourishment of a greater number of young. Dr Brehm, in 1843, observed within a small space seven pair of tower-hawks, which kept together, and were very lively, but, with the exception of two pair, bred not. The nests of these two pair were observed. In the one the little ones died of hunger while quite young; the others were fed by their parents with the greatest difficulty for a longer period, but were at last found dead under the nest. It proved fortunate for the other five pair that they had not bred also; for so scarce did their food become in 1843, that even the old birds could hardly sustain their own lives. It was different in the spring of 1845, for then the whole of these hawks bred; for although there were enormous rains, yet as the temperature of the air was high, an abundance of insect food offered itself for the young; and founding his opinion upon the greater number breeding, Dr Brehm had foretold that the temperature of 1845 would prove far higher than that of 1843.

Finally, the migration of birds is of importance in the point of view we are now considering. It is evidently not the present want of food that impels them to flight—for that may exist in abundance when they leave us—but an instinctive apprehension of coming scarcity. The time of departure, however, undergoes great changes, the observation of which is important in prognosticating the weather. Is the autumnal flight insignificant?—that is, the number of birds quitting our shores less than usual, and these seeming in no haste to quit—we may be then certain that neither an early nor severe winter is in prospect; but if the contrary is the case—if the birds desert us soon, and take with them strangers who in other years do not accompany them—then cold weather is surely in store for us. This was seen remarkably in Germany in the years 1844 and 1845. In the autumn of the first of these years all Germany was overspread with such numbers of the different species of the nuthatch (*Nucifraga*), that the like had not been seen for half a century. Other birds, such as the *Lestris parasitica* and *Timosa meyeri*, had not been seen for thirty years. Somewhat later came the coloured jays, various species of the rush and wild-ducks, and other aquatic birds. The attentive ornithologist could only conclude from such a migration that a severe winter was at hand; and so it proved. Next year the case was altered. The nuthatch and jays appeared not to migrate; the starlings were still observed at Renthendorf at the end of November: these, as well as the white storks, frequenting the banks of the Elbe and the Mulde during all the winter. Under these circumstances, to have expected a cold winter would have been ridiculous; and none such came. The appearance of various individual birds quite early in 1848 would have led to the conclusion that a very early spring was at hand; but the arrest of their arrival in March, and their tardy nest-building, foretold the uncongenial weather that occurred in April. An unusual duration of the stay of northern birds in southern regions is always a very unwelcome sign, as portending a late spring. Thousands of the *Fringilla montifringilla* remained in Central Germany as





of their stores was never perceived by Athanasius or Pulcheria.

The old couple were fond of good living. They rose early, and had their coffee; then Athanasius strolled out about his grounds, and conversed with his steward, who, old fox that he was, knew well how to flatter his master into the belief that everything went on right. When Athanasius went in, he would say, 'Pulcheria Ivanovna, don't you think 'tis time to eat something?'

'I don't know what you can eat now, Athanasius Ivanovitch, except the little pork patties, or those seasoned with poppy seeds, or else a dish of salted mushrooms.'

'Let us have the mushrooms and the patties too, my heart.'

An hour before dinner, Athanasius usually drank a portion of brandy from an ancient silver cup, seasoning it with a few small dried fish. At noon they dined. Besides the dishes and sauce-boats, the table was usually covered with a number of little jars, hermetically sealed, in order that the aroma of their highly-seasoned contents might not escape. The conversation generally turned on the business of the hour.

'I think this flummery is a little burnt. What do you think of it, Pulcheria Ivanovna?'

'No, Athanasius Ivanovitch. Pour some more melted butter over it, and some mushroom sauce, and then you won't think it burnt.'

After dinner, the old man usually slept for an hour; afterwards his wife would bring in a cut water-melon, saying, 'Will you taste this beautiful melon, Athanasius Ivanovitch?'

'Ah, Pulcheria Ivanovna, don't depend on its red colour,' said her husband, helping himself, however, to a huge slice: 'there are some fine rosy-looking melons that are good for nothing.'

The melon, however, soon disappeared. Then Athanasius Ivanovitch ate some pears, and went to take a turn in the garden with his wife. When they returned to the house, the good lady occupied herself with her household affairs, while her husband, seated in an easy-chair, looked idly on, watching the constant opening and shutting of the store-room, and the servants bringing sieves and baskets backwards and forwards. After a time, he would say, 'What shall we eat, Pulcheria Ivanovna?'

'Would you like some gooseberry puffs?'

'Very much.'

'Perhaps you'd prefer a little *kissel*?'

'Let us try both.'

Before supper, Athanasius Ivanovitch generally ate a few other trifles. At nine o'clock supper was served. Then they retired for the night, and the busy household became still. Their room was so hot, that few persons could have supported its temperature; but Athanasius, in order to be warmer still, had his bed made on the top of a stove, the heat of which, however, sometimes became so great, that he was forced to rise in the middle of the night, and walk about the room, groaning occasionally.

'Why do you groan?' Pulcheria would ask.

'Because I feel my stomach uneasy.'

'Would you like to eat something, Athanasius Ivanovitch?'

'I daresay it would do me good, Pulcheria Ivanovna: what would you recommend?'

'Curds and whey, or some dried pears.'

'Well, let us have them; and a servant, only half-awake, was sent to rummage the larder.'

Then Athanasius, after eating a good plateful, would say, 'I feel much better now; and returning to bed, he would sleep tranquilly till morning.

These good people appeared to most advantage when they received guests. Then they seemed but to live for the comfort of their friends. The best of everything that their house could produce was offered with the

utmost cordiality; and there was nothing affected in this display of hospitality: you saw in their countenances the pleasure they felt when their dainties were duly accepted. Never was any visitor allowed to depart on the day of his arrival: he must always remain to sleep.

'You must not think of going,' Athanasius would say: 'who knows but that robbers may attack you.'

'Yes,' would add Pulcheria; 'and then the night is dark, and the road bad, and your coachman, besides, being a weak little man, is half-asleep in the kitchen by this time.' So the visitor was forced to remain, and spend a pleasant, tranquil evening. I fancy now that I can see the figure of Athanasius Ivanovitch bent forward in his arm-chair, listening with his perpetual placid smile to his friend's discourse. The visitor, who himself seldom left his country-house, hazarded a number of political conjectures—related in a mysterious tone how the French and English had secretly combined to send Bonaparte again to Russia; or else he discussed the war which was then convulsing Europe.

Then Athanasius, affecting not to see Pulcheria, would say, 'I intend myself to go to the wars: why should not I be a soldier?'

'Just hear him,' cried Pulcheria: 'don't mind a word he says. How could he, in his old age, set out for the wars. Why, the first soldier he met would kill him.'

'Not at all,' replied Athanasius; 'I would kill him.'

'Listen to him!' resumed Pulcheria. 'How could he go to the wars? His pistols and his sword are lying in the lumber-room covered with rust. If you only saw them! They would surely explode and cut his face: my poor old man would be disfigured for the rest of his days!'

'Well,' retorted Athanasius, 'I'll buy new arms: I'll get a sabre and a Cossack lance.'

'What folly you talk!' cried Pulcheria Ivanovna. 'I know well you are jesting; but such jokes always make me feel uncomfortable.' And Athanasius Ivanovitch, satisfied with having frightened his wife a little, smiled, and was silent.

It was pleasant to hear Pulcheria pressing a guest to breakfast.

'Here,' she would say, taking the stopper out of a bottle, 'is brandy made with mint, an excellent thing for a pain in the back. And here is some more made with centery, most efficacious against singing in the ears or pimples on the face. Here is another bottle flavoured with peach kernels: just try a small glassful. If you happen, when rising in the morning, to strike your forehead against the sharp corner of the bedpost, so that a swelling is produced, you have only to take a little of this before dinner, and the mark will soon disappear!'

Then she would conduct her guest to a table covered with a number of small plates.

'Here are mushrooms stewed with pepper, and some others done with gillyflower water. These are preserved walnuts. I learned a peculiar mode of doing them from a Turkish woman, at the time when there were Turkish prisoners in the country. Here is a preserve which I learned to make from Father Ivan. You take a small barrel, and put in first a layer of oak-leaves, then pepper and saltpeetre, then mushrooms, and cover them over with the flowers of the *nichouimeter*.\* Here are cheese patties, and some others made of cabbage and black corn, which Athanasius Ivanovitch likes very much.'

I loved to visit these good people, although I generally returned with a fit of indigestion. Certainly the air of Lower Russia aids the functions of the stomach, else its hospitable inhabitants would soon find themselves in their coffins.

At length a change came over this peaceful household: the health of Pulcheria Ivanovna began to decline. Gradually she grew weaker and thinner; and one day she said to her husband, 'Athanasius Ivanovitch, when

\* A sort of fruit-jelly.

\* An odoriferous plant which grows on the steppes.







burgh on business, and curiosity induced me to wait on the friend G—apostrophised by Sir Walter, and whose friendship I had the honour to possess. The cause of Sir Walter's return, I was informed, was this:—He had engaged to furnish an article for a periodical conducted by my friend, but his promise had slipped from his memory (a most uncommon occurrence, for Sir Walter was gifted with the best of memories) until the moment of his exclamation. His instant return was the only means of retrieving the error. Retrieved, however, it was; and the following morning Mr G—received several sheets of closely-written manuscript, the transcribing of which alone must have occupied half the night.

The kindness of Sir Walter's nature procured him friends—his literary genius only admirers, although certainly the warmest admirers ever author possessed. Admiration, however, was sometimes in his case not freely bestowed, and perhaps not consciously felt. He was fond of relating the following anecdote of what he called a pure and sincere compliment, being not at all intended as such, but, as the reader will perceive, meant more as reproach than praise:—Shortly after the disclosure of the authorship of the Waverley Novels, the 'Mighty Minstrel' called on the late Mrs Fair of Langlea, an eccentric old lady, who had lived through more than half of the last century, and who furnished Sir Walter with many a good tale and legend of days gone by. 'The old lady opened on me thus,' to use his own words—"Sir Walter, I've been lang wanting to see you. It's no possible that ye hae been writing in novels a' theae lees? Oh dear me, dear me! I canna believe't yet; but for a' that, I ken I hae seen Dandy Dinmont somewhere; and Rebecca, oh she's a bonny, weel-behaved lassie yon; but Jeannie Deans I like the best!"

'There,' said the pleased baronet, 'call ye that a common compliment?'

#### FRENCH POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE ears of the public have lately been so filled with French Fourierism, Communism, and Socialism, with the projects and plans of Louis Blanc, Proudhon, and their associates, each offering, if he is permitted, to rule the whole world, at a moment's notice, without the possibility of going wrong, that we begin to forget that there is in France, as elsewhere, some common-sense literature on social economy. It is perhaps pretty well known that Thiers, Faucher, Bastiat, Chevalier, and others, came manfully forward in defence of freedom, and against the tyrannous interference of Socialism, even when it was in that high and palmy state to which so strange a series of incidents had for a moment raised it. These works are strictly controversial, and are limited to demonstrations of the futility of those artificial arrangements which a presumptuous school devised for superseding the effect of the natural impulses with which men are, to wise purposes, imbued. But besides these works, necessarily addressed to those who are in danger of being led astray by the artificial glitter of Communism, there are fortunately other works dispassionately directed to an investigation of those social evils, the existence of which has given the Socialists and Communists the audience and sympathy they have heretofore obtained, as well as to the practicability of ameliorating them, without incurring the awful risk of taking existing society to pieces, and reconstructing it on the plan of some one who, like Louis Blanc, professes himself to be an architect competent to the task. We have now before us a set of tracts, issued by the Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences, or, as it may better be termed in our idiom, of moral and political knowledge. They are neat, well-printed pamphlets; and in their price, which is only forty centimes, or about fourpence each, do credit to the taste and zeal of the Academy.

A person brought up under the social system of this country, is apt to see its total difference from that of

France more in the views of the reasonable and conscientious men of that country, than in the rhapsodies of their charlatans, or the projects of their enthusiasts. It would be unsafe to measure the practical sense of the two countries by comparing Owen and Louis Blanc—indeed we have a lurking suspicion that, were there such a trial, the little French dictator might turn out the more practical man of the two, as he certainly has been the more efficaciously mischievous. But when we see the reasonable, calm-minded men of France, we can calculate on more secure data the extent to which our country differs from theirs in the method of fighting with social evils.

It is impossible to overlook, in the calmest and gentlest of the reforms proposed to the French, the predominance of those rapid despotic military operations to which—whether it be a King, an Emperor, a Committee of Public Safety, a Directory, a Consulate, a Provisional Government, or a President—they have always been accustomed. We have a monarchy and a central government in this country, and we know the value of the arrangement. We see the central system in each department organising and economising, settling the differences between local authorities, and checking abuses, but seldom coming into actual conflict with the citizen. In France, the central power, if it find him doing wrong, immediately seizes him, as it were, by the throat, and puts him in the right way. We have a sufficiency of complex laws connected with the press, all directed to this end, that when an offence is committed—whether it be against the state, or an individual through means of the press—the person who commits the offence may be found and punished. In France—they take a shorter way, and put the press under the control of the police. When there is a probability of disturbance, we bring out our constables, special or stipendiary, all carefully sworn in, and our military must act under the direct instructions of civil magistrates, otherwise they are as punishable for attacking a mob as the mob is for attacking an inoffensive citizen. In France, the bayonet and the cannon are at once set in motion, however republican may be the government; and a general would as soon think of consulting a magistrate before a battle, as a dictator or president of the Republic would think of taking the advice of such a person when there is a revolt in Paris.

This kind of prompt, sharp practice is derived from the method of military operations to which it seems absolutely necessary; but the people of this country cannot understand, and probably would not be got to submit to it in matters for which the more lazy, but more satisfactory, mechanism of our constitution is sufficient. Hence propositions by the most cautious of the French social reformers, which are simple enough to themselves, seem harsh and despotic to us. We have just been reading one of the series of French tracts to which we have referred—'An Essay on the Working-Classes,' by M. Blanqui, a gentleman who must not be confounded with another of the same name. He makes very sensible and moderate remarks on Communism and Socialism. He tells his readers that no human genius will be able, by the organisation of labour, to increase its fruitfulness, or the demand for its produce; and that all the promises of continuous work and pay through such an instrumentality are fallacious promises to divide a fund that cannot exist. He draws a just distinction between the projects based on an exterminating war against capital, for the purpose of substituting organisation for it, and the views of those more fair and reasonable speculators who only call on the working-classes to unite their efforts, by partnership and otherwise, and show the force of union. But at the same time he shows that too much is expected of such associations of the working-classes; and to those who say it will put an end to the evils of competition by which people undersell and ruin each other, he shows that the very vitality of such associations will consist in the keenness of their competition, and their success in thus



his soul—the other putting forth his powers only sufficiently to indicate the undeveloped strength which it evidently possesses.

The author of 'Revelations of Life' has published several works of poetry and prose; yet we dare say that nine out of ten of general readers are unacquainted with the name of John Edmund Reade. Even we ourselves know little of his former productions; but his present one is a little volume full of the truest poetry—the poetry of thought.

The great characteristic of Mr Reade's style is its intense earnestness. The motto on the title-page is the key to the whole book—'*Vitam impendere vero.*' In every page the author puts forward truths and opinions which are evidently the workings of a strong, ardent mind, throughout the various phases of a life. That this life has neither been short nor unmarked with change, its 'revelations' undeniably show. But there are in this volume few traces of human passion or emotion; Mr Reade arrays his muse in the grave, severe garb of philosophy, and his poems are throughout far too didactic ever to become popular. Those readers who shake their heads drearily over Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' will probably do the same over Mr Reade's principal poem, 'The Fatalist,' which is conceived in a similar style. This resemblance in the mere mechanical outline of his plan can scarcely expose the author to a charge of plagiarism. The model and imitator stand certainly on an equality. Mr Reade's poem is a record and an unfolding of three lives—not of outward, but inner lives—those of the Enthusiast, the Fatalist, and the Fanatic. These human souls are laid bare, with all their temptations, yearnings, and aspirations. The poet depicts the struggle through darkness unto light—as only a poet can—one who feels, echoed in his own heart, every pulse that throbs in the wide heart of humanity. The martyred Titan who stole fire from heaven is but a type of genius, the creator—which must itself suffer reflectively the pangs of all mankind.

So much for the idea—the soul of the poem. Its bodily dress hampers it considerably. Mr Reade's style is laboured, and frequently marred with obscurities that degenerate into affectations. Strange words—certainly not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary, and manufactured quite contrary to the genius of our English tongue—sometimes startle the eye. At times the rugged severity of the blank verse becomes positively inharmonious; but, on the other hand, it is altogether free from the overlaid prettinesses in which common poets veil their paucity of ideas. There are some charming word-pictures scattered throughout, of which here is one:—

'Above the luminiferous ether spread  
On the horizon-line the far-off waves—  
Glittering in light, bannered with glorious clouds,  
On coming, like some multitudinous host,  
Foam-crested, rolling on blue, flashing lines—  
Broke in reverberating thunders! I  
Kneel down and heard the mighty coming—filled  
With inspiration of the priests of old,  
The reverential awe of the great deep!  
I stretched my hands forth to embrace the power  
In-rushing on my soul. I stood before  
Nature, and felt her heaving life: I heard  
The innermost pulses throbbing at her heart.  
..... I beheld  
The Spirit of Joy cleave through the rushing waves:  
I heard them shouting through their rocky halls  
Innumerable laughers, as they came  
From their long wanderings rejoicing home.'

And another:—

'From the gorge's lowest depths  
Ascending midway upwards, plumbing woods  
In leafless magnificence arose:  
Patriotic ranks of poplar, pine, and oak—  
A solemn senate! bearded dignities,  
Blanched by gray autumn with sear hues of age.  
Azure mists floated o'er them, veiling depths  
Of foliage indistinct: sun-glinting tints  
Shed lights thereon, or dimpled shadows, fading  
Into far distance. From the slimy air  
A green vail slowly opened to the eye,  
Child-like unfolded from its mother's breast,

While a note told its life and quiet joy,  
The live brook murmuring there a plaintive tone:  
Orchestral voices of the Dart—afar  
On pilgrimaging to his ocean shrine:  
So still the air, each note was audible,  
Making the silence felt in that low sound.'

Here and there a passage comes indicating the true poet, who in a few lines or words can express that power, even as the great artist's genius shines out in three strokes on the canvas. We take these passages at random:—

'Great heaven in its majestic march moved o'er:  
Stars, hidden with their crowns of light, behind  
Cloud-congregations solemnly rolled on:  
Eternal motion and eternal rest.'

— 'The form of beauty  
She walked in fane-like, lit with holy fire.'

'In our denial Thou art most revealed:  
Ideal harmonies and discords ours;  
Unsettled motions of one life-hymn raising  
Ocean-like voices, unisoned by thee.'

'In whose deep eyes a deeper thought laid buried.'

And here is a very garland of flowers:—

— 'There the rose  
Languidly her dew-dripping cheek declined;  
Her name a blessing, sanctified by love  
And child-remembrances: the marigold  
Opened her beauty, sunlike, to the sun,  
O'erveiling when he sets, to be looked on  
By no inferior eye. There, radiate, shone,  
Through cloudiest green, the star-like jessamine:  
Irises, drooping in the luxury  
Of a fine sorrow, their blue orbs half closed:  
The azalea leaned against the soft gray wall:  
There paled the delicate anemone,  
Turning away her sweet head from the wind:  
And there the humbler wallflower shed a breath  
That realised Elysium.

..... I have gazed on them  
With eyes suffused—these chaplets on earth's brow,  
God-crowned, when she stood up to be made  
Angel-like, reverent, with folded wings!'

Of Mr Reade's minor poems, the two entitled 'Lines written on Doulting Sheepslate,' and 'Final Lines on Doulting,' are the best. Perhaps the secret of this will be found in the saying, 'What comes from the heart goes to the heart.' Here the individual reality of the man raises the poet into an intensity which constitutes real power:—

'I might have lived alone in solitude:  
A passionless animal—a savage; rude  
As the brutes round me, knowing ill nor good:

And, swine-like, thus have perished in my den.  
No! rather action's stormiest life again,  
Feeling my heart-pulse throbbing among men—  
Folled, baffled, overthrown: yet, though in vain,  
Contesting; spurning sloth's inglorious chain,  
For virtue's strife, self-dignifying pain.

The storm has passed away: the human tree,  
Shaken, but fixed, again looks tranquilly  
In the unruffled stream of memory.'

These lines comprise the spirit of the whole volume. It is the chronicle of a soul. Whether its author possesses the highest order of genius, so as to attain either the doubtful tribute of present fame, or the more sure guerdon of a poet's immortality, Mr Reade's after-works alone can decide. But even failing that eminence, he has put forth the life that is in him with power, truth, and beauty. Surely this is a mission fulfilled, an existence not thrown away?

Our next author is the very opposite of Mr John Edmund Reade; and yet A. J. Symington, to whose unpretending volume we now pass on, gives promise of being a poet too. We say *gives* promise, because these 'Harebell Chimes' contain rather the indications of genius than its realisation. In the first place, the title savours of an affectation, which at once declares the extreme youth of the writer. He has not yet passed through that enchanted region of sentimental romance when the outward forms of the beautiful are mistaken for the deep truth that lies beneath them. He looks





We will take leave of Mr Symington with a lyric—one of his best—which is quite a fireside picture:—

'STANZAS ON ———

Rare to find friend true and faithful,  
Whom no paltry gold can buy;  
Sunshine, shadow, never changing:  
Such a friend have I.  
Gentle-hearted, unassuming,  
Dowered with mental vision clear;  
Highly valued is the counsel  
Of a friend so dear.

After weary hours of business,  
You might see him, snug at home,  
Poring over new-cut volume,  
Or an ancient tome:  
Dancing now a little urchin  
On his knee—an only boy,  
Whose light prattle, quips, and laughter,  
Are his parents' joy.

Should I drop in of an evening—  
No one there but our two selves—  
Commune we with bards and sages,  
Ranged upon the shelves.  
Now romances, in black-letter,  
Blazoned gold, with armed knights;  
Chaucer, with old quaint initials,  
Or the "Arabian Nights."

Many a device and curious volume  
Scattered o'er the table lies:  
Dipping here and there into them,  
How an evening flies!  
Charles Lamb, we cannot want him;  
Genial Hunt, he must appear;  
Shelley, Keats, and wondrous Coleridge,  
Aye are lying near.

Busts of mighty ones gaze on us,  
Here, a statuette of Scott;  
Picture there, of Ben's "Alchemist,"  
Furnace glowing hot.  
Round, book-spirits seem to hover  
In a charmed atmosphere,  
Bringing distant climes and ages  
In bright vision near.

Hark! "Gong" calls to mind the present—  
Hands are pressed—I homeward wend:  
'Neath the starry orbs, in silence,  
Thinking of my friend.  
Rare to find one true and faithful,  
Whom no paltry gold can buy;  
Sunshine, shadow, never changing:  
Such a friend have I.

VALUE OF GAME.

We are inclined to believe that the real value of game in this country is not in general fully understood. It is usually looked upon as kept chiefly for amusement, and its commercial importance is little thought of. Yet its direct value, as a marketable commodity, is very considerable; and its indirect value, as enhancing landed property, is so great, that it is not easy to form a just estimate of it. The prices of ordinary game are pretty well known in Scotland; in England they are still higher, and there is always a ready demand. The value of a brace of grouse is, on an average, 6s. in England; pheasants, 6s.; partridges, 3s.; hares, 2s. each; woodcocks, from 6s. to 10s. a pair. The average value of a Highland red deer is not less than L.5. So much for the direct value of game; and when we consider its importance indirectly, we are first led to think of the Highland moors which it has rendered so profitable. For the following facts on this portion of the subject we are indebted to an able letter on the game-laws by Lord Malmesbury. A vast number of moors are now let for L.400 or L.500 a year, which formerly brought nothing to the proprietor, as they are unfit even for sheep. Large tracts, which formerly let as sheep-farms, are now converted into deer-forests, and pay at least one-third, and even one-half, more than they did formerly. Five hundred deer may be kept on a space of ground that will feed 1200 sheep. Valuing the sheep at the average price of 18s. each, these would be worth L.1080; but the deer would realise nearly double that sum—namely, L.2000; for the average price of stags in summer and hinds in winter is fully L.4. From a long-standing knowledge of the Highland moors, Lord Malmesbury is of opinion that they are yearly advancing in price, and becoming a more important kind of property. He saw a list last year of 106 moors let for shootings, the rent of which could not be averaged at less than L.300,

which makes a total of L.31,800. There were twice as many more let at an average of L.100, and a third portion unlet, whose value may be fairly stated at L.17,000, the whole making together a rental of L.70,000 on the Highland shootings. He adds that this may be looked upon as a clear gain, as far as respects the grouse-moors, and an increase of two-fifths on deer-ground, called 'forest.'—*Journal of Agriculture.*

EFFECTS OF MESMERISM ON A BEAR.

A gentleman residing at Oxford had in his possession a young Syrian bear from Mount Lebanon, about a year old. This bear was generally good-humoured, playful, and tractable. One morning the bear, from the attentions of some visitors, became savage and irritable; and the owner, in despair, tied him up in his usual abode, and went away to attend to his guests. In a few minutes he was hastily recalled to see his bear. He found him rolling about on his haunches, faintly moving his paws, and gradually sinking into a state of quiescence and repose. Above him stood a gentleman, well known in the mesmerist world, making the usual passes with his hands. The poor bear, though evidently unwilling to yield to this new influence, gradually sunk to the ground, closed his eyes, became motionless and insensible to all means used to rouse him. He remained in this state for some minutes, when he awoke, as it were, from a deep sleep, shook himself, and tottered about the court, as though labouring under the effects of a strong narcotic. He exhibited evident signs of drowsiness for some hours afterwards. This interesting scene took place in the presence of many distinguished members of the British Association when last held in the university of Oxford.—*F. T. Buckland.*

A HINT FOR AUTHORS.

Willis, who was once a typo, thinks that all authors should serve a year in a newspaper office. There is no such effectual analysis of style as the process of type-setting. As he takes up letter by letter of a long or complex sentence, the compositor becomes most critically aware of where the sentence might have been shortened to save his labour. He detects repetitions, becomes impatient of redundancies, recognises a careless or inappropriate use of expletives, and soon acquires a habit of putting an admiring value on clearness and brevity. We have said nothing of the art of nice punctuation, which is also acquired in a printing-office, and by which a style is made as much more tasteful as champagne is by effervescing. Journeymen printers are necessarily well instructed and intelligent men. It is a part of a proof-reader's duty to mark a 'query' against any passage in a new book which he does not clearly comprehend. Authors who know what is valuable, profit by these quiet estimates of their meaning; and many a weak point that would have ruined a literary reputation, if left uncorrected for the reviewers to handle, has been noiselessly put right by a proof-reader's unobtrusive 'qu?'—*American paper.*

READING AND THINKING.

Those who have read of everything, are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge: it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.—*Locke.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.

In an early number of the Journal will appear the first of a series of articles descriptive of a tour in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, by Mr Robert Chambers.

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Hamburg trade, and it was said that much misery existed in the town. One would have expected, in such circumstances, that any little job to one of the hangers-on of the streets would have been keenly relished, and the remuneration, if decent in amount, thankfully received. Nevertheless, when I handed a shilling to two men who had, at one turn of three minutes, carried my few packages from the cab on the quay into the vessel, it was contemptuously rejected, and only accepted after it became clear that I would not accede to their demand of half-a-crown. What would a foreigner, in such circumstances, have thought of the state of things which had been described to him as appertaining to Hull? He could scarcely have resisted a supposition that bad times in England are something better than the best times on the continent.

Usually, the passport grievance does not commence till one has set his foot on a foreign soil. On this occasion it began before I left the harbour. At the earnest solicitation of the owners of the steamer, I went to the Danish consul to have my passport *visé*, for the sake of establishing that I had come from a district unaffected by cholera. For this a fee of five shillings was exacted from myself and some other passengers. It was hoped, by such means, that no interruption would occur in the landing of passengers at Copenhagen, and the subsequent proceeding of the vessel to St Petersburg. It will be found that in this object we were disappointed, and that the exaction was to us virtually an act of spoliation. When will states be above the meanness of imposing these petty taxes on travellers, whom one might suppose they would see it to be for their interest to encourage, by every possible act of civility and generosity, to visit their lands?

On rising early next morning, I found the vessel ploughing its way out of the Humber, with the new works of Great Grimsby on the right. This is designed as a new port for the east of England, in connection with certain lines of railway. It is to enclose a hundred and thirty-five acres of the sea-beach, and within this space there will be an entrance basin, accessible at all times to every kind of vessel, besides large docks, piers, and wharfs. The scheme is a magnificent example of English enterprise, and promises to be attended with success. In this event, Hull must fall into a secondary place among British ports. If I am rightly informed—but I only speak upon report—those privileges which have hitherto appeared as her strength will have had no small concern in bringing about the result.

A sea-voyage seems as if it could never be a comfortable thing. The sickness from the motion of the vessel is the first and greatest drawback; but the lesser evils of straitened accommodations, imperfect ventilation, the odious smell inherent in the vessel, and the monotony of the daily life, are scarcely less felt. Prostrated under a sense of nausea, afraid to rise, and afraid or unable to eat, unable to exert the mind in reading or discourse, one sinks down into a state of mere stupid endurance, almost the most hapless in which one can well be in the course of ordinary existence.

After suffering thus for four-and-twenty hours, I ventured upon deck, and, finding the weather not unpleasant, walked about for an hour or two. Here the want of objects on which to exert the mind beset me, and I became surprised at the interest which the slightest change of circumstances or sights occasioned. We eagerly scanned the dim horizon for vessels, and reckoned them up with the greatest care. We marked every variation in the direction of the wind, and in the ship's course. But all was insufficient to give an agreeable stimulus to the craving mind, and passiveness always appeared, after all, as the best resource. Seeing two vessels at a distance, sailing different ways under one wind, I amused myself by comparing them to two speculative philosophers driving to opposite conclusions from one set of facts.

On the third morning there were some symptoms of our coming near the land, though it was still beyond the ken of vision. One of these symptoms was a couple of small boats. Finding afterwards that we sailed seven hours, or as much as seventy miles, without approaching the land, I wondered that two small boats should be met so far out at sea. Supposing they were fishing-boats, it was the more surprising that it was on a Sunday morning, though this, a passenger explained, might be from an anxiety to make as much as possible of the short season during which fishing can be carried on in these seas. As we approached the opening of the Sound, vessels became more frequent, and at length one happy passenger was able to announce that he saw the 'loom of the land.' It was, as expected, a portion of the north of Jutland, a low tract of sandy downs, presenting scarcely an object for many miles besides a lighthouse and a solitary country church. We soon passed the Skaw Point, amidst a crowd of vessels of all sizes, calling for almost as much care in steering as is necessary in conducting a drosky through the Strand. Then the young moon appeared setting in a cloudless summer sky, and it became delightful to walk along the elevated deck, watching her slow descent into the gleaming wave, interchanging a word of remark now and then with a companion, and mentally speculating on the new scenes which must meet our eyes under the next sun. We were all by this time fully restored to our usual healthy sensations, and each meal, as it came upon the board, was heartily done justice to.

I was awakened next morning at five with the intelligence that we were just about to pass through the Sound. I ascended to the deck in a provisional dress, and soon saw that assemblage of objects which has been made so generally familiar by means of pictures—a low point, fronted with mounds bristling with cannon, and an old pinnaced palace starting up from within a few yards of the water's edge, while the narrow sea in front bears a crowd of vessels of all sizes. We had now an opportunity of examining the coast on either hand, but found nothing worthy of special observation, beyond the smiling character imparted to the landscape by pleasant woods, cottages, and gardens, such as one sees on the coast of England. Behind Elsinore, however, there is a lofty bank, of which I shall afterwards take some notice.

After passing a few miles of the low coast of Sealand—for such is the name of this insulated part of the kingdom of Denmark—we were told that the vessel was near Copenhagen, which, however, shows itself in this direction only by a few traces of steeples and dock-yards, with a screen of green mounds serving as batteries in front. We were quickly brought to a pause in the mouth of the harbour. Every passenger had prepared for immediate landing. The offer of breakfast by the steward was treated disdainfully, as visions of the *Hôtel Royal* rose before us. The captain had gone ashore with our passports, and his return with permission for our landing was instantly expected; when a rumour began to spread that we were to be detained a couple of days in quarantine. It proved to be too true, the government having received intelligence of the revival of cholera in London, which had determined it to subject all vessels coming from England to a quarantine which should interpose five full days between their leaving port and their landing passengers and goods in Denmark. Then all was dismay, though at first we could scarcely perceive or believe in the extent of our misfortune. The magical five-shillings affidavit of the consul at Hull was reverted to. We had paid our money for being certified clear of infection, and clear of infection we must be: otherwise, what were we to think of that transaction? Our chafing was of course unavailing. The Danish government is unusually tenacious and pedantic about quarantine regulations, to which it sapiently attributes the remarkable fact, that Denmark has never yet had a visit of the Asiatic scourge. There was no chance that it would relent on the present occasion. Slowly, and with a bad



The authorities, by an amazing stretch of generosity and common sense, had agreed to overlook the delinquency, on condition that certain expenses should be paid, amounting to something less than two pounds. The passengers for Copenhagen were therefore permitted to land immediately with their luggage, and the vessel was allowed to commence discharge of cargo, preparatory to proceeding to St Petersburg. R. C.

## THE RETURN OF THE COMPAGNON.

A SWISS TALE.

THE early darkness of a winter twilight had already set in, the wind was blowing boisterously, and the snow rapidly descending, when Herman the carpenter reached his cottage after a hard day's toil, there to receive the fond caresses of his children. His wife exchanged his wet clothes for such as were warm and dry, and little Catherine drew his arm-chair to the side of the fire, while the boys, anxious to do their part, brought his large pipe.

'Now, father,' said little Frank, when he saw a column of smoke issuing forth, 'you are happy and comfortable; what shall we do while mother gets supper ready? Tell us a tale.'

'Yes, tell us a story,' repeated the other children with delight.

They were on the point of clustering round, when something passing caught little Catherine's eye. 'Oh,' said the child, 'here is such a poor man in the street, all covered with snow, and who does not seem to know where to go!'

'He is a companion' (journeyman), said Frank—'a whitesmith; I see his tools in his bag. Why does he stop in the street in such weather?'

'He plainly knows not his way,' Catherine replied. 'Shall I go and ask him what he wants?'

'Do so, my child; and give him this small coin, for perhaps he is poor, as I have been, and it will serve to pay for his bed, and something to warm him. Show him the Compagnon's Inn at the end of the street.'

When the child had returned, the clamour was again raised for the story.

'What shall it be?'

'Daniel?'

'No.'

'Perhaps the Black Hunter?'

'Neither of these to-night, my children. I will tell you about the "Return of the Compagnon."'

The children gladly drew round their father to hear his new story, which was as follows:—

It was a beautiful spring morning: the sun had begun to show his radiant face on the summits of the mountains; the little birds cried for their food; the insects of every kind, shaking their wings, began humming among the foliage; the sheep, penned up, were bleating; and the labourers were preparing to resume their toil. A young man, laden with a heavy bag, walked gaily along the road leading to one of the little towns of Switzerland, his dusty feet showing that he had come from afar, and his sunburnt face exhibiting the effects of more southern climes. He was a companion carpenter returning to his country after years of absence, and impatient to see his home again. He had walked all night, and now a brilliant sun embellished each successive object that offered itself to his anxious view. He had already seen the steeple of the church of his beloved town, and his true Swiss heart bounded with joy. 'Ha!' exclaimed he, 'how beautiful is the country where we have lived from childhood to manhood! How clear and limpid its waters, how pure its air, how smiling its meadows! My feet have trodden the soil of France, where grows the grape, and Italy, the land of figs and oranges: I have rested under groves of roses, and the sweet lemon-tree has bent over my head, laden with its golden fruits and perfumed flowers: I have, at the sound of the guitar and the castanet, joined at night in the dance with people for whom the

middle of the day is the time for repose, and the absence of the sun the signal for labour or pleasure—people whose life flows on in cheerful contentment, because light work suffices for their wants under so warm a sky, and possessed of a soil that nature has covered with her choicest gifts, and does not desolate with the north winds, frosts, and snows. Yes, the poor Swiss companion has seen all these things, and has admired them, but never has he wished to live and die among them. He has always sighed for the pale rays of his northern sun, the steep rocks of his mountains, the uniform colour of his dark pines, and the pointed roof of his cottage, where he still hopes to receive his mother's blessing.'

While these thoughts, and many like them, were crowding into the mind of the young workman, his steps became more and more rapid, and his tired feet seemed to recover their swiftness. All on a sudden, a turn of the road showed him the roofs of his native village, from which curled some clouds of smoke. There was the old church wall, there was the steeple stretching towards heaven. At the sight of this the young traveller stopped short; the tears trickled down his cheek; he exclaimed in a voice broken with emotion, 'I thank thee, my God, for permitting my eyes once more to see these things.' He pursued his walk, devouring with his eyes all he saw. 'Ah, here,' said he, 'is the white wall marking the terrace of the public walk where I used to play so joyfully! ah, there is the arch of the little bridge where we have so often fished! Now I can see the head of the old lime-tree which shades the church: only twenty paces farther is the cottage in which I was born, where I grew up, where I lost my poor father, and where I hope to see my dear mother. It is not in vain I have laboured so long: I have that with me which will comfort her old age.' As he spoke, a small flower attracted his attention: it was a daisy. He stooped down and gathered it, and commenced plucking its leaflets away one after the other. 'It was thus,' he said smiling, 'the day before my departure, that Gertrude gathered a daisy from the bank of the river, and bending her pretty face over the flower to conceal the emotion my departure occasioned, she pulled out the leaflets in silence, and arriving at the last one, she said to me in a low voice, "Adieu, Herman, I shall never marry till you return;" and so saying, fled away, as if she feared having said too much. Soon shall I see her little window with the blue curtain! Oh that I may see my Gertrude there as I used, her eyes rejoicing at my return! Happy the moment when I shall say to her, "Gertrude, here is Herman returned, faithful to his promises, as you have been to yours. Come and share the little wealth I have acquired: come and aid me in rendering my aged mother happy."'

Under the influence of these thoughts the young workman rapidly approached his native town. As he advanced, he interrogated the countenances of those he met, hoping to meet with friendly looks, a recollection of the past, or a few words of welcome, but in vain. At last, as he passed the gates, he saw a man walking gravely to and fro as he smoked his pipe: it was the toll-keeper. Herman, looking at him closely, easily recognised Rodolphe, his playfellow, his earliest friend. He was on the point of rushing into his arms, and exclaiming, 'Here I am again!'—but the tollman looked coldly at him as he passed, and left a cloud of tobacco-smoke behind him. Poor companion! the sun of the south has shone too long on thy face; he has made thee a stranger even to those who loved thee: thy best friend knows thee not. Herman's heart sank within him, and he resumed his journey with a sigh. A little farther on he saw a new building in course of erection. An aged man was directing the carpenters in their work, and at the sight of him Herman's heart again rejoiced: it was his old master, whose advice and kindness had made him an honest man and skilful mechanic. To him he chiefly owed his success in life, and he



from its great strength and ferocious disposition, is held in terror by every other bird with which it is surrounded. It is even said that it will fearlessly attack and tear out the eyes of a drowning man, a feat, from what I have observed of it, I can readily imagine it would attempt. It is most abundant between the 30th and 60th degrees of south latitude, and appears to be equally numerous in all parts of the ocean bounded by those degrees; and I feel assured that it is confined to no one part, but is constantly engaged in making a circuit of the globe in that particular zone allotted by nature for its habitation. The open sea is in fact its natural home; and this it never leaves, except for the purpose of breeding, when it usually resorts to rocky islands the most difficult of access.

'The powers of flight of the wandering albatross are much greater than those of any other bird that has come under my observation. Although, during calm or moderate weather, it sometimes rests on the surface of the water, it is almost constantly on the wing, and is equally at ease while passing over the glassy surface during the stillest calm, or sweeping, with arrow-like swiftness, before the most furious gale; and the way in which it just tops the raging billows, and sweeps between the gulfy waves, has a hundred times called forth my wonder and admiration. Although a vessel running before the wind frequently sails more than 200 miles in the twenty-four hours, and that for days together, still the albatross has not the slightest difficulty in keeping up with the ship, but also performs circles of many miles in extent, returning again to hunt up the wake of the vessel for any substances thrown overboard.

'Like the other species of the genus, it is nocturnal as well as diurnal, and no bird with which I am acquainted takes so little repose. It appears to be perpetually on the wing, scanning the surface of the ocean for molluscs and medusæ, and the other marine animals that constitute its food. So frequently does the boldness of this species cost it its life, that hundreds are annually killed, without, however, its numbers being apparently in any degree lessened. It readily seizes a hook baited with fat of any kind; and if a boat be lowered, its attention is immediately attracted, and while flying round, it is easily shot.' It is not surprising that a poetical imagination should have been excited by such a subject, and Coleridge is not the only bard who has shaped it into verse. Another writes—

'Now upon Australian seas,  
Wafted by the tropic breeze,  
We salute the southern cross,  
Watch the wondrous albatross—  
Circling round in orbits vast,  
Pausing now above the mast,  
Laving now his snowy breast  
Where the billows sleeping rest.

Now he skims the surface o'er,  
Rising, falling evermore:  
Floating high on stillest wing,  
Now he seems a guardian thing,  
Now a messenger of wrath,  
Cleaving swift his airy path;  
Bearing o'er the liquid plain  
Warning of the hurricane.'

Mr Gould's description of the *Diomedea melanophrys*, black-eyebrowed albatross, exhibits other characteristics:—'Of all the species,' he observes, 'with which I am acquainted, this is the most fearless of man, and it often approaches many yards nearer the vessel than any other. I have even observed it approach so near, that the tips of its pinions were not more than two arms' length from the tafferel. It is very easily captured with a hook and line; and as this operation gives not the least pain to the bird, the point of the hook merely taking hold in the horny and insensible tip of the bill, I frequently amused myself in capturing it in this way, and after detaining it sufficiently long to afford me an opportunity for investigating any particular point respecting which I wished to satisfy myself, setting it at liberty again. I also caught numerous examples, marked, and

gave them their liberty, in order to ascertain whether the individuals which were flying round the ship at nightfall were the same that were similarly engaged at daylight in the morning, after a night's run of 120 miles, and which, in nearly every instance, proved to be the case.'

Angling for albatrosses is no modern art, as appears from the narrative of Sir Richard Hawkins' voyage to the South Sea in 1593, in which it is pretty certain that these birds are spoken of. 'Certaine great fowles,' says the narrator, 'as bigge as swannes, soared about us, and the winde calming, settled themselves in the sea, and fed upon the sweepings of our ship; which I perceiving, and desirous to see of them, because they seemed farre greater than in truth they were, I caused a hooke and line to be brought me, and with a piece of pilchard I bated the hooke, and a foot from it tied a piece of corke, that it might not sinke deepe, and threw it into the sea, which, our ship driving with the sea, in a little time was a good space from us, and one of the fowles being hungry, presently seized upon it, and the hooke in his upper beake. It is like to a falcon's bill, but that the point is more crooked, in that manner, as by no means hee could cleere himselfe, except that the line brake, or the hooke righted: plucking him towards the ship, with the waving of his wings he eased the weight of his body, and being brought to the sterne of our ship, two of our company went downe by the ladder of the poope, and seized on his neck and wings; but such were the blows he gave them with his pinnions, as both left their hand-fast, being beaten blacke and blue; we cast a snare about his necke, and so triced him into the ship. By the same manner of fishing we caught so many of them, as refreshed and recreated all my people for that day. Their bodies were great, but of little flesh and tender; in taste answerable to the food whereon they feed. They were of two colours—some white, some gray; they had three joyntes in each wing; and from the pointe of one wing to the pointe of the other, both stretched out, was above two fathoms.'

Similar instances are recorded, though not in language quaint and tedious as the above, in Cook's Voyages. The great circumnavigator's crew were glad to regale themselves on albatross roast and boiled, after having been many weeks at sea, and confined to salt food. Sir James Ross, too, after stating that when off the Aguilhas bank, 'the gigantic albatross was seen in great numbers, and many of them taken by means of a fishing-line,' remarks—'these birds added a degree of cheerfulness to our solitary wanderings, which contrasted strongly with the dreary and unvarying stillness of the tropical region.'

Most marvellous accounts have been given of the spread of wing of the albatross, rivalling the wonderful roc of the 'Arabian Nights.' Mr Gould took pains to verify the facts. The largest specimen seen by him measured 10 feet 1 inch from tip to tip of the outspread wings, and weighed 17 pounds. But Dr M'Cormick, surgeon of the 'Erebus,' in the Antarctic exploring voyage met with one weighing 20 pounds, and 12 feet stretch of wing. The Auckland Islands, about to become the head-quarters of our southern whale-fishery, are a much-frequented breeding-place for the birds; the others as yet known to naturalists are the Campbell Island—some lonely rocks off the southernmost extremity of Van Diemen's Land—and the islands of Tristan d'Acunha. While at the Aucklands, Dr M'Cormick made himself acquainted with what may be called the bird's domestic habits:—'The albatross,' he writes, 'during the period of incubation, is frequently found asleep with its head under its wings: its beautiful white head and neck appearing above the grass, betray its situation at a considerable distance off. On the approach of an intruder, it resolutely defends its egg, refusing to quit the nest until forced off, when it slowly waddles away in an awkward manner to a short distance, without attempting to take wing. Its greatest enemy is a fierce species of *Lestris*, always on the watch





poem already quoted, we may appropriately bring our article to a close :—

'Oh thou wild and wondrous bird,  
Viewing thee, my thought is stirred.  
Round and round the world thou goest,  
Ocean solitudes thou knowest—  
Into trackless wastes hast flown,  
Which no eye save thine hath known :  
Ever tireless—day or night ;  
Calm or tempest—ceaseless flight.

Albatross, I envy thee  
Oft thy soaring pinions free ;  
For we deem the realms of air  
Too ethereal for care.  
Gladness as of endless springs  
Seems to me is born with wings.  
Thou canst rise and see the sun,  
When his course to us is done ;  
A moral here may us engross,  
Thou the teacher—albatross !'

### THE PALACE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

THE Elysée National, which has been appropriated as the residence of Louis Napoleon, is an edifice which has gone through many changes of masters. Situated in the Rue Fauxbourg St Honoré, with a façade behind towards the far-famed Champs-Élysées, it enjoys one of the most agreeable localities in Paris. Externally it makes no great appearance, being shut in by a lofty wall in front ; but in internal arrangements the house is elegant, with suites of grand apartments, common to the palaces of France. The builder and first proprietor of the Elysée was the wealthy Count d'Evreux, in the era of the Regent, Philip of Orleans, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. After this it became crown property, but for no long time.

One day, in the year 1748, Madame de Pompadour entered Louis XV.'s apartments, complaining of a dreadful headache. The king had made her a marchioness and a lady-in-waiting ; he had laden her with honours and wealth. But this did not satisfy her, for unworthy favourites are never content : they were the revolutionists of those days.

'Is anything the matter with you, madame !' inquired the king anxiously, observing her downcast looks.

'Alas ! I have no hôtel !' replied Madame de Pompadour.

'Is that all !' exclaimed the sovereign ; and the same day the Hôtel d'Evreux was purchased for her : it need hardly be added, at the king's cost. A little while after, Madame de Pompadour was again severely incommoded by a distracting headache. Like questions from the monarch, and new complaints from the favourite.

'My hôtel is but a citizen's dwelling in comparison with Choisy and Trianon. Its interior is so antique and formal ! I really seem to exist among the ghosts of a past century. In short, I am dying there of languor and ennui.

'Live, fair lady ! and let your abode be the temple of fashion.'

This was quite enough for La Pompadour, who, being a connoisseur in painting, sent next day for Boucher and Vanloo, and installed them in the Hôtel d'Evreux. The ceilings and panels were quickly peopled with rosy Cupids playing amid shepherds and shepherdesses : the gilt cornices were wreathed in flowers. The talents of the architect, L'Assurance, were also put into requisition, and the building greatly enlarged. Once more the king's purse was obliged to meet all the consequent demands for these improvements. L'Assurance, being his controller, took care to exercise no control whatever over the whims of the favourite. From thenceforth Madame de Pompadour held her court at the Hôtel d'Evreux. Courtly equipages began to crowd around it : balls and *petits-soupers* enlivened its halls.

On one occasion the queen of the place assumed the part of an actress, and after rehearsing her part with the Dukes de Chartres and Duras, and Madames de Brancas and d'Estrades, in her own saloon, they all set off in great

style, and performed a little piece in the king's cabinet of medals. Another day, Crébillon, Voltaire, and all those *beaux-esprits* who sported on the brink of a volcano, were gathered around the marquise, to whom they addressed epigrams and madrigals. Voltaire, whose paw of velvet concealed a tearing claw, combined the madrigal and the epigram in the following verses :—

Que tous vos jours soient marqués par des fêtes ;  
Que de nouveaux succès marquent ceux de Louis.  
Vivez tous deux sans ennemis  
Et gardez tous deux vos conquêtes.

Madame de Pompadour felt only the velvet ; but the king felt the claw ; and Voltaire became an exile, and lost his office of gentleman of the bedchamber. From that day forth the cat-like genius of Voltaire scratched those whom he had hitherto caressed : so easy is the transition from a flatterer to a foe !

But who is this other original who appears at the Hôtel d'Evreux ! He is young and handsome, or at least he appears to be so, for his age is a problem. He pretends to have existed during the days of the *Fronde*, which would make him a centenarian. His friends declare that he has found the Philosopher's Stone ; that he can renew his youth when he pleases ; that he can read the past, the present, and the future. The fact is, that his origin is unknown ; and so is his fortune. His wealth seems to be unbounded and exhaustless : his prodigality is carried to excess : he speaks every language, understands every science, cultivates every art : his wit is so lively, his eloquence so full of captivation, that he is able to make falsehood assume the air of truth : his whole life is, in fact, but a fable in action. Some people regard him as a demi-god, some take him for a devil ; one affirms that he is a sorcerer, another that he is a magnetiser. It may easily be conceived that he becomes an idol in the frivolous and wonder-loving court of Louis XV. ; nor is it less to be expected that La Pompadour should attract him to her magic circle. There he creates as great a sensation as at Versailles. One day the king comes purposely for the sake of having a private conversation with him. He interrogates him closely, hoping to win from him his secret : but all in vain. The Proteus escapes through a thousand windings, and charms Louis XV. without betraying himself to him. This wonderful, this inexplicable man, was the famous Count de St Germain.

Another day the favourite expresses her suspicion that the diamonds he wears are all false. Just at that moment he enters her saloon, sparkling from head to foot. His lace ruffles are fastened with rubies ; his fingers are covered with rings ; his shoe-buckles are valued at 200,000 livres. Madame de Pompadour, quite dazzled by this sparkling magnificence, asks if he is not afraid of risking so much wealth by wearing it about his person. St Germain guesses the suspicion, and answers it by taking out of his pocket a box. This box is full of jewels. The count intreats of Madame du Hausset (the favourite's *dame de compagnie*) to accept a small diamond cross. At length she is prevailed on to do so. It is immediately shown to the court jeweller, who values it at a hundred louis. Soon afterwards this strange personage disappears. His exit from the fashionable world is as mysterious as had been his *entrée* into it.

On Madame de Pompadour's death, the Hôtel d'Evreux reverted to Louis XV., and became first the residence of ambassadors extraordinary, and was afterwards used as the wardrobe of the crown, until in 1773, when it was purchased by Monsieur de Beaujon. M. de Beaujon was the Cæsar of that time, but a Cæsar who devoted his wealth to the encouragement of art, and to the succour of the indigent. The Hôtel d'Evreux became in his hands a depository of all that was choice and beautiful in the fine-arts. The marbles of Tassant, of Guyard, of Pajou ; the tapestries of the Gobelins ; the paintings of Vanloo, of Rubens, Teniers, Poussin, Guido, Murillo, &c. besides innumerable articles of *virtù*, were to be found in his saloons ; and in one of the alcoves was placed a large mirror, so situated as to reflect the Champs-Élysées as in a beautiful landscape.



extend beyond the time when the accused shall have attained his twentieth year.\*

By another article of the same code (the 67th), all children found by the authorities who have neither parents nor homes are taken to the House of Correction: nor is this plan confined to France. The boldly-benevolent sheriff of Aberdeen, imitating this law, formed his most efficient school, by causing all the destitute and friendless children in the bounds of his jurisdiction to be 'taken up' and housed in his miscellaneous but admirable academy. The law of France, by this sort of procedure, exercises a protective influence over the friendless and forlorn. The law of England, on the contrary, only condescends to notice children when they have become criminals. Here the 'eye of the law' is shut against neglected and wretched outcasts from tainted homes, or the offspring of vicious parents; but opens them wide, and darts its fiery glare, to bring these young victims to punishment, when they have committed crimes for which, as we shall presently prove, they ought scarcely to be held accountable. The sternest moralist will not deny that in a majority of cases offenders under, say fourteen years of age, ought not to be deemed criminals in the ordinary sense of the term—that is to say, as offenders who, having acquired a knowledge of the duties of civilised life, have violated them: the fact being, that the very possibility of acquiring such knowledge the law denies; whilst, on the other hand, every incentive and temptation to dishonesty is working within them. These wretched young creatures are either homeless orphans, committing petty thefts to keep life in them, or the offspring of infamous parents, who urge them to pilfer, as a means of support in their own profligacy, or are hired and taught by practised ruffian employers to plunder for their benefit. How, then, can a child of tender years, for whom the legislature has provided no means of instruction, religious or moral, who has been sent out by his parents to beg or steal—caressed when successful, and punished when unlucky; or, more frequently, a being who has been cast loose upon the world, without a friend in it—form any just notion of his duties to society? Yet, because he has not done so, the law, when it detects him in the consequences of such ignorance, sends him to the treadmill or to jail. And even there our criminal code affords no means of reformation, nor always of employment; \* while, on the contrary, every sort of instruction in depravity, and every means of acquiring proficiency in thieving, are supplied by his prison associates. 'Prisons,' says the chaplain of the Pentonville Prison in the last report from that establishment, 'as they are throughout the country, generally speaking, are schools in which everything wicked, deceitful, impious, and abominable is practised, taught, and propagated at a great expense of public money and public morals.'

To illustrate vividly the condition of the juvenile criminal, the bearing the law has upon his career and ultimate destiny, and, finally, to render intelligible the best remedies it is in the power of the country to apply to this worst of social diseases, it is only necessary to trace the private history of at least one-half of the unfortunate young beings who now infest our streets.

Before us lie two documents, from which it is easy to glean the birth and parentage of a vast number of these wretched young creatures. The first is the Report of the Parkhurst Prison, and the second that of the Philanthropic Institution for the Reformation of Juvenile

Offenders; both for the year 1848. Against the lists of 'admissions' into the latter establishment are placed short notes of the antecedents of the boys admitted during the year. The most frequently-recurring entries against the initials of those inmates who have been convicted more than once are such as:—'Father dead; mother remarried; deserted by his friends.' 'Turned out of doors by a stepfather.' 'Illegitimate; father unknown.' 'Father of dissolute habits; deserted his wife.' 'An orphan, both parents dead;' or 'Parents unknown,' occurs frequently. 'Mother dead, father remarried, and turned out of doors,' and 'Utterly friendless,' are also repeated in several instances. 'Mother separated from her husband: she is of drunken habits: the boy led into evil by discomforts of home.' 'Father of drunken habits,' are occasional entries. Those boys who were admitted into the school upon one conviction only, seem, in a majority of instances, to have been led away by evil companions. We select the following from this category as examples:—'The parents poor; father in bad health.' 'Father dead; mother respectable.' 'Enticed to theft by bad companions,' &c.

Imagine the life of a young outcast belonging to the first class of the cases above cited. His earliest endeavours may be towards honest employment. This he seeks far and near—day after day—till, worn out with fruitless solicitation, and nearly starved, he takes to begging. With any charity-money he may obtain he abates the pangs of hunger. In the casual wards of workhouses, to which the young wanderer is often driven for a night's rest, he has to associate with practised depredators; \* but when more successful, his sleeping companions in the low lodging-houses we have previously adverted to in this Journal are chiefly young thieves, whose occasional affluence he envies. He does not see their more frequent privations, because at these places of meeting no one can appear who has not been able to get money, the prompt payment of the admission fee being indispensable. He has no moral principles to fortify him against the jaunty, clever, convincing persuasions of his new friends. They seem, so far as he can judge, happy, and even joyous, which, to his perceptions, speak not only of sufficient for subsistence, but of superfluity. He contrasts his own condition and hopeless despondency with their evanescent happiness, and longs to acquire such depraved knowledge as will enable him to increase his quantum of food, and put him on a par with his neighbours. In short, he soon becomes a thief—not an occasional depredator, driven to dishonesty by the urgent demands of nature, but a regular, practised, professional pilferer. Fraud is his trade; and as it is by no means an easy one, he takes very great pains, and runs great risks, to learn it. When he has been 'lucky,' his gains are to him great, and he spends them in a way which debauches him still more, but which, for the time, affords him a sort of enjoyment. There are, however, long intervals between these saturnalia; and the want and misery he experiences meantime are sharp and severe. But they teach him no lesson, for with him it is 'either a hunger or a burst;' and when plenty comes, past privation is drowned in present enjoyment.

But this is a bright view of a juvenile outcast's career. A specimen of the miseries he has to endure was afforded by Lord Ashley in his speech on the reformation of juvenile offenders in the House of Commons towards the end of last session. His lordship was anxious to ascertain from personal inspection what was the actual condition of those persons; and he therefore, in company with two or three others, perambulated the city of London. He found these persons lying under

\* No less than 26 per cent. of our prisoners are unemployed, according to the last Report of the Inspectors of Prisons.

\* Lord Ashley stated in the House of Commons, that of 150 thieves he once met, 49 confessed that it was to casual wards that they traced the commencement of their crimes.



the duration of life and their sentences afforded them the opportunity. I knew one man who was allowed a course of seventeen imprisonments and other punishments before his career of crime was stopped by transportation.' In each of these imprisonments, this practised ruffian mixed with the youngest prisoners, and doubtless imparted to them lessons in crime which made them ten times worse after they had left than before they entered the prison.

Although numbers of these unfriended *pariahs* of both sexes die in their probation, yet some, by dint of deprivation and subsistence at the public expense in jail, grow up to adolescence. Let us hear, in concluding this miserable history, Lord Ashley's experience of the grown-up thief:—'Last year he received a paper signed by 150 of the most notorious thieves in London, asking him to meet them at some place in the Minorities, and to give them the best counsel he could as to the mode in which they should extricate themselves from their difficult position. Lord Ashley went to their appointment, and instead of 150, he found 250 thieves assembled. They made no secret of their mode of life. A number of addresses were delivered, and he proceeded to examine them. They said, "We are tired to death of the life we lead—we are beset by every misery—our lives are a burthen to us, for we never know from sunrise to sunset whether we shall have a full meal or any meal at all: can you give us any counsel as to how we may extricate ourselves from our present difficulties?" He told them that that was a most difficult question to determine under any circumstances in the present day, when competition was so great, and when no situation became vacant but there were at least three applicants for it; more especially was it difficult to determine when men whose characters were tainted came in competition with others upon whose character there was no stain. To that they replied, "What you say is most true: we have tried to get honest employment, but we cannot—we find that our tainted character meets us everywhere." In their efforts to escape from their miserable condition, these poor creatures were constantly foiled, and driven back to their old courses.'

Thus it is that an action and reaction are continually kept up; and from this short sketch it may be readily seen how crime, and especially that of young persons, increases, and will increase, until some comprehensive remedy is earnestly applied. We repeat, that in our present official system no machinery exists for helping the helpless: the iron hand of the law does not hold out the tip of its little finger to aid the orphan out of the gulf of ignorance and crime which yawns for him at the very threshold of his existence. This is the root of the evil—the radical defect in our system; for it has been ascertained that not one in fifty ever becomes a depredator after the age of twenty. Crime, therefore, can only be checked by removing pollution from its source.

Before we take a glance at the beneficial efforts towards this result which have been made by private benevolence, by means of Ragged Schools, and other reformatory establishments, we must point out one more trait of the infirmity of the law, by showing the enormous expense to which the country is put by keeping the cumbrous and clumsy legal machinery in operation.

A child indicted for a petty theft is often honoured with as lengthy an indictment, occupies as much of the time of a grand jury, and when brought into court, has as great an array of witnesses brought against him—all involving draughts on the county rates—as a capital offender. A petition was presented to parliament last year by the Liverpool magistrates on this subject, in which Mr Rushton gave the criminal biography of fourteen lads, whose career of wickedness and misery had cost, in their innumerable trials and convictions, about £1,100 a-piece. This is only a single instance; but a more comprehensive calculation shows that the total amount we pay for punishing, or, more correctly, for fostering crime, is two millions per annum; and it has

been computed that from two to three millions more are lost in plunder. In the year 1846, the cost of each prisoner in England and Wales averaged £26, 17s. 7½d.

Laying aside the higher aspects in which the duties of the community towards their misguided and neglected fellow-beings may be seen, and lowering our view to the merely fiscal expediency of the question, it is easily shown that prevention—and reformation when prevention is past hope—would be much cheaper than the mischievous cure which is now attempted. At from one penny to twopence a week, nearly 10,000 children are at this time being taught reading and writing in the Ragged Schools: and although reading and writing are by no means of themselves preventives to crime, yet the moral instruction which is given along with them to a certain extent is. Then as to reformation, the Philanthropic School reforms juvenile offenders at £16 per head; and even if we add this sum to the £26 odds which the conviction of each prisoner is said to cost (for reformation can only be complete after punishment), there would be a great saving to the country; for the reformed youth would be withdrawn from the ranks of depredators, and cease to be a burthen on the country.

In endeavouring, however, to provide for destitute criminal juvenality, the danger presents itself of placing them in a better position than the offspring of poor but honest parents, who have no such advantages for their children. From the absolute necessity of the case we could get over this: but there is another and more peremptory objection. Anything like a wholesale sweeping-up of juvenile vagrants, and providing for them, no matter how, would most probably tend to a demoralisation of the lower class of parents, who would be only too thankful to get rid of their offspring on any terms. Plans of this nature must inevitably be accompanied by an enforcement of parental responsibility. The wretch who neglects his child, must be taught, even if by the whip to his back, that he has no right or title to turn over his duties to the philanthropist or to the public.

Another difficulty presents itself even after the reformation of the more hardened offenders has been effected. How are they to find employment? The 250 depredators who told Lord Ashley that they could not get honest employment, only mentioned the case of every one of their crime-fellows. Some manage to obtain an honest livelihood by concealing their past history, but even in such a case the 'authorities' do not always leave them alone. One young man told Lord Ashley that he had contrived to get a good situation, and after some trial, his employer was as well pleased with him as he was with his employer. One day, however, there came a policeman, who said to his master, 'Are you aware that you are employing a convicted felon?' The master, upon ascertaining that such was the case, turned the young man at once out of his service, and he had no alternative but starvation or a recurrence to the evil courses from which he had so nearly extricated himself.

In such cases emigration meets the difficulty, and has hitherto succeeded. Several batches of reformed juvenile criminals have already been sent out from Parkhurst Prison, from the Philanthropic School, and other reformatories, and the emigrants have, upon the whole, given satisfaction to the employers.

We have laid the evil bare before our readers, and hinted at remedies, not more for the importance of the facts set forth, than to prepare them for a description we shall next attempt of the interesting experiment now being tried by the Philanthropic Society at their Farm-School at Red Hill in Surrey. Its object has been to see how far a modification of the Mettray system is likely to answer in this country. The results which have arisen up to this time are of the most encouraging nature. What we saw during our visit has led us to hope that at least a beginning has been made towards removing much of the stigma which rests



selves on a landing-place, with an open door before them.

As Mr Smith paused for an instant on the threshold, he threw a strange searching glance round the hall, and then, turning to the servant, asked her if she had actually said that Mr Archibald lived there? The girl repeated the statement.

'Then come along, my dear,' said he to his wife; 'places look so different in the gaslight!' And striding through the hall, the servant in surprise walking backwards before them, they went into the drawing-room at the further end. The girl had opened the door of the room for them by the instinct of habit; but no sooner did she see them seated, than she ran at full speed to her mistress.

'Come ben, mem,' said she; 'come ben, I tell you, this moment! There are twa strange folks wha ha'e marched in out o' the street into the very drawing-room, without either with your leave or by your leave, and suttin themselves doon on the sophy, as if the house was their ain!' Mrs Archibald got up in surprise, and even some little trepidation.

'Did they not mention who they were, or what was their pleasure?'

'Not a word, mem: they didna even speer if the maister or you was at hame, but tramped in the moment they saw the door open.'

Mrs Archibald, who was a newly-married lady, wondered who such visitors could be on such a night, and wished her husband was at home; but telling the girl to keep close behind her, she at length set forth to encounter them.

Mr and Mrs Smith in the meantime were speculating in a low voice, in the fashion of man and wife, on their adventure.

'This is doubtless the drawing-room, my dear,' said Mr Smith, looking round: 'it must have been the dining-room I saw in the forenoon.'

'I wish we saw a fire in the meantime, my dear,' replied Mrs Smith—'that I do! Do these people think it is not cold enough for one? And such a night!—wind, rain, and utter darkness! A clergyman forsooth! and a clergyman's wife!'

'It is a great neglect, I admit—for it is really cold; but we must consider that the natives of a country are not so sensible of the rigour of their climate as strangers. Mr and Mrs Archibald, you know, are Scotch.'

'Yes, Scotch,' said Mrs Smith with a sardonic smile—'excessively Scotch!' And drawing her shawl over her chin, she sat, looking like an incarnation of Discomfort, till Mrs Archibald entered the room.

'How do you do, ma'am?' said Mr Smith, getting up and shaking hands. 'You see I have brought my wife to drink tea with you. My dear, let me introduce you to Mrs Archibald—Mrs Archibald, Mrs Smith. The two ladies exchanged bows, the one sulkily, the other stiffly; and even Mr Smith, though not a particularly observant man, thought their hostess did not look so pleasant as in the forenoon.'

'How is Mr Archibald?' said he after a pause.

'My husband is pretty well, sir.'

'Not at church again, eh?'

'Sir!' Here Mrs Archibald looked anxiously to the half-open door, where the girl was waiting concealed in the shadow, in readiness to reinforce her mistress in case of necessity.

'A very windy, dismal evening—and cold. Don't you find it cold, ma'am?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Perhaps we have come too soon?'

'Really, sir—I hope you will not think it ill-bred—but I have been expecting to hear why you have come at all!'

'Mrs Archibald! Is it possible that you have forgotten me already?'

'I must confess you have the advantage of me.'

'You do not remember seeing me this forenoon, when your husband was at church?'

'I really have no recollection of any such circumstance; nor am I aware of anything that could take my husband to church to-day.'

'And you cannot call to mind that you asked me to tea, and intreated me to bring my wife with me?'

'Surely not, since I was ignorant, till a few minutes ago, that such individuals were in existence.'

'Mrs Archibald! I of course cannot, as a gentleman, refuse to credit those assertions; but I take leave to tell you that I by no means admire the *memory* of the wives of the Scottish clergy! Come, my dear. Our friend will be surprised to hear of the hospitable reception obtained for us by his letter of introduction; although perhaps Mrs Archibald—and here Mr Smith wheeled round as he reached the door, and fixed his eye upon the culprit—'although perhaps Mrs Archibald is not disposed to admit having received Mr —'s letter at all!'

'Oh, that is my brother-in-law!' cried Mrs Archibald: 'do you come from him? How is my dear sister? Pray, sit down!' A few words sufficed to clear the whole *imbroglio*; and the true Mr Archibald making his appearance immediately after, threw still more light upon the subject by explaining that a namesake of his, a clergyman, lived in the street at the opposite angle of the Place. They learnt afterwards from this gentleman, that on seeing the letter of introduction, he perceived at once it was not intended for him, and went to call on Mr Smith to explain the mistake. The Fates, however, were determined that the *contre-temps* should run its course, for Mrs Archibald had taken down the wrong number!

In another room the party found a cheerful fire, and the much-desiderated tea; and before separating that night, Mr Archibald placed collateral evidence of a highly-satisfactory nature upon the table that Mr Smith's original conjecture was correct, and that he was indeed no minister—but a Wine-merchant.

#### JOTTINGS ON BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

'THE history of books,' it has often been said, 'is as curious and instructive as that of men: it is therein that we have to seek for the moral life of a people.' This remark has very much the character of a truism, and more especially at the present period. The ever-circling course of time brings phenomena in literature as well as astronomy: from the no-book era the world passed into the too-many-book era; from that of reading nothing but what pleased a few, to that in which everybody read what they pleased; from that of being punished for reading, to that in which the punishment was for not reading. Nodier says, 'Printed books have existed but little more than four hundred years, and yet, in certain countries, they have already accumulated to such a degree as to peril the old equilibrium of the globe. Civilisation has reached the most unexpected of its periods—the Age of Paper.'

We have had the Golden Age, and the Age of Brass, and of Iron; but the Age of Paper!—was such a wonder ever dreamt of by philosophy? What does it bode? Is it synonymous with *flimsy* age? Do the centuries degenerate? According to M. Victor Hugo they do not. In his reception-speech made to the Académie in 1840, he declared, 'Nothing has degenerated; France is always the torch of nations. The epoch is great—great by its science, its eloquence, its industry, great by its poetry and its art. At the present hour, there is but one enlightened and living literature in the whole universe—and it is the literature of France.' It is not easy to account for differences of opinion, but only three short years earlier—namely, in 1837—Monsieur Guizot affirmed, in addressing another learned academy, 'The true and disinterested worship of science has worn itself out among us; we seek for noise or for profit, for a prompt satisfaction of self-love, or for a material advantage.'

Contrast this with the period when pen, ink, and





Schoolboys of the present day often chant a quatrain without a suspicion that young scholars vented their discontent in the same doggerel in the days when the invincible Armada was approaching our shores. Professor De Morgan mentions a manuscript, date 1570, in which these lines occur:—

'Multiplication is mie vexation,  
And Division is quite as bad,  
The Golden Rule is mie stumbling-stule,  
And Practice drives me mad.'

In 1688, a teacher of arithmetic, W. Leybourn, doubtless thought he had made a hit by his title-page, which is thus fancifully arranged:—

Platform	{	for	{	Purchasers.
Guide				Builders.
Mate				Measurers.

Another, of the same date, thought he had discovered an original method for obtaining the square and cube roots, and says—

'Now Logarithms lowre your sail,  
And Algebra give place,  
For here is found, that ne'er doth fail,  
A nearer way to your disgrace.'

There was a struggle to live even a hundred years ago; we do not find that being a century nearer to the Golden Age than we are made much essential difference in men's characters:—The author of 'Arithmetick in Epitome,' published in 1740, entertains a professional jealousy of interlopers, for he observes, 'When a man has tried all Shifts, and still failed, if he can but scratch out anything like a fair *Character*, though never so stiff and unnatural, and has got but *Arithmetick* enough in his Head to compute the Minutes in a Year, or the Inches in a Mile, he makes his last Recourse to a Garret, and, with the Painter's Help, sets up for a Teacher of *Writing* and *Arithmetick*; where, by the Bait of low Prices, he perhaps gathers a Number of Scholars.'

Another, named Chappell, indulges in a little political illustration in his book, published in 1798—was he a disappointed place-hunter? He tells us in his versatile tables—

'So 5 times 8 were 40 Scots,  
Who came from Aberdeen,  
And 5 times 9 were 45,  
Which gave them all the spleen.'

The latter being an allusion to Wilkes' notorious No. 45 of the North Briton.

Some curious facts with respect to old systems of arithmetic were published at a meeting of the Schlesische Gesellschaft in Breslau in 1846. On that occasion Herr Lösche gave an account to the learned assembly of an old arithmetical work, 'Rechnen auf der Linie,' by the 'old Reckon-master,' Adam Rise. Adam was born about 1492; of his education nothing is known; he lived at Annaberg, and had three sons, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. His first 'Reckon-book,' in which he explained his peculiar method, appeared in 1518. It was somewhat on the principle of the calculating frame of the Chinese; a series of lines were drawn across a sheet of paper, on which, by the position of counters, numbers could be reckoned up to hundreds of thousands. The first line of the series was for units, the second for tens, the third for hundreds, the fourth for thousands, the fifth for ten thousands, and so on. It is remarkable that the highest counting-limit at that time was a thousand. The word 'million' was as yet unknown to the great body of calculators. Every number was counted, specified, and limited by thousands. The numeration of large numbers was thus expressed: the sum was divided into threes from right to left; a dot was placed over the first, and a second dot over the third of the following three, and so continued along the whole, until at last a dot stood over every fourth figure from the right. For example, 6432798642102791527462, which were read, six thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand

sand times thousand, 432 thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand times thousand, 798 thousand thousand thousand thousand times thousand, 642 thousand thousand thousand times thousand, 102 thousand thousand times thousand, 791 thousand times thousand, 527 thousand and 462. With this curiosity of arithmetic we close our Jottings for the present.

### THE LITTLE WOODLAND GLEANER.

'Art thou weary, Dove Annette—say, hast thou been roaming far?  
Seeking flowers fresh and wild, watching for the evening star?  
Heavily thy basket weighs; 'tis a cruel load for thee;  
Shades of night are stealing o'er; thou at home, fair child,  
shouldst be.'

Dove Annette laughed merrily as she ope'd her basket lid;  
There no hyacinthine bell or sweet eglantine was hid:  
Pine cones, and fallen leaves, and slender twigs were gathered  
there;  
Far more precious these to her than the woodland treasures fair.

'My old grandam she is cold, for the autumn nights are chill;  
So I search the golden woods over dale and over hill;  
Sticks, leaves, and cones together, make a warm and blazing fire;  
Shame 'twould be if Dove Annette on this errand o'er could tire!

'My old grandam she is blind, but our scholars are a score;  
And she tells them how to spell, and the blessed Bible lore;  
At A B C I toll all day—alas, they are not quick to learn!  
Little 'tis that we are paid—poor the living thus we earn.

'Forest glades are dusk and drear, save when pretty deer skip by;  
Evening stars I cannot see, trees arch overhead so high;  
Safely sleep the birds around: He who numbers them each one  
Cares, I know, for Dove Annette in the wild wood all alone.

'So I fill my basket full—sure it is a heavy load;  
But I sing a pleasant song all along my homeward road;  
And within our cabin walls, gleaming with the ruddy blaze,  
Grandam teaches Dove Annette hymns of thankfulness and  
praise.'

C. A. M. W.

### BRIAN BOROIHME'S HARP.

It is well known that the great monarch Brian Boroihme was killed at the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014. He left his son Donagh his harp; but Donagh having murdered his brother Teige, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father. These regalia were kept in the Vatican till Pope Clement sent the harp to Henry VIII., but kept the crown, which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanricarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came by a lady of the De Burgh family into that of M'Mahon of Glenagh, in the county of Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Counsellor Macnamara of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Hon. William Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity College Museum, where it now is. It is 32 inches high, and of good workmanship—the sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red sally—the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is capped with silver, well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone, now lost.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

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practical jokes, and try to frighten her; while she, on her part, tried by all means in her power not to let the cruel boy know that he but too often succeeded.

At this juncture Mr and Mrs Drelincourt were absent from home for a few days, when, one morning, Miss Norman, the governess, who presided at the breakfast-table, remarked how singular it was that Miss St Eude, usually the first to make her appearance, had not yet come down. The brother and sisters looked at each other, and began to titter, and there was evidently a joke of some kind amongst them, which they exceedingly enjoyed. But as their hilarity and free-masonry increased, so did Miss Norman's indefinable apprehensions—Clari not coming, and mischief mysteriously brewing!

At length Miss Norman sought Clari's chamber; but it was fastened, and no answer was returned to her repeated summons; but a low, moaning noise proceeded from within. After consulting Taffy Lewin, the door was burst open, and poor Clari was found in the agonies of a brain-fever. Taffy, from former experience, well knowing the imminent danger of the hapless sufferer, medical advice was summoned, and Mrs Drelincourt was instantly recalled. The doctors spoke of some sudden shock the nerves of their patient had sustained, but of what kind, or under what physical influence, it was impossible to say: the room was a dreary one, the young girl was of a highly-nervous, excitable temperament, and nervous disorders often took strange turns—frightful dreams, or ill-arranged reading, sometimes produced distressing effects. Clari St Eude recovered rapidly from the fever; but the brain was irretrievably injured. The light of reason was never re-illuminated: all efforts were useless; there was hopeless darkness within.

But how came all this about?—what had happened? The chamber-door was well secured within, therefore no trick could have been played off, said Mr Drelincourt, even had any one had the mind to do so. It was very mysterious. Miss Norman had her suspicions, and she named them to Mr Drelincourt; but he dismissed her from his home and service: Taffy Lewin kept hers within her own bosom, and watched and waited. When the young Drelincourts were questioned, they answered with bravado, 'What!—are we invisible, or fairies, to fly through the keyhole?' It did indeed appear foolish to think that any one could have entered the chamber, it being well known that Miss St Eude always slept with her door locked; so that it was at length considered an extraordinary natural visitation, and poor Clari's affliction ceased to be the topic of conversation.

The Misses Drelincourt and their brother became much subdued after this sad event, and never willingly approached or saw the unfortunate girl. She lived now entirely with Taffy Lewin in the nursery. Taffy's compassion and devotion to her charge were without limits. Whatever Taffy Lewin's thoughts were on the subject of Miss St Eude's sudden attack, she never divulged them, even to Mrs Drelincourt. That exemplary lady's patience and resignation were fully shown forth by her piety and submission under this heavy and bitter affliction; for Clari was her only child, and a most beloved one. It was Taffy who suggested an occupation being found for Miss Clari, seconded by medical advice. It was indeed a long time before it took a useful or tangible form; but with perseverance, and kindness, and judicious treatment, at length there appeared hope that the incessantly-working fingers of the poor young lady might be moulded so as to benefit herself by creating amusement. At that time probably they had little thought of the future blessing this might prove to the bereaved.

Years passed on, and the old mouldering hall of the Drelincourts still reposed amid its dark pine-woods—unchanged without: within, all was not as it had been. The haughty and beautiful Blanch Drelincourt had married, without the knowledge of her friends, a person who supposed her to be the daughter of a wealthy

man, and that a fortune must be forthcoming. He was undeceived too late, and found that he had to support a vain and penniless wife with an increasing family. Henry Drelincourt's education had been an expensive one, and his ruinous and profligate habits were more expensive still. It seemed clear to every one that the debts and disgrace so rapidly accumulating would leave to the heir of Drelincourt little more than the name. This young man came to pass a few weeks at his father's, to recruit his health, which had been shattered by a course of dissipation and recklessness. His sister Laura was now his only companion; and frivolous and unamiable as Laura Drelincourt was, she possessed one redeeming point, rendering her less selfish and domineering; and this was, a devoted affection for her brother.

She was never wearied of tending and studying his whims and caprices, which were not a few; and when an alarming infectious fever made its appearance in the village, and from thence spread to the hall—her brother and father being simultaneously attacked—Laura fearlessly devoted herself to the duties required in her brother's sick chamber; Mrs Drelincourt's whole time and attention being taken up with her husband. Mr Drelincourt fell the first victim to the ravages of the fearful epidemic, while death among the retainers was busy in several cases. Henry was only pronounced out of danger when his sister Laura was attacked, and her life despaired of for many days. Mrs Drelincourt, now released from attendance on her husband, nursed the suffering Laura as if she had been her own child, and with the same feelings of maternal anxiety and solicitude. Laura's life was spared; and she seemed deeply penetrated with the unselfish and tender care she had experienced from her stepmother. There was a sense of shame and deep self-abasement in her manner, which seemed to say even more forcibly than the circumstances demanded—'I have done you wrong; you are heaping coals of fire on my head!'

When the brother and sister were permitted to see each other again, the fatal truth flashed across Laura's mind for the first time, that Henry, although spared from the violence of the fever, had received a mortal blow, from which he never would recover; his constitution, already prematurely broken, was sinking rapidly: it was too evident that he had not many weeks to live. Nor did Mrs Drelincourt endeavour to raise false hopes in the sister's bosom, but rather to strengthen and enable her to bear the inevitable doom approaching. She supported, she tended and fostered, the dying man with Christian love and motherly compassion; and he writhed in agony beneath her kindness—the secret weighing on his mind being evidently unsupportable, while he, too, murmured, 'This is indeed heaping coals of fire on my head.'

It was after a long private conference between the brother and sister, wherein recent agitation had left the invalid more weakened than usual, that Henry, faintly requesting his gentle nurse to come beside him, murmured, 'Mother!—it was the first time he had ever called her so—' I wish you to bring poor Clari here; I wish to see her.' Clari—almost forgotten during the late scenes of sorrow enacting in the hall—left wholly to Taffy's care, had entirely escaped contagion; and in the quiet distant nursery plied her simple amusement of weaving osiers, by degrees promising to become an expert basket-manufacturer. Clari came with her afflicted mother to Henry Drelincourt's side; and with her pale face, and vacant smile, and expressionless eyes, gazed on the dying man, taking up one of his thin wasted hands, and twining the fingers round her own, muttering, 'Oh, pretty—pretty!'

Henry, in his turn, gazed on the hapless girl with a prolonged and agonized look: the big round tears coursed down his sunken cheeks—blessed tears!—as he turned towards Mrs Drelincourt, and with clasped hands and streaming eye ejaculated, 'Can you forgive me?' She seemed not to understand his meaning, and returned









The cicerone here shows a pillar on which are three marks: one indicating the stature of Christian I.—the first prince of the existing dynasty, and a contemporary of our Edward IV.; he was, it seems, six feet ten inches in height, and his sword, which hangs on the wall, is long enough to reach up to the chin of a man of ordinary size; a second denotes the stature of Christian IV.; a third, strikingly lower, betokens the height of the late amiable king, Frederick VI.

Some other aisles contain the sarcophagi of distinguished noble families of Denmark. I was arrested for a little by one which has a door of iron grated-work, bearing a figure of the devil as large as life, with horns, tail, and claws. The explanation is, that the family reposing within is named Trolle, a famous one in Danish history. Trolle is the name of one of the beings of Scandinavian superstition; and this being is figured in the armorial-bearings of the house as a man having his head placed in the middle of his body. Latterly, I suppose, as these superstitions became obscure, the malignant Trolle was confounded with the devil; and hence the figure on the grating as an object bearing reference to this noble family. The English visitor is disposed to pause under a different feeling over the slab beneath which Saxo-Grammaticus reposes, when he recollects that Shakespeare obtained the foundation of his Hamlet in the pages of that historian. I find it stated in Feldborg's 'Denmark Delineated,' that when James VI. of Scotland came to Copenhagen in the course of his matrimonial excursion, he met in Roskilde Cathedral the celebrated Dr Hemmingen, and discussed with him in Latin the substantial presence of the body and blood of Christ in the eucharist. Dr Hemmingen had been placed here, as in an honourable banishment, for his Calvinistic notions on this subject. The Scottish monarch was so much pleased with his cast of opinion, that he invited him to dinner, and at parting bestowed upon him a golden beaker.

The royal collection of pictures in the Christiansborg palace is a large one, occupying twelve stately rooms; but it contains only a few good pictures, and seldom detains a visitor long. While I was in Copenhagen, a small collection of the productions of living Norwegian artists was open to public inspection for a small fee, the proceeds being applicable to the relief of the Danish soldiers wounded in the Sleswig-Holstein war. Several of the landscapes, particularly one by a Mr Gude, representing the Hardanger Fiord, struck me as works of merit; and there was one conversation-piece, representing an old peasant reading the Bible to his wife, which seemed to me not less happy in its way. It is remarkable that the northern nations have not yet produced any painter of great reputation, but that in sculpture they have surpassed all other European nations besides Italy. The great distinction attained by Thorvaldsen has thrown a glory over Denmark, of which the Danes are justly proud. He was the son of a poor Icelandic boat-builder, and was born in Copenhagen. On his attaining to eminence in Rome about thirty years ago, his country at once awakened to a sense of his merits; and when he afterwards visited it, he was received with honours such as are usually reserved for some soldier who has saved his country, or added stupendously to its laurels. He ultimately settled in Denmark, where he died in 1844, leaving to his country many of his best works in marble, casts of all his great works, besides his pictures, curiosities, furniture, and the sum of 60,000 Danish dollars. The consequence has been the erection of the THORVALDSEN MUSEUM, beyond all comparison the most interesting object in Copenhagen. It is a quadrangular building in what is called the Pompeii style, with a court in the middle; in the centre of which, within a simple square of marble slabs, rest the remains of the great artist. In the halls and galleries within are ranged the sculptures, casts, &c. under a judicious classification, each apartment being adorned with frescoes more or less appropriate to the objects contained in it. The finest object

in the whole collection is undoubtedly the cast of a colossal figure of Christ, which Thorvaldsen executed, along with the twelve apostles, and a kneeling angel bearing a font, for the Frue Kirk in Copenhagen. The stranger sees the marble originals of all these figures in the church with admiration; but it is admitted that the cast of the Christ has a better effect than the original, in consequence of its superior relative arrangement. The Saviour is represented in the act of saying, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden;' and there is a mixture of human benevolence with divine majesty in the attitude and expression, which perfectly answers to the text. The tendency seems to be to an admission that this is the finest embodiment of the idea of the Saviour of the world which that world has ever seen; and I shall not be surprised if this opinion be confirmed. Many of the artist's mythological figures—particularly those realising ideal beauty, his Psyche, Venuses, Dianas, and Apollos, the cast of his noble frieze of the triumphal march of Alexander, and some of his subjects embodying the poetry of human life—are eminently beautiful. The busts, which are numerous, are less interesting, and in most instances inferior as works of art. The representations of the artist himself, in sculpture and painting, are many, and calculated to give a perfect idea of the man—a massive figure, with a massive head, blue eyes, a pale complexion, and a gentle, but thoughtful expression of countenance. After dwelling to weariness on the creations of the man's genius, it is pleasant to walk into the rooms which contain his simple household furniture, books, favourite pictures, and other intimate memorials of his personal existence. It is equally agreeable to pause in the midst of the contemplation of his works, and observe the groups of admiring countrymen, from the noble to the peasant, who pass through the rooms to enjoy the spectacle of an intellectual triumph in which they feel that they have a part. Finally, one pauses with speechless emotion over the plain enclosure in the courtyard, which pronounces only the words HERTEL THORVALDSEN over one whom these countrymen can never cease to revere. On the outside of the building there are frescoes representing—*first*, the national reception of Thorvaldsen on his final return to Copenhagen; and, *second*, the public joy on the introduction of his works into their country. I heard some criticise these frescoes severely; but I could never get so far as criticism in their case. Every such attempt is anticipated with me by a melting of the heart in sympathy with this worthy people, over the glory which Thorvaldsen has conferred upon them in the eyes of their fellow-nations, and that genial kindly relation between them and their immortal compatriot, of which this invaluable museum is the monument.

The Danes are remarkably fond of amusement, and the means of affording this gratification at Copenhagen are ample. The principal theatre (*Konglige Theater*) is a handsome house of moderate size, where both the Opera and Ballet are respectably presented. I was present one evening, when an operatic piece of Hans Christian Andersen, named *Brylluppet ved Como-Soen*, apparently of very simple construction, was performed, and I thought both the singing and orchestra exceedingly good. There are several other playhouses, some of which are chiefly frequented by the humbler classes. On the outskirts of the town there is an establishment called a Tivoli, resembling Vauxhall, and to which, as the admission is only 4d. sterling, immense multitudes resort. Here is found a little theatre for dancing and short vaudevilles, which the people witness standing in the open air. There is a *salon* for music, where the people are under cover, but without seats, unless they choose to ask for refreshments. In the open air are merry-go-rounds, an undulating railway, and machines for testing strength. In Denmark, a merry-go-round is the enjoyment of old as well as young. It is composed of a circular stage, bearing carriages like those of a railway, and going partly



to such exhibitions of high art. It is neither from among the poor nor the rich that great artists usually spring, but from that large middle-class in which the genius of individuals receives an impulse from pecuniary necessity. In that rank large sums cannot be paid for a song, and their claims to gentility will not permit them to class themselves even at a concert with the grade beneath them, permitted to listen for a lower price in organ lofts and at the back of galleries. We do not say that there is no remedy even for this evil. The genius of the present age is fertile in expedients, and perhaps some plan may be hit upon to satisfy the exorbitant expectations of musical artists, by providing a larger and more frequent audience at prices better adapted to ordinary means. So long as the present system, however, continues, music cannot be expected to make any rapid progress among us; for the effect of the system is to degrade art to the level of fashion, and thus repress the noble and generous aspirations of genius.

But the difficulty arising from the enormous expense of such musical instruments as the piano is less complicated; and indeed it would appear at first sight to be very extraordinary that in an age of almost unbounded speculation and competition it should exist at all. There is nothing in the construction of the machinery of a piano which ought to prevent it from being found in tens of thousands of houses in this country from which it is at present entirely excluded. The existing piano, however, is a traditional instrument—an heir-loom of the wealthy; and for them alone it must be manufactured. Its case must be of expensive foreign woods, and its keys of ivory; its legs must be elegantly turned; its handsome feet must roll on brazen wheels adapted for the rich carpet; and generally it must be decorated with carvings in wood, such as of themselves, entirely superfluous as they are, add several pounds to the expense. The manufacturers say that all this is so because the instruments must be made exclusively for the rich, who would not purchase them if they were not elegant in form, and costly in material and workmanship. But this, we strongly suspect, is no longer true. Music has now descended lower in the social scale than it did in the last generation, and thousands of hearts are beating with the feeling of art and its aspirations, which were formerly cold and silent. The comparatively poor and the really economical do not buy pianos, simply because they are far beyond their means; and in England the cause of musical science and kindly feeling is deprived of the aid of a family instrument, which in Germany is found even in the parlour of the village public-houses.

Tables and chairs, bedsteads, and other articles of furniture, are manufactured on purpose to suit the means of the various classes of purchasers. Bedsteads may be had in London, and we presume elsewhere with equal ease, at 18s. and at L.50 a piece; and chairs which, in one form, cost L.2 or L.3 each, in another—of stained wood, with cane seats, extremely pretty and lasting—sell for 15s. the half-dozen. Why should not the less wealthy families have their own piano as well as their own chair or bedstead? And the humbleness of the materials, it should be remarked, would not necessarily involve any want of elegance in shape. The cheap chairs alluded to are sometimes very passable imitations of rosewood chairs—and they answer the purpose as well! Let us add, that the introduction of the new process of desiccation applied to timber would seem to render the present a very favourable juncture for such speculations as we hint at. Formerly, many years' warehousing would have been required to divest the wood of those juices which interrupt sound, and the trade in the material would thus be a monopoly of wealthy capitalists; but now, thanks to the science of the day, timber may be thoroughly dried in hours instead of years, and thus a ruinous interest on invested money saved.

Should this new manufacture, however, be com-

menced, the speculators must please to bear in mind that we do not ask for inferior instruments, but for cheap materials and plain workmanship. Some time ago an attempt was made to introduce watches with imitative gold cases: but the works were spurious imitations likewise; and these out-of-time-pieces, brought forward, if we recollect rightly, at 15s., sank speedily to 5s., and are now rarely seen at all. This should be a lesson to piano-makers for the future. They should further recollect, however, that an instrument, hitherto the prescriptive property of the rich and refined, must, however humble its materials, retain a certain elegance of form. A plain deal piano, for instance, even if the wood were suitable, would not be bought; but one made of birch, and French polished, with cheap keys, &c. would not disgrace a drawing-room. We remember seeing furniture of this timber in some of the small country inns in Russia; and it struck us as having an enormously-extravagant look, having all the appearance of satin-wood. This, however, we give merely as an illustration of our meaning. We put forth these paragraphs as nothing more than a hint to set thinking on the subject persons who possess the mechanical knowledge we cannot pretend to; and having so done, we take leave of the subject. L. R.

## THE PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR TENANTS.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

THE castle of Vincennes, within a few miles of Paris, has always been as terrible a place of detention as was the Bastille. Even in these days of comparative liberty and justice, Vincennes is made an engine of oppression; for throughout all political changes, the French government never scruples to seize and incarcerate *illegally* any one against whom it has a grudge.

The prisoners of Vincennes, till of late years, were seldom tried, and rarely knew what their offence was. The question they had to ask themselves was not, what is my crime?—but who is my enemy? who wants my fortune or my place? who covets my wife or my sister? who dreads my influence? Then the walls were so thick, the dungeons so deep, the guard so strict, that no cry for justice could reach the world outside.

An unhappy person destined to be the inmate of this castle was generally seized and brought there in the middle of the night. After crossing a drawbridge, which spans a moat forty feet deep, he found himself in the hands of two men, who, by the pale light of a lamp, directed his trembling steps. Heavy doors of iron, with enormous bolts, were opened and closed one after another; narrow, steep, winding stairs, descending and descending; on all sides padlocks, bars, and gratings; and vaults which the sun never saw! Arrived in his dungeon, the prisoner, who perhaps an hour before had been dancing and feasting at a court-ball, and still wore his suit of velvet and gold, was searched and stripped of everything but the bare clothes that covered him, and was then left with a miserable pallet, two straw chairs, and a broken pitcher—the parting injunction of the jailors being, that he was not to permit himself the slightest noise. 'C'est ici le palais de la silence!' say they—('This is the palace of silence!') Those who were fortunate enough to see the light again, and lived to be restored to the world, were searched in the same way on leaving their dungeon, and were obliged to take an oath never to reveal what had passed in this state-prison, under the penalty of incurring the king's displeasure. As the king's displeasure would have immediately carried them back to Vincennes, we may believe that the vow was seldom violated.

The tragedy of the Duc d'Enghien, who, on the 21st of March 1804, by the dim light of a lantern, was shot in the fosse of the castle of Vincennes, is too well known to be dilated on here: but although everybody has heard of the lamentable death of this brave man,



liberty, and the creditor his disappointment, which his dishonest intentions well merited. So many debtors escape, that it was lately proposed to revive this law, now obsolete; but the suggestion was negatived, under the apprehension that this trick of Monsieur L——'s might be repeated in right earnest.

There is a singular story told of a young man called Pierrot Dubourg, who was for some time a prisoner in the Luxembourg. Pierrot was a young farmer, who in 1788 resided about twenty miles from Paris. Handsome, gay, and prosperous in his circumstances, he was one of the happiest of men; the more so, that he had won the affections of a beautiful young girl called Geneviève, who had promised to become his wife. When the period appointed for the wedding approached, Pierrot told her that he must go to Paris for a short time, promising to bring her on his return all sorts of pretty things for her *corbeille*. Well, Pierrot went, but he did not return. Geneviève waited and waited, week after week, and month after month; till at last, overcome by an anxiety which was rendered more acute from a spice of jealousy, she determined to seek him in the great city herself. She knew the address of the house he lodged at on his arrival, and thither she directed her steps.

'Monsieur Pierrot Dubourg?' said the woman of the house; 'certainly he lodged here, but that is some months ago: he has been in prison ever since, and is not likely to get out, I fancy, for he was sent there by the Comte de Fersen!'

Further inquiry elicited the following particulars:—Pierrot, on his arrival in Paris, with plenty of money in his pocket, had fallen into the hands of a set of persons who had very soon relieved him of it, and indeed of everything he possessed besides. These were the servants of some of the profligate courtiers of those days, whose morals appear to have been of the same complexion as their masters'. The person who had introduced him into this nest of plunderers was the Comte de Fersen's coachman, and when Pierrot found himself ruined, it was to him he attributed the mischief. Irritated and miserable at the loss, he one day relieved his vexation by falling foul of the offender just as he was mounting his box, full dressed, to drive his master to court. Of course the comte, who was in the carriage, was indignant, and poor Pierrot soon found himself in prison.

It might have been supposed that Geneviève would be very much grieved when she heard this story, but, on the contrary, she was very happy: her lover was not unfaithful, only unfortunate, and with a determined will she set about getting him free. But although she succeeded at last, the success cost her very dear, and strange to say, it cost the king of France very dear too. After addressing herself to the police and the judges, and after presenting a petition to the king, which remained unanswered, and kneeling in the dust as the queen passed to Versailles, who drove on without attending to her, Geneviève at length procured an introduction to the Baron de Besenval, the favourite of the Comte d'Artois, the king's brother, to whom she made many prayers and many visits; and then one morning Pierrot Dubourg found himself, he knew not why or wherefore, suddenly at liberty. As he stepped into the street, an old woman accosted him, and bade him follow her. After walking some distance, she begged permission to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, to which—his curiosity being greatly excited—he consented. When the bandage was removed, Pierrot opened his eyes in a magnificent apartment, where nothing met his view but satin, velvet, gold, and glass, and before him stood a lady attired like a princess, but masked. Alas! it was the old story of Claudio and Angelo. Furious with rage, Pierrot struck her, and then, ashamed of the unmanly act, he was about to rush from the room; but she stopped him, and after telling him that she gave him back his vows, and renounced his love, she handed him a packet containing her peasant's dress, and all the presents he had made her in their happy

days: and so they parted; and when Pierrot returned home, and they asked him what had become of Geneviève, he said she was dead.

This happened in the reign of Louis XVI., and one might wonder how the humble Pierrot's disappointed love could influence the destiny of the king of France; and yet it did so. Pierrot had quitted Paris with his heart full of bitterness against the aristocracy; but more especially against the king, who had rejected Geneviève's petition; and against the queen, who had disdained her tears and prayers. After staying a short time in his formerly happy home, the contrast with the past, and the cruel recollections constantly suggested, became too bitter for him, and he wandered away, living an irregular sort of life, and mingling more and more with the violent republicans, to whom his only tie was, that they, too, hated the court and the courtiers. The course of his travels having at length brought him to St Menehould, he happened to be one day lounging in the streets, when, observing two carriages approaching, he stopped to see them pass. His surprise may be conceived when, on the driving-seat of one of them, dressed as a servant, he recognised the Comte de Fersen! Such a disguise could not be worn for nothing, and urged by hatred, he drew near the carriage, and looked in. There sat the queen of France, whilst the king, attired as a valet, was awkwardly endeavouring to perform the duties of his supposed office. It was Pierrot Dubourg who whispered to Drouet the post-master who the travellers were, and it was he who accompanied Drouet's son in pursuit of the unhappy fugitives, who were overtaken at Varennes, and brought back to Paris. Pierrot Dubourg came too, and after losing sight of him for some time, we find him again filling the office of assistant executioner, in which situation he witnessed the beheading of his once-loved Geneviève, who was guillotined on the same day with Madame Dubarry.

Monsieur Arago, in his *éloge* of Lavoisier, relates that this great chemist might possibly have escaped the death inflicted by his ignorant and ungrateful countrymen, who told him they had no more need of learned men, had he not been more anxious for the safety of others than his own. A poor woman in the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg had received him into her house, where she neglected no precautions for his safety and concealment; but his alarm for the consequences to his benefactress should he be discovered, distressed him so much more than his own danger, that he made repeated attempts to escape from her friendly roof, which she, by her vigilance, defeated. One night, however, he succeeded in eluding her watchfulness, and the next day saw him in the Luxembourg, whence he was removed to the Conciergerie, on his rapid way to the scaffold.

Condorcet, the great mathematician, is said to have lost his life by not knowing how many eggs there should be in an omelette. Aware that he was suspected by Robespierre—for though a republican, he had dared to pity the royal family—he disfigured his face and hands with mortar, and fled from Paris in the disguise of a mason. After passing twenty-four hours in a wood, hunger drove him to a little inn, where he ordered an omelette.

'Of how many eggs?' asked the servant.

'Twelve,' replied the philosopher at random. A mason ordering an omelette of twelve eggs awakened suspicion; he was searched, and a volume of Horace being found in his pocket, he was arrested. Unable to face the scaffold, Condorcet took poison, and died on the road to Paris.

Everybody knows that the horrors of the French Revolution were redeemed by many noble actions. We have told the story of Bouchotte at St Pelagie. Benoit, the keeper of the Luxembourg, also distinguished himself by many generous and courageous deeds. He saved the life of the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of Louis-Philippe, by refusing to give her up when summoned before the Committee of Public Safety. He declared













place being inhabited at all, raised some curious speculations in our minds as to the change of the relations of monarch and subject since the days of Christian IV.

The grand sight of Fredericksborg is the royal chapel, forming the lower floor of one side of the square. It is a superb specimen of that mixture of Grecian and Gothic which prevailed at the end of the sixteenth century; no grandeur of plan, but infinite ornament of detail, gilt reliefs (especially on the ceiling), carvings, and fine inlaid woodwork. The pulpit has pillars of silver, and the altar-piece glows with golden images and sculptures. 'The Swedes,' says Feldborg, 'took away twelve apostles in silver, leaving the figure of Christ, which was formed of the same metal, to preach the Gospel at home, as they wickedly expressed themselves, but declaring that his apostles should do so abroad.' The screened recess for the royal family still contains a range of chairs with wrought seats, which must be coeval with the chapel, as they contain Christian's initials. There is even still the same charity-box at the door, into which this grand old prince must have popped his donations as he passed to worship; for it, too, bears his initials. The coronations of the Danish kings take place here, and this has led to an unfortunate modernisation being effected at one end of the chapel for the accommodation of the throne, with seats for the knights of the Order of the Elephant. In every other particular it is preserved exactly as it was in the days of the founder. I may remark that the shields of the living Elephantine knights adorn the gallery. When they die, these symbols of their glory are removed to a clean, well-kept crypt beneath one of the angles of the palace, where the whole series for the last two centuries may be seen. This is at once a curious historical study and a touching lecture on the transitoriness of all human grandeur.

Over the chapel, and therefore occupying the same area, is the Banqueting-Hall, certainly a most magnificent apartment, being no less than 150 feet long, and of proportionate breadth, though generally thought to be a little deficient in height. This large room is beautifully paved with diced marble, and is covered all over with gilt and painted ornaments, particularly in the ceiling, while each space of wall between two windows contains a portrait of some monarch which had been presented to the Danish sovereigns. The ceiling alone, which is said to have been the work of twenty-six carvers for seven years, might detain a curious visitor for a day, since there is scarcely a familiar animal, or a trade, or art, which is not represented in it. In one compartment you may study the business of *Distillatio*; in another that of *Impressio Librorum*, and so forth. One sees in this and similar places many valuable memorials of the things of a former age, which he cannot but regret to leave after only a hasty and superficial inspection. I am convinced that a painstaking and leisurely person, who could take accurate drawings of such objects, would, in the course of a few years' rambles over Europe, acquire the means of producing almost a complete resuscitation of our mediæval ancestors in their dresses, habits, and all other external circumstances.

When we had satisfied our curiosity with the Fredericksborg palace, we returned to the inn, and speedily resumed our *char-a-banc*, but with fresh horses. I observed with some surprise that the driver, in passing out of the town, deemed himself at liberty to take a short cut through the half-ruinous gateways and rain-bleached courts of the palace, notwithstanding the presence of royalty within the mansion. We found some fine woods extending from the palace in this direction, and peopled with deer. A short drive brought us to another palace, called Fredensborg, more modern than the last, and with some pretensions to notice. But we were too much satiated with such sights to care for an inspection of Fredensborg, and we therefore passed on to Elsinore, where we arrived betimes in the evening.

An Englishman usually approaches this town with

his mind full of Shakspeare and Hamlet, and an eager expectation to see places hallowed by association with the name of him of the inky cloak: supply naturally follows demand, and hence it is not surprising to find that a place called 'Hamlet's Garden' has been 'got up' in the neighbourhood, and established as the scene of the murder of the royal Dane. Not being disposed to have much faith in the reality of a northern prince of the fourth century before the Christian era, I entered Elsinore with comparatively sober feelings. It is a very ordinary-looking mercantile town of 8000 inhabitants (yet the fourth in Denmark), situated on a low plain beside that Sound which has originally given it consequence. Not much less than a hundred vessels of all flags lay in the calm sea in front, waiting for wind, or till they should pay their dues to the king of Denmark. It is admitted that L.150,000 per annum are thus extorted under favour of the cannon of Cronberg Castle, which raises its huge form near by, like the beggar in 'Gil Blas,' whom the reader may remember described as having his gun presented on a pair of cross-sticks to enforce a demand neither less nor more justifiable. It is certainly surprising that a system so little different from the predatory practices of the Rhenish barons of the fourteenth century should still be found in vigour. I am afraid that my only true English associations with the place referred to things at which the Shakspearian enthusiast will scoff—to wit, James VI. dating during his honeymoon from Cronberg, 'quhar we are drinking and driving over in the auld maner,' and his descendant, Queen Matilda, here sighing over the lost peace which was never more to be hers.\* The mind is sometimes strangely perverse and wayward, and I often find myself interested in things for reasons sufficiently trivial. For instance, while passing through the fosses and walls which surround this hardy fortress, and while my companions were probably lost in admiration of its stately proportions, I could not help recalling a passage in Spottiswoode the historian, where, speaking of James's winter in this castle, he mentions with complacency there being no such thing as a quarrel between the Scotch and the Danes all the time, a circumstance the more wonderful, says he, 'since it is hard for men in drink, at which they were continually kept, long to agree.' After all, Cronberg is only a great quadrangular palace in the centre of a set of ordinary fortifications. The casemates in the walls are usually, however, a subject of curiosity, in consequence of a legend thus related by a native writer:—'For many ages the din of arms was now and then heard in the vaults beneath the Castle of Cronberg. None knew the cause, and there was not in all the land a man bold enough to descend into the vaults. At last a slave who had forfeited his life was told that his crime should be forgiven if he could bring intelligence of what he found in the vaults. He went down, and came to a large iron door, which opened of itself when he knocked. He found himself in a deep vault. In the centre of the ceiling hung a lamp which was nearly burnt out; and below stood a huge stone-table, round which some steel-clad warriors sat, resting their heads on their arms, which they had laid crossways. He who sat at the head of the table then rose up: it was Holger the Dane [a hero of the fabulous age]. But when he raised his head from the arms, the stone-table burst right in twain, for his beard had grown through it. "Give me thy hand," said he to the slave. The slave durst not give him the hand, but put forth an iron bar, which Holger indented with his fingers. At last he let go his hold, muttering, "It is well! I am glad there are yet men in Denmark."† What is curious, there is a similar traditional story in Scotland, referring to a person called the last of the Pechs;‡ and, if I am not mis-

\* The sad story of Queen Matilda, who was sister to our George III., is related in full detail in an interesting book recently published, 'Memoirs of Sir Robert Murray Keith,' 2 vols.

† Thiele's Collection of Popular Danish Traditions.

‡ See Popular Rhymes of Scotland, third edition, p. 229.













weeks ago. We can find it nowhere; and I thought you might possibly have taken it by mistake.'

'A black, common-looking thing,' said Jones.

'Yes.'

'I did take it by mistake. I found it in one of my parcels, and put it in my pocket, intending of course to return it when I came back; but I remember, when wanting to open a lock of which I had lost the key, taking it out to see if it contained a pencil-case which I thought might answer the purpose; and finding none, tossing it away in a pet, I could not afterwards find it.'

'Then it is lost?'

'Yes; but what of that? There was nothing in it.'

'You are mistaken,' rejoined Owen; 'there was a five-pound country note in it, and the loss will—What is the matter, friend?'

I had sprung upon my feet with uncontrollable emotion: Mr Lloyd's observation recalled me to myself, and I sat down again, muttering something about a sudden pain in the side.

'Oh, if that's the case,' said Jones, 'I'll make it up willingly. I am pretty rich, you know, just now.'

'We shall be much obliged to you,' said Mrs Lloyd; 'its loss would be a sad blow to us.'

'How came you to send those heavy boxes here, Jones?' said Owen Lloyd. 'Would it not have been better to have sent them direct to Portsmouth, where the vessel calls?'

'I had not quite made up my mind to return to America then; and I knew they would be safer here than anywhere else.'

'When do you mean to take them away? We are so badly off for room, that they terribly hamper us.'

'This evening, about nine o'clock. I have hired a smack at Hythe to take us, bag and baggage, down the river to meet the liner which calls off Portsmouth to-morrow. I wish we could persuade you to go with us.'

'Thank you, Jones,' replied Owen in a dejected tone. 'I have very little to hope for here; still my heart clings to the old country.'

I had heard enough; and hastily rising, intimated a wish to look at the timber at once. Mr Lloyd immediately rose, and Jones and his wife left the cottage to return to Hythe at the same time that we did. I marked a few pieces of timber, and promising to send for them in the morning, hastened away.

A mountain seemed removed from off my breast: I felt as if I had achieved a great personal deliverance. Truly a wonderful interposition of Providence, I thought, that has so signally averted the fatal consequences likely to have resulted from the thoughtless imprudence of Owen Lloyd, in allowing his house to be made, however innocently, a receptacle for stolen goods, at the solicitations, too, of a man whose character he knew to be none of the purest. He had had a narrow escape, and might with perfect truth exclaim—

'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.'

The warrants of which I was the bearer the London police authorities had taken care to get indorsed by a magistrate of the county of Hampshire, who happened to be in London, so that I found no difficulty in arranging effectually for the capture and safe custody of Jones and his assistants when he came to fetch his booty.

I had just returned to the Beaulieu inn, after completing my arrangements, when a carriage drove furiously up to the door, and who should, to my utter astonishment, alight, but Mr William Lloyd, and Messrs Smith, father and son. I hastened out, and briefly enjoining caution and silence, begged them to step with me into a private room. The agitation of Mr Lloyd and of Mr Arthur Smith was extreme, but Mr Smith appeared cold and impassive as ever. I soon ascertained that Arthur Smith, by his mother's assistance, I suspect, had early penetrated his father's schemes and secrets, and had, in consequence, caused Mr William

Lloyd to be watched home, with whom, immediately after I had left, he had a long conference. Later in the evening an *éclaircissement* with the father took place; and after a long and stormy discussion, it was resolved that all three should the next morning post down to Beaulieu, and act as circumstances might suggest. My story was soon told. It was received of course with unbounded joy by the brother and the lover; and even through the father's apparent indifference I could perceive that his refusal to participate in the general joy would not be of long duration. The large fortune which Mr William Lloyd intimated his intention to bestow upon his niece was a new and softening element in the affair.

Mr Smith, senior, ordered his dinner; and Mr Lloyd and Arthur Smith—but why need I attempt to relate what *they* did? I only know that when, a long time afterwards, I ventured to look in at Mr Owen Lloyd's cottage, all the five inmates—brother, uncle, lover, niece, and wife—were talking, laughing, weeping, smiling, like distracted creatures, and seemed utterly incapable of reasonable discourse. An hour after that, as I stood screened by a belt of forest-trees in wait for Mr Jones and company, I noticed, as they all strolled past me in the clear moonlight, that the tears, the agitation had passed away, leaving only smiles and grateful joy on the glad faces so lately clouded by anxiety and sorrow. A mighty change in so brief a space!

Mr Jones arrived with his cart and helpers in due time. A man who sometimes assisted in the timber-yard was deputed, with an apology for the absence of Mr Lloyd, to deliver the goods. The boxes, full of plate and other valuables, were soon hoisted in, and the cart moved off. I let it proceed about a mile, and then, with the help I had placed in readiness, easily secured the astounded burglar and his assistants; and early the next morning Jones was on his road to London. He was tried at the ensuing Old-Bailey sessions, convicted, and transported for life; and the discretion I had exercised in not executing the warrant against Owen Lloyd was decidedly approved of by the authorities.

It was about two months after my first interview with Mr Smith that, on returning home one evening, my wife placed before me a piece of bride-cake, and two beautifully-engraved cards united with white satin ribbon, bearing the names of Mr and Mrs Arthur Smith. I was more gratified by this little act of courtesy for Emily's sake, as those who have temporarily fallen from a certain position in society will easily understand, than I should have been by the costliest present. The service I had rendered was purely accidental: it has nevertheless been always kindly remembered by all parties whom it so critically served.

## RUINS.

EVERYTHING is mutable, everything is perishable around us. The forms of nature and the works of art alike crumble away; and amid the gigantic forms that surround it, the soul of man is alone immortal. Knowledge itself ebbs and flows like the changing sea, and art has become extinct in regions where it earliest flourished. Kingdoms that once gave law to the nations, figure no more in the world's history, leaving nothing but a name, and Ruins.

Most of the ruins of the ancient world are remarkable as monuments of a political element now happily extinct. They are emblems of that despotic rule which, in the early history of mankind, was well-nigh universal; which delighted in rearing immense structures, like the Pyramids, of little utility, but requiring an enormous expenditure of labour; and contrasted with the capriciousness and violence of which, the most arbitrary of modern governments is liberty itself. But such ruins not only teach us to be grateful to Heaven for the blessings of political freedom, but reveal to us glimpses of a past which, but for them, would remain veiled in obscurity.



to the state. Simple and unostentatious in their private dwellings, they lavished genius and splendour in the construction of their public buildings; for the state was but a concentration of themselves, and in its glory they felt they were all partakers. Nevertheless they desired beauty more for itself than for its concomitant splendour; and even in religion they were less worshippers of heaven than adorers of the beautiful. It is the loftiest of delights to say to the beautiful—'I am thy Maker!' and when kneeling before the matchless statues of their gods, the Greeks rather gloried in them as divine creations of their genius, than humbled themselves before them as emblems of their deities. Favoured by blood and climate, by the character of their country, and the advent to its shores of all the knowledge of the old East—the Greeks had a noble career before them; and well did they fulfil their destiny. Genius and power have long departed from the descendants of that lordly race; but mankind still flock to the Hellenic strand to gaze on the divine relics of the past. The sun of Greece has long set—but the land is still radiant with her ruins.

Egypt—that land of silence and mystery—as if to compensate for its total deficiency of written records, has left the greatest number of ruins. From the mouth of the Nile to above the Cataracts, relics of former magnificence stretch away to the borders of the Desert; and even amid the now sandy wastes we stumble at times upon a ruin lordly even in its decay. It tells us the oft-told tale of the triumph of Time. We gaze on the ruin, and see in it a broken purpose—and the strain of our meditations is sad. We think of the mighty monarch its founder—proud of his power, and eager to use it; yet conscious of his evanescence, and resolved to triumph over decay ere it triumphed over him—dreading the forgetfulness of human hearts, and resolving to commit his glory to things less noble, but less perishable than they, and to make the silent marble eloquent with his praise. Those porphyry blocks have come from the far-off Nubian mountains, and earth must have groaned for leagues beneath their weight; the carving of those friezes, and the sculpture of those statues, must have been the labour of years. Alas for the captive and the slave! Hundreds have toiled and sunk on the plain around us—till the royal pile became a cenotaph to slaves. That vase-shaped capital, half imbedded in the sand, has been soiled with the sweat, perhaps dabbled with the blood, of poor goaded beings; and the sound of the lash and the groan of the victim have echoed in halls where splendour and gaiety were thenceforth to dwell. But long centuries have passed since then; and now indignation does not break the calm of melancholy with which we gaze on the broken emblems of departed power. The structure which was to exhibit the glory and resources of a monarch lies shattered and crumbling in fragments; and the lotos-leaf, which everywhere appears on the ruins, is an emblem of the oblivion that shrouds the name of the founder.

But many a ruin that still 'enchants the world' awakens other reflections than on the fall of power. It may be a concentrated history of its architect—it may be the embodiment of the long dream that made up his life. From the inspired moment when first its ideal form filled his mental eye, in fancy we see it haunting his reveries like the memory of a beautiful dream. In sorrow it has come like an angel to gladden his lonely hours; and though adversity crush his spirit, he still clings like a lover to the dream of the soul. At length the object of his life is accomplished; and the edifice, awful in its vastness, yet enchanting in its beauty, stands in the light of day complete. To behold beauty in mental vision is a joy—but to place it before the eyes of men, and see them bow in admiration and love, and to know that it will live in their memories and hearts, elevating and gladdening, and begetting fair shapes kindred to its own—this is joy and triumph. The object which thousands are praising, and which will be the delight and glory of future ages, is his child—it is a part of himself. And yet now it has perished: the hand of man or of Time has struck it to earth. It is a broken idol—and we half feel the anguish at its fall which death has long ago spared its worshipper.

The joy, the inspiration of a lifetime—the creature and yet the idol of genius—lies shattered on the sand; and the wild palm-tree rises green and graceful above its remains. In this we behold the moral of ruins—it is Nature triumphing over Art.

#### A GOVERNESS'S RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

A NUMBER of years ago, when I was somewhat less fastidious in entering into an engagement than I have latterly become, I was induced to go to Ireland, to take charge of four young ladies in a gentleman's family. It was going a terribly long way from home, and that was an unpleasant circumstance to contemplate; but everybody told me that I should be so very kindly treated, that I did not long hesitate; and so accordingly behold me, in the first place, crossing the sea in a steamer to Dublin, and afterwards driving southwards inside the mail-coach, my spirits wonderfully up with the novelty of the scenery, and the beautiful weather, which seemed to welcome me to 'the first gem of the ocean.'

I do not wish to tell the name of the town to which I was bound, and need only say that it was a seaport, with some pretty environs, embellished with gentlemen's seats and pleasure-grounds. In one of these seats, a large and handsome mansion, surrounded by a park, and approached by an 'elegant' avenue, I was to take up my residence. 'A very pleasant affair I expect this is going to be,' said I to myself, as I was driven up to the door of the hall in a jaunting-car, which had been in attendance for me at the coach-office. 'Nice, kind people, for having been so considerate—and what a good-looking establishment—as aristocratic as anybody could wish!'

The Tolmies, as I shall call the family—of course using a fictitious appellation—were really a most agreeable set of people. The head of the house was much superior in station and character to a squireen. He possessed considerable property, had been in parliament, and was a man of respectable acquirements, with exceedingly accomplished manners. His lady had been a reigning beauty in her youth, and was still a person of fine appearance, though she seemed to have retired in a great measure from the world of fashion. She dressed highly, and occupied herself a good deal in doing nothing. With regard to her daughters, who were to be my pupils, they were obliging, light-hearted, and pretty. I liked them at first sight; nor did subsequent experience make any sensible alteration on this feeling.

The range of my duties was soon arranged. French, music, and drawing were to be the principal lessons; and to work we set in the best possible spirits. I must say, however, that a chill began to creep over me when I had time to look about me. Inside and outside the mansion there was a curious mixture of the genteel with the shabby. There seemed to be no exact perception of what was due to comfort, not to speak of respectability. Several panes of glass were broken, and not one of them was restored during my stay. Sometimes they were open, the holes admitting rain and wind, and sometimes they were stopped with anything that could be readily laid hold of. The glazier was always to be sent for; but this proved only a figure of speech.

My own room contrasted unpleasantly with, what till this time, I had been in the custom of thinking indispensable. On the night after my arrival I wished to fasten the door of my room, but found that it had no lock, and I was obliged to keep it shut by means of a piece of furniture. This did not more disconcert me than the discovery next morning that the room had no bell. I wanted a little hot water; but how was I to make myself heard? In vain I called from the top of the staircase; nobody came. At length I recollected that there was a bell at the hall door; so, throwing on a cloak, I descended to the lower regions, and tolled the entrance-bell. Great was the commotion at so unusual a sound at this early hour, and servants were soon on the spot wondering at the summons. The required hot water was brought to me in a broken china jug.

A day or two afterwards, on going into my apartment,







loads. Shortly after this, they entered on the scene of the great Miramichi fire of 1825, a conflagration of the pine-forests over many hundred square miles of country, and which is understood to have burnt to death five hundred people. The blackened stumps of the magnificent trees which were destroyed still remain on the ground, interwoven with a new vegetation, differing, as usual, from that which preceded it. After chaining about ninety miles, and when nearly knocked up with fatigue and privations, the party of explorers came in sight of the limit of their measurements. Here they got well housed, and their hunger was satisfied with the wholesome country fare in Mackay's Inn at Boles-town, on the Miramichi.

It is much matter for regret that the engineering explorations of Sir James Alexander and others on this proposed road should have ended in nothing being done. At an expense of £60,000, the road, it is said, might have been made; and made it probably would have been, but for the freak of making a railway instead. This new project, started during the railway mania of 1845, and which would have cost that universal paymaster, Great Britain, not more than three or four millions of money (!), did not go on, which need not be to regretted; but it turned attention from the only practicable thing—a good common road; and till this day the road remains a desideratum.

After the pains we have taken to draw attention to the work of Sir James Alexander, it need scarcely be said that we recommend it for perusal. In conclusion, we may be allowed to express a hope that the author, the most competent man for the task perhaps in the Queen's dominions, will do something towards rousing public attention to the vast natural capabilities of New Brunswick—a colony almost at the door, and that might be readily made to receive the whole over-plus population of the British islands. To effect such a grand social move as this would not be unworthy of the greatest minds of the age.

#### THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

AN association, as we learn, has sprung up in London with the view of procuring the abolition of all taxes on knowledge—meaning by that phrase the Excise duty on paper, the tax on foreign books, the duty on advertisements, and the penny stamp on newspapers; the whole of which yield a return to the Exchequer of £1,266,733; but deducting certain expenses to which the government is put, the aggregate clear revenue is calculated to be about £1,056,000.

We have been requested to give such aid as may be in our power to facilitate the objects of the Anti-tax-on-Knowledge Association, having, as is pretty correctly inferred, no small interest in seeing at least one department of the exaction—the duty on paper—swept away. So frequently, however, have we petitioned parliament on this subject, and with so little practical avail, that we have made up our minds to petition no more. If the public desire to get cheap newspapers, cheap literary journals, and cheap advertisements, they must say so, and take on themselves the trouble of agitating accordingly. This they have never yet done. They seem to have imagined that the question is one exclusively between publishers and papermakers and the government; whereas, in point of fact, it is as much a public question as that of the late taxes on food, and should be dealt with on the same broad considerations. We are, indeed, not quite sure that publishers, papermakers, and other tradesmen intimately concerned in the question are, *as a body*, favourable to the removal of the stamp, the Excise, and other taxes on their wares. Generally speaking, only a few of the more enterprising, and the least disposed to maintain a monopoly, have ever peti-

tioned for the abolition of these taxes. This will seem curious, yet it can be accounted for. A papermaker, to pay the duty on the goods he manufactures, must have a large command of capital; comparatively few can muster this capital; hence few can enter the trade. London wholesale stationers, who, by advancing capital to the papermakers, acquire a species of thralldom over them, are, according to all accounts, by no means desirous to see the duties abolished; for if they were abolished, their money-lending and thirlage powers would be gone. So is it with the great monopolists of the newspaper press. As things stand, few can compete with them. But remove the existing imposts, and let anybody print a newspaper who likes, and hundreds of competitors in town and country would enter the field. There can be no doubt whatever that the stamp and advertisement-duty, particularly the latter, would long since have been removed but for the want of zeal shown by the London newspaper press. If these, however, be mistaken opinions, let us now see the metropolitan stationers and newspaper proprietors petition vigorously for the removal of the taxes that have been named.

But on the public the great burthen of the agitation must necessarily fall. Never would the legislature have abolished the taxes on bread from the mere complaints of the corn importers; nor will the taxes on knowledge be removed till the tax-payers show something like earnestness in pressing their demands. The modern practice of statesmanship is, to have no mind of its own: it has substituted agitation for intelligence, and only responds to clamour. The public surely can have no difficulty in making a noise! Let it do battle in this cause—cry out lustily—and we shall cheerfully help it. If it wont, why, then, we rather believe the matter must be let alone.

Who will dare to avow that the prize is not worthy of the contest? We do not apprehend that, by any process of cheapening, the newspaper press of Great Britain would ever sink to that pitch of foulness that seems to prevail in America. The tastes and habits of the people are against it; the law, strongly administered, is against it. The only change we would expect by the removal of the stamp-duty, and the substitution of, say, a penny postage, would be the rise of news-sheets in every town in the kingdom. And why not? Why, in these days of electric telegraph, should not every place have its own paper, unburthened with a stamp? Or why should the people of London, who do not post their newspapers, be obliged to pay for stamps which they never use? As to the advertisement-duty—an exaction of 1s. 6d. on every business announcement—its continuance is a scandal to common sense; and the removal of that alone would give an immense impetus to all branches of trade. The taxes which press on our own peculiar sheet we say nothing about, having already in many ways pointed out their effect in lessening the power of the printing-machine, and limiting the sphere of its public usefulness.

#### DR ARNOTT ON VENTILATION AS A PREVENTIVE OF DISEASE.

DR NEIL ARNOTT has addressed a letter on this subject to the 'Times' newspaper. Any expression of opinion by him on such a subject, and more particularly with reference to the prevailing epidemics, must be deemed of so much importance, that we are anxious, as far as in our power, to keep it before the world. He commences by assuming, what will readily be granted, that fresh air for breathing is one of the essentials to life, and that the respiration of air poisoned by impure matter is highly detrimental to health, inasmuch that it will sometimes produce the immediate destruction of life. The air acquires impurities from two sources in chief—solid and liquid filth, and the human breath. Persons exposed to these agencies in open places, as the manufacturers of manure in Paris, will suffer little.





## AN OLD-FASHIONED DITTY.

I've tried in much bewilderment to find  
Under which phase of loveliness in thee  
I love thee best; but oh, my wandering mind  
Hovers o'er many sweets, as doth a bee,  
And all I feel is contradictory.

I love to see thee gay, because thy smile  
Is sweeter than the sweetest thing I know;  
And then thy limpid eyes are all the while  
Sparkling and dancing, and thy fair cheeks glow  
With such a sunset lustre, that 't'is so  
I love to see thee gay.

I love to see thee sad, for then thy face  
Expresseth an angelic misery;  
Thy tears are shed with such a gentle grace,  
Thy words fall soft, yet sweet as words can be,  
That though 'tis selfish, I confess, in me,  
I love to see thee sad.

I love to hear thee speak, because thy voice  
Than music's self is yet more musical,  
Its tones make every living thing rejoice;  
And I, when on mine ear those accents fall,  
In sooth I do believe that most of all  
I love to hear thee speak.

Yet no! I love thee mute; for oh, thine eyes  
Express so much, thou hast no need of speech!  
And there's a language that in silence lies,  
When two full hearts look fondness each to each,  
Love's language that I fain to thee would teach,  
And so I love thee mute.

Thus I have come to the conclusion sweet,  
Nothing thou dost can less than perfect be;  
All beauties and all virtues in thee meet;  
Yet one thing more I'd fain behold in thee—  
A little love, a little love for me.

MARIAN.

## DEER.

The deer is the most acute animal we possess, and adopts the most sagacious plans for the preservation of its life. When it lies, satisfied that the wind will convey to it an intimation of the approach of its pursuer, it gazes in another direction. If there are any wild birds, such as curlews or ravens, in its vicinity, it keeps its eye intently fixed on them, convinced that they will give it a timely alarm. It selects its cover with the greatest caution, and invariably chooses an eminence from which it can have a view around. It recognises individuals, and permits the shepherds to approach it. The stags at Tornapress will suffer the boy to go within twenty yards of them, but if I attempt to encroach upon them they are off at once. A poor man who carries peats in a creel on his back here, may go 'cheek-for-jowl' with them: I put on his pannier the other day, and attempted to advance, and immediately they sprung away like antelopes. An eminent deer-stalker told me the other day of a plan one of his keeper's adopted to kill a very wary stag. This animal had been known for years, and occupied part of a plain from which it could perceive the smallest object at the distance of a mile. The keeper cut a thick bush, which he carried before him as he crept, and commenced stalking at eight in the morning; but so gradually did he move forward, that it was five P.M. before he stood in triumph with his foot on the breast of the antlered king. 'I never felt so much for an inferior creature,' said the gentleman, 'as I did for this deer. When I came up it was panting life away, with its large blue eyes firmly fixed on its slayer. You would have thought, sir, that it was accusing itself of simplicity in having been so easily betrayed.'—*Inverness Courier*.

## IVORY.

At the quarterly meeting of the Geological and Polytechnic Society of the West Riding of Yorkshire, held in the Guildhall in Doncaster, on Wednesday last, Earl Fitzwilliam in the chair, Mr Dalton of Sheffield read a paper on 'Ivory as an article of manufacture.' The value of the annual consumption in Sheffield was about £30,000, and about 500 persons were employed in working it up for trade. The number of tusks to make up the weight

consumed in Sheffield, about 180 tons, was 45,000. According to this, the number of elephants killed every year was 22,500; but supposing that some tusks were cast, and some animals died, it might be fairly estimated that 18,000 were killed for the purpose.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

## CHAMBERS'S

## INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE new and improved edition of this work, which has been in course of publication during the last two years, is now completed. In its entire form it consists of two volumes royal 8vo., price 16s. in cloth boards.

The following is the list of subjects of which the work is composed; each subject being generally confined to a single number. Price of each number 1½d. The work is largely illustrated with wood-engravings:—

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For a whole week no reply is vouchsafed to the letter, and they begin to feel anxious lest some stray word or unconsidered sentence should have given offence to the persons they are most interested in conciliating. At length, however, they are relieved on this head: a brief note arrives, in which the writer regrets that they cannot fall into the plan sketched out by the parents; but as their motive in consenting to undertake the charge of the child at all, is to give her the means of securing her own livelihood in a respectable manner, they are of opinion that that object will be best attained by removing her altogether from her own family, and placing her as half-boarder, for a term of years, in some well-known school, for which they are already on the look-out. The letter concludes by professing, with extreme humility, that should this arrangement not coincide with the parents' views, they would by no means desire its adoption; in which case, however, it is very clearly intimated, they would of course feel themselves relieved from any further responsibility in the matter.

The dictatorial tone and startling brevity of this communication fall like an ice-bolt on the assembled group. The first impulse of the father is to reject the offer altogether; but when he looks on the anxious countenance of his child, he feels that he has no right to sacrifice her permanent benefit to a mere consideration of feeling on his own part. He accordingly smothered his resentment at the manner in which the boon is offered, and tries to rejoice that the comforts of a respectable home, and freedom from home cares and menial drudgery, are by any means secured to his child.

An anxious consultation next ensues on the subject of her outfit: the family wardrobe is produced in the little parlour; the least mended of the under-garments are selected, and a clean white tucker is appended to the well-worn best frock; the Sunday bonnet is relined with an eighteenpenny sarnet, and retrimmed with a threepenny ribbon; the cost of half-a-dozen home-made muslin collars is calculated; and the propriety of a new merino frock is finally canvassed and determined on. The father looks on with an aching heart and a moistened eye as the last article of absolute necessity is provided for by a cheerful surrender, on the part of the mother, of her own squirrel boa and scarlet shawl.

A few days elapse, during which our heroine endeavours to soften the loss her absence will occasion in the household by redoubled diligence on her own part. The fortnight's wash is anticipated by a few days; she works early and late to mend up all the stockings; the children are doubly tasked on the score of lessons; the sister next in age to herself is enjoined to be very attentive to poor mamma, and the younger children to render due obedience to her deputy. On the evening of the Saturday following the father brings home a letter from his munificent relative, announcing that a school having been found for the child, she is to repair, on the Monday following, by Dawney's Wimbledon Coach, where a place for her has been taken and paid for, to their country-house; and intimating that it will not be necessary for the father to be at the trouble of accompanying her himself, as her safety has been secured by an order already issued to the gardener to be in attendance at the end of the avenue on the arrival of the vehicle.

The intervening Sunday is a day of restless anxiety to the whole family. Advice on the minutest particular of her future conduct is affectionately bestowed on our heroine. A faint attempt at cheerfulness is maintained by the whole circle, till the arrival of night and darkness permits each individual to give free vent to the pent-up feelings by an unrestrained burst of tears. The heart

thus-lightened of its load, they sleep calmly, and rise in the morning of separation conscious of a feeling of hope and cheerfulness, to which anxiety has kept them strangers since the first opening of the important negotiation.

The middle of Monday sees our heroine, for the first time in her life, surrounded by all the refinements of a well-appointed English gentleman's household. On her arrival she is conducted to the school-room of her young cousins, where she joins the party at dinner, and undergoes a somewhat unceremonious scrutiny on the part of the young ladies. They are good-natured, thoughtless girls, however; and though they do not fail to remark that her hands are rather coarse, and that she wants the self-possession of a lady, the circumstance is noted to each other in a carefully-subdued tone, and does not in anyway influence their kindly dispositions towards her. They exhibit, by way of amusing her, their toys and trinkets, and question her of her own possessions and attainments; but meeting with little response on this head, they try another resource, and considerably propose some merry game. The young novice, alas, has never had time to play! but she feels their kindness, and does her best to participate in the gaiety around her. The lady-mother returns from her drive barely in time to dress for dinner; and thus the awful period of introduction to her is deferred until the accustomed hour of dessert summons the denizens of the school-room and nursery to the dining-room.

I wish that truth would enable me to endow my heroine with that best letter of introduction—personal beauty; but what girl of her age was ever even pretty! The beautiful roundness of the features of childhood is past, and the skeleton only of womanhood has succeeded it: hence the falling-in chest, the long, thin arms, the bony ankles, the squareness of figure, and, above all, the vacant or anxious school-girl face. It is utterly impossible to conjure up beauty out of such materials; they belong less to the individual than to the age, and nothing short of time itself can remedy the evil. But when, to such disadvantages, a frightened awkwardness of manner is superadded, as in the present instance, by the unaccustomed appearance of everything around, and the consciousness of a dubious position, it is hardly to be expected that the result could be of a nature greatly to conciliate the favour of an indifferent, not to say prejudiced, spectator; and the reader, therefore, will not be surprised to learn that a reception perfectly civil, though rather cold, is all that awaits the protégée in the halls of her benefactors. The hostess fills her plate with fruit, and the host, without asking her consent, adds a glass of wine; and then both turn to listen to the wit of their own offspring, and talk over the events of the day. In the course of some half-an-hour the gentleman exhibits signs of an inclination to take his siesta, and the rest of the party adjourn to the drawing-room, where a confidential conversation ensues between madam and the resident governess, in reference, apparently, to the dependent child, who, with the quick instinct of inborn propriety, retreats towards the other end of the room, where she endeavours to amuse the younger children; in which she is so eminently successful, that the stately manner of the lady gradually begins to relax. Previously to the arrival of coffee, she is heard to request some trifling service at the hands of her little relative; and before the conclusion of the evening, finds herself even addressing the child as 'my dear!' The rest of the circle take their cue from the lady-in-chief; and the young stranger, by degrees, feels herself on a footing of intimacy almost approaching to equality.

With the earliest dawn our heroine is wide awake, the



should herself introduce the stranger to her dormitory; and as the attendance of a housemaid might lead to unwarrantable expectations of future service, the little girl is deputed to convoy Miss Armstrong to the room over the kitchen, the left-hand closet of which will be found vacant for the reception of her clothes. When this is accomplished, should any time remain previously to the tea-bell, she had better inform herself of the names and localities of the various departments, with which her little guide will have pleasure in making her acquainted. The clothes are unpacked, and put away, and the tour of the house is hardly accomplished when the expected peal is rung. A rustling sound, accompanied by the shuffling of many feet, is heard in the distance; the little girl safely pilots her companion to the parlour door, leaving her to make her *entrée* alone, and then skips off to join her companions in the refectory. The young novice waits a few moments to gather both breath and courage, and then gently taps at the door; a voice from within desires her to enter, and she stands before half-a-dozen smart ladies at tea. A pause of a moment succeeds, which is broken by the governess, who thinks (aloud) that it will perhaps be the best plan for Miss Armstrong at once to enter upon her duties. She is therefore desired to proceed along the passage till she arrives at a green baize door, on opening which, a second door will introduce her to the apartments of the young ladies. She makes her exit from the parlour in the best manner she is able, and experiences but little difficulty in discovering the eating-room, from which issues a cheerful buzz of voices. She wisely resolves not to give her courage time to cool, and so enters without observing the preliminary ceremony of self-announcement. The sound of the opening door produces an instantaneous hush, and at the same time directs towards her the glance of four-and-twenty pair of curious eyes, besides a piercingly-black individual pair appertaining to the French governess at the head of the table. She stands perfectly astonished at her own temerity; then thankfully sinks into a chair pointed out by that lady on her left hand; accepts a cup of tea, which a choking sensation in the throat prevents her from swallowing, and is conscious of an unwilling suffusion of colour from the crown of her head to her very fingers' ends. Tea and the tea things at length despatched, the usual half hour supervenes previously to the period for preparing lessons, advantage of which is taken by madame to inquire the name, age, &c. of the new-comer; whilst the little figurante, whose position renders her a sort of *avant-courier* to the school-room of the proceedings in the drawing-room, is captured by one of the elder girls, who, on pretence of plaiting her hair, seats her on her knee in the midst of her own peculiar set, and proceeds to extract, with very commendable ingenuity, all the events of the day, reserving to herself the liberty of drawing her own inferences from the detail, copious or meagre, as the case may be. One circumstance connected with the arrival of the young stranger does strike the privileged set with inexpressible astonishment. If, as is asserted, she came in a private carriage, and that carriage the veritable property of her friends, and not a 'trumpety glass-coach'—how, then, could she be going to sleep in the room over the kitchen!—that chamber of Blue-Beard reputation, strongly suspected of harbouring mice, and convicted, beyond question, of being subject to a very disagreeable odour! The thing is pronounced impossible, and unworthy a moment's credit. In vain the child assures them, upon her word and honour, she helped to put away her clothes; the proposition is not to be believed for an instant. The informant, indignant at having her veracity impeached, calls aloud on Miss Armstrong to verify her assertion. The appeal is, however, happily overpowered by a simultaneous shuffle of the feet of the inquirers; she is quietly slid from the knee on which she had been sitting, and the discussion proceeds in the absence of the witness. There certainly is something very unusual attending the new-comer: no note of preparation announced her advent; no cheerful congratulations had been offered to themselves on the

prospect of a new companion; no hopes expressed that they would do their best to make her home a pleasant one. And then the circumstance of her taking her *first* tea in the eating-room, to which she was not even introduced; such a mark of contumely had never before been suffered within the memory of the oldest school-girl present; and of this fact they were themselves eye-witnesses. It was inexplicable: they could not understand it. A single hour, however, suffices to solve the mystery: the period at length arrives for preparing lessons, and with it the housemaid to curl the hair of the younger children; and in this labour of love Miss Armstrong is requested to lend her assistance! A glimmering light as to her real position flashes across the minds of the bewildered spectators. But when she is further required to attend the children to their respective rooms, and light the candles preparatory to the arrival of the elder girls, the matter is put beyond a doubt: she is—she must be—a half-boarder!

Reader, picture to yourself, I beseech you, the estimation in which a Christian slave is held by a follower of the true Prophet, a Nazarene by a Jewish rabbi, a Pariah by a holy Brahmin of immaculate descent, and you may then have some faint, some very faint idea, of the depths to which this fact has sunk our heroine in the estimation of the major part of her schoolfellows!

The young ladies are at length fairly disposed of for the night; and the half-boarder, having completed her duties, descends again to the school-room, which she finds in the possession of the housemaid and a cloud of dust, the French teacher having joined the party in the parlour. Thither she also repairs, and requests permission to retire to her room. The concession is readily granted to her, and she gladly seeks her bed, to sleep with what soundness of repose she may. Anxious to fulfil the duties of her post to the spirit as well as to the letter of the bond, she is dressed even before the school-bell rings, and is ready on its summons to assist in the ablutions of the little ones. She saves many a heedless chit a fine by herself folding up the forgotten night-clothes; an indulgence, however, not to be taken as a precedent, her duty being to aid in the reformation of evil habits, not to slur them over. Having had no lessons marked out for her on this first morning, she watches the order of proceedings, and helps the little favourite to master the difficulties of a column of spelling.

After breakfast, the pupils having dispersed themselves in the garden to taste the morning air (young ladies have no playground), the half-boarder has a private audience of the superior, in order that, her mental standing having been duly ascertained, she may be drafted into class second or third, as the case may be. After rendering a true and particular account of her acquirements in reading, writing, needlework, &c. &c. and admitted her total ignorance of French, music, and dancing, the order is given for her admission into the third class, and beginning French forthwith. Dancing and music are held out as stimulants to quicken her diligence in making herself 'generally useful,' in consideration of having been received into the establishment at one-half the usual charge. Her duties cannot very clearly be defined, but she will soon comprehend them. Soon, indeed, poor girl! they being, in fact, to do all that is neglected to be performed by the other members of the household—to stand in the alternate relations of nursemaid and instructress of the younger children, and of butt and fag to the elder ones. She must be prepared to consider herself the link between the lower teacher and the upper servant, willing to lend her aid to each, and to bear the blame due to either; to labour with untiring diligence to improve her mind and increase her accomplishments, and thus eventually supersede the necessity for an under teacher at all.

These are multifarious duties, it must be admitted; but, as Dr Johnson says, 'few things are impossible to ingenuity and perseverance.' She has not been brought up in the lap of refinement, and therefore misses not its comforts: she is blessed with a strong constitution and a willing mind, loves learning for its own sake, and never









Here we close, without further remark, a book from which the reader will learn that the crimes of India are not remarkably different from those of earlier England, although fostered by the worst police system that ever disgraced and demoralised a country.

## TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

GOTTENBURG TO CHRISTIANIA.

At six o'clock of the morning of the 4th July, Quist duly appeared with the carriage at the door of the Gotha Kellare. It was a dull, cool, drizzling morning; and I mentally rejoiced in having, against many advices, resolved upon a vehicle which could afford me protection from the elements. My baggage being arranged beside me in the carriage, so that I could readily command anything I wanted—one of the greatest of all comforts in solitary travelling—I hastily swallowed the cup of coffee presented to me in my bedroom—the common custom of the country—and was soon on the road to Christiania. I observed that two hardy little horses were yoked to the carriage with rope-traces. Beside Quist, who drove them, sat a man who was to bring back the cattle, the first of a long series of such persons whom I was to see in that situation during my journey, of all varieties of age, from twelve years to threescore, in all kinds of clothes, from stout *wadmaal* down to bare decency. The robust, bulky frame of honest Quist generally made these people appear like dwarfs by his side. As we drove rapidly along the swampy plain surrounding Gottenburg, we met an immense number of small market-carts, driven by peasant men or women, or both, generally very lightly laden, and going at a trot, the people being usually seated on a sort of chair, perched on elastic beams passing back at an angle from the beams of the vehicle, so as to give somewhat the effect of springs. I felt affected at seeing such a multitude of people engaged in a labour so uneconomical, and which must consequently remunerate them so ill; for of course where a man or woman give a day of their own time, along with a horse's labour, to the business of selling a single pig or lamb, a few chickens and eggs, or some such trifling merchandise, the remuneration must be of the most miserable kind. The poor too often struggle on in this manner, always busy, as they allege, often working very hard, and wondering that, with all their exertions, they make so little, when the plain truth is, that their labour is so ill-directed, or is so uneconomically conducted, and in the result of their labours they consequently do so little for their fellow-creatures, that their little gains are exactly what is to be expected, and what is strictly their due. The very best lesson that we could teach a poor man, with a view to improving his fortunes, would be that which led him, as far as possible, to extend his usefulness, to substitute economical for uneconomical labour, and to concentrate and divide employments. I beheld, with interest, in this exhibition of the Swedish peasantry, the first aspect of an economy out of which it has been the business of the last hundred years to reform the farming population of my own country.

At the first station, which we reached in little more than an hour, the horses which had been ordered were in waiting, along with a new *loon* of some kind to take care of them. The man in charge of the used horses was then paid at a rate which appeared nearly equivalent to threepence-halfpenny per English mile. But something more was needed—*dricka-pinge*, or drinks-money, as Quist called it. In England, something like half-a-crown would have been expected. In Sweden, a few skillings—about twopence of our money—was given, and most thankfully received. We then set out with our new horses. The station, it may be remarked, is a place like a carrier's inn. Travellers of a humble class may stop and refresh at it; but it expects no gentlemen customers, and is unprepared for their reception. One or two out of a long series are tolerable places, and it is

necessary to calculate so as to have any needful meals there, instead of the meaner houses; but even with these better-sort of houses it is necessary to order meals by the forebud, for a guest is so rare, that they have no standing arrangements for his reception. My breakfast had been ordered at the third station. It proved a decent, plain house, with clean-boarded floors, and a few rude prints along the walls; and, had there been wheaten bread, the eggs and coffee would have enabled me to make a tolerable meal.

The country passed over to-day consisted of low rocky hills of soft outline, with alluvial plains between. It is impossible for any person of common powers of observation to fail to be struck with the appearance of the rocky surface presented around Gottenburg and along the road upon which I was now travelling. All the abruptnesses and asperities usually seen upon rocks are here ground off: all is smooth and rounded. Here you see great ridges, resembling the hull of a ship turned keel uppermost, both in the general form and the smoothness of surface. There you see great slopes, as straight and smooth as an ashlar wall. Sometimes a kind of trough or channel is seen between rising ridges, and of this the sides are usually quite smooth. In general, there has been a certain weathering of the exterior, though leaving the general plane—if I may use such an expression—in its original state. Where the surface has been from any cause protected from the elements, the smoothing is clearly seen to be a true mechanical polish; that is to say, not a result of some causes connected with the formation of the rock, but an effect proceeding from some external agent which has operated on the rocks after they had been thrown into their present arrangement as a surface for this part of the earth. On these preserved surfaces we find striae or scratches, evidently a portion of the general operation, whatever it was; and these striae, as well as the channellings and ridges, lie in one direction—namely, *compass* N. E. and S. W. In numberless instances in travelling to-day I took out my compass to test this point, where much struck by the appearances, and the result was invariable. The valley of the Gotha Elv lies from north to south; but this seems merely to have exposed it to being impressed with these singular appearances. There are several hill-faces which may be considered as an exception, being rough and clifty, sometimes with a talus of debris descending from below the clifty front, as in Salisbury Crags near Edinburgh. In all such instances the face of the cliff is to the *south-west*; and where this occurs in a valley, the opposite hill-face is invariably smooth, with rounded surfaces, showing as if the smoothing agent had moved from the north-east, failing to press against faces turned away from that point of the compass, but bearing hard upon such as were presented towards it. It was most impressive and interesting to read in these facts so strange a tale of grand preterite operations of nature. I had seen some of the few and scattered markings of the same kind which exist on the surface of my own country, but was nevertheless unprepared for the all but universal grinding to which Sweden has been subjected. In Scotland one has to seek for the appearances in nooks of the country; but here they are met at every step. Very often farm establishments, and the inns at which the traveller stops, are placed on smoothed plateaux of rock, the place thus acquiring from nature all the benefit of a paved courtyard, as well as of a perfectly firm and dry foundation. Often you can trace in these natural pavements the primitive channellings and striae, though hob-nails and wagon-wheels have clattered over them for centuries.

The matter massed up against the smoothed valley-sides has all the appearance of that of *moraines* amongst the Alps. A moraine, as must be known by many persons, is the accumulation of loose matter which a glacier brings down in its course, and deposits at its base. The matter seen here, as at the skirts of the Alpine glaciers, is a coarse, pale, sandy clay, mixed with



my day's journey. The country passed over to-day consisted of low rocky hills, all smoothed, with spaces between, filled up to various heights with detrital matter. This matter usually composes flats, and the ground therefore joins the rocky hills almost as mountain lakes join the sides of the basins containing them—a feature speaking significantly of the operations of the sea upon the stuff left at the conclusion of the glacial action. Contrary to my expectation, very few boulders appeared upon the hills. Sometimes a rill cuts down the alluvial flat, and then we see a series of cultivated fields on the bisected level spaces, fronted by steep pastoral banks, all in a flush of wild-flowers. The rounded gray rocky hills; the alluvial flats, sometimes cultivated, sometimes in moorland; low, gray, stone enclosures; red wooden houses scattered at wide intervals; now and then a whitened church, with a red wooden spire, topping a low height—such were the predominant features of the landscape during this morning's drive. The people are remarkably civil and inoffensive: not a man or boy do I pass or meet who does not take off his hat. I feel this as courtesy, not as servility, and am careful to return each greeting duly, in order that so amiable a custom may not suffer by me. There is one singular impediment in travelling: almost every few hundred yards—though often at very much wider intervals—a gate crosses the road, being part of the system of farm enclosures, and having a regard to the exclusion of cattle from the corn-fields. Generally some cottage child or group of children is ready to run and open the gate for the approaching vehicle; and for this service a minute coin, such as the third or sixth of a skilling, is regarded as a rich reward. Where no such aid is at hand, the charge-taker of the horses has to descend and throw up the bar. Another novel feature of the roads is the frequent appearance by the wayside of little posts bearing small boards, which contain an inscription—as 'Hede, 200 alnar,' 'Hogdal, 134 alnar,' &c. The explanation is, that the roads in Sweden and Norway are kept up by the bonder or peasants, each taking charge of some small section near his farm. The boards show for what piece each is answerable, the space being indicated in ells. A public officer makes periodical rounds, to see that each person executes his portion in a satisfactory manner, and to impose fines where the duty is neglected. This system partakes of the character of the compulsory furnishing of horses, and imparts a curious idea of the state of public opinion in these countries as to personal liberty. It appears that, let there be never such liberal or democratic forms established on the continent, the state of individual liberty remains the same: the central government is still permitted to bandy about the simple subject at its pleasure. And the oddest consideration is, that, amidst all the democratic struggles and revolutionary writhings which occasionally take place, no one thinks of complaining of these trammels, or getting them corrected.

In the evening I approached a fiord called Swine-sund, which forms the northern limit of Sweden in this direction. At the last station on the Swedish side an elderly officer-like man came up with great politeness, and addressed me, first in Swedish, and afterwards in German. It was his duty to search the baggage of travellers before they should pass into Norway, though I cannot imagine for what reason, unless the exaction of a riggs dollar, or some such trifle, which I paid to save myself from detention, furnish one. At a house on the Norwegian margin of the fiord something more was paid, my passport inspected, and my name entered in a book. The tendency on the continent to petty impositions of this kind is so great, that here, even between two countries under one sovereign rule, they are kept up. At this point a bag of Swedish money, with which I had been furnished at Gottenburg, and with which I was just beginning to become familiar, ceased to be useful, and a new kind became necessary. Laying down riggs-gelt dollars and skillings, I had to take up

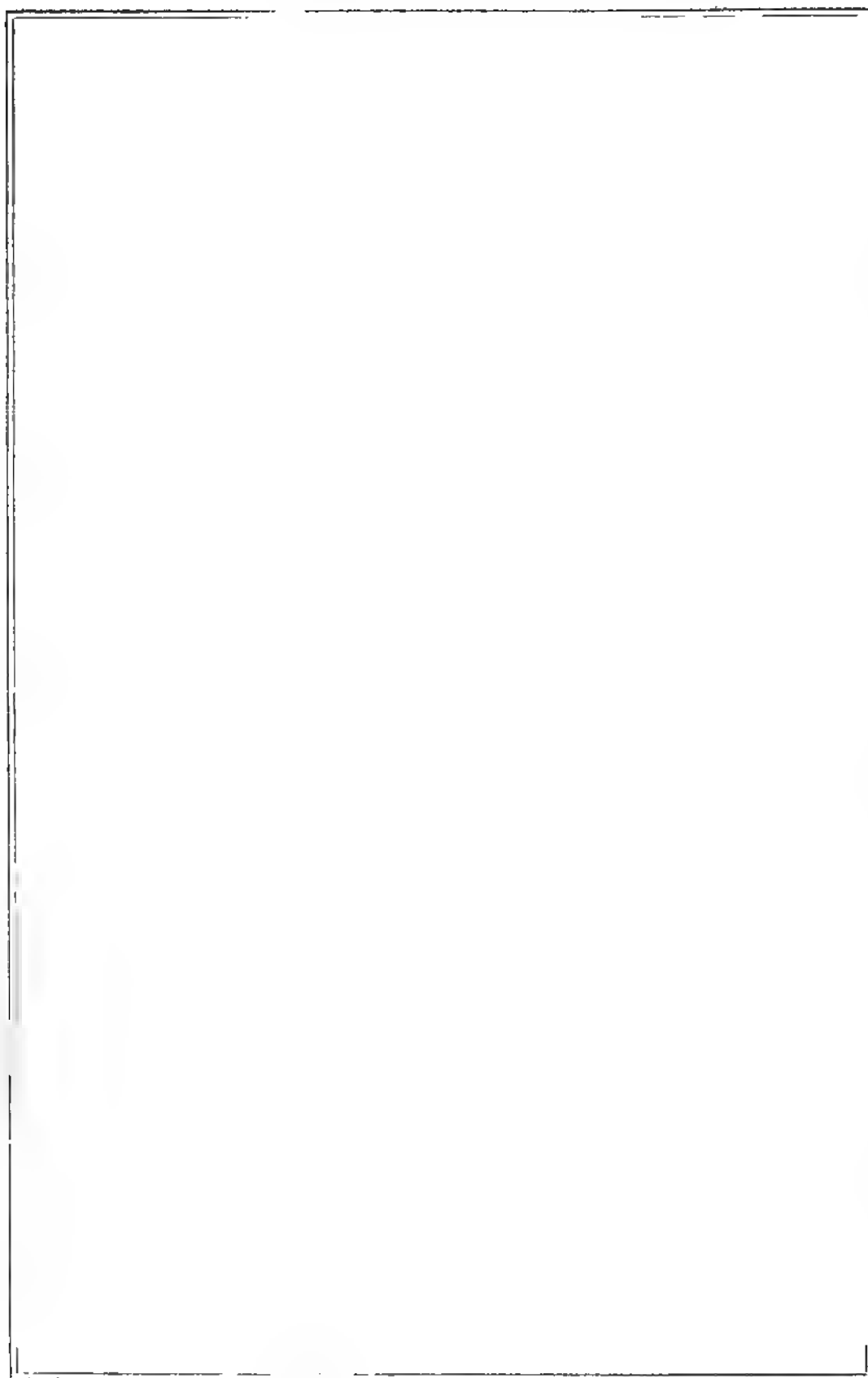
with specie dollars and marks. A riggs-gelt dollar, I may remark, is equivalent to 13½d. of English money, and the skilling is its forty-eighth part. Calculations are, however, made in an all but imaginary denomination called dollars and skillings *banco*, which are as 3 to 2 of the actual riggs-gelt. The prevalent monies are, in reality, notes of 1, 3, 5 riggs-gelt dollars, and for 8, 12, 16 skillings *banco*, the smallest of this paper-money being for 3½d. English. As may readily be imagined, the threepence-halfpenny note is generally found in no very neat or cleanly state; yet though it may be a mere clot of dirty paper, not much different in appearance from a huddled-up spider's web, it will be preferred by the natives to coin, provided it only retain the signature of the government banker. In Norway, they have notes for 1 specie dollar (about 4s. 6d. English), 2, 5, and 10 dollars, with silver marks and half-marks (9d. and 4½d.), and copper skillings. I need scarcely remark that the plunge into a new money in the course of continental travel is always a painful thing, and that it is a vexation which occurs the more frequently the more rapidly you travel. On this occasion I had had to make acquaintance with three kinds of money in about a week.

I spent the night at Westgaard, the first station within Norway, and one somewhat superior to the last. I here observed the first examples of a piece of substantial furniture very common in the north—namely, large chests or arks, usually bearing the name of a person, and an old date in quaint lettering, such as 'Agnes Olsen, 1733.' During the two previous days the weather had been dull and ungenial. The third morning proved bright and clear, and I started at an early hour for Frederickshald with elevated spirits. This place was a few miles out of the way; but I was anxious to see the scene of the death of that extraordinary prince who, as Johnson says—

—'left a name, at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, and adorn a tale.'

It was yet scarcely past seven o'clock when we drove into the inn-yard at this little town. The landlord soon came, and being able to speak well in French, and a little in English, he proved a most serviceable ally. I was quickly on my way, under proper conduct, to the scene of the assassination of poor Carl Tolv. Frederickshald is a neat, cleanly town, at the head of one of the smaller fiords, and the fort lies close by, perched upon a rocky eminence of considerable extent, at the foot of which runs a river, noted for several fine waterfalls. A painful ascent of two or three hundred feet, along zig-zagging causeways and fortified walls, brings us to the fortress, which seems to be now chiefly a mere post for soldiers, like Edinburgh and Stirling castles. Behind the main buildings is a space of irregular rocky ground, enclosed within the exterior defences. Here an enclosure of trees and shrubs, and a little tumulus of stones, one of them bearing a half-obliterated inscription, marks the spot where Charles XII. was slain. He had invaded Norway in his usual madcap style; one of his armies, consisting of 7000 men, had there been literally buried in a snow-storm; he was now directing in person the siege of this fortress, when an unknown hand despatched him by a shot which penetrated his temple (December 11, 1718). He was found dead, but with his sword half-drawn, as if to defend himself from some enemy, or to punish an assassin, and it is accordingly believed that the wound was inflicted by one of his own people. A survey of the ground supports this view of the matter, as at such a place one does not readily see how the fatal shot could have come from the fortress. I had afterwards an opportunity of examining the dress worn at this time by the king, in the Riddarsholm Church at Stockholm. The plain cocked-hat shows the hole by which the bullet entered, and the right glove is stained with blood, as if the unfortunate monarch, under the first impulse of the moment, had clapped his hand upon the wound.













tors, who necessarily hold the chief sway? In an English joint-stock bank, the bulk of the funds of the company will be found ventured out in the hands of a few grand speculators, on whose good or bad fortune the fate of the establishment depends. No such thing was ever done in a Scotch bank, from the beginning down to this day. On the contrary, the life of the institution lies in a quick circulation and frequent turning over of a moderate capital amongst a multitude of traders of good credit. The capital of an English joint-stock bank too often is an African river losing itself in sands: that of a Scotch bank is a river dispersed in a thousand channels of irrigation, to reappear in its entire form, and with increased volume, after it has done its work. We do not believe, after all, that there is any great witchcraft about banking in Scotland. The prudence shown there is no more than what might be expected of rational men. The failures in England are to be accounted for not by their want of some extraordinary gift which chances to have been vouchsafed to their northern neighbours, but by the fact, that England is full of people hastening over-much to be rich, and in whose circumstances there are of course great vicissitudes. If ever England shall cool a little in Mammon-worship, and pursue business objects with the moderation of the Scottish mind, it may succeed in joint-stock banking to as great an extent as Scotland has done.]

#### PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

I cannot give you, my young friends, a better description of a successful professional struggle, and the wear and tear of life, than that which the commentary of Dr Johnson upon the life of Cheyne affords. It is drawn by the graphic pen of the late editor of the 'Medico-Chirurgical Review,' an eloquent Irishman, himself a successful struggler. He adds—'We have followed Cheyne in his march up-hill—we see him at its summit—we are to see him going down. Such are the objects of human desires—sought with avidity—obtained with difficulty—enjoyed with disappointment—and often, in themselves, the source of irreparable evils. Success in a profession now-a-days has entailed, and entails, such labour on its possessor, that few who know its real nature can envy it. Success means wealth and eminence bought with the sacrifice of all healthy recreation both of body and mind. The daily toil is relieved only by the nightly anxiety; and, worn by almost uninterrupted exertion, the fortunate man is deprived of most of the social pleasures of life, and debarred from indulgence in its most cherished affections. He acquires property, loses his health, and often leaves the wealth of his industry to be squandered by children whom it demoralises.' Besides all this, remember that it has been truly said, in the most elevated position there is the least liberty, because that very elevation invites observation, and excites envy. That merit and that ability which would have carried a man successfully through the crowd, will be found insufficient for him who is the object of general scrutiny. You should recollect, gentlemen, that even the position won by merit and ability may be lost by a want of that continued energy and persevering struggle which overcame all the obstacles opposed to your pioneering ascent. The champion in our profession, like in that of Christianity, must be ever progressing. A fall from an eminence is always perilous—in the medical sphere, fatal to fame. The world, in respect to our calling, may be esteemed as a school; the boy who has obtained head place must labour assiduously to retain that position against his less fortunate competitors. Remember that sympathy is enlisted for the swimmer to the shore, against the buffeting billows, rather than for the individual who had encountered the same obstacles, the same dangers, and the same difficulties, but who has now apparently surmounted and escaped all.—*Lecture by Dr Haylen.*

#### MRS FRY'S RULES.

1. Never lose any time: I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation some time every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. 2. Never err the least in truth. 3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him; not only speak charitably, but feel so. 4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody. 5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary. 6. Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to act right is most difficult, feel confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thy own powers as far as they go.—*Memoir of Elizabeth Fry.*

#### SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Too much—too much we make Earth's shadows fall  
Across our thoughts, neglecting, in the dark,  
The sunshine we might woo in lane or park,  
By listening to the hopeful skylark's call!  
We fear too much, and hope too little: all  
That's threatened is not lost: each one an ark  
Of safety well might build, if he a wall  
Would raise 'twixt rashness and despair! The lark  
Soars bravely towards the sun—but not too high;  
And we, like it, should dare and do; but dare  
As soldiers, urged by courage, not despair,  
To win a wise and bloodless victory:  
Though Life shrinks back before its vernal—Death;  
We know it springs again, undimmed by mortal breath!

#### ROUGES DE L'ISLE AND THE 'MARSEILLAISE.'

There appeared recently in this Journal the *fabulous* account of the origin of the 'Marseillaise': the following is said to be the *fact*:—In April 1792, at the opening of the campaign against Austria and Prussia, Rouges de l'Isle was a captain of engineers stationed at Strasburg. The day before the volunteers from that city were about to join the main army of the Rhine, M. Dietrich, mayor of the city, gave an entertainment, at which Rouges de l'Isle and several other officers were present. A question arose as to what air should be played on the departure of the new levies; and it was thought desirable that some appropriate and spirited national song should be chosen. Various pieces having been tried and rejected as unsuitable to the occasion, Rouges de l'Isle left the company, retired to his own rooms, and in the course of the evening wrote the words and music of 'Le Chant de l'Armée du Rhin.' Before the party at the *mairie* broke up, he returned with his composition. Mademoiselle Dietrich accompanied him on the piano, and he sang the inspiring song to the delight of all present. It was immediately put in rehearsal, played at parade the next day, and its popularity at once established. Gradually it spread through France, the Marseillaise sang it on entering Paris, and the name it now bears was irrevocably substituted for the original title. It was produced on the stage of the Opera at Paris in October 1792, much in the style in which Rachel gave it in 1848, and was received by the audience as enthusiastically as it had been by the populace.

#### PICKING UP THOUGHTS.

Boys, you have heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of towns and cities, and men of great wealth and influence. What was the secret of their success? Why, they picked up nails and pins in the street, and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them; and they will grow into other thoughts almost while you are asleep. The world is full of thoughts, and you will find them strewn everywhere in your path.—*Eliza Burritt.*

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\*+ Other works in preparation.

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went on for some time, while the people continued to come in and take their seats. At twenty minutes to eleven, a person advanced to the clergyman, and took off the crimson robe and white gown, when he appeared in a black gown and white quilled ruff, exactly like the stiff pictures of the English bishops of the seventeenth century: a pale, dark-complexioned man of about forty-five, with a well-elevated head. He advanced to the pulpit, which is a superb structure of gilt scroll-work, projecting from the angle between the choir and north transept. I had now time to observe that along the walls, for a considerable height, are galleries with glazed windows and curtains, like the boxes at the Opera-house, probably for special families of superior importance; but on this occasion they appeared to be empty. It is an arrangement common throughout the better order of churches in Scandinavia. The minister preached thirty-five minutes—a read sermon, delivered with a very moderate amount of gesticulation. I was of course unable to understand any part of it, and only remarked that at the name of *Jesus Christ Jesus*, as it is sounded, all the females made an inclination. At the conclusion there was a prayer, and thereafter a benediction, at which the people for the first time rose to their feet. A second more elderly clergyman in black gown and ruff then appeared at the Communion-table, and chanted a prayer or collect. When the singing had concluded, there was a second benediction, at which the people rose again. Many now began to retire, but a considerable number remained. A man like a teacher, and I have no doubt actually one, stood up in front of the Communion-railing, and, with the points of his fingers placed together, addressed a few sentences to the audience. He then proceeded to marshal a multitude of boys and girls along the central walk, the boys facing the girls as far down as their inferior numbers extended, and the elderly clergyman then began to catechise them, mingling much discourse of his own with his questions and their answers. In the midst of this tedious procedure I left the church.

The effect of the whole was novel and striking. To find a church which has undoubtedly cleared itself of all those features of Romanism most exclaimed against by Protestants, nevertheless maintaining many of those externals of dress and ritual which give the Church of Rome such a hold upon the imagination and æsthetic feelings of its adherents, was peculiarly interesting to an observer from the north of the Tweed. The catechising is an important part of clerical duty in Norway, being connected with a system of confirmation which forms one of the strongest anchorages of the church. The being confirmed is established by law as a previous step to all mingling in actual society. No priest is allowed to marry a couple, one member of which is unconfirmed. No unconfirmed person can be a student at the university, or attain any office. The girl of humble rank would not be received as a servant, nor the boy as an apprentice, without being confirmed. It is a diploma essential to the gaining of daily bread in all classes. A fee given on the occasion is likewise important to the clergy, as a part of their income. I heard that the common people are beginning to express a sense of oppression under this system, complaining, however, only of the hardship of the fee; but so rooted a custom could not easily be reformed.

Christiania is evidently a rising place; and though this is mainly to be attributed to its only having recently assumed the character of a capital and seat of government, I became convinced that no small portion of it is owing to that general progress of the country of which the growth of a metropolis is always a sure exponent. Ever since 1814, when Norway settled down, with its democratic constitution, under the Bernadotte dynasty of Sweden, it has enjoyed internal peace and security; and the resources of the country have been undergoing perhaps as rapid a process of development as could be expected in a region so peculiarly formed and circumstanced, physically and morally. I took

every opportunity, in Christiania and elsewhere, of inquiring into the political fortunes of the country, and, on the whole, I think they are good. The machine is certainly not without its jarrings and jammings any more than others, and there is no reason, from this case, to believe that democracy involves that consummation of political good which its admirers claim for it. Yet Norway is, in the main, happy in its government, the national will being freely and fully expressed through its Storting, while it seems to derive a certain steadiness from monarchy, without being exposed to any of the corrupting influences of a court. In consequence of Sweden being under an aristocratic system, there is in Norway a sleepless jealousy regarding it; and this I always felt to be the most unpleasant feature of public feeling which came under my attention in the north. It has, however, the effect of binding the people very much together, as far as themselves are concerned, and rendering internal faction and party little known amongst them. It is also to be remarked that the king is completely exempt from Norwegian jealousy and ill-will; his uncommon personal virtues, and his liberal tendencies, render him, on the contrary, highly popular, as was lately demonstrated in a remarkable manner, when, a certain sum being asked by him to complete the furnishing of the palace, the Storting instantly voted one much larger—a very uncommon fact, I believe, in parliamentary history. Owing to the general satisfaction of the country with its constitution, the year 1848 passed over Norway without ruffling its political plumage in any appreciable degree. The Norwegian people would be above human nature if there were not among them a set whose predominant feeling is towards concentration of power, and another whose main anxiety it is to make the voice of the masses as real and as influential as possible; but these parties have at the same time so much unity of feeling, that they cannot be said to be in collision. There is a movement party, feeble in the Storting, but strong in the press. Its demands are of a nature apt to excite strange ideas in an Englishman. With us, as is well known, the clamour of such politicians is for the aristocracy of talent and education—the aristocracy of nature—as against that of mere human appointment or the creation of law. In Norway, the men of the movement, finding an aristocracy of this kind actually exercising rule, as far as there is any rule in the case, loudly demand that it should be put under check. 'Away,' they cry, 'with clever lawyers and astute officials, and let the honest, rustic representatives bear the bell!' We need scarcely ask what their cry would be if things were actually put under a committee of *bonder*?

During my few days in Christiania I felt unflagging pleasure in wandering about the neighbourhood, and enjoying the fine views almost everywhere presented, in which the fiord and its numerous islets always formed a distinguished part. The day was generally very warm; but the evenings were deliciously cool, and these might be said to last till within an hour of midnight. Again I felt how surprised many of my friends would have been to see what I now saw—the glassy waters and clear blue atmosphere of Leman Lake rivalled in a spot adjacent to the sixtieth parallel of latitude. I remarked that though there might be particular plants wanting, the general effect of the ornamental gardens and pleasure-grounds at Christiania was much the same as with us. The winter is of course severe in comparison with ours; yet even here we must not be too ready to give the disadvantage to Norway; for the air, if colder, is drier, and therefore bites less than the same temperature would do under our humid Jove. A middle-aged man, accustomed in his youth to live in England, told me that, for walking in winter about Christiania, he never thinks of adding more to his ordinary clothing than a light paletot, exactly as he would do in London, though in driving in an open carriage thicker dress is necessary.

The university has about thirty-three professors,







Ratsimi then declared his belief that she was a witch, and related what he had seen that morning, leaving out his declaration of love and his threat. He expressed profound grief at having to accuse one so lovely and charming, and hoped she might clear herself.

A judge then rose and implored Rakar to tell the truth, and confess her crime—an act that would have been giving herself to certain death on the instant, and which the Zanak declined performing, it may be presumed, for that very reason.

'I am innocent,' she cried aloud. 'Ratsimi is a false coward: the caimans will decide between us!'

'As you will; so be it,' said the judge.

'What are they about to do!' whispered René to a Malgache near him.

'Rakar will swim out to yonder island. If guilty, the caimans will devour her: if innocent, she will come back in safety.'

'But the river swarms with these savage monsters. The girl is innocent: I swear it—I know it!'

'She must bear the trial,' said the superstitious Malgache: 'if innocent, there is no danger.'

'This is mere savage stupidity: I will speak!'

'And die,' said his friend solemnly. 'The people will spear you if you dare to interfere.'

René ground his teeth with rage, and moved nearer the young girl.

'Rakar,' said Ova, 'confess: once more I conjure you.'

'The caimans shall decide,' replied the Zanak, who, conscious of her innocence of anything beyond trying a harmless charm for a harmless end, under the advice of a urie-woman, felt safe; for she believed in the efficacy of the trial.

'Ombiach,' cried the chief, addressing the half-priest half-executioner, 'she is yours.'

The ombiach took her by the hand, and led her towards the river, on the banks of which he addressed a conjuration to the savage crocodiles, calling on them to rise and devour her if guilty, and left her to a few young attached female friends, who braved contagion, and stood by her to the last. Rakar thanked them gently.

'Rafara,' said she, turning to one, 'give me that ribbon to tie my long hair: it may prevent my swimming freely.'

The girl, much moved, gave the silken tie, and aided her herself to apply it.

Then Rakar took off her *simbou* and *seideck*—garments equivalent to European petticoats—and plunged into the river.

René shuddered, and, with the whole tribe, rushed to the banks of the stream. The bright moon illumined the picture in every detail. There was the bold swimmer, her head and arms only visible, while her long hair floated behind, as driven back by the wind: every splash was seen clearly. She swam with astonishing rapidity. René felt sick: he knew the fatal character of the river, and had himself shot caimans on the little island. The whole village gazed on coldly, but some anxiously. Ratsimi stood sullen and silent on one side. Every time there was the least stir in the water, all expected to hear a shriek and a struggle. The reptiles to which Rakar was exposed could have killed her at one bite. From twelve to twenty feet long, their voracity is frightful, and many is the victim which falls under their jaws, especially in these trials, which at Matatana replaced the tanghin.

A low murmur of applause arose as Rakar stood upright on the island, and then sat down to gain breath. René thought the trial was now over; but the worst was to come. The unfortunate girl was in a very nest of crocodiles: but, nothing terrified, she rose after five minutes, and plunged headlong into the stream, and disappeared. René held his breath for half a minute, at the expiration of which she reappeared not, and then felt inexpressible delight as she rose and landed. Again, after taking breath, she plunged a second and a third time, and, rare instance of good-fortune, reappeared as often. After some time she entered the river once more, and swam towards home.

'The worst is now to come,' thought René; 'the savage animals must be alarmed by all that noise. God help her!' he added, as he caught sight of a commotion in the water near the island, and next minute saw a huge caiman with his scales flashing in the moon's rays.

The young man closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, Rakar was within fifty yards of the shore. With a wild shout of joy René fired the two barrels of his fowlingpiece, as if by way of triumph, but in reality in the desperate hope of checking the progress of any pursuing alligator. The people shouted: they felt the lovely Zanak was innocent. Ratsimi stood transfixed with terror: still, another death-like silence ensued. The girl was weary, and swam slowly, but presently was within ten yards of the shore. Her female friends were ready with a large cloak given by René for the purpose, a white African *bumore* which he wore at night; and as this fell around her, so did the arms of the young man.

'People of Matatana, I claim this heroic and innocent girl as my wife!' he cried wild with enthusiasm and joy. 'I knew her innocent and beautiful; I now know her for something more. As for that base wretch, I claim for him the law of retaliation.'

'As for claiming the girl as a wife,' said the chief, 'that rests with her; but Ratsimi will pay unto her a thousand piastres, and thus, in poverty and misery, will repent his folly.'

'Worse than folly!' cried René: 'the girl refused his love, and this is his revenge!'

'Is this true, Rakar?' asked Ova.

Rakar, far more troubled at the sudden explosion of the young man's feelings than at her trial, was silent a moment, and then made an open confession, not without blushes—many, yet unseen—before the whole tribe. Now that René had spoken, her love was legitimate and just; and according to her native customs, she felt a pride in her public avowals.

'Ratsimi,' said Ova, when she had concluded, 'you are a false and lying slave. Rakar has the choice. You will swim to Caiman Island as did she, or you will pay her all the value of your flocks and cattle, and then be bound as a slave to her for life. Choose, girl.'

'I forgive him all!' cried Rakar warmly; 'for am I not happy? I have gained the husband that I love: that was worth the race.'

René's admiration knew no bounds; and then on the spot he denounced the wickedness and folly of this mode of trial, showed how easily malevolence could get up false accusations, and offered, if the tribe would abolish all such practices, to settle amongst them; otherwise, he would retire to Mauritius, where he was educated, and visit them no more. His eloquence was persuasive; the people were in a moment of enthusiasm: the custom was abolished, the ombiach dismissed, and that very evening the simple marriage ceremony of Matatana was celebrated. René settled in the place, was very happy, and lives there, for aught I know to the contrary, up to this day. He made Rakar a happy woman, and found a deep satisfaction in having been the instrument of abolishing *trial by caiman*.\*

#### MADAME CATALANI.†

It were superfluous to inform our readers that the name appearing at the head of this article belonged to one of the most celebrated singers of the present century; for who has not heard of the wondrous syren by whose voice thousands, nay, millions, have been enchanted, and whose career was mingled up with some of the great events in contemporaneous history?

Familiar, however, as the name of Madame Catalani may be to us all, yet many amongst us are perhaps but little acquainted with her history, and we hope it may not prove an ungrateful task if we communicate some

\* The above scene is no fiction: it was witnessed by Lequival de Lacombe.

† Abridged from the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.'





so he sought her hand. The family and friends of Angelica Catalani felt an extreme repugnance to the proposed union; but to all the representations which were made to her on the subject she only replied with a sigh, 'Ma che bel ufficiale!' and before long, the handsome officer carried off the prize, and the marriage was celebrated at the court chapel, in presence of the prince-regent and of General Lannes. Madame de Valabrégue, who continued to bear her own family name, quitted Lisbon early in 1806. She had just formed a most advantageous engagement for the Italian Opera in London. She went first to Madrid, where she gave several concerts, which brought her in a considerable sum of money. Then passing through France, she arrived in Paris early in June 1806. Her fame had already preceded her in that great capital, and the public curiosity was so strongly stimulated, that, on her giving three concerts at the Opera-House, every part of the building was crowded to excess, although the tickets were raised to threefold their ordinary price. With the exception of Paganini, no musical artist since that time has kindled the same glowing enthusiasm at Paris as was awakened by this celebrated singer.

Among the hearers of Madame Catalani at the French Opera-House was the Emperor Napoleon, who, although destitute of any taste for music, wished to fix the admired cantatrice in his capital, partly from an ambitious desire to see himself surrounded by great artists, and partly with the view of diverting the thoughts of the Parisians from graver and more dangerous topics. Accordingly, he commanded her attendance at the Tuileries. The poor woman had never been brought before into contact with this terrible virtuoso of war, who at that time filled all Europe with the fame of his *fiorture*: she trembled from head to foot on entering his presence. 'Where are you going, madame?' inquired the master with his abrupt tone and imperial voice. 'To London, sire.' 'You must remain in Paris, where you shall be well paid, and where your talents will be better appreciated. You shall have a hundred thousand francs a year, and two months' vacation—that is settled. Adieu, madame!' And the cantatrice retired more dead than alive, without having dared to inform her brusque interrogator that it was impossible for her to break an engagement which she had formed with the English ambassador in Portugal. If Napoleon had been acquainted with this circumstance, he would undoubtedly have laid an embargo on the fair singer, whom he would have considered a rich capture from his enemies. Madame Catalani was not the less obliged to make her escape from France without a passport. She embarked secretly at Morlaix, on board a vessel which had been sent for the exchange of prisoners, and to whose captain she paid L.150 for his services. This interview with the Emperor Napoleon made so deep an impression on Madame Catalani, that she was wont to speak of it as the most agitating moment of her life.

Madame Catalani arrived in London in December 1806. The partiality of the English for Italian music and musicians dates from an early period of our national history. In the sixteenth century, we hear of Italian lute-players, as well as singers of madrigals and canzonets, performing at the splendid entertainments which were given to Queen Elizabeth by her nobles and courtiers. The Italian Opera was opened in London early in the eighteenth century, and within its walls, which were ever frequented by the higher classes of London society, shone forth successively the most celebrated Italian singers nurtured in the schools of Naples, Rome, Bologna, and Venice, for the amusement of the 'barbarians.'

Never, however, had any cantatrice obtained in London the same success as Madame Catalani, whose appearance seemed to be regarded as a public event in which multitudes were interested. The wonderful compass of her voice; the equability and fulness of her tones; the magnificence, the *bris* of her vocalisation, which seemed to expand itself in its sparkling rapidity, like some fountain playing in the sunshine; the distinguished elegance of her person, her noble bearing and fine character—all contributed to excite a universal enthusiasm in her favour.

Madame Catalani was, during eight years, the idol of England. Admitted into the most aristocratic circles, who were gratified by her having resisted the seductions of Napoleon, courted by the Tories, admired by the Whigs, she held the whole nation under the charm of her chromatic gamuts and her enchanting *gorgheggi*. Whenever the season was over in London, Madame Catalani visited the provinces, giving concerts wherever she went; and no sooner did her name appear upon a bill, than it acted as an irresistible talisman, drawing around her crowds even in the smallest market-towns of the British empire.

The effect which Madame Catalani produced upon the English public was not solely that of a great artist or even of a charming woman. By her sympathy in their national feelings of loyalty to their sovereign, and of antipathy to Napoleon, she won many a heart which might have been insensible to her beauty as well as to the enchantment of her voice. Perhaps this influence was never so perceptible as at those moments of public depression when Napoleon had gained some unexpected victory, and Madame Catalani would step forth upon the boards of Drury-Lane, and sing *confiochi*, 'God save the King,' or 'Rule Britannia.' When her magnificent voice launched upon the thrilling multitude those words so full of national pride, 'Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,' or when she gave utterance in the voice of song to the prayer of the country, 'Send him victorious, happy and glorious,' then would the excited audience rise *en masse* and applaud with passionate enthusiasm the noble-looking cantatrice, who was compared by many to Juno uplifting the waves with one glance of her queenly eye. Thus was our fair Italian virtually enrolled in the grand coalition formed by England against her implacable enemy.

Madame Catalani came to Paris in 1814, with the Allies, to enjoy her share of the common triumph. On the 4th of February 1815 she gave a grand concert at the Opera-House for the benefit of the poor, when her success was as brilliant as it had been in 1806. During the Hundred Days she disappeared from the scene, having followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent, where her house became the resort of the most illustrious emigrants. After an excursion into Holland and Belgium, Madame Catalani returned to Paris on the second restoration of the Bourbons. It was at this period that Louis XVIII., wishing to reward the attachment that Madame Catalani had ever evinced for his person, as well as for the cause of legitimacy, bestowed on her the privilege of the Italian Theatre, together with a grant of 160,000 francs. This enterprise became to her the source of endless contrarieties and vexations; for M. de Valabrégue, being a man of restless mind, and jealous of any one who seemed likely to compete with his wife in the popular favour, sought to dismiss from the Théâtre-Italien the most talented artists. At length Madame Catalani found herself obliged to abandon this unfortunate direction, after having lost the good graces of the Parisian public, together with 500,000 francs of her fortune. In order to repair this double misfortune, the celebrated cantatrice undertook a long journey in the north of Europe. She visited Denmark, Sweden, and Germany, being greeted everywhere with triumphant applause, and amassing a vast sum of money by the exercise of her splendid talent.

In 1817 Madame Catalani visited Venice, where, about thirty years before, her youth and her fame had burst into such early and such glorious bloom. Here the same laurels awaited her as had been laid at her feet when she made her first appearance at the Fenice. Then was she breathing the poetic atmosphere of hope, with all its joyous dreams and bright illusions; now all her youthful fancies had been more than realised; but had her successful and triumphant life been productive of all the happiness predicted by a fond and glowing imagination! This was a question to which perhaps she scarcely dared to answer even within the recesses of her own heart.

We shall not attempt to follow the steps of our indefatigable traveller, who visited the most remote corners of Europe. Suffice it here to mention her journey to St







pursued in France. There, when reformed, the pupil has to take his chance with the rest of the overstocked community; which is as bad a chance there as in this country. France has no foreign colonies to which his skill and labour can be transferred; Great Britain has. While our home labour market overflows almost to the point of starvation, our colonists are stretching forth their hands to us, imploring help to gather in their harvests; and, despite the distress which prevails here, the call is but sparingly answered. This, therefore, is the grand opening for the absorption of reformed criminals: they are removed from evil influences, and their employers are put in possession of skilled labour. Besides, this is a calling in which no competition exists: as yet, so far as we know, it has nowhere become a branch of education to train up an *emigrant*—to deal, in short, with practical colonisation as a profession to be taught.

After some difficulties, the Red-Hill Farm was obtained, and this interesting experiment commenced by the admission of seventeen lads, mostly above fourteen years of age, and from country districts. Farm labour, although the basis of the plan, did not exclude the handicrafts already taught and practised in St George's Fields. If, in addition to a knowledge of ordinary agricultural operations, the candidate for employment in the colonies could make a cart, a spade, a gate, or a coat; a pair of shoes, a bedstead, or a table and chairs—if he could mend a plough, shoe a horse, make bricks and draining-tiles, build a wall, or thatch a roof—his value to his master and to himself would be increased in proportion. Nor would emigration be his only resource. He would be much prized by the home farmer; for, despite all we hear about the distress of the agricultural population in England (and it is indeed in winter truly severe), skilful labourers are scarce, and not ill-paid.

The excellence of these plans, and a small printed history of the Philanthropic institution, occupied my thoughts, and formed the subject of conversation with my companion, while travelling on the Brighton Railway some weeks since, on our way to the Red-Hill Farm-School, to which the major part of the Philanthropic pupils had been by that time removed.

On alighting at the Red Hill station, we were received by a neat young groom, who drove us in a small vehicle, very carefully and well, over a mile and a-half of roughish road to the chaplain's residence, into which we were politely ushered by another youth, who announced us to our host.

'Surely,' I said when that gentleman arrived, 'neither of those lads were ever convicts?'

'Yes,' was the reply; 'one was convicted once—the other, who is from Parkhurst, twice; but they are both so thoroughly reformed, that we trust them as fully as we do any of our other servants—sometimes with money to pay small bills.'

On advancing to a sort of balcony to look around, we found ourselves on the top of one of that low range of eminences known as the Surrey Hills, with, if not an extensive, a cheerful and picturesque landscape to look upon. Immediately to the left stood a pretty group of buildings, comprising the chapel, a school-room, and two houses, each to contain sixty boys; the foundation-stone of the first having been laid by Prince Albert no longer ago than the 30th of April. These unpretending but tasteful Gothic edifices, relieved, as they were, by a background of thick foliage, which stretched away at intervals to the boundaries of the estate, gave a sylvan, old-English character to the scene, which will doubtless be endeared to the memory of many an emigrant when labouring out his mission in the Antipodes. In front, in a dell, beyond a cutting through which the South-Eastern Railway passes, and half-hidden by tall trees, the farm-house in which the boys, now on the farm, are accommodated, partially revealed itself; while beyond, a cottage, in which the bailiff of the estate lives, was more plainly seen. The view stretching westward is bounded by what geologists used to call a 'crag and tail,' of no great elevation, but bearing a miniature resemblance to the foundations of Old Edinburgh, and this association is

strengthened when one learns that it is called 'Leith Hill.' Under it stands the town of Reigate.

Dotted about the farm—of which our terraced point of view afforded a perfect supervision—were groups of juvenile labourers steadily plying their tasks. One small party were grubbing a hedge, their captain or monitor constructing a fire-heap of the refuse; a detachment of two was setting up a gate, under the direction of a carpenter; a third group was digging a field of what we afterwards found to be extremely hard clay; and a fourth was wheeling manure. We could also see fitting to and fro, immediately about the farm-house and offices, several small figures, employed in those little odd jobs that the 'minding' of poultry, the feeding of pigs, the grooming of horses, and the stalling of oxen, entail upon the denizens of a farm-stead.

The systematic activity which pervaded the whole estate, and the good order in which everything appeared, bespoke rather an old-established than a recently-entered farm. Indeed, were it not for the noise of a few bricklayers' trowels at work upon the chapel, and here and there a dilapidated hedge in process of repair, or a field of rough farming that looked like neglected land in process of being reclaimed, we should have imagined ourselves upon that exception (unhappily) to the English system—a farm held upon a long lease which had nearly run out.

Having been gratified with this *coup d'œil*, we descended, under the guidance of our reverend host, to take a nearer view of the operations. On our way, he informed us that the extent of the farm is no more than 140 acres; but that, small as it is, he hoped, with some additions readily obtainable, that as many as 500 boys would be eventually trained upon it. It appears to have been admirably chosen for the purpose. These acres include every variety of soil, from light sand to the stiffest clay, the generality of it consisting of ferruginous marl, the colour of which doubtless gave the name to the hill over which it is chiefly spread. The more stubborn part of the estate will not only supply what is chiefly required—labour—but will also be the means of instructing the pupils in the proper method of cultivating consolidated soils; while the modes of dealing with lighter land will be exemplified in the more friable sandy earths.

While approaching the nearest knot of young labourers, it happened that the recollection of a visit I had paid some years ago to the townhouse of the society arose vividly in my mind. I remembered well, that although generally healthy, some of the boys seemed pale, and when you addressed them, answered furtively, and did not look straight into your face. But the ruddy, smiling countenance which was now turned up to return the pastor's greeting, formed a striking contrast to what I had noticed on the previous occasion. It beamed with health and pleasure: the first due to a free life in the country, changed from a pent-up existence in town; and the latter to the affable kindness of his treatment. The boy was 'puddling' (ramming earth round the foundation of) a gate-post, and replied to certain suggestions respecting his mode of doing his task in a frank, fearless, but perfectly respectful manner. We passed on to the hedge-grubbing. This is hard work, and the boys were plying away manfully. Will lent force to every stroke of the pick, and every incision of the axe. The moment the director came in sight, a smile rose to every face. A large, spreading, obstinate root was giving a couple of the young grubbers a vast deal of trouble, and the superior, supposing the boys were not going about their task in the best manner, suggested an alteration in their plan. It was pleasing to see, instead of a servile or a dogged acquiescence in this hint, that the elder lad at once gave his reasons for the mode he had chosen for unearthing the root. A short argument ensued between the master and pupil, which ended in a decision that the latter was right. This showed the terms on which these two individuals—who might be described as antipodes in station, in morals, and in intellect—stood towards each other. The law of kindness (the only code practised here) had brought both into perfect rapport. No re-



Let us be grateful. Let us join together in strife against what is evil. Let us support one another in what is good. Let us love each other to the end.

'Dear friends and brothers, health and happiness to you all.

(Signed by the elder brothers and monitors)

'LANOS, BELLONET, ANGET, MAUCHIN, GUY, JOSSET, MARI, COLLOT, SOUVIGNE, HEDERT, CHEVALIER.'

This was, the bearers of it were assured, the veritable composition of the subscribing boys. It was read on this occasion amidst the most profound attention. When the assemblage broke up, the lads separated to their playground in an orderly manner. The young groom, however, departed for the stable to prepare the vehicle for our departure; for our most interesting visit was nearly over.

In a parting conversation with the resident chaplain, he told us that thirty-six reformed boys had already been sent to Algos Bay; and that, despite the storm of disaffection raised in Cape Colony against the introduction of convicts, the lads were well received. They had scarcely stepped on shore, before every one of them was engaged, and the accounts since received of them were highly favourable.

Although the important results which will assuredly flow from this experiment can only be carried out by the extension of its plans, yet large numbers of pupils in such establishments would, for the reasons we have given, be an evil. Centralisation and generalisation would be as inevitable as they are much to be dreaded. To do any good, the mind of each boy must be influenced separately; and in a large school, this would be impossible for one superintendent to accomplish. The Philanthropic School is now within manageable bounds, and the chaplain knows each lad almost as intimately as he does his own children; but when the establishment is extended to 500 pupils, as is contemplated, much of his influence over individuals will cease. To obviate this, it is intended to make each 'family' consist of sixty individuals, guided by a master (with an assistant) and his wife—a vast stride of improvement upon the *maitre* and *sous-maitre* system of Mettray. The softening restraint instinctively imposed by the mere presence of a woman—setting aside her higher influences—will be most beneficial. Much—all, we may venture to say—will, however, depend upon the tact, temper, demeanour, and patience of these most important functionaries. It is here, indeed, that the point of difficulty in effecting the reformation of vicious habits and impulses in the young presents itself. Nearly all reformatory systems have failed from the unskilfulness, from the want of long-suffering forbearance, and of prompt but kindly firmness, on the part of those to whom the task of reformation has been confided. It is the possession of these qualities by the reverend principal in an eminent degree which has brought about the pleasing state of things we have described at the Red-Hill Farm, and we look with some anxiety to the time when, notwithstanding his general supervision, the smallest of his functions will have to be delegated.

As we arrived at the Red-Hill railway station for our return journey some time before the train started, we employed the interval in making inquiries as to the character the Philanthropic boys bore among their neighbours, who, we were previously informed, had at first looked upon the new colony with dread.\* Every account we received was, we were happy to find, favourable: the ex-criminals had not occasioned a single complaint.

In less than an hour we were again amidst the murk of London, almost envying the young criminals of Red Hill the pure air they breathed; at the same time fervently hoping that the example and objects of this farm may gradually be extended to every county in Great Britain; and that its founders—to borrow a quaint trope

\* A bargain had nearly been concluded at one time for a farm to the north of the metropolis; but so great was the horror of the contiguous gentry, that one of them actually presented the society with a donation of £1,000, on condition that the scene of reformatory operations should be removed; and accordingly it was shifted to Surrey.

from Bishop Latimer—may have not only 'lighted a candle in this country which, by God's grace, shall not be put out again,' but that many others may be kindled from it.

## TOIL AND TRIAL.\*

THIS is the somewhat commonplace and unsuggestive title of a book which, aspiring to little, will probably effect much. It is a story of the people, written for the people, and published in a form which is within the people's reach. Its text is the early-closing movement, and thereon the author bases that best of homilies—the sterling truth which lies hidden under the allurements of fiction. 'Toil and Trial' will do more than half a dozen prosy public meetings to aid the cause for which it is written. Of the worth and usefulness of that cause there can now be but one opinion; and therefore the critic, in dealing with Mrs Croeland's book, has but to consider how far she has attained her end.

This has been done by extreme simplicity—almost homeliness—in narration, plot, and characters. It is a chapter in London life, such as any one might read when walking into some of the great linendrapers' shops, each of which seems a little world in itself. From such an one the hero and heroine, Jasper and Lizzie Rivers, are taken. They are assistants in the same shop—have been married some time, but conceal their union, for fear lest that stringent and most evil custom of London mercers—the exclusion of married men—should take from both the poor pittance which is their only support. Most touching is the account of the privations, miserable contrivances—even imputed shame—to which both, and especially poor Lizzie, are exposed by the maintenance of this galling secret.

'It was the beginning of a bright and glowing summer's day. As usual, Jasper Rivers and his wife left home between seven and eight o'clock, Lizzie previously giving the most exact directions to the maid-of-all-work respecting the care of the child—how she was to be taken into the Park before the heat of noon came on, and again at five or six o'clock—apportioning the hours for sleep and food with the most precise attention. With their minds full of the coming disclosure (of their marriage), they naturally talked about it—wondering what the result would actually be, and scarcely realising that this might be the last time they should thus walk together, threading the same streets, as they had done, till every stone and post had become an acquaintance; usually parting at the piece of dead wall, whence sometimes one, and sometimes the other, made a longer circuit to their destination; thus arranging not to arrive together. This was only one out of twenty petty degrading plans that had become a habit, and called not for either thought or comment.

'They pass through London streets, seeing everywhere the pale drapers' assistants drowsily commencing their daily toil by "dressing" shop-windows.

"Street after street it is the same story," said Jasper with a sigh; and he added, "well, I suppose we ought to find consolation in knowing there are thousands who suffer as much as ourselves."

"My dear Jasper," exclaimed his wife; "think a moment, and I am sure you will never say that again. Is it not extraordinary that such an argument can ever be put forth? Surely the very fact that thousands do suffer ought to rouse us to the heartier exertions, and make us the more willing martyrs in the cause, if need be."

"Lizzie," he replied, turning towards her, and almost stopping in the street as he spoke, "I always thought you the most sensible woman I ever knew; but latterly you have often surprised me. You seem to have so many just opinions, which strike me as much by their freshness as their truth."

"I am afraid," said Lizzie smiling, "that my opinions are not very profound; but latterly, as I told you yester-

\* Toil and Trial. A Story of London Life. By Mrs Newton Croeland (late Camilla Toulmin). London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1849.





have been a struggle of life and death to reach a place of safety again, with such wonderful rapidity did the flames leap from spot to spot, truly meriting the name of the "devouring element." The brave band were received with shouts of applause by the crowd on the street, who made way for them to cross over. The English mob is pretty sure to recognise an act of heroism when they find it, and the daring exploit of "Lorimer's young men" had reached their ears.'

Frank Warder is not the only hero: as soon as Jasper Rivers, now his fellow-assistant, roused from sleep by the distant glare of a 'great fire,' reaches the spot—a scene far more terrible than any which had preceded it was about to appal the spectators. A rumour arose that a man was still on the Frong's premises, or rather in the upper storey of one of the houses forming the corner already mentioned. Every one wondered that he could not escape as the other occupants of the house had done, except those who knew that the floor in which he was confined was cut off from the rest of the house by a walled-up door, having been let to the Messrs Frong, and a communication opened with their premises. Jasper, who well remembered the arrangements of the house, comprehended the whole tragedy in a moment. He knew that the "shop-walker"—he who had been for three years a tyrant to Jasper, and to whom at last he chiefly owed his dismissal—slept on that floor; and he was able to recognise the miserable creature as he stood at the window, wringing his hands, his countenance distorted by the anguish of his almost hopeless condition, and looking down on the sea of upturned anxious faces, glaring in the red light of the flames, and all alike expressive of terrible commiseration. The height from the street was tremendous, and many feet above the tallest of the fire-escapes. Jasper saw that the one faint chance of this man's escape rested in the door of communication with the now-deserted house being burst open, and this could only be done by main force. The brave men of the fire brigade were ready, in the fulfilment of their noble duty to run all risks; but their ignorance of the localities of the different premises was a great hindrance to their usefulness. Rivers knew this; and helping to wrench an iron bar from an area-grating, to use as a weapon, he made his way up the staircase of the now-deserted corner-house, which was already to his senses like a heated oven. The flames were ready to clasp it every moment; for the experienced firemen dared not bring the full force of their engines to play while life had yet to be saved, knowing that the suffocating flames of smoke that would instantly arise might be yet more fatal. What a moment of breathless suspense ensued! It lasted till, in the hush that prevailed, Jasper's ponderous blows on the fastened door could be distinctly heard above the roaring of the fire. Then the figure from the window turned away, raised its arms with a gesture of thanksgiving, and was seen no more till, amidst deafening shouts, the two, wounded and bleeding, emerged from the house: they had leaped more than one flight of stairs, round which fire and smoke were already writhing.'

#### INFLUENCE OF BANKING ON MORALITY.

Banking exercises a powerful influence upon the morals of society: it tends to produce honesty and punctuality in pecuniary engagements. Bankers, for their own interest, always have a regard to the moral character of the party with whom they deal: they inquire whether he be honest or tricky, industrious or idle, prudent or speculative, thrifty or prodigal; and they will more readily make advances to a man of moderate property and good morals, than to a man of large property, but of inferior reputation. Thus the establishment of a bank in any place immediately advances the pecuniary value of a good moral character. There are numerous instances of persons having arisen from obscurity to wealth only by means of their moral character, and the confidence which that character produced in the mind of their banker. It is not merely by way of loan or discount that a banker serves such a person. He also speaks well of him to those persons who may make inquiries respecting him: and the banker's good opinion will be the means of procuring him a higher degree

of credit with the parties with whom he trades. These effects are easily perceivable in country towns; and even in London, if a house be known to have engaged in gambling or smuggling transactions, or in any other way to have acted discredibly, their bills will be taken by the bankers less readily than those of an honourable house of inferior property. It is thus that bankers perform the functions of public conservators of the commercial virtues. From motives of private interest, they encourage the industrious, the prudent, the punctual, and the honest—while they discountenance the spendthrift and the gambler, the liar and the knave. They hold out inducements to uprightness, which are not disregarded by even the most abandoned. There is many a man who would be deterred from dishonesty by the frown of a banker, though he might care but little for the admonitions of a bishop.—*Gillert's Practical Treatise on Banking.*

#### JAQUES BALMAT,

##### THE PIONEER OF MONT BLANC.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.

THE mountain reared a lofty brow  
Where footsteeps never trod;  
It stood supreme o'er all below,  
And seemed alone with God.  
The lightnings played around its crest,  
Nor touched its stainless snow,  
The glaciers bound its mighty breast—  
Seas where no currents flow.  
  
And ever and anon the blast  
Blew sternly round its head,  
And clouds across its bosom vast  
A changeful curtain spread.  
But changeless in its majesty,  
The mountain was alone,  
No voice might tell what there might be—  
Its secrets were its own.  
  
He should have worshipped poetry  
Who trode its summit first,  
He should have had a painter's eye  
On whom the vision burst:  
The vision of the lower world  
Seen from that mountain's crown,  
'Mid storms, where humble rocks were hurled  
To mole-hills dwindled down.  
  
Yet 'twas a lowly peasant's lot  
To find the upward road,  
He earliest trod that lofty spot  
Where solitude abode.  
Thus Truth sits in her wasted power  
For ages long and lone,  
Till opened in some happy hour  
A pathway to her throne.  
Then let this thought the humble sway,  
And hope their bosoms fill—  
The lowly oft have led the way  
Up to the sacred hill.

#### INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, 'When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them "Sing"; and if I hear them speak against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal.'—*Mrs Sigourney.*

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putability—must be sought, indeed, among the inner laws and necessities of the human mind. The power which we ascribe to intelligence must be exercised for ends and objects which have hitherto been too commonly overlooked, and the purposes and aims of education will need to be more intimately adjusted to the essential demands of character.

A notorious consequence of the popular instruction most prevalent within the last twenty years, has been the elicitation of a certain superficial cleverness, valuable principally for marketable or ostentatious purposes, and no more indicative of intellectual elevation than the frivolous accomplishment of rope-dancing. It is for the most part an affair of memory, a mere mechanical agility, expertness in acts of routine; and in its superior developments takes most commonly the shape of a keen vulpine perspicacity, which may very readily be cultivated independently of any coincident development of the reflective reason or the moral attributes. The practical understanding, being trained into separate activity, and exercised apart from its constitutional connection, may obviously be used like an implement, in subordination to the propensities or the will, and for the accomplishment of purely selfish, or even discreditable ends. Thus, while it is perfectly true that a liberal and complete education—using the word in its largest and strictly philosophical significance—is the sole and certain means of human elevation, it is not to be denied that very considerable acquisitions of information, and much intellectual ability and shrewdness, may subsist together with a manifest unscrupulousness or depravity of disposition. And hence it is evident that the power of knowledge is good or evil according as it is used; and so long as its cultivation is enjoined out of motives involving a primary regard to worldly advantages and promotions, there will never be wanting persons to pursue it out of mercenary, and in other respects questionable considerations. The entire grounds of the common advocacy of education must be abandoned; we must ascend from the low places of expediency and selfish benefit to the nobler platform of that universal and in-born necessity in man, which demands a circular and simultaneous culture of his whole nature—that essential and inward law of being whose perfect and successful development shall be answerable to the destination contemplated in the origin and intention of the human constitution.

The true reason for individual cultivation is undoubtedly to be sought for in the native requirements of the soul. The essential worth of knowledge lies not so much in its adaptations to our temporal conveniences or ambition, as in the service it performs in promoting spiritual enlargement. What we more especially understand by education is a progressive process whereby the intellectual and moral powers are expanded and developed to the extent of their capabilities, and directed towards objects of action and speculation which have a tendency to advance the effectual wellbeing of the individual—a wellbeing whose character is not to be determined arbitrarily by opinion, or considered as consisting in conditions accordant with mere conventional preconceptions of mortal happiness, but one which preexists as an ideal prefigurement in human nature. That only is a right and sufficient education which aims at the perfect culture of the man—which, as far as is possible with objective limitations, educes and invigorates his latent aptitudes and gifts, to the end that he may employ them in a manner which is consistent with the pure idea of his own being. The consideration to be kept continually in view is, what is a man by natural capacity destined to become?—what heights of intellectual and moral worth is he capable of attaining to?—and, on the whole, what courses of discipline and personal exertion are most suitable, as the means of raising him to that condition wherein he will most admirably fulfil the design of his creation? To instruct and educate him with respect to this design is the highest and ultimate purpose of all knowledge. It has thus a grander

aim than the mere promotion of the conveniences of our material life. Prosecuted with reference to this loftier end, it is exalted into the appropriate guide of a man's endeavours—acquainting him with the laws and relations of his existence, and shaping for him the authentic course of his sublimary conduct.

It is accordingly obvious, that in order to obtain its lasting and most prizable advantages, the pursuit of knowledge must be entered on and followed as a *duty*. A man must esteem his personal culture as the noblest end of his existence, and accept his responsibility in regard to it as the most paramount of obligations. To this one pre-eminent aim all other aims and aspirations must be held as inconsiderable and subordinate. Let him know, and lay earnestly to heart, that all his efforts at cultivation are to be everlasting in their results—fruitful for ever in blessed consequences to himself and to the world, or otherwise miserably and perpetually abortive, according to the character and spirit of his activity. All learning and experience have an intimate and natural respect to the progressive perfection of the human soul. The original idea of a man—what he individually ought to *be* and *do*—that is the basis whereon he is to found and build up his entire being. He must therefore prosecute knowledge with a reverent and religious earnestness, strive diligently to comprehend the relations in which he stands to God and his fellow-men, and sedulously endeavour to fulfil his true and peculiar destination, which is, to make his temporal existence correspondent with the inner laws of his own soul, and to leave behind it in the spiritual world an imperishable and eternal consequence.

This view of the intrinsic worth and significance of knowledge must be admitted to be far more exalting and salutary to the mind than any which has reference exclusively or principally to its agency in simply secular affairs. It leads a man inevitably to respect the integrity and rightful exercise of his capacities, by discountenancing all employment of them which might tend in anyway to invalidate or impair the natural supremacy of the moral sentiment. Considered as the power whereby he may cultivate and enlarge his being, knowledge is invested with a lofty and perennial momentousness, which cannot, and may not, be disregarded without derogation to our highest interests as human and spiritual intelligences. It is indeed a revelation, in all its manifold departments, of that vital and sustaining element of things which is designated Truth, and whereon every effort that can reasonably be expected to be lastingly successful is most intimately dependent. As man liveth not by bread alone, but by every gracious word that proceedeth from the mouth of God, by every just and everlasting law which He has established for the guidance and edification of mankind, so assuredly is it of primary concern to men to be qualified to interpret those sublime utterances, and to apprehend their import and significance, in relation to the aims and hopes of life. This is the great and inestimable excellency of knowledge, that it acquaints us with something of the reality and nature of the mysterious frame of things wherein we live, and are necessitated constantly to work, and unfolds for us the laws and reasons of that obedience which we are constrained to yield to the established economy wherein our existence and essential welfare are connected. The highest and most binding obligation for us to know anything at all, is our natural need of intellectual enlightenment—the soul's unquestionable necessity for an intimacy with Truth, and the joy and satisfaction which it finds in its contemplation. And thus it is that all knowledge is eminently sacred, as being the stream through which a human mind draws insight from the central source of all intelligence; as being that which informs us of self-subsistent Law and Power, and consciously connects us with their reality and operations. That baneful divorce between intelligence and holiness which a sceptical and frivolous age has so disastrously effected, will need to be set aside as altogether founded



'No, no; I should not have presumed to speak on the subject to my kind, good aunt. But one day before she had this last attack of illness she spoke to me about my prospects, and asked me if papa was getting on very well, and if he would be able to provide for me when I grew up'—

'And I've no doubt in the world,' interrupted Selina, staring with excessive wonderment in her sister's face, 'that you innocently replied that he would!'

'Of course, sister,' replied Lucy calmly; 'I could say nothing else, you know; for when I came to see you five years ago, papa told me that he meant to give us both fortunes when we married.'

'And you told Miss Moore this?'

'Certainly. She kissed me when I told her,' continued Lucy, beginning to weep again as all these reminiscences were summoned to her mind, 'and said that I had eased her mind very much. Her nephew was very poor, and her money would do him and his family great service; and it is never a good thing for a young girl to have much money independent of her parents, my aunt said; and I think she was quite right.'

'Well,' said Selina, drawing a long breath, 'for a girl of nineteen years and three months of age I certainly do think you are the very greatest simpleton I ever saw.'

'Why so?' inquired Lucy in some surprise.

'Why, for telling your aunt about the fortune you would have: you might have known that she would not make you her heiress if you were rich already.'

'But she asked me the question, Selina.'

'That was no reason why you should have answered as you did.'

'How could I have answered otherwise after what papa had told me?'

Lucy was imperturbable in her simplicity and guilelessness. Selina turned from her impatiently, despairing of ever making her comprehend how foolishly she had behaved.

The next morning Mr and Mrs Davenant were informed by their eldest daughter of Lucy's communications to her respecting Miss Moore's property. Selina was surprised to find that they exhibited no signs of great anger or disappointment, but contented themselves with inveighing against Lucy's absurd simplicity, and her fatal deficiency in worldly wisdom.

'Not that it matters so very much this time,' said Mrs Davenant philosophically; 'for it appears that the amount of Miss Moore's fortune was very much exaggerated. Still, Lucy might as well have had her three thousand pounds as Arthur Meredith; and it grieves me—the entire affair—because it shows how very silly Lucy is in these matters. She sadly wants common sense I fear.'

Similar verdicts were pronounced with regard to poor Lucy almost every hour in the day, until she would plaintively and earnestly inquire, 'What could mamma mean by worldly wisdom?' Certainly it was a branch of knowledge which poor Miss Moore, with most unpardonable negligence, had utterly neglected to instil into her young relative's mind. But though it was greatly to be feared that Lucy would never possess wisdom, according to her mother's definition of the word, she could not avoid, as in course of time she became better acquainted with the principles and practices of her family, perceiving what it was that her parents dignified by so high-sounding a name. It made her very miserable to perceive the system of manoeuvring that daily went on with regard to the most trivial as well as the more important affairs of life. She could not help seeing that truth was often sacrificed for the mere convenience of an hour, and was never respected when it formed an obstacle to the execution of any plan or arrangement.

She felt keenly how wrong all this was, but she dared not interfere. On two or three occasions, when she had ventured, timidly and respectfully, to remonstrate on the subject, she had been chidden with undue violence, and sent sad and tearful to her own room. With Selina she was equally unsuccessful; only, instead of scolding, her lively, thoughtless sister contented herself with laughing

loudly, and contemptuously affecting to pity her 'primitive simplicity and ignorance.'

'It's a thousand pities, Lu, that your lot was not cast in the Arcadian ages. You are evidently formed by nature to sit on a green bank in shepherdess costume, twining flowers round your crook, and singing songs to your lambs. Excuse me, my dear, but positively that's all you are fit for. I wonder where I should be if I possessed your very, very scrupulous conscience, and your infinitesimally nice notions of right and wrong? I dare say you'd be highly indignant—excessively shocked—if you knew the little *ruse* I was forced to resort to in order to induce cross old Mrs Aylmer to take me to London with her last year. Don't look alarmed; I'm not going to tell you the whole story; only remember there was a *ruse*.'

'Surely, Selina, you don't exult in it!' said Lucy, vexed at her sister's air of triumph.

'Wait a minute. See the consequences of my visit to London, which, had I been over-scrupulous, would never have taken place. Had I been too particular, I should not have gone with Mrs Aylmer—should not have been introduced to her wealthy and fashionable friends—should not have met Mr Alfred Forde—*ergo*, should not have been engaged to be married to him, as I have at present the happiness of being.'

'My dear Selina,' said Lucy timidly, but affectionately, laying her hand upon her arm, and looking up into her face, 'are you sure that it is a happiness? Are you quite sure that you *love* Mr Forde?'

Selina frowned—perhaps in order to hide the blush that she could not repress—and then peevishly shook off her sister's gentle touch.

'No lectures, if you please,' she said, turning away. 'Whatever my feelings may be with regard to my future husband, they concern no one but him and myself. Be assured I shall do my duty as a wife far better than half the silly girls who indulge in hourly rhapsodies about their love, devotion, and so forth.'

Lucy sighed, but dared not say more on the subject. She was aware that Selina classed her with the 'silly girls' she spoke of. Some time before, when her heart was bursting with its own weight of joy and love, Lucy had been fain to yield to the natural yearning she felt for some one to whom she could impart her feelings, and had told her sister of her own love—love which she had just discovered was returned. What an icy sensation she experienced when, in reply to her timid and blushing confession, Selina sneered undisguisedly at her artless ingenuousness, and 'begged to know the happy individual's name!' And when she murmured the name of 'Arthur Meredith,' with all the sweet, blushing bashfulness of a young girl half afraid of the new happiness that has arisen in her heart—and almost fearing to whisper the beloved name even to her own ears—how crushing, how cruel was the light laugh of the other (a girl, too, yet how ungirlish!), as she exclaimed half in scorn, half in triumph, 'I thought so! No wonder Miss Moore's legacy was so easily resigned. I did not give you credit, Lu, for so much skill in manoeuvring.' Lucy earnestly and indignantly disclaimed the insinuation; but Selina only bade her be proud of her talents, and not feel ashamed of them; and she could only console herself by the conviction that, in her inmost heart, Selina did not 'give her credit' for the paltriness she affected to impute to her.

A short time afterwards, Arthur Meredith presented himself at B—, and formally asked Mr Davenant's consent to his union with Lucy. The consent was granted conditionally. Arthur was to pursue his profession for two years, at the end of which time, if he was in a position to support Lucy in the comfort and affluence she had hitherto enjoyed, no further obstacle should be placed in the way of their marriage. Arthur and Lucy were too reasonable not to perceive the justice of this decision, and the young barrister left B— inspired by the consciousness that on himself now depended his own and her happiness.

The time passed peacefully and happily with Lucy



he exclaimed; 'I perceive—it is for your two dear children. You are a good fellow, Davenant: forgive me that I misinterpreted your object. Certainly, if ever speculation is justifiable, it would be in such a case,' continued the old man in a ruminative tone; 'and you shall not lose your object, Sam; your girls shall have the chance; the L.5000 shall be invested, and they shall have whatever it may produce. Don't you trouble yourself; don't in the least embarrass or inconvenience yourself in order to raise this sum; leave it to me—leave it to me: I'll arrange it for the dear girls' sake.'

Mr Davenant, never doubting that a cheque for L.5000 would soon be forthcoming, was profuse in his acknowledgments, and the uncle and nephew parted mutually satisfied—the one to enjoy his matutinal walk, the other to exchange congratulations with his wife, and receive proper praise for his successful diplomacy.

Still, he could not but wonder, and feel somewhat uncomfortable, as the day appointed for Mr Atkinson's departure drew nigh, and he had yet heard nothing of the L.5000. At length he grew so very apprehensive, that it had been forgotten, or that something would interfere with his possession of it, that as the money was becoming every day of more vital importance to his interests, he ventured again to speak to his uncle on the subject. His first words were checked; and the old man, by rapidly speaking himself, prevented his saying more.

'Rest easy—rest easy,' said he; 'it is all right: I haven't forgotten anything about the affair, I can assure you. You shall hear from me on the subject after I get home; meanwhile make your mind quite easy. The girls shall have their railway shares, Sam; don't worry yourself.'

With this Mr Davenant was fain to be content; yet it was not without sundry uncomfortable feelings of doubt and perplexity that he watched his uncle enter his travelling-carriage, and waved his hand to him, as two post-horses rapidly whirled him away from B—. A fortnight passed, and excepting a hasty letter, announcing his safe arrival in Gloucestershire, nothing was heard from Mr Atkinson. Mr Davenant's creditors were clamorous, and would no longer be put off; a complete exposure of his affairs appeared inevitable; and in this extremity he wrote to his uncle, saying that he wished to purchase the shares in the — Railway immediately, as it was a desirable opportunity, and every day might render it less advantageous. Therefore he intreated him to enclose a draft for the amount, that he might forward it to his broker, and obtain the shares.

By return of post an answer arrived:—

'MY DEAR SAM,' ran the letter, 'you need not be so very impatient. I was only waiting till the whole affair was concluded to write to you. I have heard this morning from the broker I have employed. The purchase of the shares is concluded, and very advantageously I think. Your dear girls may expect, I think, pretty fortunes in time; but don't say a word about it to them, in case of disappointment. I've transacted the whole business without you, because I don't want you to turn your thoughts from your own affairs, and, more or less, your attention would have been distracted from them by dabbling in these railway matters. I've managed it all very well. The broker I employ is, I am told, an honest, trustworthy fellow, and I have given him orders to sell out when the shares are at what he considers a fair premium. So you will have nothing to do with the matter, you see, which is what I wish, for I fear you are rather disposed to speculate; and if once you get into the way of these railways, perhaps you may be led on further than you originally intended. And you needn't be disappointed; for instead of lending you the money, I give it to the two dear girls, and all that may accrue to it when these shares are sold. I hope it will be a good sum: they have my blessing with it; but, as I said before, don't say a word to them till you give them the money. Enclosed are the documents connected with the shares.—Yours faithfully, SAMUEL ATKINSON.'

Poor Mr Davenant! This letter, with the enclosed documents (which he had fondly hoped were cheques for

the L.5000)—documents utterly useless of course to him to aid him in his present difficulties—this letter drove him to despair. Mrs Davenant and Selina were likewise confounded: Lucy, by her father's express request, was not informed of their defeated plans.

But matters now grew worse with Mr Davenant, and bankruptcy was looming in the distance. His affairs were now more involved than ever; and even the L.5000, had he obtained it, would not now have availed to restore his sinking credit. In this dilemma he proposed raising money on the security of the railway shares, but here Selina showed the result of her education in worldly wisdom.

'Nonsense, papa,' was her dutiful remark in reply to this suggestion; 'it will do you no good, you know, and only render me and Lucy poorer. I am of age; and as the shares are mine, you can't sell them, you know,' she added in some confusion; for even her selfishness could not quite supply her with a proper amount of nonchalance in thus speaking to her father.

'I can sell them with your permission, of course!' said Mr Davenant, hardly comprehending the full extent of her meaning.

'Yes, I know. But you see, papa, it's bad enough for me as it is: I shall not have the fortune I was always taught to expect; and really, as it wont do you any real good, I think I should be very unwise to let you sell them.'

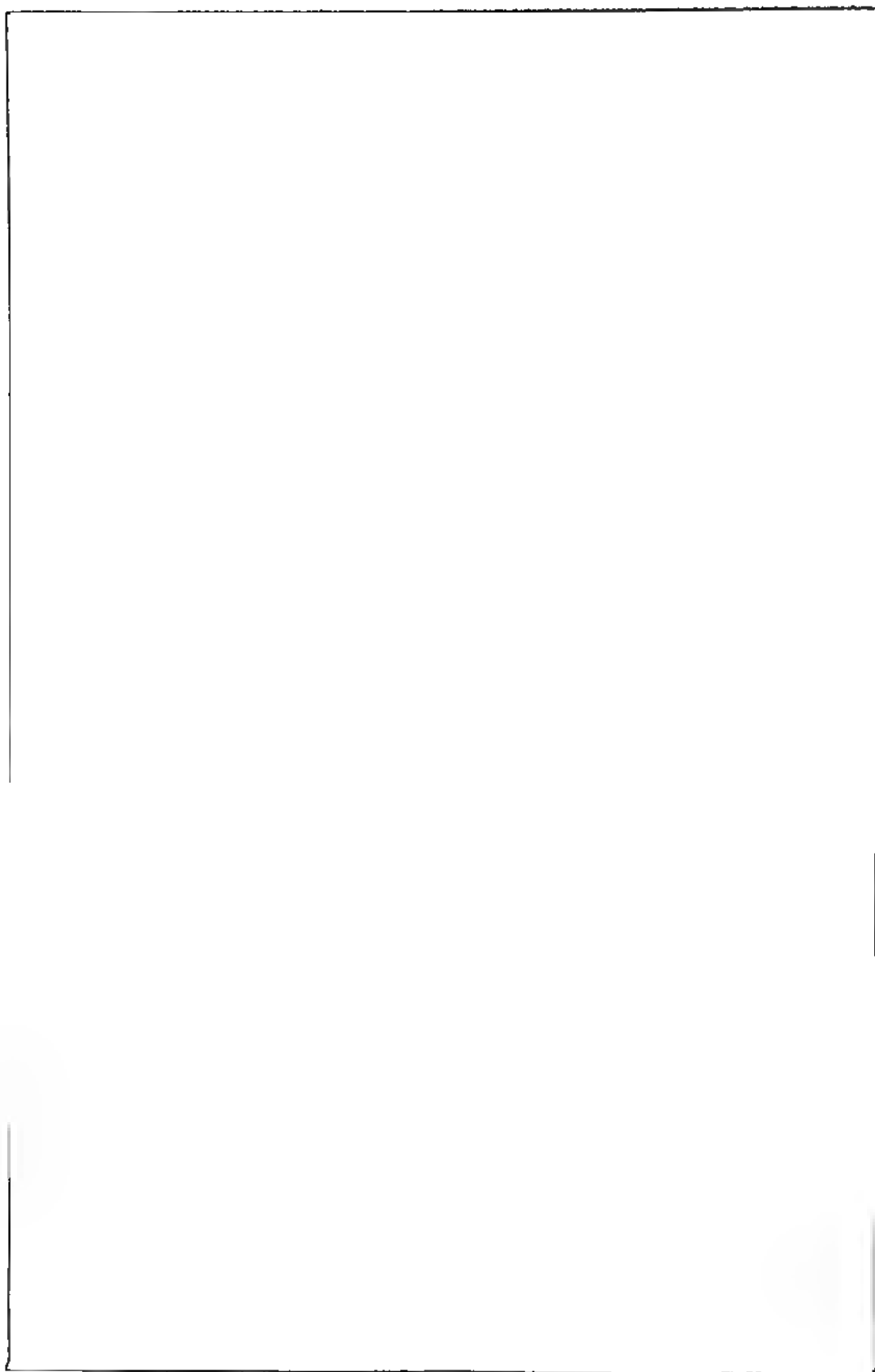
'You refuse your permission then!' exclaimed the father. Selina bowed her head, and left the room. Mr Davenant clasped his hands in anguish, not at the failure of this last hope, but at the agonising ingratitude of his favourite child, and wept; and while he yet groaned aloud in his misery, Lucy entered the room. It is always a sad thing to behold a man weep; but to Lucy, who now, for the first time in her life, beheld her father under the influence of feeling, it was a great and painful shock. But it is one of the first instincts of woman to console, and in a moment she was kneeling by his side, her arms wound about his neck, her tears mingling with his. All his harshness to her—the little affection he had ever shown her—the many times her love had been repulsed—all was forgotten; she only remembered that he was her father, and in trouble, and either of these ties was sufficient to insure her affectionate sympathy. Mr Davenant felt deeply the ingratitude of Selina; but yet more intensely did the tenderness of his youngest child cut him to the soul. It was a lesson which he never forgot; and from that day he was a better, if not, according to his former creed, a wiser man. He told Lucy the whole story of the railway shares, and his impending ruin. Lucy intreated him to use her portion of the shares immediately; and though his recent grief had humbled him, and rendered him less selfish—and he was unwilling to take advantage of her generosity—yet as she assured him that she would never accept the money which was originally intended for his use, he at length consented. But the tide of ruin was not to be so easily stemmed, and the stricken man and his bewildered wife now patiently listened to their only remaining daughter; for Selina had gone with some friends, and with her 'shares' in her pocket, to Normandy, there to join Mr Forde, and be married to him before he became aware that his bride's father was a ruined man. Lucy advised her father to go to Mr Atkinson, tell him the whole truth, and intreat his assistance. 'He is so kind-hearted, dear papa, that he will do what you want; he will lend you sufficient money to relieve you from these embarrassments, and then you will do very well.'

Mr Davenant clung to this hope like a drowning man to a frail plank. He set off instantly for Gloucestershire. With what intense anxiety Mrs Davenant and Lucy awaited his return may be imagined. They received no letter from him; but three days after his departure he returned, looking pale, weary, and hopeless.

Mr Atkinson had died a few days before he had arrived at his house. He had been present at the reading of the will, which was dated only a month back. In it he bequeathed the bulk of his property to that same 'candid Cousin John' whose wisdom Mr Davenant had so decried.









dish, a large bowl of what we call in Scotland *lapped milk*, but bearing a creamy surface, along with sugar: it seems to be a favourite regale with the natives; but I never could get into a liking for it. In the clear warm day which I spent in the Minde inn, the lake presented a beautiful placid scene; a boat was now and then seen rowing lazily across its mirror-like surface; but more generally nothing studded the silver sheet but the image of a passing summer cloud.

In my rambles to-day I saw many of the peasantry, and the interiors of a few of their houses. The women are poor-looking creatures, dressed in the most wretched manner. They want the smart taste seen even among the poorest young females farther south, as is particularly evidenced in their head-dress, which consists merely of a coarse handkerchief tied under the chin—a sort of apology for a hood rather than a head-dress. There are great differences in the interiors of the peasants' houses; but certainly many of them are miserable little cabins. As yet, I see few symptoms of a prosperous life for the labouring-class in Norway. It is different with the peasant proprietors or yeomen, called *bonder* in their own country. The house of a *bonde* is a long, double-storeyed, wooden house, painted a dull red or yellow, with gauze window-curtains, and very neatly furnished within. The life of this class—the leading class of Norwegian society—seems generally comfortable, though not to the degree which is alleged in the glowing pages of Mr Laing; for they are very often embarrassed by debt, mostly incurred in order to pay off the claims of brothers and sisters to their inheritance. At present, the labouring-class are leaving Norway in considerable numbers to settle in America. There is one particular district in Wisconsin which they flock to, and which, I am told, contains at least 6000 of these poor people. A government officer, whom I conversed with at Christiania, says it is owing to the superabundant numbers of the people. The land, he alleges, has been brought to the utmost stretch of its productive power. Meanwhile, to use his expression, there is *trop du mariage*: the food being insufficient for the constantly-increasing numbers, they must needs swarm off. There is a like emigration of the humbler class of peasantry from Sweden. Thus we see that equally in the simple state of things which prevails in Scandinavia, and in the high-wrought system of wealthy England, there is but a poor life for the hireling unskilled labourer. Nowhere does it afford more than a bare subsistence; often scarcely gives this.

The weather was now becoming very warm, while, with the increasing latitude, the day was sensibly lengthening. On the evening of the 12th of July I went to bed at ten o'clock under a single sheet, with the window fully up, and read for an hour by the natural light. Next morning at six I went on board the Jernbarden steamer, and was speedily on my way along the Mjösen Lake. A raft behind contained my own and another carriage. It proved a pleasant day's sailing, though there is nothing very striking in the scenery of the lake. The gentlemen sauntered about, or sat upon deck, constantly smoking from their long pipes. There were a few ladies, who seemed not at all discomposed by the smoke, or any of its consequences. A tall old general of infantry, in a dark cloak, exhausted I know not how many pipes, and his servant seemed to have little to do but to fill the tube afresh from a *poke* of chopped tobacco not much less than a nose-bag. Notwithstanding these barbarian practices, there is a vast amount of formal politeness among the native gentlemen and ladies; there is an incessant bowing and taking off of hats; and whenever one is to leave the vessel, he bids adieu to the company, though he perhaps never met one of them before. The captain could converse in English, as is the common case in steamers throughout Norway and Sweden, this gift being indeed held as an indispensable qualification for the appointment. I had also some conversation with the engineer, an intelligent German, who had been some years in England. Along

with these circumstances, the idea that the engines had been made in Glasgow caused me to feel more at home on the Mjösen Lake than I could have expected. We had, however, a more tedious voyage than usual, in consequence of the drag upon the vessel's movements which we carried behind us, and we consequently did not reach the landing-place beneath the town of Lillehammer till four o'clock.

This being the only town between Christiania and Trondheim, I was desirous of stopping at it; but we had left ourselves barely enough of time to reach the station of a steamer at the foot of a second and smaller lake a few miles onward, by which I hoped to make out a hundred miles of travelling before we should sleep, and thus leave myself comparatively at ease about the remainder of the journey. I therefore reluctantly drove through this pleasant-looking little place. Soon after leaving Lillehammer, the hills, which as yet had been low and rather tame, became steep and rough. We pass along the left bank of the *Laug*, a large, fierce, and rapid stream, of that green colour which indicates an origin among snow-clad mountains. My journey might now have been described by a line from a Scottish poet—'By Logan's streams that run sae deep'—for, by the usual affix of the article *en*, the name of this river is sounded Logan, and thus is identical with a name attached to more than one stream in Scotland.\* Nor is this, by the way, a solitary case. The river which enters the sea at Trondheim is the Nid, identical with the Nith of Dumfriesshire fame. Even the generic name for a river in Norway, *elva*, or, with the article, *elven*, appears in our numerous tribe of Elvans, Alwynes, Allans, Evans, and Avons.

About a couple of miles before reaching Mosshuus, the first station from Lillehammer, we meet a steep rough barrier, which crosses the valley, curving outwards from the hill-face towards the river, and leaving only a narrow space between itself and the opposite hills for the stream to pass. On mounting to the top, we find that it has a flat surface of considerable extent. It is composed of blocks of stone of all sizes, up to that of a cottage, mixed with a pale clay. Presently another such mass appears, in a terrace-like form, on the opposite bank of the river. A very little reflection, aided by the recollection of some Swiss observations of the preceding summer, enabled me to detect in these strange objects the fragments of an ancient *moraine*. A glacier had once poured down the valley, terminating at this place, and here depositing the loose materials which it had carried along with it from the higher grounds. Such loose materials come to form what is called the terminal *moraine* of the glacier. Norway must have then had a much colder climate than now, for there is not permanent snow in this district except upon the tops of the mountains—though in Western Norway there are still glaciers which descend almost to the level of the sea. On an improved temperature becoming prevalent, the glacier of the Logan valley had shrunk back, leaving its moraine as a memorial of the point it had once reached. In connection with this object, it is important to remark that the exposed rock-surfaces in the bottom, and a little way up the sides of the valley, are smoothed; but the higher parts of the hill-sides are extremely rough and angular, and have evidently never been subjected to the action of ice. So far there is a difference between this glen and the southern parts of the country. In the latter, where the eminences are low, the ice has passed over hill and vale in its own proper direction. Any ice that has been here has, on the contrary, followed the direction of the valley, forming in it one local and limited stream.

While Quist waited for fresh horses at Mosshuus, I walked on before to examine the country. I found the rocks to be of a schistous character, generally having their sharp angular sides presented to the road. The

\* *Laug* in Norwegian signifies *water*. It is a generic term here specially applied.







Rotherhithe, to be surmounted by a terrace to serve as a public thoroughfare. Could this noble scheme be realised, Londoners would have what has long been a desideratum—a river promenade. Cleaning of streets and water-supply come in as part of the same subject: in some parishes bands of 'street orderlies,' as they are called, have been set to work. They wear a broad-brimmed, black-glazed hat, and a blue blouse, and in appearance remind one of the 'cantonniers' who work on the roads in France. The orderlies are provided with a broom and shovel, and remove all litter as fast as it accumulates. So well do they do their work, that crossing-sweepers are not needed in their districts. As regards water, it is a prime subject of discussion at present, and it is to be hoped that something will come of it. Several schemes are advocated: to bring water from the Thames at Henley, some thirty miles distant; to tap Bala Lake, and so introduce the pure element from North Wales; to bore Artesian wells. If Bala will give us all we want, in name of the Naiads let us have it! for those who are learned in subterranean matters declare the Artesian supply to be an impossibility, and we don't want to drink the out-poured refuse of Reading or Henley. At all events, the Duke of Wellington has authorised the sinking of an Artesian well within the precincts of the Tower, that the garrison may, for once in their lives, know the taste of good water. It will be a proud day for Cockneydom when it ceases to drink the superfluous of sewers and cess-pools!

Touching miscellaneous matters, there is the machine for making envelopes lately invented at Birmingham, where it was exhibited to several members of the British Association. It is constructed on the pneumatic principle, is beautifully simple and effective, and can be produced at a cost of L.25. You are to imagine the prepared sheets of which the envelopes are to be formed placed in a small chamber or receptacle, upon which a bellows-box descends, lifts off the upper sheet, transfers it to a mould, which gives the size, and pinches the corners; then, instead of metallic thumbs to rub down each angular flap, a blast of air enters and effects the purpose; away goes the envelop to be gummed, and drops finished into the receiver, at a rate, it is said, exceeding anything yet accomplished. Then there are Professor Schroeter's experiments on phosphorus, producing what he calls the 'allotropic condition.' In few words, when exposed to light and heat of different temperatures, phosphorus undergoes remarkable changes; no real chemical alteration takes place, yet there seems to be an entire conversion into other substances. One effect of the modifications is to render the manipulation of phosphorus harmless without destroying its properties; and the professor, more fortunate than scientific men generally, has received a liberal sum from a Birmingham manufacturer as the price of his discovery. And last, what think you of a mechanical leech, to supersede the little black snake which so often makes patients shudder? A scientific instrument with such a name has been invented by M. Alexander, a civil engineer in Paris. It has been tried in some of the hospitals, and according to the reports, is a more effectual leech than the natural one.

In a former 'gossip' I mentioned Dr Mantell and his iguanodon: he (the doctor, not the reptile) has a batch of new 'Wonders of Geology.' An arm-bone of a *saurian*, nearly five feet in length, the original possessor of which must have been as much larger than the iguanodon as the latter is than a modern crocodile: the monster is to be called the *Colosso-saurus*. In addition there is a 'con- signment' of *dimornis* bones from New Zealand, still further exemplifying the gigantic scale of pre-Adamite creation. They will doubtless be brought before the public in some of the doctor's popular lectures.

The return of Sir James Ross and Sir John Richardson from the Arctic regions without any intelligence of Franklin and his adventurous band of explorers has created both surprise and pain. Sir James, it appears, was driven home by ice-drifts against his will and against his instructions, and the consequence will be another expedition next spring, should nothing in the meantime

be heard of Sir John Franklin by way of Behring's Straits or Russia. Notwithstanding the sums already lavished on these next to useless expeditions, a search must still be made for the party who have now been four years exposed to polar frosts.

#### A CHEAP CLASS OF RAILWAYS.

A SHORT time ago (October 13) we took occasion, in speaking of the present railway system, to hint at the possibility of constructing a class of useful railways, auxiliary to the great lines, at a very moderate expense. Our observations have drawn the attention of the conductors of 'Herapath's Railway Journal' to the subject, which is discussed by them in two able articles (Nov. 3 and 10), of which we take the liberty of offering an analysis, along with some general remarks.

The first thing noticed by Herapath is the unnecessarily large cost at which most of the existing railways have been constructed. While the railway mania lasted, cost was of inferior consideration. In the inordinate hurry of the moment, engineers gave only a rapid glance at the proposed route; they thought nothing of tunnelling hills and crossing deep valleys, rather than go a mile or two out of their way; and then, to avoid local opposition, or to promote local jobbing in land, enormous sums were recklessly promised or expended. 'To show how lines are projected,' says Herapath, 'we remember that there was one for which a bill was actively and zealously prosecuted in parliament in the eventful year 1845, which tunnelled and cut nearly all the way from Liverpool to Leeds. From the extent of its works, this line, though not a very long one, would have taken fifteen or twenty years to make. At the head of this hopeful project was an engineer ranking high amongst the talents of the day, a gentleman who had made one of our longest railways, and in support of it as a feasible project it numbered amongst its directors or committeemen gentlemen of the first respectability. It narrowly escaped the sanction of the legislature, which would no doubt have been granted had not a strong opposition been raised to it by parties interested in a competing line. But even where there is opposition to expose merits and demerits, it is not always that parliament can be depended upon to sanction the better of two lines proposed; the best line remains most likely undiscovered by engineers. In the case of the Brighton line, of three proposed, parliament actually selected the worst, the most expensive, and the shortest only by a trifling distance. There was a route proposed, which, passing through a natural gap in the hills, avoided the necessity of tunnelling, and the enormous outlay and permanent inconvenience consequent upon it. This superior route parliament discountenanced, and favoured the present long-tunnelled and costly line.' The parliamentary expenses, caused by the opposition of rival companies and landowners, told also most seriously on the initiatory cost of the lines. 'There probably never was a bill passed without having to encounter great opposition, because there probably never was a bill for a railway prosecuted in quiet ordinary times. There must be, it would seem, a mania to bring forth railways, and then all the world comes out with railway schemes. It is opposition which engenders expense; and a mania is the hotbed for the raising of opposition. One of our railway companies had to fight so hard for their bill, that they found, when at length they reached the last stage—namely, that of receiving the royal assent—that their parliamentary expenses had mounted up to half a million of money. Half a million of money spent in barely acquiring from parliament the right of making a line of railway which is to confer a benefit on the nation! Such is the fact. Without opposition, the same bill would have been passed into an act at a cost not worth naming by the side of that enormous sum.'

The result of all this was, that the cost of constructing railways went far beyond what was warranted by prospects of traffic; and in point of fact, had the traffic not turned out to be greater than was contemplated by the





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dalen, which I found to be a piece of valley scenery rivaling the Pass of Killiecrankie. But here we were quickly brought to a moderate pace. From the steepness of the valley-sides near the river, it has been found necessary to carry the road high up the hill-face, and at a considerable inclination. While walking, in tenderness to the horses, I measured the ascent at many places, and found it equal to the severe inclination of the road at Christiania already described, being 16 degrees, or a rise of 1 in 3½. At home I would have believed such gradients impracticable, but the bold engineering, or rather the no-engineering of Norway, showed me the contrary. The scenery was superb, and its solitude unbroken save by one small cottage, near which I met a poor old woman, its only tenant, gathering a breakfast of herbs. The air filling the profound hollow was palpable in its intense brightness, like some fine liquor; yet it was not perfectly pure, for insects floated along, and there was also a refined dust now and then visible, possibly the sporules of cryptogamic vegetation.

I learned at the second station onward that my forebud, a young man, had walked all the way (13½ miles) during the night, in order to give notice of horses being wanted, looking for nothing beyond the usual remuneration, which was about 1s. 7d.

Early in the forenoon I left the valley of the Logan, in order to pass over the Dovre Field. The upper part of the valley has some remarkable features. It ends in a lake called *Lässöverks-Vand*, which reposes in the summit-level of the country between Gulbrandsdalen and Romsdalen. This lake has an issue at each end, one stream being the Logan; the other passes through Romsdalen, and falls into the Northern Ocean at Molde. Thus Norway may be said to be divided into two parts by a continuous tract of natural water. For many miles of the upper part of the Logan Vale there are lofty terraces and isolated mounds composed of a fine sand, and very much resembling formations which I have traced near the summit-level of various similar valleys of passage in Scotland, this term being one which I have ventured to apply to hollows not forming an ascent to high grounds, as river valleys usually do, but penetrating high grounds from side to side. Such valleys were the basins of sounds when the sea was at a higher relative level, and the deposits are the siltings produced by the sea in that situation. The tract we are now speaking of is eminently a sandy one. So abundant is this material, that there is a positive difficulty in carrying the road over it, and at one place, where it assumes the character of a quicksand, the mail cart has occasionally, in rainy weather, been detained a day for want of firm footing. On one of the isolated mounds of sand, Dovre parish church rears its picturesque form, clothed all over with slates bound together with iron. Though Dovre kirk is 1543 feet above the sea, the neighbouring hill-sides are studded with little farms, and the whole district is evidently very populous. In the British islands, I may remark, there is no such abundant population at above half the elevation. It is the warm, though brief summer, which enables man to find a subsistence in Norway on so high a platform of country. In addition to the many sandy terraces at different and indeterminate heights, I discovered one of a much more remarkable character, passing along both sides of the valley for fully twenty miles, always at one elevation, and specifically identical as a terrace with the celebrated roads of Glenroy in Inverness-shire. It first became visible at a place called *Oue* (pronounced *Ouye*), on the west side of the valley, where it truncates the ancient delta of a side stream far up the mountain-side. It is seen thence passing along through the scraggy woods without any interruption, till, on our turning out of the valley, we lose sight of it among the high grounds near *Lässö Lake*. On the east side of the valley, perhaps 150 feet above the level of the road at Lie Station, I could distinctly trace this terrace by its hummocks of water-laid sand, and the farm-

houses perched on its favourable points. A long series of hamlets on the road to Molde is placed upon it. As an object in physical geography, in its form, its uniform level on both sides of the vale, and its relation to the lakes at the summit-level, this terrace precisely resembles the lowest of the Glenroy terraces as it approaches Loch Laggan. It must, however, be more than twice the elevation above the level of the sea.

We now passed over a high open valley, presenting that sort of dismal moorland scene which is so common in the upper grounds in the Scottish Highlands. Trees were now reduced to scrub; but near the wayside we saw great peat *hags*, containing large trunks which betokened a heartier vegetation in past times—a phenomenon also common in our Highlands. It seemed as if, after the period of extended glaciers, there had been a time of genial climate for these high grounds, perhaps arising from their being temporarily at a lower relative level. Here, too, even thus high, the exposed surfaces of rock exhibited polishing and scratching. For the present, the temperature of the district was as mild as could be wished. At Fogatuen Station, which is 3241 English feet above the level of the sea, I was fain, while taking advantage of the pause for horses, to retreat for shade to the side of a bridge to scribble a few notes. Yet patches of snow were lying in nooks not far from the road. I much question if worthy Mr Macpherson, the innkeeper at Dalwhinnie, ever in his life knew so hot a day at that most elevated of Scottish inns, although it is considerably less than half the height of Fogatuen.

This station being a quarter of a mile from the road, I did not go up to it; but I was amused, when the horses were getting harnessed, to observe the group which had come from the house to gaze upon the English stranger. It consisted of five women, four men, two boys, and an infant in arms, doubtless the entire strength of the station. It was a treat to observe the look of awe-struck gratitude of the poor horse-boy when Quist put three skillings (rigidly the eighth part of 9d.) into his hand by way of *dricka-pinge*. Such a look one might have expected from a faithful old butler in England on his master informing him that he had settled a retiring pension upon him for life. I mention these things because they struck me as significant of the very limited acquaintance which the Norwegian peasantry have with money. They remind one of the stories told of the Highlanders in Prince Charles's army in 1745, who, in their march through the Lowlands, would hold out their guns threateningly, and being asked what they wanted, answered, 'A penny!' which being given them, they recovered arms, and went away content. My own inclination always was to give sums more conformable to English usages; but, being reminded by Quist that it was entirely a piece of gratuitous benevolence, as the true remuneration of the man was involved in that for the horses, and finding Quist, moreover, under an impression that the ordinary payments were rather more than they ought to be (things being generally cheaper in Sweden than in Norway), I compelled myself to leave the matter much in his hands. Perhaps, too, it would scarcely be justice to future travellers to change the ideas of the people as to this class of gratuities. Their simplicity is at present beautiful to contemplate, and 'why should I undo it?' The honesty of the peasantry on this very road is illustrated by a circumstance which was related to me by an English traveller not above a month after it happened. Having tied up thirty sovereigns insecurely in his carpet-bag, and imprudently arranged the bag with its mouth downwards on a carriage, he found, on arriving at a particular station, that twenty-four of the coins had made their escape. Before it was possible to make any announcement on the subject, a peasant, the son of a small farmer, came to the inn, and gave up eighteen of the sovereigns, which he had found at intervals along the road. The bearing of the man, and the act itself, left no room to doubt that he had surrendered every coin which he had found; and indeed the wonder is, that



farther, I examined the whole place carefully under the guidance of one of the people. The buildings form a sort of square, with the road passing through it. There is one principal house, containing a large kitchen, and a good-sized parlour with a bed, where I am to sleep: over this, a suite of apartments. Then there is a second house, the ground-floor of which contains a dairy full of dishes of milk and cream, and an apartment occupied by a female who seems to attend to this part of the establishment. Here also there is an upper floor containing a set of bedrooms. Another neat house detached from these is occupied by the mother of the innkeeper, a respectable old person like a Scotch *granny*, and appropriately occupied at the time of my visit in reading a book of devotions. I remarked of this house that though it was only a cottage, it contained a great number of substantial articles of furniture. There seemed to be nothing wanting for comfort, though all in a plain way. Stables, cow-houses, and sheds there were in plenty, likewise storehouses for fodder and provisions, the place being, in its *tout ensemble*, rather like a little village than a farm or an inn. The interior of one of the family provision-stores presented huge bunkers and girdles full of various kinds of bread, prepared against winter. Another was stuffed full of sacks of meal, and other articles needful for sustenance. The whole reminded one of a city prepared for a siege—a condition from which that of a mountain station during seven months of deep snow is not greatly different. It also conveyed the idea of an affluent sufficiency of the necessaries of life being enjoyed by the proprietor and his dependants, as well as by the cattle and the stranger that was within his gates, though with perhaps an almost total ignorance of the delicacies that are within the reach of poorer people in the towns and cities of England. Finally, I inspected the corn-mill of the establishment—a small timber-house striding over a precipitate mountain streamlet. It contains space for little more than the mill-stones, the upper of which moves on the lower by virtue of a vertical beam descending into a socket in the bed of the stream. The lower part of this beam is furnished with horizontal fans, against which, on one side or the other, the water pours down a sloping trough, so as to wheel it round. It is the very first mechanical effort after the use of the hand-mill of primitive times; and the name given to that hand-mill in the Scottish Highlands—*guern*—is still retained for the simple establishment now described. I beheld it with the feeling of an antiquary, as the living reality of what is elsewhere to be sought for as an obsolete curiosity, or only survives in description and literary allusion. Mr Laing finds a plausible excuse for the rudeness of the engineering of these Norwegian mills, on the plea that it is less apt to be interrupted by frost than an overshot wheel would be. But I have no doubt it is adhered to, as many other rude and ungainly systems are in Norway, merely on the principle that so our forefathers ground their corn, and so will we.

In the course of the evening the post from Trondheim to Christiania arrived at the station, consisting of a single-horse gig driven by one man. It passes on this journey twice a week. The man I found to be a handsome, young, active fellow, clothed in a long green frock-coat, adorned with bugles, and wearing at his broad leathern belt a short, light sword, having two pistols connected with the hilt. From the bustle it created, especially among the womenkind, I could see that the arrival of the postman was an important event at Kongsvoold.

The first stage which I had to encounter next morning is the most difficult and the most terrible of the whole road. Having taken breakfast, and paid a specie dollar (4s. 6d.) for the whole evening, night, and morning's entertainment of myself and servant, I started at six o'clock on my way down this frightful valley, drawn by three horses, and having two extra attendants. It was a splendid morning, and the magnificent scenery of the valley appeared to the best advantage. A deep, rushing

river, steep hill-sides scalped at top, scraps of dwarfed birch and pine to half-way up, side streams tumbling down through deep-cut channels and over lofty ledges; such were the prominent features of the scene. Most readers will be familiar with the smooth circular pots which cascades generally make on a precipice, by whirling loose stones round and round within them: the Caldron Linn in Clackmannanshire is a good example. Among the cliffs above the road, quite out of the reach of any side streams, and fully forty feet above the present course of the Driv, I observed wearings of this nature on the rock, indicating that cascades had once been there. Circular pots of this kind are not uncommon objects in Norway in connection with dressed surfaces of rock. The common people call them *Reisentopfe*, or Giants' Tubs, and probably assign them a mythical origin. The modern geologist believes them to have been produced by cascades connected with glaciers in the age of the dressings. Farther down the valley I found another example of the *Reisentopfe*, fully 150 feet above the river.

The great difficulty of the stage is to get over the shoulder of a hill, which, descending at a steep inclination right down to the river, leaves no room for the passage of the road below. We rise, I think, fully 800 feet, and descend rather more on the other side. It was hard work to the three horses to drag the empty carriage up this slope, and hard work to three men to cheer the poor animals, help them with their draught, and keep the carriage from dragging them back when they paused for a minute to draw breath. To avoid the vagueness of general description, I measured the gradients at several places, and found an angle of 12 degrees the gentlest anywhere existing, being the ordinary inclination of the steepest closes in the High Street of Edinburgh. An angle of 16 degrees, implying, as before mentioned, a rise of 1 foot in  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , was common. In some places (*horresco referens*!) there was an inclination of 20 degrees, or a rise of 1 in 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ . I sat in the carriage when it was afterwards going down declivities at this angle, not much unlike the slope of the roof of a house. There was one particular turn of the road producing a sharp curve, and in the inner part of this curve I traced a wheel-track on a piece of ground (believe it who list) at 26 degrees! The aspect of the horses in ascending these slopes was that of animals climbing, not walking, and I acquired a forcible idea of the powers of Norwegian nags. The road, inclusive of a drain close to the hill-side, was rigidly twelve feet broad. It was in many places unprovided with any parapet or other defence, though, for a human being or vehicle falling over, there could be no stoppage till they should reach the bed of the stream, several hundred feet below. I traced wheel-tracks exactly *ten inches* from the naked verge of the precipice!

At a projecting angle of the valley, near where the road attains its utmost height, I found the faces towards the upper part of the valley, and those looking right across, smoothed, with strise from south to north, or in the direction of the valley, while the faces looking downward were rough. It was the clearest proof of a glacier having once come down this valley, filling it up to a height of fully 800 feet, smoothing the surfaces against which it pressed in its descent, but leaving untouched those over which it would pour freely, after passing through the strait. A little way on, the strise assumed a direction from south-west to north-east. Another curious feature of the valley was an ancient delta of a side stream—that is, the remains of a quantity of detritus which had been brought by the side stream into this valley, when it was filled up to a certain height with water, but which had been cut through by the stream after the recipient water had been withdrawn. Such a fact I hold as a proof of the former presence of the sea in this inland valley, up to a height of at least 3500 feet above its present elevation—a condition subsequent to that under which the rock-smoothings were produced—a reign of water succeeding that of ice.



tary fiercely. 'You must have lost your senses. In what manner can the enforced departure of so light, so worthless a coxcomb as Eugène Duvernay, permanently affect the peace of Mademoiselle St Ange, or your welfare?'

Madame Colardeau continued to wring her hands, and utter broken exclamations of grief and passion, but vouchsafed no other answer.

'Hark you, madame,' cried M. Armand, grasping her rudely by the arm, and forcing her into a chair, 'by all the saints in heaven but you *shall* answer me! What, I insist upon being told, is the meaning of these frantic outcries?'

'Oh, Monsieur Philippe,' whimpered the startled modiste, 'Estelle should have told you—should have explained—I cannot, must not. If what you say is true, there is no faith, no honesty in man.'

'I think I comprehend you,' rejoined the notary in a calmed voice. 'I trust at least that I do; and if so, you must permit me to view the event which has so much discomposed you in a very different light and aspect. Now, listen as patiently as you can whilst I relate to you what Estelle *did* confide to me, and then tell me if I have anything yet more sad and terrible to learn.'

'Go on, monsieur; go on—I listen.'

'It is now about six weeks since I sought a decisive interview with your niece, Mademoiselle St Ange; not for the mere purpose of revealing to her, in coloured phrase and words of passion, the deep, heart-seated devotion which for long, patient years, I had cherished for her—with woman's ready quickness she had long since divined that secret—but to offer her, then for the first time in my power, an honourable home, a position in the world, to be rendered daily brighter, more enviable, by the exertions of a brave, honest, respected man. Estelle listened to me with sympathy, with tears, with almost tenderness; but at the same time confessed a preference for the son of Count Duvernay, to whom she said her faith was pledged. I was stunned, bewildered, almost mad! I knew the man upon whom she had lavished the priceless treasure of her love; and after passionately warning her—vainly, I could see—against trusting in the promises or oaths of one of the basest, the most specious hypocrites that ever brought contempt and scorn upon high station, left her presence, as you know, in a frenzy of despair. Now tell me, madame,' added the notary, after slightly pausing, and in a voice which, spite of his efforts to speak calmly, quivered with emotion, 'can you have a revelation more terrible than that to make?'

'Go on, monsieur,' sobbed Madame Colardeau; 'you said he was gone—had passed the frontier?'

'After parting from Estelle I endured an age of grief, anxiety, and despair, until last Thursday evening, when Eugène Duvernay suddenly presented himself in my apartment.'

'Monsieur Duvernay visited you?'

'Yes; he was pursued, and in imminent danger of the guillotine, or he might not perhaps have so greatly condescended. You are aware that he and his father, like many others of their class, have all along affected acquiescence in the new order of things, and were in some sort pets of the "Gironde." Their friends themselves being just now in imminent peril of Samson's terrible axe, could of course no longer afford them protection: an order for their arrest had been issued, and Eugène Duvernay, and his equally estimable sire, had been for several days lurking in obscure hidingplaces from the agents of the *Salut Public*.'

'That accounts, then, for his strange absence,' interjected Madame Colardeau, somewhat reassured.

'He threw himself for protection upon my honour and generosity; at the same time declaring that he had for some weeks withdrawn all pretension to the hand of Mademoiselle St Ange, who, moreover, knew of his application to me, and had expressed a confidence that I would, for her sake, aid him to escape the bloody doom which awaited him.'

'*Ciel!*' exclaimed Madame Colardeau with much emotion. 'Can it be possible?'

'It is true as Heaven! I consented, so adjured, to assure his safety at the risk of my own. I immediately procured passports in a feigned name for him of course; and to make all sure, saw him on his road till danger of pursuit or recognition was over. At parting, he presented me with this ring, as a token to Estelle that I had vindicated the confidence she had reposed in my devotion to her wishes, and that he thereby resigned in my favour all claim or pretension to her hand.'

'Claim!—pretension! But, *mon Dieu*, Monsieur Armand, they are married!'

'Married!' echoed the astonished notary with frenzied vehemence. 'Married! But no, no; you are jesting: he could not be so utterly a villain!'

'I repeat to you, Maitre Philippe Armand, that Eugène Duvernay and Estelle St Ange were married a month ago at the Hôtel Duvernay, in the Faubourg St Germain, by the Abbé Bonjeau: he who was arrested and executed but last week.'

'Whilst Madame Colardeau was speaking, the door leading to the interior of the house was gently opened, and Mademoiselle St Ange, death-white, affectedly calm, but evidently struggling with frightful emotion, glided into the apartment.'

'Estelle!' exclaimed Philippe Armand in a voice broken by grief and indignation, and approaching as if to take her hand.

'The ring—the ring!' gasped Mademoiselle St Ange, waving him from her with an expression of passionate disgust. 'I have heard all: the ring—where is it?'

The notary placed it on the table; she seized it eagerly, and after minutely examining it, murmured, 'It is indeed my father's ring—the troth-pledge which Eugène vowed never but with life to part. And so, monsieur,' continued the unfortunate girl, turning her beaming, tearless glance upon Philippe Armand, 'you are come to claim as a bride the woman you have widowed! This ring is part of the spoils of the accursed scaffold where my husband has, I doubt not, by your contrivance, perished.'

'What is it you say?' interrupted the notary, aghast with surprise and indignation. 'I swear to you, Estelle, by all that men hold sacred, that Eugène Duvernay placed that ring voluntarily in my hands, with the message—'

'Peace!' broke in Estelle; 'peace, audacious slanderer of the illustrious dead, with whom, in life, you could no more compare than might the wayside weed with the stately monarchs of the forest. My husband was the very soul of faith and honour. But hark you, Philippe Armand,' she added with passionate bitterness, 'even if it were as you assert, were the lying fable you have concocted as true as it is false, I would not, in the veriest extremity of want, of despair, having been once so honoured, stoop to a churl like you!'

The notary reeled and staggered beneath her words as if they had been blows, or rather burning arrows piercing through his brain. 'Estelle,' he at last mournfully exclaimed after a brief pause, during which Mademoiselle St Ange, with sudden revulsion of feeling, had thrown herself, in an ecstasy of tears, into the arms of her aunt—'Estelle, unhappy girl, the time will come when you will recognise, and, I trust, repent the falsehood of the hideous charge you have, in your unreasoning frenzy, brought against me. And now, Estelle, hear from me in this extreme hour, which sunders the sole link which bound me to earth, to life, one solemn word of truth, and, it may be yet, of helpful warning: but for your mad ambition, stimulated and flattered by her who now holds you in her embrace, to ally yourself far above your sphere and honest state, the anguish, the despair which now wring your heart would have been spared you. Farewell! Never more will my presence irritate or disgust you.'

It must be remembered, in extenuation of the unjust violence displayed by Estelle, that the young wife had idolised her husband, and with woman's frequent blindness in such cases, believed him, as she said, to be the very soul of truth and honour. So impressed, it was no





Many wearing years had passed away; her aunt's locks were white with age, and the little Estelle had grown up into a graceful, intelligent girl, when a note arrived by post at Sans Souci farmhouse, informing Madame, now Countess Duvernay, that her husband, Count Duvernay—the father, it was stated, had been long since dead—had accepted the Emperor's permission to return to France; and had, in fact, arrived and retaken possession of the Hôtel Duvernay. The handwriting of the note was evidently that of the person who transmitted their quarterly stipend; and the writer suggested the necessity of the Countess Duvernay presenting herself, accompanied by her aunt, to her husband on that very evening.

Flurried, bewildered, terrified, hoping, yet dreading, to verify the announcement so suddenly made, Estelle, arrayed in her richest attire, and accompanied by her daughter and Madame Colardeau, set off about evening in a hired *fiacre* towards Paris.

Count Duvernay was seated in a magnificent drawing-room of the Hôtel Duvernay, laughing and chatting with some military friends on the subject of his return, of the restoration of his property—which, luckily for him, had escaped being 'nationalised'—the apparent favour of the Emperor, and the rich and handsome wife already selected for him, when the door of the apartment flew open, and 'Madame La Comtesse Duvernay' was loudly announced.

'Comment!' exclaimed the count, jumping up. 'What is the meaning of this!'

'It is I—it is Estelle—dear Eugène,' said his wife, staggering forwards, and scarcely able to stand; 'and this is our daughter!'

The count started back in dismay and confusion. 'You—I—wife! The woman must be mad,' he added, regaining by a powerful effort his self-control. 'Who admitted this person!' he sternly demanded of the bewildered servants.

Estelle stood for an instant as if unconscious of, or rather as if unable to comprehend, the meaning of his words; and then, as if the full sense of the count's perfidy had suddenly struck, as with a dagger, to her heart, uttered a piercing scream, and would have fallen prostrate on the floor but for the supporting arms of a gentleman who had followed her into the room.

'Take her, good madame,' said the gentleman, addressing Madame Colardeau; 'I cannot now sustain even her slight burthen. Place her on the sofa.'

'And who, in the devil's name, are you?' demanded the count fiercely.

'Philippe Armand, public notary, at your service,' quietly replied the gentleman, as he turned and confronted the enraged nobleman.

The count's eye quailed before the steady gaze of the notary, and he muttered something about remembering that a silly, illegal ceremony had in his boyhood passed between the lady and himself.

'You mistake, Count Duvernay,' coolly replied Philippe Armand; 'it was a perfectly legal marriage, as this copy of a formal declaration made by your estimable father, and supported by the evidence of Madame Colardeau, will amply testify.'

The rage of the count, after perusing the paper presented to him, was terrific; and a violent altercation, to which Estelle, who had speedily recovered consciousness, listened with breathless attention, ensued between him and the notary. The film by which she had been so long blinded fell gradually from her eyes, and Eugène Duvernay and Philippe Armand stood at last plainly revealed in their true colours.

'Let us leave this house,' she exclaimed, rising from the couch, and though pale as marble, and trembling convulsively, speaking in a firm voice. 'Come! God bless and reward you, Philippe,' she added, seizing his hand, and wringing it with passionate energy; 'and if you can, pity and forgive me.'

The gossips of Paris had full employment for several succeeding days with the numerous versions of the sudden discovery of a Countess Duvernay, which flew from mouth

to mouth. The count consulted men of law, and to his infinite chagrin was informed that the marriage could not be impugned. The affair, favourably, because truly represented, reached the ear of the Empress Josephine, and through her influence Napoleon issued a command in the guise of counsel, that the matter should be at once equitably arranged. Estelle of course declined living with a husband who had endeavoured to repudiate her, and a division of the count's property was made, by which affluence was secured to herself, and a splendid succession to her daughter, whose guardianship she was permitted to retain. The count served several years in the French armies, and rose to high rank. He was killed at Montebreu; and Estelle took possession of the Hôtel Duvernay, where she long resided with her early-widowed daughter and amiable grandchildren.

About a fortnight after the return of Count Duvernay to Paris, and consequent legal confirmation of his marriage with Estelle St Ange, Philippe Armand lay upon his bed a dying man. The last rites of the church had been administered, the priest had retired, and the flagging pulse of life, rapidly becoming feebler and more indistinct, falteringly announced that a spirit chastened by affliction was about to return to God who gave it.

'It is growing late and dark,' he faintly muttered, 'and still she does not come.'

The darkness was in his own eyes, for the autumn sun was still high above the horizon.

'It is but three o'clock,' answered the attendant in a low soft voice; 'and there has been scarcely time since your message reached her.'

The sound of carriage wheels arrested the words of the speaker; presently light, hasty steps ascended the stairs, and Estelle, her daughter, and Madame Colardeau, entered the death-chamber.

'Philippe, best, kindest, truest friend,' exclaimed the Countess Duvernay, clasping his white, thin hand, and bathing it with tears, 'would I might bid you live for me!'

'Beloved Estelle,' murmured the dying man, and a smile, as of parting sunlight, irradiated his pale features, 'I have lived for you; and that life-task accomplished, am now well content to die. Farewell, beloved, till we meet in heaven!' He was gone.

## STAR-FISHES.

AMONG the treasures and curiosities of our seacoasts, few shellless animals attract more attention than the star-fishes; yet how many bestow upon them but a careless, passing glance—a glance perhaps of admiration at the mathematical regularity of their pentagonal rays—or a momentary curiosity as to their office in creation: and yet, unheeded by man, these insignificant creatures are hourly, nay, momentarily, fulfilling in silence their appointed duties; acting as scavengers in the deep water and littoral zones, and devouring from tide to tide the ever-accumulating matter which, if left undisturbed, would ultimately destroy both man and beast. 'So strong, indeed,' says Rhymmer Jones, 'is their predilection for such garbage, that we have frequently, when fishing, wished heartily that they would suspend their vigilance; for scarcely could our baited hooks sink to the bottom, ere we felt a "bite," and hauling up the line continually, caught star-fishes until our patience failed.' When the animal lies motionless and supine on the sandy beach, it seems quite unfitted for its destiny; but if we deposit it in a vessel of sea-water, or, better still, in one of the fairy-like pools left amongst the rocks by the receding tide, our preconceived notion is soon destroyed. We will suppose it placed upon its back, the very personification of helplessness, on the seaweed-tapestry with which the little pool is lined; in a few moments we see the minute tubercles, with which the under sides of its rays are longitudinally studded, gradually lengthen themselves into sucker-like feet, which issue like short worms from their holes; then these feet or legs will wave backwards and forwards, as if reconnoitring; and finally, bending down in the direction nearest to the ground, will affix the



nearer to the brittle-stars than any other species; for it not only casts them away, but it breaks them up into small pieces with the greatest facility. Professor Forbes gives so animated an account of these creatures, that we cannot refrain from once more quoting his words:—'Never having seen one before, and quite unconscious of its suicidal powers, I spread it out on a rowing bench, the better to admire its form and colours. On attempting to remove it for preservation, to my horror and disappointment I found only an assemblage of rejected members. My conservative endeavours were all neutralised by its destructive exertions; and it is now badly represented in my cabinet by an armless disk and a diskless arm. Next time I went to dredge on the same spot, determined not to be cheated out of a specimen in such a way a second time, I brought with me a bucket of cold fresh water, to which star-fishes have a great antipathy: in other words, fresh water instantly kills them. 'As I expected, a *luidia* came up in the dredge, a most gorgeous specimen. As it does not generally break up before it is raised above the surface of the sea, cautiously and anxiously I sunk my bucket to a level with the dredge's mouth, and proceeded in the most gentle manner to introduce *luidia*, to the purer element. Whether the cold air was too much for him, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I know not, but in a moment he proceeded to dissolve his corporation, and at every mesh of the dredge his fragments were seen escaping. In despair I grasped at the largest, and brought up the extremity of an arm with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something exceedingly like a wink of derision.' We must here remark that this terminating eye is by no means an orthodox visual organ, but merely a something greatly resembling such an appendage, to which, by general consent, the name of 'eye' has been given, until its use shall have been better ascertained, or until a true eye is discovered. The whole of the star-fishes have the power of gradually renewing the lost rays or processes, and we have a specimen of the common cross-fish (*Uroster rubens*) whose five rays are all of different lengths, and consequently of different ages, two of them being but small horns of half an inch and one-fourth of an inch in length: he is evidently a veteran, who has been in 'manie and great warres.'

'Why,' saith Sir Thomas Browne—'why, among sea-stars, delighteth nature chiefly in five points?' And again—'By the same number (5) doth nature divide the circle of the sea-star, and in that number and order disposeth those elegant semicircles or dental sockets and eggs in the sea-hedgehog; and so, in effect, in the normal types it is—every part, even the cartilaginous framework of the disk of every sucker, is regulated by this mystic number; and, as a general rule, such star-fishes as we find quadrate, or otherwise varying from the prescribed number of points, are accidental monsters, and of no material importance. This rule is, however, by no means unexceptional, as some of the sun-stars (*Solasteria*) have from nine to fifteen of their beautifully-coloured rays, rays of which perhaps the disk is red, and the points either plain white, or white tipped with red; or the whole surface is of a brilliant red or purple; and in another specimen the body is red, while the spiniferous tubercles with which it is studded are bright green.

The *Echinodermata*, including star-fishes, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers, and a few other species, are thread-nerved, and possess no brain or nervous centre, but merely a nervous cord, which encircles the mouth,\* and thence radiates into the five points, acting, as it were, as an electric telegraph; yet their structure is most exquisitely complex even in its simplicity. The skeleton, which is of a calcareous nature, is composed of hundreds of minute portions, exactly fitted to each other in a symmetrical pattern, resembling, as Harvey suggests, a piece of elaborate crochet-work. These skeletons may be easily obtained by placing a fresh fish in an ant-hill for a few days without taking any further trouble about their preparation. The stomach-mouth is placed underneath the

animal, and the stomach, as before hinted, is a membranous bag-like cavity, capable of extension to an almost incredible amount: the feet of the star-fish are tubes which, when extended, are filled with a fluid; and when the animal wishes to retract them, this fluid is withdrawn into the vesicles of the body, so that, by these alternate actions, motion is accomplished. Each fish possesses a curious organ, of which the use has not yet been ascertained. This body, which is technically known as the *madreporiform tubercle*, is a calcareous column, which, on the exterior of the animal, appears like a small spot between two of the rays: it is most minutely and delicately formed of 'wee' hexagonal plates disposed in the manner of the gill of a mushroom, and is by many considered as the analogue to the stalk of the original Crinoid star-fishes. It has by some been proposed as a specific character for determining the names of individuals.

It is highly probable that attention would add many more most interesting particulars to the history of this fish, and many additional instances of its uses and adaptation to the mode of life for which it is destined; and such attention might be easily given; for it does not, like many of its congeners, creep away into deep, dark, and inaccessible places, but is to be almost universally met with on our shores, whether they be composed of lofty rocks, of smooth and shining sand, of rolling shingle, or of heavy mud. It is cast up by almost every tide, and is seen crawling about quite familiarly in nearly every salt pool.

#### PATRONS OF THE POOR.

It is fortunate for the best interests of humanity that—partly from an advance of intelligence in social and political science, and partly from the imperious dictates of fashion—the wants, the miseries, the vices, the virtues, in short, the general condition of the humble and needy, engage much of the attention of the upper and wealthy classes of this country. Not a few occupying high places are working successfully in the cause of the poor, in a spirit that is producing large benefits. Not content with merely dipping their fingers into their purses, to draw forth an annual and widely-advertised subscription to some gigantic but misnamed 'charity,' the better order of the friends of the poor look with painstaking industry and acumen into the causes of distress, and devote not only money, but, what is more serviceable, time, to carrying out comprehensive remedies. These really earnest and efficient benefactors repudiate alms, except in cases of helplessness, and seek simply to assist—to cheer on the struggler, without impairing his self-dependence—to help, without loading him with obligations, which sap his energies, and destroy that independence without which the humblest character is of little worth. Although such philanthropists are by no means few, they are little known. We do not hear of them in newspapers; their good deeds are not paraded before an admiring public. Even 'society,' as it is called, is silent concerning their worthiest actions, because society is ignorant of them. They do good so stealthily that they never have occasion to blush to 'find it fame.' Hence it is that they furnish no dramatic stories of startling generosity; no pathetic tales of genteel poverty; of snatching amiable debtors from the fangs of ruthless creditors, or interesting pickpockets from the grasp of the police. These, who rank amongst the highest order of humanists, do not afford, in truth, any such instances; for they deal not with individual distress, but with masses of it: they do not wholly rescue one, but partly relieve thousands; and it is by the enlightened efforts of such philanthropists that general poverty and crime will be eventually mitigated.

These friends of the poor have happily always existed in greater or lesser numbers; but it is to a new and opposite class, whom we shall designate, by contrast, as

\* Dr Carpenter.



searching inquiry into the economical resources of the necessitous, and the expedients and contrivances into which they are driven; not, in fact, like the opinionated patronesses we have already mentioned—to assume the poor to be totally ignorant of their own affairs—but to find out what they know and practise, and, if possible, to improve upon, generalise, and disseminate it. Such information will at least be practical. Let us never forget the lesson taught by the last and most disastrous Niger expedition, and which is in point here. One of its objects having been to teach agriculture to the cultivators of Nigritia, the patrons of the poor blacks sent out Scotch farmers and an abundance of implements. An estate was in due time marked out, and culture begun; but it was soon found that the British system of tillage was totally inapplicable to the soil, climate, and vegetation of those latitudes, and before the negroes could be taught by the model farmers, the model farmers had to take lessons of the negroes. This is nearly the case with many of the best of the poor's patrons. They think they have all to teach, and nothing to learn; whereas, before they can be of real service, they must take the practical information derived from those whom they wish to benefit as a basis on which to engraft their own theoretical knowledge.\*

We return from this digression to point out the most mischievous patronage of the poor which can be practised; namely, indiscriminate alms-giving. Assistance of this sort is too temporary to be beneficial to the receiver, and is in too many instances too trifling to be real charity in the donor. It is the reverse of the double blessing: blessing him who giveth and him who receiveth. To the latter it is more frequently a curse; for all irregular, intermittent, unexpected income shuts out the exercise of forethought—which is prudence—and produces demoralisation. Who shall venture to blame too harshly the cold and hungry wretch who, living upon chance sustenance, takes the shortest but worst cure for his pangs; and after satisfying the first gnawings of hunger, spends the alms just collected in the spirit-shop? Who shall punish the wretched shirt or slop-clothes maker, who, putting her trust in chance charity, and finding mendicancy less laborious, becomes a public beggar, and finally a thief! to which the step is short and easy. Suppose, instead of a penny or a sixpence, the alms-giver were to devote a little time in inquiry, in endeavours to extend *permanent* relief—to procuring employment for one such individual as we point to, and better pay for the other! Instead of fostering vice, he would then be aiding and rescuing distress. That would be true beneficence; whereas promiscuous alms is, we are bold to say, merely a price he pays to relieve himself from the pain caused to him by the supplications or the importunities of misery—most frequently, we admit, the former. The sentiment awaked by the sight or knowledge of suffering in any form is among the most

painfully acute of our sensations, but the easiest to smother or to heal. The gaunt apparition of famishing mendicancy powerfully awakens it; but how instantly and how cheaply is it soothed, if not eradicated, by the gift of a small donation!—sufficient, perhaps, for a day's sustenance, but only sufficient to leave the recipient on the next a prey to famine, rendered the less endurable by the former day's comparative plenty. By that time all sympathy has vanished from the breast of the giver, and the suppliant is left to starve, because he is not present; for the commiseration of chance-alms distributors requires constant exertition. Meanwhile, the pains of pity have been bought off at a meanly trifling cost. Is this charity?

In noticing the cheering characteristic of the present time—that the affluent public are not only looking pauperism fully and kindly in the face, but taking it also benevolently by the hand—we have not feared to exhibit the small vices which are found to accompany this great virtue. Our wish has been, by pointing out a series of small evils, to present a humble contribution of means towards increasing the number of the real friends, and thinning the ranks of the mere patrons, of the Poor.

### THE MONEY TRADE.

'THE Monied Interest,' we are told, in an amusing and vivacious volume of the day, 'was unknown till 1692.'\* But this dry announcement is not enough for the general reader. The author should have explained the position of the country on the completion of the Revolution settlement, and the circumstances which led to the rise of the great rival of the slow and conservative land party. Many things had by that time concurred to give an impetus to trade and manufactures, which is felt to this day. A few years before (in 1685) the revocation of the law in France, known as the Edict of Nantes, which guaranteed the safety of the Protestants, cast abroad over Europe many hundred thousands of the élite of French industry and ingenuity; and of these the wealthiest established themselves in England and Holland. We are supposed to have had about 70,000 to our own share, settled chiefly in London; and to them we owe the improvement of many old, and the introduction of many new, branches of manufactures. Till that time, for instance, we produced hardly any but coarse brown paper, and all the better qualities of glass, hats, and other staples were imported from the continent. Under the teaching of the immigrants, we became skilful in the manufacture of the finer qualities of these articles, as well as in that of the lighter fabrics of woollen stuffs, linen, silks (especially à la modes and lustrings now gone by), ducapes, brocades, satins, velvets, &c. together with clocks, watches, and cutlery ware of various descriptions. In 1689 the Bill of Rights offered a solemn guarantee for the liberties and property of the people, now thoroughly awakened to the advantages of industry; and this was almost instantaneously followed, as might naturally be expected, by a vast increase in our commerce, shipping, manufactures, and colonial trade.

This was the epoch of the establishment of the Bank of England and Bank of Scotland; of projects of various other banks; of numerous schemes for fishing up sunken treasures from the deep; of lotteries; of fisheries of whale, cod, and pearls; of innumerable companies for rock-salt, for curing provisions, for draining lands, &c., and for running away from the new and marvellous field of wealth thus suddenly opened, and planting British settlements at the ends of the habitable earth. It

\* In the matter of economy in food, we may mention a practical lesson we were lately taught by the superintendent of a threepenny model lodging-house. We saw him with his comely wife, and a remarkably fine child; one of four who were, he declared, equally robust. Himself is a specimen of high feeding rather than of stint; yet he startled us by the assurance that he never, except on very rare occasions, allowed more than sixpence a day for dinner, or a penny a head. We desired to see some of his receipts; and he promptly gave us two, which we think it will not be uninteresting to transfer here.

Ment-Pudding for 2 Adults and 4 Children.		Irish Stew for 2 Adults and 4 Children.	
1 lb. of flour, . . .	2d.	½ lb. of 'stickings', . . .	2½d.
½ lb. of 'stickings' (other-wise pieces out from joints by butchers in trimming them for the table), . . .	2½d.	5 lb. of potatoes, . . .	2½d.
2 lb. of potatoes, . . .	1d.	Onions, . . .	0½d.
An egg, . . .	¼d.		5½d.
	6d.		

In the first receipt one potato is left over, and in the second there is ¼d. to spare. From this abundance pepper and salt are provided. It must be noted that the above are London, and consequently maximum prices.

\* *Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange.* By John Francis, author of the 'History of the Bank of England.' London: Willoughby. 1849.



which has continued to be the life and soul of stock-jobbing. The Bank books were closed for six weeks in every quarter, to prepare for the payment of the dividend; and as no transfer could be made during this period, it became a practice to buy and sell 'for the opening.' This means, we believe (but Mr Francis ought to have described the transaction for the benefit of the uninitiated), that you may buy without money an imaginary amount, to be paid for at the expiration of the time in an equally imaginary manner. If the price of the stock has risen, you receive, and if it has fallen, you pay the difference; and this is all the transfer of cash that takes place in a transaction wholly unreal. The broker, we need not say, receives his commission whether the speculator gains or loses. This was of course pure gambling; and Sir John Barnard, who first exposed it, succeeded in obtaining an enactment placing time-bargains without the pale of the law in such a manner that losses on them could not be legally recovered. But Sir John and the legislature strove in vain. The act exists to this hour, but only as a dead letter; for speculative bargains form the chief business of the Stock Exchange. The only difference it made was to make the broker responsible instead of the *quasi* purchaser.

Till the reign of George II., the interest on loans varied according to the state of the money market; but it was then fixed at from 3 to 5 per cent., this being the first public announcement that the debt was perpetual. The effect, it is said, has been to increase the present principal by two-fifths of the sum originally advanced. The first reduction of interest, from 4 to 3 per cent., was effected in 1780. It was a project of the same Sir John Barnard who made war upon time-bargains. 'His pride,' says Mr Francis, 'was indomitable; the members of the Stock Exchange, who were always spoken of with great contempt by Sir John, thoroughly detested him, and greatly helped to fan the unpopularity which fell upon him when he opposed public feeling, as, with a most unbending integrity, he invariably did if his conscience prompted. "He grew," said Horace Walpole on one occasion, "almost as unpopular as Byng." On commercial subjects his opinion was greatly regarded; when any remarkable feature in financial politics occurred, the town echoed with—"What does Sir John say to this?—what is Sir John's opinion?"—and he had the honour of refusing the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1746. It is somewhat at variance with the proud character of the man, that from the time his statue was erected in the Royal Exchange, he never entered the building, but transacted his business in the front. The blood of Sir John Barnard yet flows in the veins of some of the best houses in the commercial world, his son having married the daughter of a gentleman known in contemporary history as "the great banker, Sir Thomas Hankey." Sir John's great enemy was Sampson Gideon, a Jew broker, 'worth more than all the land of Canaan.' 'The greatest hit Gideon ever made was when the rebel army approached London; when the king was trembling; when the prime minister was undetermined, and stocks were sold at any price. Unhesitatingly he went to Jonathan's, bought all in the market, advanced every guinea he possessed, pledged his name and reputation for more, and held as much as the remainder of the members held together. When the Pretender retreated, and stocks rose, the Jew experienced the advantage of his foresight.'

The career of Mr Fordyce, an Aberdeen hostler, who became a London banker and stockjobber, is very remarkable, but its history would occupy too much space. When this person failed, the panic in London, 'equal to anything of a later date, but of shorter duration, spread with the velocity of wildfire, and part of the press attribute to the Bank the merit of supporting the credit of the city, while part assert that it caused the panic. The first families were in tears; nor is the consternation surprising, when it is known that bills to

the amount of £4,000,000 were in circulation, with the name of Fordyce attached to them.' The effect of the constant anxiety in which the money-traders live is said to operate disadvantageously on the duration of life. 'It is probable, although the fact is difficult of attainment, that the lives of the members of the Stock Exchange are at the present day less valuable than the ordinary average of human life. The constant thought, the change from hope to fear, the nights broken by expresses, the days excited by changes, must necessarily produce an unfavourable effect upon the frame. Instances, however, of great longevity are not wanting; and one John Riva, who, after an active life in 'Change Alley, had retired to Venice, died there at the patriarchal age of 118.' This was the golden age of lotteries. In 1772 there were 'lottery magazine proprietors, lottery tailors, lottery staymakers, lottery glovers, lottery hatmakers, lottery tea-merchants, lottery snuff and tobacco merchants, lottery barbers—where a man, for being shaved, and paying threepence, stood a chance of receiving £10—lottery shoe-black, lottery eating-houses—where for sixpence, a plate of meat and the chance of 60 guineas was given—lottery oyster-stalls, where threepence gave a supply of oysters and a remote chance of 5 guineas, were plentiful; and, to complete a catalogue which speaks volumes, at a sausage-stall in a narrow alley was the important intimation written up, that for one farthing's worth of sausages the fortunate purchaser might realise a capital of five shillings. Quack doctors—a class which formed so peculiar a feature in village life of old—sold medicine at a high price, giving those who purchased it tickets in a lottery purporting to contain silver and other valuable prizes.' The discovery of *lucky numbers* became a profession, and the worship of Mammon introduced rites of superstition which might seem to have come down from the middle ages. The smaller lotteries were at length put down, in order that ruin might be accessible only to those who could afford it; but this introduced the system of 'insurance,' which was open to all—a sum being paid for the right to demand a certain amount in the event of a particular number turning up a prize. To gratify this propensity wives robbed their husbands, children their parents, servants their masters. 'So great were the charms of insuring, while the chances were so small, that respectable tradesmen, in defiance of the law, met for this illegal purpose on the following day to that on which some of their body had been taken handcuffed before a magistrate.' Lotteries were not finally abolished till 1826.

Another curious kind of insurance was resorted to by the gamblers:—'Directly it was known that any great man was seriously ill, insurances on his life, at rates in proportion to his chance of recovery, were made. These bargains were reported in the papers; and the effect on an invalid who knew his health to be precarious may be imagined when he saw in the "Whitehall Evening Post" that "Lord — might be considered in great danger, as his life could only be insured in the Alley at 90 per cent." The custom grew so rapidly, and the evil was so serious, that the principal merchants and underwriters refused to transact business with brokers who engaged in such practices.' It was customary to effect insurances upon the fate of a besieged city—a premium being paid to receive a certain sum in the event of the capture of the city. During the Seven Years' War, the Spanish ambassador is said to have insured £30,000 on Minorca at the moment when the despatches announcing its capture were in his pocket. In 1787 the Black Board was instituted to keep the brokers in awe. "There were no less than twenty-five lame ducks," said the "Whitehall Evening Post," "who waddled out of the Alley." Their deficiency was estimated at £250,000; and it was upon this occasion the above plan was first proposed, and a very full meeting of the members resolved that those who did not either pay their deficiencies, or name their principals, should be publicly exposed on a black









It may be said that the kind of details thus alluded to are to be found in Boswell; and so they are. But they are thrown in with the shovel, not built up in an artificial construction. We rise from the volumes with a pretty clear idea of the man and the social time; but the idea is collected by ourselves from a mass of shapeless material, amid a greater mass of useless rubbish. Boswell, therefore, is not a biographer, and his work is not a work of art. We have cited this exquisite gossip as an extreme case; but the fault of criticism is, that in general it rarely makes any distinction. There is hardly such a thing as real biography in the language; and the reason is, that the nature and functions of the art are either not comprehended, or not insisted upon, by those who assume the direction of the public taste.

It may seem hardly fair to cite the *Life of Southey*\* in illustration of these remarks, since the author disclaims any intention to write 'a regular biography;' but there is every reason to believe, from the internal evidence of the book, that he conceives his performance to fall short of a regular biography only in as much as it permits the narrative to be carried on occasionally by contributions and correspondence. This notion is clearly enough indicated by the word *narrative*, which is all that is commonly supposed to be required to constitute a biography. Our chief reason, however, for fixing upon the book before us is, that it is necessary to make a stand somewhere; and the volume before us is so flagrant an instance of the art of biography as practised in this country, that we think we cannot have a better opportunity of calling attention to the subject. We shall now proceed to give some account of the work. One half of the volume is composed of *Recollections of Southey*, written by himself at forty-six years of age; and then the son, perfectly satisfied with the manner in which his father has entered into the history of his family, and the details of his early life, takes up the thread of the narrative where he laid it down. The *Recollections*, however, with a good deal of amusing matter interspersed, are proxy and weak; and a 'regular biographer,' while extracting their spirit for his own use, would have thrown them into an appendix as a literary curiosity.

Before coming to the amiable self-consciousness of Southey, we cannot help remonstrating with his son for allowing his reverence for his father's memory to betray him into an extravagance as offensive to good taste as to true religion. 'I may say,' says he, in concluding the preface, 'that whatever defects these volumes may possess, I have the satisfaction of feeling that they will verify my father's own words—words not uttered boastingly, but simply as the answer of a conscience void of offence both towards God and man—"I have this conviction that, die when I may, my memory is one of those which will smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."' The 'conviction' here is nothing more than the self-satisfaction of a man conscious of good intentions and kindly feelings; but the reverend biographer ought to know better than we, that a conscience void of offence towards God is an absurdly-impossible attainment, and one at which even St Paul only 'exercised' himself.

Southey traces his family back by the church registers to the very reasonable date of 1696, when his grandfather Thomas was baptised at Wellington in Somersetshire. Thomas, however, it seems, had a father called

Robert, sometimes designated as a yeoman, and sometimes as a farmer, and married either to a niece or second cousin of the philosopher Locke, 'who is still held in more estimation than he deserves.' There is even a tradition of a grandfather of this Robert, a great clothier; and his grandchildren having used armorial bearings, Southey rejoices in the idea that his ancestors perhaps served in the Crusades, or made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. His father, however, was nothing more than a grocer in London, and afterwards a linendraper at Bristol. His mother he introduces by this somewhat singular anecdote:—'While she was a mere child, she had a paralytic affection, which deadened one side from the hip downward, and crippled her for about twelve months. Some person advised that she should be placed out of doors in the sunshine as much as possible; and one day, when she had been carried out, as usual, into the fore-court, in her little arm-chair, and left there to see her brothers at play, she rose from her seat, to the astonishment of the family, and walked into the house. The recovery from that time was complete. The fact is worthy of notice, because some persons may derive hope from it in similar cases, and because it is by no means improbable that the sunshine really effected the cure.' This lady had an excellent understanding and much readiness of apprehension, but no education beyond dancing and needlework. So much the better. 'Two sisters, who had been mistresses of the most fashionable school in Herefordshire, fifty years ago, used to say, when they spoke of a former pupil, "*Her* went to school to *we*;" and the mistress of what, some ten years later, was thought the best school near Bristol (where Mrs Siddons sent her daughter), spoke, to my perfect recollection, much such English as this.' His mother, however, acquired another accomplishment: having a good ear for music, she 'was taught by her father to whistle; and he succeeded in making her such a proficient in this unusual accomplishment, that it was his delight to place her upon his knee, and make her entertain his visitors with a display. This art she never lost, and she could whistle a song-tune as sweetly as a skilful player could have performed it upon the flute.' Of these parents Robert Southey was born on the 12th of August 1774.

His early childhood was passed with his aunt Miss Tyler; and this description of her drawing-room will convey an accurate idea both of the merits and defects of the autobiographical department of the work:—'The walls of that drawing-room were covered with a plain, green paper, the floor with a Turkey carpet: there hung her own portrait by Gainsborough, with a curtain to preserve the frame from flies and the colours from the sun; and there stood one of the most beautiful pieces of old furniture I ever saw—a cabinet of ivory, ebony, and tortoise-shell, in an ebony frame. It had been left her by a lady of the Spenser family, and was said to have belonged to the great Marlborough. I may mention as part of the parlour furniture a square screen with a foot-board and a little shelf, because I have always had one of the same fashion myself, for its convenience; a French writing-table, because of its peculiar shape, which was that of a Cajou-nut or a kidney; the writer sat in the concave, and had a drawer on each side; an arm-chair made of fine cherry-wood, which had been Mr Bradford's, and in which she always sat—mentionable because if any visitor, who was not in her especial favour, sat therein, the leathern cushion was always sent into the garden to be aired and purified before she would use it again; a mezzotinto print of Pope's *Eloisa* in an oval, black frame, because of its

\* The *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*: Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, M.A. Six Volumes. Vol. I. London: Longmans. 1849.



while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. She had indulged these humours till she had formed for herself notions of uncleanness almost as irrational and inconvenient as those of the Hindoos. She had a cup once buried for six weeks, to purify it from the lips of one whom she accounted unclean: all who were not her favourites were included in that class. A chair in which an unclean person had sat was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man, who called upon business, seated himself in her own chair: how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use she knew not! On such occasions her fine features assumed a character either fierce or tragic; her expressions were vehement, even to irreverence; and her gesticulations those of the deepest and wildest distress—hands and eyes uplifted, as if she was in hopeless misery, or in a paroxysm of mental anguish.

Our poet is at length fairly placed in Westminster school, where the best story is of James Beresford, the author of the 'Miseries of Human Life.' When he was at the Charter-House, he was a remarkably gay and noisy fellow; and one day, having played truant to attend a concert, the school was so silent without him, that his absence was at once detected, and brought upon him a flogging. With such little anecdotes, though few so good, this epoch of Southey's life concludes, having given the reader little or no idea of his studies or manner of thinking. Then commence the labours of the son with his entrance into Balliol College, Oxford, in 1793, where he was condemned 'to pay respect to men with great wigs and little wisdom.' Southey began his career by heroically refusing to have his long and curling hair dressed and powdered; and in spite of the astonishment and touching remonstrances of the barber, he actually took his seat in the dining-hall in that state of indecent simplicity. At this time he rose every morning at five to study, eat bread and cheese, and drink negus; and he exclaims, 'Let me have L.200 a year, and the comforts of domestic life, and my ambition aspires no further.' 'Never shall child of mine,' says he, 'enter a public school or a university. Perhaps I may not be able so well to instruct him in logic or language, but I can at least preserve him from vice.' In his nineteenth year he completed 'Joan of Arc.' His admiration at this time of Glover's 'Leonidas,' and his classing Voltaire with Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, show the juvenility of his taste; but the biographer quotes largely from his letters without any remark. In 1794 his acquaintance with Coleridge began. The latter had by that time obtained his discharge from the 15th Light Dragoons, in which he had suddenly enlisted as a private; and now, on visiting Oxford, an intimacy sprang up between him and Southey, hastened by the heterodox views of both on the subjects of religion and politics. They formed a plan of emigration to the New World called 'Pantisocracy,' where they meant to establish a sort of Socialist community. Southey's mother appears to have joined in the scheme; but with his aunt its disclosure caused a complete and lasting estrangement, and turned the young philosopher adrift. Coleridge and he tried to keep the wolf from the door by delivering lectures; but Southey was more successful in falling in with a publisher for 'Joan of Arc'—Mr Cottle—who gave him one hundred guineas; and soon after with an uncle, who carried him with him to Lisbon. Southey prepared for this journey by marrying Edith Fricker in 1795. 'Immediately after the ceremony, they parted. My mother wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad.'

At Lisbon he learned Spanish and Portuguese; and on returning to England, passed the time till the close of 1796 in writing for the magazines, and working up the contents of his foreign note-books into 'Letters from Spain and Portugal.' On the completion of the task, he sat fairly down in London to the study of the

law, enabled to do so by the generous friendship of a college associate, Mr C. W. W. Wynn, from whom he received for some years an annuity of L.160. A few more unimportant letters bring the narrative down to the end of 1798, by which time 'Madoc' was in preparation.

This closes a volume of amusing and interesting materials, mixed with a good deal of rubbish, and the whole roughly and carelessly thrown together, in a form which the compiler has the modesty to tell us is not 'regular biography,' but which, for all that, will pass as such with a great majority of the English critics.

L. R.

## THE TWO EMPRESSES AND THE ARTIST.

It was the middle of the year 1812, that year the latter months of which witnessed the annihilation of the French army on the plains of Russia. Such a catastrophe was far from the thoughts of a single inhabitant of Paris, when one morning in the month of June the celebrated artist Redouté was on his way to Malmaison to present to the Empress Josephine some paintings of lilies. He was a great favourite with her, from his having devoted his pencil to flowers, of which she was passionately fond. In full enjoyment of the lovely morning, he was gaily crossing the garden of the Tuileries to get to the Place de la Concorde, where he intended taking a coach, when he saw a crowd eagerly hurrying in the direction of the walk by the water-side. The general cry, 'The king of Rome!—the Empress!' soon told him the object of attraction; and the artist quickened his steps, glad of the opportunity, thus by chance afforded him, of seeing the son of the Emperor, the yet cradled child of fifteen months, whom so proud a destiny seemed to await.

It was indeed the king of Rome, in a little carriage drawn by four snow-white goats, and the Empress Maria-Louisa walking by its side. She was wrapped in a blue shawl, of a peculiar shade, known to be her favourite colour. The crowd had gathered outside the grating, around which they pressed closely; and as Redouté stopped to gaze with the rest, he saw standing near him a young woman with a child in her arms. The garb of both bespoke extreme poverty; but the child's face was glowing with health, whilst the cheeks of the mother were pale and emaciated, and from her sunken eyes fell tears, which she cared not either to wipe away or conceal.

'My poor little one!—my darling!' she whispered as she pressed the child still closer to her bosom, 'you have no carriage, my angel; no playthings—no toys of any kind. For him, abundance, pleasure, every joy of his age; for thee, desolation, suffering, poverty, hunger! What is he that he should be happier than you, darling? Both of you born the same day, the same hour! I, as young as his mother, and loving you as fondly as she loves him. But you have now no father, my poor babe; you have no father!'

The artist overheard these words of woe, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the poor young mother, in utter forgetfulness of the king of Rome.

'Madame,' said he, after a moment's hesitation, and in a low voice, 'why do you not make known your situation to the Empress?'

'To what purpose, sir?' cried the young woman somewhat bitterly. 'Small compassion have the great ones of this world.'

'But why not make the attempt?'

'I have done so, sir, already. I wrote to the Empress, and told her that my son was born the same day, the



displeased.' Josephine was silent; and the artist, who was upon thorns, hastily added, 'I do not see why either of these ladies need give up her share in the happiness of doing good. I shall feel honoured in accepting for my happy protégés whatever kindness it may please either to bestow upon them.' Josephine made no answer, but with head erect, left the room; and Redouté, respectfully bowing to Maria-Louisa, was following, glad to have prevented an outbreak which might have had serious consequences, when a hand laid upon his arm made him turn round: it was the chamberlain.

'Sir,' said he in a low whisper, 'do you know that the lady whom I have had the honour of attending here is her majesty, the Empress Maria-Louisa?'

'Sir,' answered Redouté in an equally low voice, 'the lady that I have had the honour of attending here is the Empress Josephine.'

In less than two years after this meeting Josephine had sunk under the never-healed wound that Napoleon's desertion had inflicted, and died at Malmaison; and Maria-Louisa had, it may be joyfully, quitted a country which she had never loved, and in which she never succeeded in making herself beloved. During these two years the widow had lived upon the daily bounty of her royal patronesses, and was consequently now as destitute as when they first entered her abode of poverty. In vain had Redouté often placed before Josephine his view of what patronage, to be really useful, ought to be—the helping others to help themselves. In vain had he urged her to establish the widow in some way of earning her independence. 'Time enough for this when the boy is grown up.' But death came, and reverse of fortune, and no friend now remained to the widow and the orphan but the artist, and nought remained to him from the vast wreck but his talent and his reputation. Circumstances might indeed render the productions of his pencil less a source of emolument, but these circumstances were but temporary: the artist would again rise to fame and fortune, while Napoleon and Maria-Louisa had fallen irretrievably.

Redouté acted on the principle he would have had the widow's royal patronesses to act: he procured employment for the widow; and, thanks to his influence, she was enabled to earn sufficient to place her above want, while he took upon himself the education of her child. But the mother's health was failing; and when Redouté, previous to a short absence from Paris, went to take leave of her, she expressed her belief that he would not find her alive at his return, and with tears she solemnly commended her boy to his care. Though he had not attached much weight to her presentiments, yet it was with a somewhat uneasy feeling that, immediately on his return, he went to the house. The door was open; and as he ran up stairs, a sound reached him which struck upon his heart: they were fastening down the coffin of the widow, and in a corner of the room was the little Charles weeping bitterly. Some distant relations stood by the coffin in cold and audible debate as to what was to be done with the child.

'I see nothing for him but the Orphan Asylum,' said one.

'Oh no, no! pray do not send me there,' cried the child. 'My own dear mamma worked for her bread, and so can I. You do not know how much I can do if you will but try me.' At this instant he caught a glimpse of Redouté, and throwing himself into his arms, he exclaimed, 'You are come back, dear, good friend, and you will not send me to the asylum!' The artist pressed the poor boy to his bosom.

'Have you no hearts?' he said, indignantly turning to the relations. 'This boy shall be my care.' And what the most powerful among the powerful had not done, he did—he, the comparatively obscure and humble artist. He secured to his protégé present comfort and future respectability, by teaching him, as soon as possible, to help himself. Charles Blanger became not only his best pupil, but a celebrated painter, making the

same use as his noble-minded master of that knowledge which is power, and of that talent which is one of those possessions described by Aristides in his celebrated maxim, 'Heap up no treasures save those which, should shipwreck come, will float with the owner.'

## TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

### TRONDHIEM—VOYAGE TO THE NORTH.

As Trondhiem (or, in the English heterography, *Dron-thiem*) is placed somewhere in the 63d parallel, and therefore about the same latitude with the south of Iceland, an Englishman naturally expects to find it a place of cold and harsh appearance, possibly occupied exclusively by people wearing skin-dresses with the wool innermost. He is somewhat surprised when Trondhiem turns out to be a neat and rather bright-looking town of rectangular streets, composed of nice wooden and brick houses, all of them coloured red or yellow, and as clean as possible, and the greater number showing white gauze curtains, with pretty flowering-plants\* in the windows; while the *parés* present a display of ladies and gentlemen as well dressed as those of any town of its size (about 14,000 inhabitants) in England. The fact is, Trondhiem is a port of considerable trade, as well as the centre of inland business for the large provinces towards the north; and it has therefore no occasion to be otherwise than a thriving and smart place. With regard to climate, I can testify that, on the 17th of July, it was barely possible to walk the streets during the day on account of the intense heat. The harbour is formed by the embouchure of the river Nid, formerly spoken of.

I had but a single afternoon at this time to devote to an examination of the town. I remarked, however, the number of handsome country mansions surrounding it—the residences of the most considerable merchants. The inspection of the cathedral I left for my return. The central office of the Bank of Norway is here in a plain, modest building at the corner of one of the streets. I remembered that the branch of a Scottish bank at the small town of Stirling is a more imposing structure, but without drawing any inference therefrom against either the resources or the wisdom of the Norwegian directors. As Trondhiem is a place of so much importance, and lies exposed to invasion by sea, it has a large garrison, and is further protected by a small, low fortified island in front called Monksholm. On account of its being the ancient capital, and its possessing—what Christiania wants—a fine old cathedral, the kings of Sweden are here crowned as kings of Norway. So lately as 1834, when Mr Laing visited the place, there were no hotels—only a private lodging, into which strangers could be received. Now there are three hotels, two of which at least are comfortable houses.

Having an introduction to Mr Knudtzen, the English consul, I was invited to go to that gentleman's country-house in the evening. It is a small villa, on the face of a fine slope rising to the east, and scarcely half a mile from town. Such places, I found, are only used during the brief period of summer; for winter life, Mr Knudtzen has an elegant mansion on the quay. This gentleman, and his brother Mr Jorgen Knudtzen, whom I met at my visit, are interesting examples of mercantile men, of studious habits, refined tastes, and high accomplishments. They have a large library, and many fine works of art. Their conversation—and they can converse in a variety of languages—is elegant and instructive. Mr Jorgen Knudtzen has lived much at Rome, where the number of his resident countrymen is usually very small. On his first being there, he soon attracted the regard of the great sculptor, merely because of the connection between Denmark and Norway and the com-

\* I remarked the *Clactarea* to be in great favour at Trondhiem, and was amused at the odd figures of some specimens shown in the windows. One is a little surprised to find a South American plant abundant in Norway, albeit in its most Lilliputian form.





the latter are two *Quaens*, and in them I see for the first time examples of what may be called the savage people of Europe. They are dressed in skin tunics, with caps, leggings, and shoes of the same material. Simple, inoffensive people they appear to be; but I am told that they have been at Trondhiem undergoing punishment for some offence against the laws. The term *Quaens*, it may be remarked, is one applied in the north of Norway to certain *émigrés*, who have come within the last few years in considerable numbers from Finland, since it became a province of Russia. They are not very readily to be distinguished from the Laplanders amongst whom they have settled.

During the first day's sail, after clearing the fiord, there were hardly any appearances of population on the coast. Only here and there is a softer and greener spot, or a sheltered nook, where man has obtained a footing. There are, nevertheless, a few landing-places, implying a population in the interior, and, what indicates the same thing, one or two *handelsmen's* establishments. These are shops for retail business in the necessities of life: they are conducted by licensed traders, who have each a certain district assigned to him, within which no other person is entitled to sell certain articles. The arrangement is of the nature of a monopoly, and is perhaps attended with some of the usual effects; but it was thought to be unavoidable in Norway, in order to induce respectable men to plant themselves in such wildernesses. Whatever be the character of the *handelsman's* trade, it was pleasant, on turning some corner of the land, to come upon his clean yellow or red house, with its wooden wharf stepping out from the rock into the calm sea, and its cheerful flag flying from some prominent crag near by—even though it might be impossible to discern a single patch of cultivable ground, or so much as grass for a goose or a kid within miles around. There was always a stir about the place when the steamer approached, and generally a boat put off to bring or receive passengers. One can of course imagine the passing of the *Prinds Gustaf* to be the grand event of the three weeks for those who live near its course. I observed once or twice, where no house was visible, a group of children, with one or two grown females, seated on the top of a bank or rock overlooking the sea, apparently waiting merely to behold the transit of this tri-weekly wonder, as, after we had passed, they were seen rising and turning slowly away towards their homes.

A pause of several hours took place on the second morning at Gutvig, on account of the post; and a young English tourist, who landed to see the country, brought back to me a report that he had seen shells a good way from the shore, and at some height above the sea. As we went on to-day, the scenery of the mainland improved in grandeur, and patches of snow among the mountains became more abundant. The sea, protected by islands on the left, continued perfectly calm. Of its general tranquillity we have an infallible token in the arrangement of the wooden wharves at the merchants' establishments. These structures advance into the sea, resting on piles, with no bulwark to protect them from the dash of the waves—thus implying that there is at no time here any such violent action on the coast as we are accustomed to see in the British islands. Many small vessels passed us, stuffed full and piled high with dried fish, of the odour of which we were sensible at a great distance. These were emissaries of the important fisheries of the Lofoden Isles, and were proceeding to Bergen, the grand entrepôt whence this article is exported to the Catholic communities along the Mediterranean. Between ten and eleven we passed the rocky island of Torget, remarkable for a perforation which passes from one side to the other. It is a hill above 1000 feet in height, and this aperture is about half-way up. Probably a soft stratum has been worn on both sides by the sea when at this level, till a complete perforation was effected.

At three in the afternoon the steamer stopped at

Tiðtø, to land a young gentleman, the eldest son of the proprietor of that and some neighbouring islands. He had been two years from home on his travels, and now he was to return to the paternal dome. The ship being a little in advance of its proper time, the captain agreed to make a brief pause; and the kind-hearted young man invited the cabin passengers to land with him, and spend an hour at his father's house: an offer which I for one gladly embraced, as it was important for me to see as much as possible of domestic life in Norway. Imagine us, then, proceeding in boats towards a low island of rock alternating with green sward, amidst a panorama of the stern gray mountains of the district. Young Brodtkorb goes by himself in the first, eager to get to land, where a middle-aged gentleman, and one or two other persons, are seen waiting to receive him. The youth jumps ashore, and rushes into the arms of his father. All is a charming excitement in the little group. As we successively come ashore, we are introduced to the elder Mr Brodtkorb, a fine, amiable-looking person, in externals very much like a Scotch laird, being dressed in a black frock-coat and a white hat, bearing also, however, in his hand the ordinary inseparable companion of a Norwegian gentleman of his years—a long pipe of horn and ebony. We then advanced to the house, which stood at no great distance, and proved to be a very good wooden mansion, with the grass growing up to the very door. The day had been cool at sea, but we felt it warm here. Within the porch was a good-looking, middle-aged lady, the stepmother of our young fellow-passenger, freshly dressed for the occasion in a brown silk gown and gay cap, and surrounded by the younger branches of the family. From her we all received a most polite greeting. We were then ushered, twenty strong, into two uncarpeted rooms; for so are the rooms of the best houses in Norway during summer, carpets being only used in winter. In one, besides other furniture, was an old Clementi pianoforte; in the other a good historical picture by a native artist, representing the murder of King Haco by a monk: a picture, by the way, of fine rich effect. Coffee was served, pipes were smoked, and conversation indulged in, the host speaking a little English to myself and two other Englishmen present. I afterwards learned that he had received part of his education at the university of Edinburgh. We were told that he is an affluent proprietor, and I felt interested in getting a peep of the domestic state of such a family in this district of Norway. The simplicity, united with education and good manners, recalled the pleasant pictures which Johnson and Boswell give of the life and state of the Hebridean gentry—the Macleans and Macleods of seventy years ago; pictures which, I may remark, are rapidly attaining a historical value. Unaffected kindness beamed in the faces of all towards the strangers, and when we came away, they accompanied us to our boats, and stood in a group upon the grassy shore, even till our figures on the vessel's deck must have ceased to be discernible. I felt the pleasing effect of social good-will, even without the charm of conversation, and parted with the shores of Tiðtø with regret, half-melancholy to think that I should see these worthy people no more.

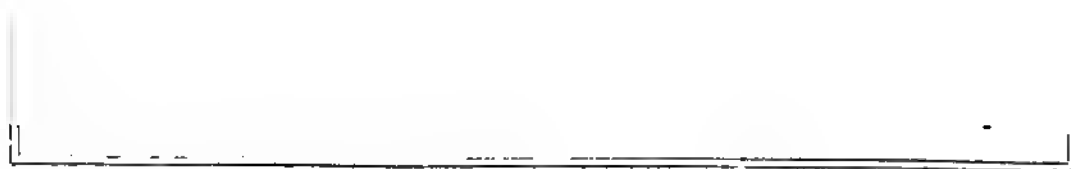
In the course of the afternoon we passed the Seven Sisters, a mountain with seven peaks or elevated masses, very sterile and grand, and telling with the effect of their whole height, as they rise direct from the water's edge. We passed also a great crowd of fish-sloops from the Lofoden Isles, laden full and high, and with the national flag flying merrily from each stern. They give the idea of a great traffic. The weather was now so temperate, that we could sit on deck for hours, observing these and other objects, and indulging in the meditations which they were fitted to excite. Strangely-various thoughts will arise in such circumstances. I reflected on the enterprise of man, which makes these desolate shores a scene of industry, and consequently a seat of civilised and respectable existence. And then an idea came into my mind to regard the stars and













covered from floor to ceiling with the celebrated tapestry of which our window-hangings are now the only representatives.

*Tapestry* was the earliest effort of domestic decoration, believed to have been a Babylonish invention, and handed down through the vicissitudes of arts and empires, till the manufacture was established at Arras in the Netherlands, and the article was called after that town. It was in turn eclipsed in the trade by Coblenz, in the reign of Louis XIV.; and it was the expensive ambition of his courtiers to have the cartoons of Raphael copied in their tapestry. Some of these costly hangings were entirely woven in a manner similar to our carpets. A manufacture of the kind, established under the patronage of James I., was the parent of carpet-weaving in England. The needlework tapestry was still more prized; and some early specimens, generally wrought on linen—such as that renowned piece on which William the Norman's queen embroidered his conquests—still exist on the continent. An English dame, at the close of the sixteenth century, obtained the hard-won praise of surpassing industry for having, in the course of a life extended to ninety years, copied out the entire Bible on the walls of her best parlour. The latter tapestry was wrought on canvas with coloured worsted: some remnants of it are still preserved in old country mansions. But there is a far more primitive description yet in use among the natives of the far Nuriles; they cover the walls of their apartments with a species of straw matting, and having carpets and cushions of the same, defy the cold of their long winter; at the termination of which, their furniture being sufficiently dried, and pretty well worn, is burned piecemeal for culinary purposes, and another supply is prepared before the return of the snow. Cromwell said he never liked the arras, for it could conceal eaves-droppers; and after his reign it slowly gave place to the more solid wainscot, or small mirrors set in the wall. The latter was a Chinese decoration, imported by the Dutch, together with those porcelain and coloured tiles which have ever since given scope to the scouring propensities of Holland in her floors and fire-places.

Down to the close of the seventeenth century, English beams and belles were allowed but little space for the reflection of their graces. One of Addison's contemporaries describes a dressing-room, formerly occupied by Nell Gwynn, the walls of which were completely inlaid with *looking-glasses* not more than a foot square. Larger glasses were in her times to be found only in France and Italy, and even there at such prices as made them accessible to none but princes.

The earliest description of a household clock was an instrument which measured time by the dropping of water, constantly poured in by an attendant, who sounded a trumpet to announce the hour. It descended from the Romans; but there was a later variety in England, which had the merit of requiring less attendance. It consisted of brazen balls, suspended over a copper basin by cords, with lights so placed as to consume the cords in a given time, the elapse of which was proclaimed by the descent of the balls into the basin. A clock somewhat similar to those now in common use was regarded as a most splendid present from Saladin the Great to the emperor of Germany; and the oldest clock now extant in Britain is said to have been constructed at the close of the fifteenth century for the palace of Hampton Court.

That variety of furniture comprehended under the classic term *candelabra*, has been used in different stages of improvement from the earliest dawn of art, or since the insufficiency of the household fire was perceived. The American Indian, on gala nights, forms sockets of plastic clay, in which torches are fixed, against the walls of his wooden wigwam, and a more extensive illumination than the owner intends is the occasional consequence. Our English ancients lighted up their festal halls in a similar fashion by means of

pendent sockets of brass, sometimes of silver, and long used by the peasantry, often with the designation of 'sconces.' The primitive candelabrum of Europe's rustic days was a solid block of wood, with a pillar rising from the centre to the height of five or six feet, the top of which was furnished with brazen sockets, few or many, according to the style of the family.

The Greek candelabra were originally made of cane, with one plate fixed above, and another beneath, by way of support, which was occasionally supplied by feet. The Grecian artists produced, in ornamenting these lamp-stands, the richest forms, which always, however, had reference to the original cane, and were encircled with an infinite variety of beautiful ornaments. Sometimes they were shafts, in the shape of columns, which could be shortened or drawn out; sometimes the luxuriant acanthus, with its leaves turned over; sometimes they represented trunks of trees, entwined with ivy and flowers, and terminated by vases or bell-flowers at the top for the reception of the lamps. Examples of these forms may be found in the British Museum and the Louvre, but particularly at the Vatican, where a gallery is filled with marble candelabra. With all the ornamental skill expended on them, those old illuminators have been found wretchedly unserviceable, compared with the modern Argand lamp, as they supply but a murky light, and an offensive smoke, which poisons the atmosphere, and soils the whole apartment. An ordinary *gaselier* would have delighted all the Cæsars; for their palaces, decorated though they were with marble, and ivory, and gold, could boast no such luminary. The bronze lamps which they so much admired were cast, and, of necessity, heavy and cumbersome; but the same effect is now produced by striking up the metal, and a still richer bronze imparted by an acid in a few hours. A beautiful, but extremely cheap method of ornamenting candelabra was lately discovered in America, by making a thin skeleton of wire, and immersing it in a solution of alum coloured by metallic oxides.

Much difference exists in the sleeping accommodations of mankind. Among the low-sitting nations, the daylight seat has long served for nightly rest also. A corresponding arrangement was practised in Anglo-Norman castles, and still remains among the Icelanders, where every one's seat is his *bed*. The repose of the Russian peasant's family is enjoyed on the top of their immense stove, which they cover with coarse blankets and mattresses for that purpose. The rush-purveyor to our last Henry had, besides, a commission to provide straw for the slumbers of the king's servants, which, it seems, were enjoyed in the kitchen; and a writer of the period, in reference to the simplicity of the former age, tells us that most people were content if they could get plenty of straw to sleep on, with a good log for their heads. Singular as the latter comfort may appear, it has a resemblance in the oldest remnant of Egypt's household goods. The pillows of the pyramid people were nothing but small blocks of wood, with a hollow cut out for the head to rest in. Bedsteads came into general use among the highest classes in the course of the sixteenth century; but the specimens yet remaining are wonderfully small compared with those of the succeeding age. So highly were they esteemed, 'that one stately bedstead' is enumerated among the valuables which Queen Anne of Denmark brought with her to Scotland. This antiquated couch is now the property of the Earl of Elgin. It is of walnut-tree, of curious workmanship, and ornamented with several antique figures neatly carved.

The intrinsic worth of the queen's 'stately bedstead' would be estimated by a modern auctioneer at something vastly less than it was by her contemporaries; but this is an example of the French proverb, that rarity raises the price. Another case in point occurs, though regarding a far inferior, but not less useful appliance. Martin, in his narrative of a visit to St Kilda in 1698, mentions that there was not a metal pot in that or the





the poor mother, in spite of her heroism, was on the point of being sacrificed, when the naturalist seized the staphylin, and threw him out of the flower-pot. Then turning to his young friend, he said, as if to excuse this compassionate action, 'What would have become of our investigation if she had been killed!' Henry smiled, and pressed his hand.

Thus ended the perils of the forcicula and her young ones. From that time nothing occurred to interfere with their complete development. We are confirmed in this belief by the fact, that the naturalist's garden speedily became infested with swarms of earwigs, which increased and multiplied to such an extent that he could not preserve a single peach or pink. The last visit that Henry paid his friend, he found him busily employed in collecting staphylins to destroy his rapacious guests.

#### ADULTERATION OF FLOUR.

The fraud I allude to has been practised in the flour trade in the city and county of Cork and Limerick alone for the last forty years, and is done as follows by the millers:—Two stone weight of alum dissolved in hot water, two pounds of pearl-ash, eight pounds of rock-salt, two pounds of spirits of salts, one pound of magnesia, and one quart of the strongest oil of vitriol, are all dissolved separately, and then mixed together, and put into twenty gallons of lime-water; and after letting the whole stand for a short time, it is put into the wheat, when it is prepared for grinding in the following manner:—The miller keeps a large sprinkling can, like that used in gardens, out of which he pours the above liquid on the wheat, whilst two men turn it backward and forward until the wheat gets quite dry, which is soon effected, in consequence of the great quantity of vitriol used as a dryer. The quantity of the above liquid is used in proportion of five pints to every twenty stones of wheat, and when it is put into it, it is ground off as soon as possible, to prevent the stuffs from evaporating. Flour made by the above treatment obtains 5s. per bag more than flour made from the best quality of wheat, in the plain and natural way, and on that account the county Cork and Limerick millers adopted the use of the liquid described above. Besides, they have the advantage of the weight of twenty gallons of water put into about thirty-five barrels of wheat, for which reason the Cork flour, of all other Irish flour, will not endure a sea voyage. Millers (and millers only) are so well aware of the very bad effects which the bran made from some of those receipts has on cattle, that they don't use the flour in bread themselves, nor give the bran off it to their own cattle.—*Cork Examiner.*

#### NEVER GET ANGRY.

It does no good. Some sins have a *seeming* compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man *feels* no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool. And he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured, churlish man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbour, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in nearly the same state of mind as if they were living next door to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything goes 'by contraries,' will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the ground productive, the markets more favourable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? If men, animals, or senseless matter cause trouble, will getting 'mad' help matters, make men more subservient, brutes more docile, wood and stone more tractable? An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a firebrand, and it is a wonder if he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. Without much sensibility, and often bereft of reason, he speaketh like the piercing of a sword, and his tongue is an arrow shot out. He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only 'in the bosom of fools,' why should it be indulged at all?—*Boston Reporter.*

#### WHAT IS BEAUTY?

To —.

What is Beauty? Form and feature,  
Impress of the hand of Nature;  
Line and hue together blending,  
Impulse still to sweetness lending.

Look upon Ianthe's graces—  
There her lines young Beauty traces;  
There her lineaments behold,  
Cast in nature's chastest mould:  
Look into her heavenly eye—  
There the azure's purest dye;  
There the light of life and mind,  
With love and modesty combined:  
Look upon Ianthe's cheek—  
There is all that's mild and meek;  
And coral red and ivory white  
Kiss each other, and unite  
On lips that love dare scarcely press,  
Sacred in their loveliness.  
If there's Beauty—it is this!

What is Beauty? Come with me  
In my skiff along the sea;  
Look into its crystal waters,  
And behold its alpine daughters,  
Where the painted fishes play,  
And the wave sings roundly:  
Or let us, roaming hand in hand,  
Wander o'er the golden strand,  
Where the sea-shells gleam like pearls,  
On the neck of Orient girls:  
Or, seated by the pebbled shore,  
List the music of the oar,  
Or the sea-birds' plaintive cry,  
As on labouring wing they hie,  
While the ever-murmuring tide  
Saluteth earth as its own bride:  
Come with me, and there confess  
If there's Beauty—it is this!

What is Beauty? Come with me  
Into nature's sanctuary;  
To the mead or to the wild wood,  
Where the flowers in blooming childhood  
From the emerald sod looked up,  
Each a diamond in its cup;  
A silver or a golden cell  
Where a fairy queen might dwell:  
Come where the yellow broom is waving,  
Or the stream the lily laving;  
Where the rills glide on in pleasure,  
To a low, sweet, murmuring measure;  
Where the hawthorn scents the gale,  
And zephyr, wandering through the vale,  
Bears on its aerial wing  
The breath of each sweet odorous thing;  
While the birds in choral glee,  
Trill their sylvan minstrelsy;  
Or, wandering o'er the flowery holm,  
Where the wild bee loves to roam—  
Where the light-winged butterfly,  
Beauty's favourite child, flits by:  
Come with me to yonder glade,  
At noon beside the cool cascade,  
Where plumy fern of brightest green,  
And moss of every hue is seen;  
And the rose and jessamine  
With the honeysuckles twine:  
There shall Nature's self control  
Each emotion of thy soul;  
Make thy heart with joy confess  
If there's Beauty—it is this!

What is Beauty?—What is Beauty?  
Truth, and love, and filial duty,  
Breathed from lips by sin unstained,  
Told by looks that never feigned—  
Beaming as I see them now  
On yon little maiden's brow—  
Lovely 'midst its golden tresses,  
Gladdened by her sire's caresses;  
Or, kneeling with her little brother,  
Beside their tender loving mother,  
Offering to the God above  
The incense of her pure heart's love,  
Then parting with the good-night kiss—  
If there's Beauty—it is this!

J. C.



charity. We visit our poor neighbours in kindness and mercy; we present gifts to our dependents; we feast the very felons in our jails. But it is in its character of a period, a line, a boundary, a resting-place, that the New Year is the most interesting. The earth whirls on at the rate of 1133 miles in the minute, but its denizens stand still to remember and to dream. Our senses receive no special impression when the annual revolution is completed, any more than the mariner knows by his sensations that his vessel is crossing the equinoctial line. But our spirit is awake; we feel as if we were reaching a point; we fancy that in our progressive history we have come to the bottom of the page, and prepare to turn over the leaf. The fact of this periodicity is interesting; but the character of our thoughts at the time is still more so. On one side is gloom, on the other light. Man, like the earth which carries him, has always the sun in his face, and darkness behind.

It may be said that this idea is more fanciful than real: that we are so constituted as to be always looking backward and forward; and that every transaction we complete brings us to a resting-point. Yes, to a resting-point from which we see the individual transaction, and look on to another. But at the New Year the whole cycle passes under review, and the next opens to our mind's eye in the distance. The petty demarcations by which we divided our path of life, while creeping on, disappear, and we see, 'as from a tower,' the whole region we have traversed. The view is seldom very satisfactory, but always suggestive of HOPE; and therein lies the benefit of the mental exercise. It is a mistake to say that man descends to the grave: he climbs to it. Even when his outward circumstances are undergoing a decline, his mind, if it have the true manly leaven, rises. Hope grows out of disappointment, and a proud eye and gallant heart are turned towards a new year. We are not to measure the spirit by the purse. The poor scholar who flings over the world—maybe from his garret—the thoughts that are destined to quicken the minds of others, and the hard-working mechanic whose soul opens to receive the gift, have each a feeling that soars above his worldly position. From year to year they continue to climb, not to sink; and their intellectual part may have reached its highest altitude at the same moment when their body seeks the rest of a pauper's grave. The fortunes of the mind and body rarely run in parallel lines; and our constant forgetfulness of this simple and obvious fact is the cause of a thousand mistakes and anomalies.

In a yearly retrospect our judgment is not troubled by the small details which vexed and harassed us during the event. Objects appear in large and perfect masses. We are able to interpret the text by the context. It is like reading history instead of daily politics, and our minds open proportionably to grasp the subject. During the present expiring cycle, for instance, we were tormented by a thousand hopes and fears relative to the destinies of our country; our hearts were full of anger and bitterness; and we launched accusations right and left of incapacity, supineness, or profligacy. But looking from this vantage-ground, all these little eddies disappear, and we see only the flow of a calm majestic stream. The British Pallas still stands proud, tranquil, and alone amid the convulsions of nations, the tide of the world's commerce rippling at her feet, her shield resting against her knee, and her hand clasping gently her dread but idle spear. The change in the view does not occur because the causes of discontent were unreal, but because, seen from a distance, they bear

no proportion to the majestic whole; and for this reason we have often thought that there is something unconsciously philosophical in the New Year's reflections; that they conduce to loftiness as well as kindness of character; and that they minister to that divine flame of Hope which burns the brightest in the bosoms of the great and brave.

Hope, we have said, is the parent of this moral periodicity. When the season of retrospect comes, whether it be daily, monthly, or yearly, we make haste to draw the line of demarcation between the past and the future; and after a survey—in most cases a sad one—of the things that were, we turn our clouded brow and tearful eyes to the rising sun. Were it not for these petty spaces into which human life is divided, how dreary would be the track! An endless day would be almost as bad as an endless night. It is good, then, to hail the New Year: it is good at this season to ponder and to dream: it is good to look steadily back upon the whirl we have had round the sun; and then to gird up our loins and begin a new journey in hope and joy.

L. R.

## THE PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR TENANTS.

### CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

IN surveying the prisons of Paris, one is struck with the fact, that some of the most horrible dungeons are found in those buildings which were formerly religious houses. The robe of the abbot, and the cloth that covered his luxurious table, too often hid a fearful vault where some wretched captive starved with cold and hunger. These dreadful places of confinement went by the name of *Vade in Pace*—('Go in Peace'); because it was in that form that sentence was pronounced on those who were doomed to die by this slow torture. Bicêtre and the Abbaye are of this description. The former, which was originally a monastery of Carthusians, and is now used wholly as a lunatic asylum, was formerly used as a prison also; and many who were not mad when they went there, became so in consequence of the miseries they endured. There were both cells and dungeons in this place of confinement; and in both the system appears to have been the 'solitary one,' the merits of which have been so much disputed in the present day. The cells were bad enough, and the dungeons worse. The prisoners were allowed neither light nor fire, nor sufficient food, nor clothes enough to cover them; water streamed down the walls; and the barred aperture that let in air admitted the rain, snow, and wind, and with them such disgusting odours from the sewers, that the poor captives were not only afflicted with the most agonizing rheumatisms from the cold and damp, but with other frightful maladies occasioned by these mephitic gases.

One of the victims of this cruel system was Salomon de Caus, a man of genius of the seventeenth century. At the age of twenty, De Caus had already distinguished himself as an architect, painter, and engineer; and after serving the Prince of Wales and the Elector of Bavaria in these capacities, he returned to France with the avowed desire of giving his country the benefit of a discovery he had made—namely, that the steam of boiling water might be used as a powerful motive force. At that time there resided in Paris an Italian Cræsus called Michel Particelli, who was in love with a beautiful woman called Marion de L'Orme; and one day Michel Particelli took Salomon de Caus to the house of Marion de L'Orme, and bade him lavish on the deco-



for example, one was called The Cradle, another Paradise, and another The Butchery. Then there were Les Puits (The Wells) and Les Oubliettes (The Forgotten); and there was one called La Fosse (The Grave), into which the miserable tenant was let down through a hole in the vault, and which, being in the form of an inverted cone, allowed him neither to stand nor to lie. It was also known by the name of La Chausse d'Hypocras (The Stockings of Hypocras), because the prisoner stood in water up to his knees. Fifteen days was generally the longest term of imprisonment in this frightful receptacle, as, by the end of that period, Death took the affair into his own hands, and set the captive free. There was another dungeon called La Fin d'Aïse (The End of Ease), which was full of filth and reptiles, and equally fatal to human life. Not long before the destruction of these buildings, a young advocate called Varnier made a singular escape from the Grand Châtelet. The offence that brought him there was as follows:—During Voltaire's last visit to Paris, as he was driving one evening along the Pont-Royal, pursued by a mob, crying 'Vive Voltaire!' this young man, Varnier, opened the door of the carriage, and kissing the hand of the patriarch, cried, 'A bas les rois! Vivent les philosophes!' Marais, the inspector of police, being at hand, Varnier was seized, and in spite of the resistance of the people, who handled the inspector very roughly, was carried to the Châtelet. Now it happened that Marais, a man of a brutal and insolent character, was specially attached to this prison, and having Varnier in his power, he took the opportunity of revenging on his unfortunate captive the blows he had himself received. Driven to desperation by this ill treatment, Varnier resolved to fly, or perish in the attempt; and one night that a violent storm of thunder and lightning had momentarily diverted the attention of the keepers from their duty, he effected his object. The neighbouring parish clock struck ten as he found himself in the streets, through which he began to run as fast as his legs could carry him; but he had not gone far when he heard the clashing of arms and the sound of horses' feet behind him—a moment more, and his hopes of life and liberty were for ever frustrated. He cast his eyes about in despair, and as he did so, they fell upon an old woman who was unlocking the door of a small house at a corner. Just as she was about to enter a person spoke to her, towards whom she turned to answer; Varnier seized the opportunity, pushed open the door, and entered the house. All was dark within, and he groped his way along a passage and up some stairs, guided only by the sound of an instrument and a sweet female voice, which was singing an air out of a favourite Italian opera of that day. He had no time to lose, for he expected every moment that the old woman would overtake him; so, on reaching the door of the apartment whence the sounds proceeded, he opened it, and found himself in the presence of a beautiful young female, whose protection and assistance he implored. Moved by his distress, and the wretchedness of his appearance, she promised to conceal him, and he then told who he was; related the story of his horrible captivity and miraculous escape, terminating his narration by calling down curses on the head of the monster Marais. At the name of the inspector the lady started and changed colour; but before any explanation could follow, a loud knock at the outer door, and an angry voice upon the stairs, announced the approach of danger. Pale and trembling, she rose, and pointing to the door of a small inner chamber, she bade him enter there, and be still. He was no sooner shut in, than he heard a man's foot in the room he had just quitted. 'Doubtless her husband or father,' thought Varnier.

'What is the matter with your hands?' asked the young girl: 'they are stained with blood!'

'Give me some water to wash them,' replied the man. 'One of our most important prisoners has escaped this evening,' he added with an oath, 'and I have been revenging myself on the rest of them.'

It was Marais the inspector! He then called for

wine; and after drinking for some time, he went out, telling his daughter he should see her no more that night. 'I must go and divert myself,' he said, 'in order to put this vexatious affair out of my head.'

Through the assistance of this young girl, Varnier finally escaped out of France, accompanied by his protectress; and Marion, the daughter of the inspector, became the wife of the delivered captive.

The Bastille, as everybody knows, was destroyed during the first French Revolution. Here, too, were the most horrible dungeons, vaults hollowed out of the earth nineteen feet below the surface, swarming with rats, toads, and spiders, where the walls were never dry, and the floor was mud and filth. In those instances where the captive was not intended to be starved, or nearly so—for the ordinary rations in all these prisons were so bad and so scanty, that they hardly kept body and soul together—he was permitted to obtain food of a better description if he could afford to pay for it at an extortionate rate; but the abuses were so enormous, that whilst the governors drew handsome revenues from this source, the poor prisoner got very little for his money.

The Man with the Iron Mask, as he is called, lived some time in the Bastille, having been transferred thither from St Margaret's; but the treatment he received in both prisons was quite an exception to the general rule. He was both sumptuously fed and sumptuously clothed; and the governor, St Mars, who was the only person allowed to address him, always did so standing and uncovered; but these were poor compensations for the extreme rigour with which he was watched, and the utter solitude to which he was condemned. The mask was not made of iron, but of velvet with steel springs, and no one ever saw his face except St Mars. An impenetrable veil of mystery covers his early years. Where and how they were passed nobody knows; but he must have been young when taken to St Margaret's, and had probably been a prisoner from his birth. Little doubt exists that he was an elder but illegitimate brother of Louis XIV., whose hardened conscience and selfish nature permitted this barbarous and lifelong incarceration. It is a singular fact, and one that would almost induce the belief that his mother had contrived to conceal him during his childhood, that he had been taught to write—an accomplishment which one might suppose would have been carefully withheld from him whilst in the hands of those who feared him. We only know of two instances in which he attempted to avail himself of this acquirement: the first was at the fortress of St Margaret's, where an unfortunate barber one day observed something white floating on the water under the prisoner's window. Having obtained it, and discovered it to be an exceedingly fine linen shirt, on which some lines were inscribed, he carried it to the governor, who asked him if he had read what was written on it: the man protested he had not; but two days afterwards he was found dead in his bed. The second attempt of this poor victim to communicate his fate to somebody able or willing to aid him, was by writing his name on the bottom of a silver dish with the point of a knife. The governor always waited on him at table, and handed the dishes out to a valet; this last perceived the writing, and thinking to recommend himself, showed it to St Mars. Of course the possessor of such a secret was not permitted to live. On the journey from St Margaret's to the Bastille in 1698, the party halted at the house of a gentleman named Palteau. It was observed here that St Mars ate with the prisoner, and that he sat with a pistol on each side of his plate; but whether the mask was worn at table they could not ascertain, as no one was allowed to enter the room. The diary of the Bastille for the 19th November 1703 contains an entry to the effect that 'The unknown, who always wore a black mask, had been taken ill *after attending mass*, and was dead so suddenly, that there was no time for the services of the church;' perhaps poisoned with the wafer. He was buried on the 20th in the churchyard of St Paul's, under the name of Macchiale.



are scarcely known in this country, and over whose birth and history there hangs a veil that the French themselves do not seem to have wholly penetrated. He is said to be an ultra-republican, though very rich; and so greatly beloved by the lower orders in Paris, that he has been indicated as the original of the German prince, Rodolphe, who is painted as a sort of terrestrial providence in Eugène Sue's notorious novel. It appears certain that he has passed several years of his life in the Austrian prison of Spielberg, which would be sufficient to make any man a republican; and it has been lately confidently asserted that the Duchess D'Angoulême was satisfied of his identity, although, on account of his republicanism, or for some reason unknown, she refused to acknowledge him publicly. One of the facts advanced to give weight to his pretensions is, that when the grave supposed to contain the body of the young dauphin was opened, the remains of a lad of fifteen were discovered, whereas the prince was only ten at the time his death is alleged to have taken place.

#### RETROSPECT OF MORTALITY.

THE publication of the Registrar-General's Report for the quarter ending the 30th of September last puts us in possession of many interesting facts and particulars, which, while embodying a history of the past, may well serve as guides and warnings for the future. It is not easy to forget the calamity whose cessation has been recently acknowledged by a day of thanksgiving; and whatever tends to assist the inquiry as to its phenomena, its causes, and remedies, can hardly fail at the present time to be productive of good.

It appears from the returns, which comprise all the divisions and districts of England, that the deaths in the three months referred to were 135,364, being 60,492 more than in the corresponding quarter of 1845—an increase of 71 per cent. The number of births was 135,200, thus showing an excess of deaths by 164; and the Report states:—"As the emigrants in the quarter from London, Liverpool, and Plymouth alone amounted, according to the Emigration Commissioners, to 46,558, the population of England has suffered, died, and decreased during the quarter to a degree of which there is no example in the present century."

'The mortality,' continues the Registrar, 'will be found to have been very unequally distributed over the country, and to have generally been greatest in the dense town population. The average annual rate of mortality in the town districts is 26, in the country districts 18, in 1000; during the last quarter these numbers became 41 and 23 respectively.'

'While the mortality has been excessive in nine divisions, it has been below or little above the average in two divisions—the North Midland and the South Midland; or in the counties of Buckingham, Oxford, Northampton, Huntingdon, Bedford, Cambridge, Hereford, Worcester, Leicester, Rutland, Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby; also in the North Riding of Yorkshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and North Wales.' And here we observe some of the anomalies in the progress of the epidemic, for we read further—"The difference will be more apparent upon examining the several districts: in some the people have died by hundreds or by thousands; in others not far distant, few have died—the inhabitants have been unusually healthy. "The medical men," says a Registrar, "say that they have had nothing to do."

In London the deaths were 27,109, being double the average, and 9885 more than the births, which numbered 17,224. It appears that not a single case of

death from hydrophobia has been registered in the metropolis during the last five summers. 'Yet,' pursues the Report, 'hydrophobia is inevitably fatal, and medicine is of no more avail when its symptoms are revealed than it is in cholera; but the wise course of removing its causes has been tried, and bids fair to create a permanent blank in the London nosology.'

'The cause of typhus, of influenza, of cholera, and of the like diseases, will not long, we may hope, remain in undisturbed possession of the earth and air of this city. Hydrophobia disappears when the dogs which are liable to become mad or to be bitten every summer are removed by police regulations; so will the other zymotic diseases give way when that putrid, decaying, noisome atmosphere exhaled by churchyards, slaughter-houses, the tanks of dirty-water companies, cesspools, sewers, crowded dwellings, is purified and dissipated. The sewers and cesspools now under our houses will inflict more pain, and destroy more living, than ten thousand mad dogs let loose in the streets: they may as certainly be removed; and yet it is to be feared that many years will elapse before anything effectual is done, or any such satisfactory result can be recorded as the extinction of another disease in this great city.'

Cholera has been, if the term may be permitted, extremely capricious in its visitations, making inroads here and there without any apparent adequate cause; yet its general characteristic is to appear, as the carrion vulture, wherever garbage or rank impurity invites. The different Reports from the sub-registrars are unanimous on this point. In Salisbury, the average deaths for the summer quarter of five years is 48, but during the past quarter the number was 263; and we are informed that 'the cholera visited Salisbury with fearful violence. . . . Salisbury is always an unhealthy place: it is on a low, damp valley, in the midst of water-meadows; the courts and alleys where the lower-classes reside are in a filthy state, and derive no benefit from the general system of cleansing carried on in the main streets. There is a mill-dam; "and any attempt," says Captain Denison, "to improve the general drainage would be impracticable: it would interfere with too many interests." There is a pregnant signification in these concluding words; it contains more than is apparent on a first reading. We might comment on it at length, but shall content ourselves for the present with the remark, that in these days of enlightenment, pounds, shillings, and pence ought not to be held as more precious than the interests of human life and social morals. Newcastle-under-Lyne affords a somewhat similar case. The deaths were 1½ per cent. during the three months. The town is situated on high ground, 400 feet above the sea-level, but 'the Lyne, made the open sewer running through the town, is dammed up by a mill, and sends up from its polluted, black, puddy bed exhalations which poison the inhabitants.' Here, again, *interests versus life!* We are by no means unfriendly to commercial interests, but we would not elevate them to the chief rank in right and privilege.

Again: in Gainsborough, with a population of 26,000, the deaths were three times the average of the season, while in the county of Lincoln generally the mortality was below the average: the cause of the extraordinary difference is manifest—the want of proper drainage, sewage, and sanitary regulations in the town above-named. A comparison, too, between Hull and Manchester is not less striking:—The population of Hull in 1841 numbered 77,367; the deaths in the summer quarter of the present year were 2754; in Manchester they were 2742, with a population of nearly 200,000. Turning to other parts of the country, we are again struck by inexplicable results: still taking the census of 1841, the Isle of Wight contains 42,550 inhabitants, the deaths from all causes in the period under notice were 368; in Anglesey, among a population of 38,106, the deaths were 191. Is there not something in these anomalies demonstrative of peculiar local causes?

Without attempting to decide the question whether





the pole, and from west longitude 3° to 36°—a monopoly of geographical space perfectly enormous.

The weather was to-day exceedingly mild; nevertheless we found several patches of the snow of last winter in hollows on the top of the island. The wood is here interspersed with small timber houses, some of which are used as summer residences by the merchants of Tromsøe, while others are only *lyst-houses*. A Norwegian *lyst-house* is a small tabernacle placed a little way out of town, if possible in a wood, or on the bank of a lake, or at least in a pleasant scene of some kind, always provided with a gallery in front, and sometimes surrounded by a garden. Here the man in easy circumstances loves to spend the evening of the first day of the week, surrounded by his friends. If the weather be pleasant, the party sits in the gallery, or lounges about the garden and other grounds; if not, they retire to the interior. In the evening of our arrival in Tromsøe there was an entertainment of this kind given in a *lyst-house* on the hill. A gentleman who was present described it as attended by about twenty of the most considerable persons in the place, among whom was the pastor of a neighbouring parish. There was a fire in the open air to prepare hot water. An immense variety of wines—French, Portuguese, and German—was presented, and brandy and water was copiously indulged in. The gentlemen sauntered about, smoking, in the open air, till eleven o'clock, feeling no inconvenience, notwithstanding that there was a slight drizzle all the time. The sunlight was at that time only sobered, not departed. The affair was described as what in our country would be called dull; much indulgence of the animal appetites, but little conversation, and no sort of spirit or pleasantry. I found that it is the custom over all Norway to devote the Sunday evening to social pleasures. Taking literally the text, 'the evening and the morning was the first day,' they consider the Sabbath as commencing at six o'clock on Saturday, and terminating at the same hour on Sunday—a doctrine in which, I believe, they are countenanced by the pilgrim fathers of America. Accordingly, in Norway, there is no public entertainment, such as theatricals or dancing, permitted by law on Saturday evening; and the more strict class of people will not see their friends even privately at that time. Believing, however, the day of rest and of devotion to be at a close on the Sunday at six o'clock, they feel themselves then at liberty to enter upon any amusement or enjoyment for which they may have an inclination. Even in the houses of the clergy there will be found both card-playing and dancing on this evening, and this without the slightest scandal to their flocks. It is a mistake into which an Englishman is very apt to fall, to regard this custom of the Norwegians as indicative of a disregard for the Christian Sabbath. The error rests primarily in the conception as to what constitutes a natural day. Such, nevertheless, is the influence of habit, that although far from setting myself up in judgment in the case, not only could I never reconcile myself to the Norwegian manner of spending the Sunday evening, but I never could quite free myself of the notion that the people were manifesting an indifference to sacred things.

Tromsøe must be regarded as a remarkable creation of commercial industry in a part of the earth which is properly the seat of a primitive people. It has sprung up within the last forty years purely in consequence of the fishing trade of these seas. There was exported from it in 1848, of stock fish (sent to the Mediterranean), 80,000 vogs (a vog is equal to forty pounds English); of split fish (to Russia), 17,000 vogs; of Sei fish, 20,000 vogs. This last kind, which is held in least estimation, and is really a poor article, is sent exclusively to Sweden, for whose humble peasantry it constitutes a relish to still simpler fare. There was also in the same year exported from Tromsøe 6160 barrels of oil (chiefly cod-liver oil), 8370 pieces of fox-skin, 2000 other skins, and 23,000 pounds of bones. There are in this town several affluent mercantile families living in a handsome style.

The ladies are noted for good looks and smart dresses. I visited the Stift Amtman, or provincial governor, at his house, and found there every symptom of elegant life—himself a handsome, dignified-looking man, and his lady an exceedingly well-bred person, surrounded by musical instruments and other civilised objects. Yet cross the Sound, and walk three miles along a lonely valley, and you find a camp of Laplanders, exemplifying every usage which has been peculiar to that simple people from the earliest ages. The whole province seems to have come into the hands of the Norwegians only in comparatively modern times, and it is even now thought an extraordinary thing for any one to have visited it. I found on my return to the south that my voyage to Hammerfest was spoken of by Swedes and Norwegians in exactly the same terms as it afterwards was by my own friends at home; nor must this appear too surprising, when we remember the small proportion of the British people who have sojourned in Orkney or Shetland, or made the tour of Connemara.

An amusing trait of democratic ambition was mentioned with regard to Tromsøe. Any person in Norway bearing a government office of a certain dignity, or the consulship of some foreign state, is held as standing in a superior rank, and his wife is addressed as *Frue* (equivalent to My Lady), and his daughters as *Fruen*, while other ladies are only called Madame. I had frequent warnings given me as to the propriety of calling such and such a lady *Frue*, instead of Madame. It is a distinction as much insisted on as the essential equality of all the citizens in this non-aristocratic country. Connected with it is the fact that there is a surprising number of foreign consuls in Tromsøe. The merchants, it seems, are eager to obtain such appointments, albeit implying some trouble and little profit; or, if they are not anxious, their wives are anxious instead, merely that they may possess a certain external distinction above common citizenship, and that their ladies may command the magical appellation which sets them over the heads of all madames.

The next morning was drizzly and ungenial, so that it was with some difficulty I executed a geodetic measurement, in order to ascertain the elevation of the two terraces which belt the shores of the mainland. They proved to be respectively 57 and 143 feet. Afterwards, when we were about to depart, an officer of the law came on board, attended by a butcher, with orders to execute justice upon a dog belonging to one of the English party for having bitten a gentleman in Tromsøe. The incident was said to have occurred at the party on the hill the night before, and the authorities had given an order for the death of the animal as a matter of course. The English traveller was at first disposed to treat the charge with ridicule, but found it so serious a matter, that he had to give up his passage, and wait to defend his favourite. Two gentlemen of the Ennis-killen Dragoons, who had come to the harbour in a yacht, offered to remain and see justice done to him, and afterwards to bring him on to Alten in their vessel. Indeed the whole of the English took up the matter keenly. I could not help being amused at the opposite and contrasted lights in which the act of the dog was regarded by the plaintiff and defendant. To the latter it looked such a trifle to make a pothier about—the skin was merely grazed—the dog was only sportive, and meant no harm. To the former it was an affair of gravity. He had been hurt, and his wife was in terror about him. Though the wound were quickly to heal, the dog might afterwards grow mad, and then the gentleman would take ill in the same way. Such, it seems, is a common belief in Norway; and it was adduced by the sufferer on this occasion as an all-sufficient reason for putting poor Glendalough to immediate death. I do not know how the matter ended; but it caused the detention of the dog during all the time I was in the country; and wherever I afterwards went, I found that the story had made its way, and was talked about.

In our onward voyage, we passed the openings of great



struck by the extraordinary appearance of these great sand-curtains overhanging the beach. He found, along the line of sounds towards Hammerfest, a portion of the rocky coast marked with two lines of erosion or cut terraces at certain heights above the sea, and evidently the work of that element at some remote period when the sea and land stood at different relative levels. Strange to say, it appeared from his barometric measurements that these two lines underwent a gradual rise from Hammerfest southward, until they disappeared at Komagfjord, after an uninterrupted course of twenty-five miles. He nevertheless connected them, after almost as great an interval, with the sandy terraces now described, which are of still higher level, and thus arrived at a hypothesis that the land between Hammerfest and Kaafjord, in rising from the sea, had made a pause, during which the upper line was made; then an angular movement had taken place, causing the southern district to rise farther than the north; then a second pause, during which the lower line was made; after which there had been another unequal *soulèvement*. I now proposed to review this investigation carefully, and with superior means of ascertaining levels—not, I must confess, without a strong suspicion that there was some fallacy in the case, since all similar marks which I had seen in other countries observed an exact level, as do apparently the two terraces extending so great a way on the coast of Norway to the southward.

Mr Paddison, a young English civil engineer and student of geology, had come in the *Prinds Gustaf* in search of sport; but hearing of my purpose, he offered to accompany me, and give his professional assistance in taking the levels. He was now, therefore, like myself, a guest of Mr Thomas. We quickly addressed ourselves to the measurement of the Kaafjord terrace, which we found to be at the front about 220 feet high; but the plain at top rose a little towards the hills, and we had ultimately to set down the entire elevation at 239 feet above high water in the bay. Two terraces on the face were 52 and 123 feet, and there was a faint intermediate one at between 80 and 90. We spent a whole day in examining the neighbouring grounds. In many parts free of alluvial facing, or elevated above it, we found the rocks admirably dressed and polished by the ice of ancient times, the line of the dressing being from south to north, or coincident with the direction of the valley. At one place, upwards of 250 feet above the sea, there was a ridge of native rock extending a considerable way, much like the inverted hull of a ship. It had been all nicely smoothed like some artificial object, as had also been the longitudinal hollow space between it and the hills. Still higher, there rested on the mountain-face a horizontal range of blocks and detritus, evidently the remains of an ancient lateral moraine. Of course these dressings must have taken place in an age anterior to that in which the alluvial terraces had been formed, for otherwise the material of the terraces must have been swept away by the descending ice.

A second day was spent in these investigations. What alone lessened our enjoyment of them was the weather becoming now exceedingly warm, and the consequent and excessive annoyance we sustained from mosquitoes. One of our ladies was kind enough to furnish us with veils of green gauze, wherewith we enshrouded our heads as we went about. Still, the pestilent insects got in about our necks and ears, and made us smart so sorely as greatly to discompose our levelling operations. I could scarcely have believed beforehand that so small and weak a fly had the power of penetrating through a thick woollen stocking in order to exercise its suctorial powers; yet we had ample demonstration that it can do so. In such overgood weather the calm and coolness of the long evening are much enjoyed. I shall not soon forget the impression produced upon me, as we sat quietly in the parlour between ten and eleven o'clock of the second evening, looking along the calm fiord towards the insular mountains, behind which the sun was

still glowing, though dimly, when a gallant war vessel, with all its sails set to catch the indolent breeze, moved into the confined space, and proceeded to cast anchor. So startling an apparition of artificial life in the midst of such a scene, and at such an hour, might have been at an ordinary time of difficult explanation; but Mr and Mrs Thomas had heard of a French corvette having been at Hammerfest a week or two ago, and of a ball which the officers had given the ladies of that hyperborean town—for what clime is too ungenial for French gallantry?—so it was quickly understood that this was the same vessel. On this conclusion, it became certain that we should presently have some fresh additions to the social circle at Kaafjord.

Next morning we were to have proceeded at an early hour with Mr Thomas on an excursion to Raipas, a subordinate establishment of the Copper Company on the Alten River, where I expected to see some remarkable objects. We were delayed, however, by the arrival of the *Prinds Gustaf* on her return voyage from Hammerfest, with a few ladies of that town on a visit to Mrs Thomas, and also a number of gentlemen, who were permitted to land and spend an hour before the steamer should proceed southward. Sauntering about the shore during this interval, I was introduced by one of the English gentlemen to a person whom he was pleased to entitle the Minister of the North Cape. I beheld a tall, fair-complexioned, somewhat pensive-looking man, of about forty-five, dressed in clothes only partially black, as is the custom of clergymen in Norway. On inquiring strictly who it was I had the honour now to know for the first time, I learned that it was Mr Zetlitz, the pastor of the extreme north parish of Norway, in which the North Cape of course is situated. Being a votary of the Waltonian art, he had come to have a few days' fishing at Kaafjord. I looked with interest on the man whose lot in life it is to keep up the light of Christianity in a region so remote from civilisation, and from all that educated man usually sighs after. Finding him well acquainted with English, I entered into conversation with him regarding his cure. His parish, named Kistrand and Kautokeino, extends over a tract of ground measuring as great a distance from the North Cape southward as there is from Newcastle to Brighton, or from John o' Groat's House to Edinburgh—namely, forty-five Norwegian miles. It contains only 2000 inhabitants, mostly Laplanders; but the Laplanders, as I afterwards learned, are in great part Christianised, and even in many instances excel the Norwegians in their respect for the services of religion. Mr Zetlitz has two stations for residence—a Lap town called Karajok for winter, and one near the sea, at the other end of the parish, for summer. He has to travel much about at all times. I asked if he used horses for this purpose; he said no—there was but one horse in the whole parish. He travelled by reindeer, which the people, under certain regulations, were bound to furnish to him gratuitously. Meeting with such a man was at first attended with a curious feeling; but this was soon effaced by his gentle and amiable manners: and when I discovered that the North-Cape parson is a lover of the poetry of Byron, which he reads in the original, I ceased to think of him but as one of the people I am accustomed to meet daily. He inherits the poetical temperament, it would appear, from his father, who, likewise a clergyman, was a distinguished writer of verse about the era of the French Revolution, being particularly successful in convivial songs, many of which are still popular in Norway, though this is a style on the decay in that country, as it is with ourselves.

After the steamer had taken its departure, we once more prepared to set out; but presently another impediment appeared. A boat was seen gracefully moving up the calm fiord, rowed by ten men, who lifted their oars in a peculiar manner high above the water, while one gentleman sat in the stern. It was quickly understood to be the long-boat of the French corvette, probably bringing the captain ashore to call for Mr Thomas. A group







for fear of agitating her. My dear, good child, how nobly you have borne the pain! Ah, it is frightful! she continued with a shudder, as she unbound the wool, part of which stuck to the unfortunate hand.

Phoebe could bear it no longer. Bursting into tears, she threw herself into her mother's arms, and sobbed as if her heart would break. 'Oh no, mamma—no, dear, darling mamma!' she said as soon as she could speak, 'I have not borne it nobly!—I do not deserve your kindness, my own beloved mamma! I have been naughtier to-day than I ever was before. I have disobeyed you in everything: I have been in the garden; I did not finish the frill till three o'clock. You do not know how wicked I have been; but I have been punished, for my hand is dreadful. I may say that word now, mamma. But my shame at having deceived such a good mamma is worse.'

Mrs Grant kindly soothed the poor child, and begged her not to say any more till she was composed. A short time afterwards, when Phoebe was lying cushioned on the soft couch in the dressing-room, with her mamma beside her—that dear mamma, one touch of whose gentle hand seemed to soothe the pain which she suffered, and almost to chase it away—she eased her heart by confessing everything. The tears were in the mother's eyes when Phoebe had finished.

'You are sufficiently punished already, my child, and I will not say anything more about it. We will put away the unfortunate frill.'

'Oh no, mamma, the poor frill shall not be put away. It was intended for you, mamma; but if you will allow me, I shall have it sewn on to my cap, so that when I put it on at night, I may remember why it is there. I do not think, mamma,' she continued, smiling, 'that I shall ever be disobedient again. No, I am sure I shall not. Do you know, mamma, I am so very glad I burnt my hand!'

'Glad, Phoebe! Why?'

'Because, mamma, I am afraid that if it had not been for that, I should not have told you about going into the garden, and not finishing the frill; and then how miserable I should have been at the theatre after having deceived you so much!'

'That is very true, my dear child,' said her mamma, affectionately kissing her. 'And I am glad too, for I feel confident that the misery and pain you have endured to-day is a lesson which will be remembered by you all your life.'

J. G. C.

## OCCASIONAL NOTE.

### DR BUCKLAND ON ARTESIAN WELLS.

LONDON thirsts for water. She is at present the victim of seven monopolist water-companies, who only supply the element to 200,000 out of the 270,000 houses of which she is said to consist. Nor is the fluid so supplied either of the best or the cheapest. After it is drawn from the filthy Thames, it is so infiltrated and 'purified' that it becomes flat and exhausted, which with temperance communities—who are as critical about their water as *gourmets* are respecting wines—is a serious evil. Even for an ordinary supply of this, a small house of L.50 a year rent has to pay about four guineas per annum. The New River is the only other source of supply; and it is not every London parish that can boast of a single pump.

In this truly tantalising condition, the Londoners are at last opening their parched throats to emit cries for 'more water!' Plans are propounded, companies are started, and controversies are fluently engaged in, for the purpose of answering the desperate demand. One party is for exhausting the Thames a little more by robbing the hoary father of rivers of the purest of his waters at Henly; another is for draining the Wardle or the Lea; and a third set of advocates are strongly in favour of Artesian wells.

About these last much misapprehension exists; and the opinion of so eminent a geologist and hydrographer as Dean Buckland is of value not only to those who take a

side in the dispute, but to those who are interested in the general subject of Artesian wells. At a recent meeting of the Institute of British Architects, the doctor denied a statement which had been put forth, that sufficient water might be obtained in the metropolis by Artesian wells to afford an ample supply to ten such cities as London. He would venture to affirm, that though there were from 250 to 300 so-called Artesian wells in the metropolis, there was not one real Artesian well within three miles of St Paul's. An Artesian well was a well that was always overflowing, either from its natural source, or from an artificial tube; and when the overflowing ceased, it was no longer an Artesian well. Twenty or thirty years ago there were many Artesian wells in the neighbourhood of the metropolis—namely, in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, in the gardens of the Bishop of London at Fulham, and in Brentford and its vicinity; but the wells which were now made by boring through the London clay were merely common wells. He had heard it said that Artesian wells might be made in any part of London, because there was a supply of water which would rise of its own accord; but he could state with regard to the water obtained to supply the fountains in Trafalgar Square, that it did not rise within forty feet of the surface—it was pumped up by means of a steam-engine. No less than L.18,000 had been spent upon an Artesian well which had been made on Southampton common, but the water never had risen within eighty feet of the surface, and never would rise any higher. The supply of water formerly obtained from the so-called Artesian wells in London had been greatly diminished by the sinking of new wells. Many of the large brewers in the metropolis who obtained water from these wells had been greatly inconvenienced by the failure of the supply; and he had received a letter from a gentleman connected with a brewer's establishment, stating that the water in their well was now 188 feet below the surface, while a short time ago it used to rise to within 95 feet. Indeed the large brewers were actually on the point of bankruptcy with regard to a supply of water.

A gentleman present corroborated the Rev. Dean by stating that certain London brewers, who obtained their supplies of water from what are called Artesian wells, had been forced into a mutual agreement not to brew on the same days, in order that each might have a sufficient supply of water.

The single example cited by Dr Buckland as to the expense of these wells can be extensively supported. One lately sunk opposite the fashionable church of St James has cost, first and last, not far short of L.20,000; and another, in which the Hampstead Water-Company have already, it may be said, literally *sunk* L.14,000 at Highgate, has as yet made no sign, not a drop of water having been yet obtained. These facts may serve to moderate the exhortations of the more ardent advocates of Artesian wells.

## THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

[About ten years ago the following burlesque narrative was performed as an interlude in a Parisian theatre, by a clever actor in the character of an old soldier of the Empire. It suffers of course by translation, and still more by being only read, while the briskness, abruptness, and slang style of the veteran are unexhibited. It is, nevertheless, worthy of appearing even under the disadvantage of an English dress:—]

SILENCE! and you shall hear all about Napoleon—a famous individual, born in Corsica, a little tail of a country, not two doors from the sea, where the natives have a fatiguing habit of assassinating each other, from father to son. His parents put him to the military school—full of talents—with a little three-cornered hat, and his hands behind his back—imitating already his portrait. He worked so hard that his eyes were hollow, and his face—saving your presence—the colour of nankeen breeches. When the masters of the school saw this, they said, 'There's a youth who has a real taste for the artillery.' Presently, having pushed his way to a very young age, behold him general!—very

















